Dear Lexie,

Reflections of A Mom... A Reminder of Christ

I recently had the pleasure of spending a week with one of my dearest friends. We spent hours on the first night of our reunion reminiscing. I was reminded of the fun times together and even replayed the dark hours spent mourning the loss of a spouse. The ability to share those sweet and somber experiences has helped to nurture our relationship over the years. Some of the stories seem to have been revised over the last 30 plus years but worth laughing about nonetheless.

Read more>>

Carrol Hammond
Journey of Blessings
This Sabbath:
May 11, 2013

Speaker:
Pr. Charles A. Tapp, "Barren but Blessed!"

Special Musical Guest:
Philippine Madrigal Singers
Christina Rossette, Soprano

Yes, Your 10 Minutes Investment
Transforming Takoma Park

One of the deep, rich teachings of the Seventh-day Adventist church is its insight on the cosmic conflict. Every heard the term Great Controversy?

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Reflections of A Mom… A Reminder of Christ

May 13, 2013

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Carol Hammond: Journey of Blessings DAT Feature: We Have This Hope!!

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The thought of one day having to say goodbye to this friend is something that I am not ready to come to terms with. She has now moved on to another phase in her life's journey. She is slowing down and often shares the sentiments that come from having lived a rich and rewarding life. In the early years I couldn’t imagine calling her anything but an angel. She was the prettiest person I had ever met, perfect in every way. I loved the way she poured her love into every hot meal, the way she smiled while tucking me in at bedtime and the way she told those sweet Bible stories as I drifted off to sleep. It was obvious she enjoyed meeting my every need.

I don’t remember my friend and angel being very angry or raising her voice. She seemed to smile even while providing “good counsel ” and used a soft hand when correcting me. Then came the age of 10, the “I know everything” stage. I challenged directives at times and wasn’t always the faithful bearer of truth. I began to see another side of my nurturing angel. Her tone had become firm and authoritative. Who was this person? Every time I made unwise decisions, there was a voice in my ear and sometimes a painful reminder of my faulty choices.

This angel had become my conscience. She consistently reminded me of my family name, my commitment to Christ, and my expected obedience to the rules of her home. She was downright bossy at times, always telling me when to get off the phone, when to do my homework, and even encouraging me, in very strong and seemingly intimidating ways, to
go to bed and remember to say my prayers. As I matured, I realized the importance of her words of wisdom and the lasting impressions of those intimate moments that were often accompanied by her choice of punishment. Mom was that angel, the bossy one, my conscience and my friend.

As I ventured off to create memories for myself, heading to college and eagerly anticipating freedom, I realized how much I missed my friend. The twenty-minute wait to use the community phone was well worth the ten-minute conversation with my angel. She reminded me of her love for me, rejoiced with me and even cried with me through breakups and struggles with professors and roommates. My mom, my angel, my boss, my conscience, my friend. We missed each other so much!

As we take time this weekend to celebrate Mothers across the nation, remember the sacrifices made for you by the mom, grandmother, aunt, guardian, or significant person who provided you a place for nurture and growth. If that “mother” is no longer with you, find a loving woman in your community, your village, your circle, and let her know that you care. Be an angel, a loving conscience, but, most of all, a friend and a reflection of Christ.

Maureen C. Tapp

A daughter, a mother, a friend

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Carol Hammond: Journey of Blessings

http://sligochurch.org/carol-hammond-journey-of-blessings

Andrey Symbiota

Malachi 3:10 “Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be food in My house, and try Me now in this,” says the Lord of hosts, “If I will not open for you the windows of heaven and pour out for you such blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it.”

James and I were married December 20, 1959, at age 29 and 24 – fairly young by today’s standards. Two years later (1961) when I was five months pregnant with our first child, we were called to go as missionaries to teach at the Bekwai secondary school in Ghana. James taught science and I taught English and literature. I continued to teach after our daughter Endea was born. Although with deep sadness we buried our second child in Africa, God blessed us with three more children. We were now a family of six.

Following our term at Bekwai, James served as president of two missions – – Sierra Leone Mission from 1969–1971, and the North Ghana Mission in Tamale from 1972–1974. We were in Ghana during the time when President Nkrumah was ousted! The soldiers toppled the statue of this Socialist dictator. Student groups that he formed wore Nazis–like uniforms and sang “I will make you fishers of men, if you follow me!” Spies sent to our churches and other organizations made it difficult to determine who was who in large crowds of people.

James built four churches in Ghana with money from donors in the United States. Sometimes he would spend our food money to help the churches, but God always came through in providing for our needs. We were never hungry or in need of anything.

In addition to teaching and caring for the children, I regularly entertained visitors from the States. We were advised not to use our American–purchased foods, but to serve visitors the local food. Local dishes included groundnut soup and cassava.

In 1974 we returned to the States. James taught at (then) Columbia Union College and I
taught at Sligo Adventist Elementary. Keeping four children in church school stretched our budget to the limit. It was time to start claiming the promises of the Bible.

Our biggest test of faith involved the calculation of my retirement. On returning from the mission field I was informed that after serving 13 years, only James had accrued retirement credit. After stretching their generosity to the max the General Conference allotted me three years toward retirement out of my 13 years teaching in Africa. Policies hopefully have changed.

When faced with disappointment, attitude is everything. I could have been angry about losing ten years towards my retirement, but I chose to rest in the Bible promises. God helped me complete my Ph.D at Howard University (2000) in Educational Psychology. He provided me with adjunct teaching jobs at Washington Adventist University and at Radians School of nursing, and part-time work at the State Department. I made more money at those jobs than the lump sum I had been denied at retirement. I’d say that was a blessing.

Our children are our greatest blessing. Endea Thibodeaux, our first-born, is an entrepreneur and the mother of three – Darius, Aliyah, and Aron. Renata Craig, a lawyer, is the mother of two — Julian and Hayley. Rona Smith, a guidance counselor, is the mother of two — Miata and Sierra. James Hammond, Jr., a nurse anesthetist, is the father of two – Jada and Sydnie.

James, a church worker for over 40 years, has now retired. I worked 39 years for the denomination and am still working. Yes, God has blessed us abundantly, and I am confident He will continue to “open the windows of heaven.”

Carol Hammond, a member of Sligo for 38 years, taught at Sligo Elementary School for 22 years. Presently, she is an adjunct faculty member at Washington Adventist University. She is a graduate of Oakwood University (BS), University of Maryland (MA), and Howard University, (PhD in Educational Psychology). She is author of the book, “Precious Memories of Missionaries of Color.”

Editor: Elizabeth Wear

Photograph courtesy of Michael McKennis from eyesoulphotographyllc.com/
Yes, Your 10 Minutes Investment Can Transform Takoma Park!

Vacation Bible School 2013 DAT Feature: We Have This Hope!!

One of the deep, rich teachings of the Seventh-day Adventist church is its insight on the cosmic conflict. Have you heard the term Great Controversy?

So paradise was lost through the entry of sin. However, paradise will be regained and our ticket has been bought by the death and resurrection of Jesus, and our acceptance of His precious gift.

On a daily basis we are still faced with the pain and tragedies of life that attempt to alienate us from our loving God. This is when our insight into the cosmic conflict can provide needed comfort the hurting, and bring hope to those in despair.

The string of school shootings has spawned many grief-ridden communities, and our church neighborhood is not immune. However, we also have powerful resource in our faith kit that when used, delivers transformational possibilities.

It is prayer!

Paul Cede stated it well.

Satan laughs at our toilings and mocks our trying, but he shakes when he sees the weakest saint of God on his knees!

Just imagine the nightmare he will experience when bands of Sligo prayer guardians partner with heaven for the safety of this our Takoma Park community?

Yes, we have the promise of Psalm 91:11 to claim!

For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.
In just ten (10) minutes a day, you can help marshal the forces of heaven against evil and support an anxious-free learning environment for the students. The great thing about prayer is that it can be done from anywhere, and with the prepared prayer kit, you will have daily encouragement and focus for the cause.

Now, how do you sign up? You have several means:

- See any member of the make a difference team and they will gladly take your information.
- Fill out the bulletin insert and return it in the offering place.
- Send an email to sligoprays@gmail.com with subject: Count me in Praying to Takoma Park Schools.

Come prepared for a special consecration moment on Sabbath April 20 to formalize this ministry.

As you contemplate the possibility, remember this Bible story told in 2Kings 6.

Then Elisha prayed, “O LORD, open his eyes and let him see!”

The LORD opened the young man’s eyes, and when he looked up, he saw that the hillside around Elisha was filled with horses and chariots of fire.

May this experience be yours!
SLIGO SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL 2013

By Darius Thibodeaux On April 12, 2013 • Add Comment • In Children's Ministry, Events

SLIGO ADVENTIST CHURCH

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

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Where Kids Stand Strong for God

JULY 14 – 19, 2013

6:00 – 8:45 P.M.

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CLICK HERE TO REGISTER AS A VOLUNTEER

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