

*Publication of the
Woman's Auxiliary
of the Wake Mis-
sionary Baptist As-
sociation.*

Drawing from the Well



Be Still My Daughter by Sylvia Gunter (Excerpt)

Inside this issue:

Being and Breathing 2

The Parable of the River 2

*Author's Corner-Spotlight
Book Review* 3

The Hedgehogs 3

Community News 4



Health Facts

- Percent of females under 65 years without health insurance coverage: 15.4%
- Percent of women 40 years and over who had a mammogram within the past 2 years: 67.1% (2010)

Come with me to a beautiful Saturday morning in October. It's the third weekend of the month, and I am at a retreat center in the north Georgia mountains with twenty students to learn about student leadership. The weather is crisp the sky is pure blue, and the sun is beaming. The day before I had spotted two swings overlooking a lake with the mountains in full fall colors as the backdrop. My soul and spirit, hungry for time alone with God, knew there was the perfect place for time with him. The announcement was made, "Go outside and spend 45 minutes alone with God." As the assignment was being given, I got into my racer's blocks waiting for the start gun. Why? Because I had to be the first one to the swing by the lake so I could have a meaningful time with God, of course. As the group split, I overheard several girls say, "Hey let's go to the lake where the swings

are." Immediate sirens went off and a red flag raised...they can't go to the swing..that's where I am supposed to be! All of a sudden, the mission was clear: get to the swings first! The closer I came to the lake, the more focused I became. My pace was intense, my joy fleeting, and winning was all that was important. As I approached the lake, I was almost in a full gallop. The swing was on the opposite side of the lake from me. The girls made a foolish error by going to the left. Ha ha! So I quickly dashed off to the right to make it around the lake first. If we only had a instant replay, you would see me as I ran around the lake. I rushed right past a small white chapel. I flew past a wooden cross on the shore. I jumped onto the swing feeling good about my victory, but too wound up from the competition to be still and know that He is God. As I sat there trying to catch my breath, it hit

me. "This is what your life is like. You're wrapped up in getting things accomplished, even good things, and you're relying on your flesh and power most of the time for insignificant victories, all the while missing what's important." Then I looked back around the lake and saw that in trying to be in control, I had missed things God had wanted me to stop and see along the way... the white chapel (faith), the cross (everlasting hope), and the gift of still time with the Savior sitting on a swing (love). It didn't take a seminary degree to catch God's reference. The words in 1 Corinthians 13 came ringing at me. "So now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love." Will you take some time and sit and quiet your soul before the Lord?

Being and Breathing

One warm evening many years ago...After spending nearly every waking minute with Angel for eight straight days, I knew that I had to tell her just one thing. So late at night, just before she fell asleep, I whispered it in her ear. She smiled – the kind of smile that makes me smile back –and she said, “When I’m seventy-five and I think about my life and what it was like to be young, I hope that I can remember this very

moment.” A few seconds later she closed her eyes and fell asleep. The room was peaceful – almost silent. All I could hear was the soft purr of her breathing. I stayed awake thinking about the time we’d spent together and all the choices in our lives that made this moment possible. And at some point, I realized that it didn’t matter what we’d done or where we’d gone. Nor did the future hold any significance. All

that mattered was the serenity of the moment. Just being with her and breathing with her. **The moral:** We must not allow the clock, the calendar, and external pressures to rule our lives and blind us to the fact that [each individual moment of our lives is a beautiful mystery](#) and a miracle – especially those moments we spend in the presence of a loved one.



"Don't let yesterday use up too much of today."

Will Rogers

"COURAGE DOESN'T ALWAYS ROAR. SOMETIMES COURAGE IS THE QUIET VOICE AT THE END OF THE DAY SAYING, 'I WILL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW.'"

- Ray Aes Robinson

The Parable of the River

Once upon a time there was a small village on the edge of a river. The people there were good and life in the village was good. One day a villager noticed a baby floating down the river. The villager quickly swam out to save the baby from drowning. The next day this same villager noticed two babies in the river. He called for help, and both babies were rescued from the swift waters. And the following day four babies were seen caught in the turbulent current. And then eight, then more, and still more! The villagers organized themselves quickly, setting up watchtowers and training teams of swimmers who could resist the swift waters and rescue babies. Rescue

squads were soon working 24 hours a day. And each day the number of helpless babies floating down the river increased. The villagers organized themselves efficiently. The rescue squads were now snatching many children each day. While not all the babies, now very numerous, could be saved, the villagers felt they were doing well to save as many as they could each day. Indeed, the village priest blessed them in their good work. And life in the village continued on that basis. One day, however, someone raised the question, “But where are all these babies coming from? Let’s organize a team to head upstream to find out who’s throwing all of these

babies into the river in the first place!” The seeming logic of the community elders countered: “And if we go up stream who will operate the rescue operations? We need every concerned person here!” But don't you see”, cried the one lone voice, “if we find out who is throwing them in, we can stop the problem and no babies will drown! By going upstream we can eliminate the cause of the problem!” “It is too risky,” said the village elders. And so the numbers of babies found floating in the river increased daily. Those saved increased, but those who drowned increased even the more.

Submitted by Julie Billups

Author's Corner-Spotlight Book Review

Destined to Reign
by Joseph Prince

Knowledge is progress desired. Everything in life works according to the law of gradual growth. Spiritual knowledge for a believer should be desired first. I am reminded through scriptures to, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" (Matthew 6:33) and "Blessed are they that thirst and hunger after righteousness for they shall be filled" (Matthew 5:6). To know God truly, we must know His word: "That God's purpose is that we may know the full truth and understand the doctrines of our faith, and how the truth relates to our Christian walk." (Luke 1:3-4) Truth is what makes us free when practiced. As stated in the book which I am recommending for read-

It was the coldest winter ever. Many animals died because of the cold. The hedgehogs, realizing the situation, decided to group together to keep warm. This way they covered and protected themselves; but the quills of each one wounded their closest companions. After awhile, they decided to distance themselves one from the other and

ing, "Right Believing, Right Living." This book, *Destined to Reign* by Joseph Prince, Pastor of New Creation Church in Singapore, encapsulates the very essence of what it is to have God's grace and unmerited favor in our lives, confirmed by scriptures. This book is about being radically transformed by God's grace and His grace alone.

I have heard the message of God's grace and mercy herald from the pulpit most of my Christian life. Having a vague understanding, but accepting it because it was God's Word, I found it sufficient at the time for my spiritual growth.

As a result of reading *Destined to Reign*, I have gained new insights into the word of God concerning the finished work of Jesus Christ on the cross, which encompass His grace. The

simplicistic, refreshing and practical approach the writer brings to the reader on God's grace, will astound you as it did me. The book will challenge the most skeptic mind concerning the Grace-Person known as Jesus Christ. It will compel the reader with enthusiasm to share this enlightenment to those who have revelation of God's word, the believer, and bring revelation to those who are seeking God's word. I consider this book a "must read" for everyone who is seeking to know the full scope of God's finished work on the cross and God's grace. Again, this book will enlighten and aid us in helping to understand, in addition to scriptures, why we are "Destined to Reign."

Submitted by Cheryl Y. Holden



One At A Time

Oh! How the Master walked so many roads;
But only one at a time.
How he talked to the crowds,
But He touched only one at a time.
He preached to so many,
But each heard one at a time.
He raised several from the dead;
But each was quickened one at a time.
Because I am only one;
I will not make excuses for my limitations.
I will not detour because of obstacles.
I will not be discouraged because of ill situations.
Even though I am only one
Lord! You can count on me;
To reach one lost soul today.
To teach one yearning soul today..
To inspire one somebody, who I will inspire one somebody else today.
So the task I yours,
And the task is mine,
To teach the thousands, even though they learn one at a time.
I am only one.
But, I will not be baffled at the deviled throng;
But I will channel for God's power,
To reach and teach one at a time.

The Hedgehogs

they began to die, alone and frozen. So they had to make a choice; either accept the quills of their companions or disappear from the Earth. Wisely, they decided to go back to being together. They learned to live with the little wounds caused by the close relationship with

their companions in order to receive the heat that came from the others. This way they were able to survive. *The best relationship is not the one that brings together perfect people, but when each individual learns to live with the imperfections of others and can admire the other person's good qualities.*

**"To know God truly,
we must know His
Word."**

Wake Missionary Baptist
Association, Inc.
PO Box 25847
Raleigh, North Carolina 27611
webmaster@wakemissionarybapt.org

**Wake Missionary Baptist Woman's
Auxiliary**

*Now to Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly
above all that we ask or think, according to the power
that works in us, to Him be glory in the church by Christ
Jesus to all generations, forever and ever. Amen
Ephesians 3:20-21*

*If you would like to have an electronic subscription to the
Wake Missionary Baptist Association's Woman's Auxiliary
quarterly newsletter, then feel free to contact us at cparker3@bellsouth.net to be added to our subscription email list.*

*If you have information, whether, inspirational or informa-
tional that you would like to share with the women of the
Association, contact the above email and we will include your
timely submission.*

*We thank you in advance for your support and continued
prayers.*

*The Woman's Auxiliary of the Wake Missionary Baptist
Association*

Community News

**Riley Hill Baptist Church's 2014 Women's
Conference**

"God's Women Restored Through Prayer"

July 12, 2014

8:30 am-1:00pm

Free Registration

Continental Breakfast & Lunch

Sunday, July 13, 2014

Preacher: Reverend Dr. Laura Johnson

10:00 am Worship Service

Women's Family & Friend's Day

Colors: Baby Blue and/or White

6101 Riley Hill Road

Wendell, NC 27591

919-365-5277

Reverend Alfonza Fullwood, Pastor

Zebulon First Baptist Church will host the Dave
Ramsey's Financial Peace University Class.

"A Biblically based curriculum that teaches peo-
ple how to handle money God's ways."

Preview class August 3, 2014

September 7, 2014 (Class Actually Begins)

3:00pm-5:00pm

Register online at www.daveramsey.com

Zebulon First Baptist Church

919 269-7355

304 East Barbee Street

Zebulon, NC 27597

Pastor Edward B. Holloway