

"A CHURCH FOR ALL"

CHELSEA NEWSLETTER



8 May 2011

WHAT'S ON at Chelsea Church of Christ



Tuesday:

[Scope @ the Men's Shed](#) 9-12 noon,
[Skilling Australia](#) 9am-4pm

Wednesday:

[Community Breakfast](#) 8-10 am,
[Men's Shed](#) 9am-12 noon,
[Skilling Australia](#) 9am-4pm
[Women's Group](#)
2nd Wednesday of month

Thursday:

[Men's shed](#) 9am - 12 noon
[AA](#) 11am - 12.30pm
[Community Lunch](#) 11am-1.30pm
[Skilling Australia](#) 9am-4pm
[Bible study](#) 3pm & 7pm

Friday:

[Woorinyan @ the Men's Shed](#) 9-12

Sunday:

[Worship](#) 10am each week
[Introduction to Christianity](#)
4th Sunday of each month 12 noon

PRAYERS

Please pray for the following...

Eva Mott , Rochelle,
Lesley Ingram's 2 nieces
Kaylean, Steve & family,
Isabella Taylor, John M,
Audrey (John's sister-in-law)
Jan & Keith, Christine, Natalie, Lyn,
Greig Kidman, Lesley, Joyce,
Yvonne (Dianne's sister in-law),
Kath Marshall,
Kathleen Frost,
and any others on the hearts
of our church family.



DISCIPLES FOR JESUS



**May 8th
Special Mother's Day
Lesson**

Part of our time will be spent in the chapel and the rest we will be creating something special for our Mothers.



May 15th
The next four weeks we will be learning about a special disciple named Paul, who treated Christians very badly before he became a servant of Jesus.

'Paul Becomes a Special Disciple'
Instead of playing 'Pin the tail on the donkey' we will be playing a game called 'Bringing the cross to Paul'

Minister Stephen Rose
3 Blantyre Ave Chelsea
Office: 03 9773 0301 Mob 0429 783 482
Student Ministers: J. Turnham, C. Duggan
Website: www.chelseachurchofchrist.org.au

Steve's sayings.....

Mothers day. A special and well deserved day

In this newsletter is a Mother's day prayer first published by Yvon Prehn in Today's Christian Women's magazine. It is often republished and used in churches. It is a prayer that may touch your heart, your faith, hopes and dreams and struggles. It is a prayer that reminds us of both the hardest thing and the beauty of being parents, that we cannot control our children, just as we could not be ultimately conformed into our parent wishes. We had to live our life. This is perhaps a window into God's love for us, the divine choice to grant freedom, to allow our mistakes and to suffer the consequences with us. Love costs, this is a fundamental of the faith journey. Though we shy from it, deep down we know there can be no other way of being a mother, or a parent, deep down we know that a loving god, allows this, and suffers with us and for us. To truly love, there is no other way.

God bless, Steve

One Mother's Prayers

Her worst fears had come true. Her son had become involved in a strange mystical religion. She had such high hopes for him. Since his infancy she prayed God would touch his life. Her husband wasn't a Christian and sometimes, in a temper, would taunt her praying, but she kept on. Her son grew up in a small town. The family owned their home, but they weren't wealthy. Determined their son would have a good education, they scrimped and saved to send him to school. Somehow his brother and sister didn't receive the same attention or prayers. He did extremely well in school. People began to notice his brilliant mind. A prominent citizen of the town set up a scholarship for her son's graduate studies. She was so proud. Her joy diminished with worries about his spiritual health. He attended church some, but he refused baptism. And there were little incidents—stealing, things like that. She worried and she prayed. He excelled in graduate school and finished with high expectations. But his religion, his letters contained long explanations of finding true reality and speculation how reality divided into darkness and light. Jesus was not truly God incarnate, he said, but an example of pure light entrapped and suffering in matter. He had always been good with words, but these words wounded her. She decided to visit him. She thought her heart could stand no more pain, but she was wrong. He was living with a girl and they weren't married. They had a son. She was a grandmother, but she couldn't be proud of it. In desperation she explained the situation to her minister. He told her that the son of so many tears could never come to destruction. Somehow the message seemed from God.

The years passed. Her son was unhappy with his job; he was often ill. He left the girl but kept the son. Finally he became disillusioned with his mystical religion and began to question her about God. He started to go to church again. There he found Christian friends and questioned them. He began to read the Bible. Her prayers increased. Her husband died, but he had become a Christian in his final illness. She, too, grew weaker, older. She feared she would die before the prayers for her son were answered. Her grandson was a teenager now and she went to visit. A changed son met her—a son hungry to know about God, asking questions, requesting prayer. A son who would one day rush to tell her he had given his life to God by trusting Jesus as his personal savior. At Easter her son and grandson were baptized. Their times together now were so precious, talking about the Lord and praying together. Her prayers overflowed with thanks but still she desired much more for her son. She knew her son as a Christian less than a year. In the August after his Easter baptism she breathed her last and went home to the Savior, to whom she had spent so much of her life talking.

She never saw with earthly eyes the great man of God her son became. She never heard his great sermons or read writings that determined much of Christian theology. She never knew her son's insights would jog Martin Luther into seeing that one is justified by faith alone. She would never hear her son's words that caused so many hearts to consider Jesus as Savior:

"Thou hast made us for thyself, oh Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in thee."

Every part of this story is true—the mother who prayed was Monica, the mother of Saint Augustine.