



NEW LIFE NEWS

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REFLECTIONS ON MOTHER'S DAY

Interview and Photos by Laurel Baertschi



One of my favorite Mother's Day memories was one of my first Mother's Days. Ron & the kids brought me breakfast in bed and a homemade card accompanied it. The front of the card had a picture of London & Reilly as babies. They were playing instruments, and Ron had photoshopped them to look like punk rockers and the inside read, *Our Mom Rocks! It was too cute!!!!* :)
— Dianna Smith

My mother taught me to sew, starting on simple clothes for my dolls. By high school I was able to make some of my own clothes for school. I've always been thankful she took the time to teach me this useful skill. — Sheryle Kazules



When I was little, my dad was an atheist and my mom was a believer, but she didn't go to church. She always made sure I went, though. I'm very grateful for that. Now she's a Christian, and I think that's a great testimony. — Lori Bowman



My favorite memory or example I have is my mother now. For the third time she has taken a member of our family into her home and provided 24/7 care as they can no longer take care of themselves. I am watching motherhood in action ... love and self-sacrifice intertwined in the selfless care of another. She is an amazing woman! — Eydie Chapman

What I admire about my mom is that she is a true scriptural widow. She fits all the characteristics. — Rachel Gilbert

My favorite memory of my mother came after I had my own two children. I realized the work my mom had done with raising six children all having been in cloth diapers, on a tight budget, and pretty much no help from Dad as he was "old school." — Denise Tidwell ☛



All my high school friends were jealous about the fact that my mom still made me a lunch everyday so that I could focus on academics. Thank you, Mom, I'll never forget that thoughtfulness. — Susanna Hodge



On Mother's Day, my family knows the routine and can recite it from memory—I like breakfast in bed—diagonal cut toast, coffee with the cup and saucer and scrambled eggs made just right. — Barbara Abbott

THE VIS FAMILY

By Evan Vis

Hi from the Vis family! We are happy to be here at New Life and would like to share a little bit about ourselves.

After a long cross-country trip, we arrived in San Diego in September. We are living in the Linda Vista area. It was difficult searching for a church; nearly every week we worshiped in a different place. Then God brought us to New Life, and the search was over. The entire worship service is so God focused, and children are actually welcomed in the service! We also enjoy the warm fellowship.

Not meaning to toot my own horn, but that is what the Navy has brought me here to do! More than a few have asked me, "What exactly was that instrument that you played in the service?" It is the euphonium, and I also play trombone for Navy Band Southwest, as well as sing a little, lead the big band, and help run the operations department. In my nearly 10 years in the Navy, we have been stationed at Great Lakes and Naples, Italy, as well as two short stints in Virginia Beach for additional schooling. God led me to the Navy



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after nine years of teaching music at a Christian school in central Minnesota, and we feel that we are right where He wants us to be.

Darlene enjoys home schooling Collin, our 12 year old sixth grader, and six year old Kindergartner, Jeremiah. Darlene and boys enjoy the support and leadership of Heritage Christian School.

We are so happy that there are so many other home school families at New Life.

The boys both enjoy music and soccer. They are both learning the piano, and Collin also plays the trumpet. He is involved in the Young Artists Symphony. We also love it when relatives come to visit. We've already had both sets of grandparents over, and soon we will have my brother and family for a visit.

Darlene grew up in Ontario, CA and Lynden, WA, and I grew up in NW Iowa. We are both Dordt College grads where we met and married, and the rest is history! ☛

"I have made a lifetime commitment to bank my life on the Word of God—and God has honored that commitment. And yet, there have been times...when my feelings have screamed 180 degrees in the opposite direction of God's Word...lots of times."

—Ney Bailey, *Faith is not a Feeling*

HOME SCHOOL RESOURCE CENTER

By Allison Dossett

Of the many ministries hosted by New Life, the least well known is probably the home school lending library. Located upstairs inside the Disneyland ramp, you will find 300 sq. ft. of home school curriculum. Much of it is available for you to keep; some items are available on loan for the school year. Browse the shelves for your favorite publisher. We have Saxon Math (Kindergarten- Algebra II), A Beka (all subjects, all grades), Bob Jones University Press (most subjects, most grades), and other major publishers. You will find Bible, art, and foreign language texts and workbooks. There is also a bookcase full of fiction for all reading levels and a section of helps for home school moms. Our ad with Christian Family Schools states we are open Mondays and Tuesdays, but New Life members are free to check out the home school room Monday through Friday. Save yourself some money on next year's curriculum and come see what is available or call me in the church office for specific titles. ☛



NEW LIFE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Submitted by Monica Sledge and John Brockington



I love My Mom. I Really like when she plays Battleship with me. —*Jeremiah*



I love my Mom Because she hlp me do my homework wen my dad is gon and she hlp Me do My violin practes! —*John*



My Mom reads the Bible to me. She helps me with my kace wen I hav a Birthday. She pirepars diner for me. —*Daniel*



My mom is special in so many ways but this is my favorite: When she helped me when I was sick and she stayed right by my side. I love my mom! —*Gracie H.*



I Love my mom because she takes care of me and she givs me medicine wen I ned medicine. —*Joey*



My Mom loves me and takes care of me. She gives us presents when its our birthday and Christmas. —*Gavin*



I Love my mom because she helps me do my homework. She cook for us. She read with us. Plays with us. I Love her because she wash our dishes. She is nice. —*London*



My Mom is speshil because I bet she is the best cook on erth. —*Shayla*



Thank you mom for taking good care of me. Thank you for making me obey God. —*Reilly*



My Mom is loveing and very special to me and my dad love her so my mom is very special to me and she helps me to do my homework. —*Gracie O.*

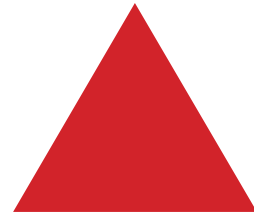


I love my mom because she loves me. She takes care of me and makes me happy. She brings me to church so I can learn about Jesus. —*Faith*



Does She Take Care of Me? YES! No
Does She Love Me? YES! No
Does She Play With Me? YES! No
Does She Need My Help? YES! No
—*Jonah*

“The Grace of God is love freely shown towards guilty sinners, contrary to their merit...It is God showing goodness to persons who deserve only severity.” —J.I. Packer, Knowing God



“Oh, yes,” said the Indian, ‘I know what my conscience is. It is a little three-cornered thing in here’—he laid his hand on his heart— ‘that stands still when I’m good; but when I am bad it turns around, and the corners hurt very much. But if I keep on doing wrong, by and by the corners wear off and it doesn’t hurt anymore.’”

—Anonymous, Quotable Quotations

IN MEMORIAM: ELEANOR KELLOGG

Submitted by Mary Peterman

Eleanor Peterman Kellogg spent the eve of her 96th birthday, Feb 6, in heaven with her Savior. She was the wife of Rev. Edward Kellogg, the founding pastor of this church when it was the Pt. Loma OPC, later the PCA of La Mesa. They met at Wheaton College and married during his second year at Westminster Theological Seminary in 1936. Eleanor taught school for more than two decades as she and Ed reared their five children. Eleanor also taught Sunday school classes, directed choirs, and played the piano and organ for worship service.



The smell of pot roast and mashed potatoes after Sunday church whet the appetites of many a guest and visitor, which included servicemen during the Vietnam conflict, post-war immigrants from Vietnam and Cambodia, and countless more. She is remembered for her winning smile, hospitality and high energy. 🍷

STANDING TALL

By Julie Orr

I dropped Faith and Isla off at the airport. I was sad, but too tired to let it get the better of me, until, I got home and found Isla's little pink socks in the back seat, all rolled up in a tiny little ball. I miss them, but this time as my thoughts turned to tears, there was great joy. I thought back to when I held Jeff close to my heart, gripping his tiny little feet in my hand and praying desperately for God's protection and direction over his little heart and soul in all the places where those little feet would take him. Within five months, they would drag behind his knees as he crawled across the floor. Several months later, they held him up as he teeter-tottered his way into my arms. They kicked gleefully in the air when dad would wrestle him into bed. They squirmed under the sheets as we tickled them awake in the morning. They walked him to the school bus, to Awanas, to Sunday school and to church. They peddled his bikes down the sidewalk, ran him around the bases and up and down the basketball courts, walked him around golf courses, jumped him over skateboard ramps, down ski slopes and even out of an airplane. They danced and tapped while he played his guitar, performing with such class. They walked him in service to his Lord through the streets of San Diego's homeless, through the dumps of Tijuana, down the halls of convalescent homes and through the poverty-ridden country of Uganda. They walked him across two stages to receive well-earned diplomas and then the down the aisle to receive God's greatest gift on earth to him, a beautiful wife.

I am so grateful that God allowed me to walk beside such a fine boy as Jeff was in all the ways God had for him. Before I knew it, the time came to step aside and let my son walk into adulthood. His strides into manhood were so gracious. I'll never forget that day that I watched those big feet, size 12 now, jump into the car loaded with all his meager belongings and drive off with his new little family, to set up his new home and prepare for the career of his dreams. The sorrow that I had anticipated was soon drowned out by the joys of knowing that

God had answered the cries of my heart for that beautiful little baby boy. The time had gone by all too quickly. Yet, not one minute of his growing up years was wasted in the hands of his heavenly Father. The fruit of the Creator's work is evident in the gift of my son as he now stands tall and strong, independent and sure of who he is and what he was meant to be for this world. He is trustworthy, devoted to what is right, forgiving of what is wrong, and persistently tender and kind. Who could have asked for anything more?

I once stepped aside and will remain beside with a love that neither time nor distance can change. I was and still will be understanding of his situations, forgiving of his mistakes, and will never cease to be a constant support when his life faces more change. And, most importantly, my arms, no matter how old, will never be too big to hold him close to my heart. My son is a constant treasure, valued more than any riches.

My reward in mothering such an amazing man has only increased as I see him now giving to another little darling what I was blessed to endeavor to give to him - comfort, understanding, security, freedom of spirit, someone to lean on and someone to learn from, needed discipline, loving advice, and close companionship. He will learn that it truly is "more blessed to give than to receive." That will make his life full. That will make his heart complete. And, that will bring me the greatest joy.

"I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in truth." — 2 John 4

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"The mother eagle teaches her little ones to fly by making their nests so uncomfortable they are forced to leave and commit themselves to the unknown world of the air outside. And just so does our God to us. He stirs up our comfortable nests, pushes us over the edge of them, and we are forced to use our wings to save ourselves from fatal falling... Your wings are being developed."

—Hannah Whitall Smith, *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*