



Dayspring Discipleship Institute

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"...the ministry of the Word" - Acts 6:4

Teaching – Equipping – Training – Ministering

Brenda Cox, Executive Director

April 2012

"...the Dayspring from on high has come to give light to those that sit in darkness..." --Luke 1:78-79

Newsletter

Easter Eggs and Other Serious Matters

Dearhearts,

So schools are no longer teaching cursive handwriting and churches are no longer singing hymns to speak of... and Easter Eggs are not eggs at all any more, but plastic capsules with candy inside that are strewn across the turf, not to be hunted, but to be scooped up on the run. Once kids used to be part of the process.

Watching the vinegar and water turn colors. Making sure the tablets were fully dissolved so the egg colors would be silky smooth... anticipating the magical change that was occurring before our eyes. The next round entailed putting eggs in multiple cups to create colors never seen before. This was as much fun as the hunt, and when an egg came up missing I knew which one it was. My parents didn't make it easy either. Some eggs are still hiding out there somewhere. But they were worth hunting for...until dusk if need be...or into the next week. There is little of personal investment in such things today...certainly no magic...no learning the value of having things in our lives worth hunting for. We've separated them out from personal investment.

We are awash in subtle – and some not so subtle – signs that, like the canary in a coal mine, may be alerting us to dangers in our environment...dangers to our soul. So what is the canary telling us?

Strangely, one of our great needs today is connection. In the midst of instant communication to anyone and everyone, the ironic danger is disconnect. We are connected *to* people, but are we connected *with* them? Email, the internet, texting, tweeting...all give a sense of connection but put us in varying degrees of separation. Eye contact is lost, voice inflections...understanding... truly *knowing* the person. Disconnection. Not just from others, but from ourselves and from God.

As a raindrop forms around a single, miniscule particle of dirt in the air, Christ's ministry formed around individual needs...often so miniscule as to go unnoticed by most: the short man in the tree...the woman alone at the well. The little children who were a bother in an adult world of really serious matters were what mattered most to Christ. Christ saw the widow whose two small coins were so insignificant no one heard – or noticed – when they dropped into the metal coffers. Yet Christ noticed... and asked His disciples to see and care. He asked them – and us - to be fully invested in the human

community, to notice what others miss and to value what we see, and He asks us to hunt for it when it is lost.

It was through direct contact that Christ healed and restored and affirmed...and His revolution came. His life and work unfolded in the sloppy mix. There were no degrees of separation. Yet our culture pulls us another direction. As Christ draws us into the center our culture is a centrifuge of forces careening us out from the hub to the rim of life and of who we are, and we live in varying degrees of separation. Even in church we often find ourselves viewing the pastor standing before us from large mounted screens flanking the pulpit as if he were too far away to see. And we are one degree removed.

Not only are we in danger of becoming a community of separates, as hymns become increasingly obsolete, we are in danger of cutting ourselves off from our heritage...of losing our signature. Of becoming archipelagoes of existence marooned from our historical narrative and the story it tells of who we are and where we have been as a people. Hymns are evangelism set to music. But they not only tell the story of salvation, they are biography. They tell us of our own walk and link us to the universal migration of the soul when first our people began the journey for the Promised Land 2000 years ago. They sing of the *ways* of God. They sing of the journey of the soul and of the heritage deeded us by all who have gone before. We are in danger of disconnecting from our very context...and living in suspension as though only we count...only our generation and time are relevant to the revolution.

The danger is that we will slip into the shadows of the life and struggles...the sloppy mix...of the human community...and speak truth from a distance but fail to touch others with the reality of His love and power.

Christ could have stayed in heaven and loved us from afar and spoken His truth to a darkened world, but He could not bring His revolution to man and touch others with the reality of His love and power...without entering into the sloppy mess with His life.

I love you,

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With Love Creations

Twenty hand warmer muffins have been crocheted by the ladies of this ministry and are ready to be taken to the nursing home.

Spearheaded by Kaye Sinkule, "With Love Creations" is open to both novices and veterans of crocheting and any other of the various "needle" skills to be used down line.

Kaye offers several classes, both individual and group, for those who want to learn these fading skills. Though the two groups are finishing their 10 week crocheting class, individual instruction continues and is open for new people.

The next crochet creations will be baby blankets.

Embroidery and Ribbon Embroidery is the next class Kaye will be offering in the Parlor. To register, or for further details on individual or group classes and schedules and supply information, please call the Dayspring office.

A \$40.00 donation is suggested for this new 10 week embroidery class.

Parlor Book Club: "A Thousand Gifts" Begins Tuesday April 2 at 10:00 a.m.

Patty Stefani leads the discussion of the Parlor Book Club's new selection, "A Thousand Gifts." Please consider joining the group for a time of fellowship and inspiration. Even if you can't meet every time with them, it will still be a rich and special time.

Saturday Meditation on the Divine April 28, 8:30 – 11:30

The last of our Saturday Meditations on the Word for the spring is scheduled for the last Saturday of this month. These have proven to be very meaningful for the small but faithful band that attends. Each Saturday usually brings a new person or two to add to the 6 or 7 "regulars."

We invite you to try this new way of praying that is guided and fed by scripture. It brings a power and focus to prayer that only the "Living Word" can provide.



Touch Ministry Diary

Annie, one of our cherished residents, passed away last month. It wasn't unexpected but still it brought sadness. We were relieved that she was no longer in pain and was with Jesus, but we still find ourselves looking in the door when we pass what used to be her room. Annie was a character. We looked forward to walking into her room when we first started visiting her and listening to her as she shared stories about her husband and children. She had a quick wit and a twinkle in her eye as she told us side-splitting tales of her past like how her husband loved banana and mayonnaise sandwiches and she would turn up her nose in disgust! Annie just had a zest for life and saw humor in the most mundane aspects of it. She had us laughing with tales of her former life as a nurse assigned to the Navy or various situations in the nursing home. She would entertain US instead of us entertaining her!

Gradually, Annie's senses and memory were taken from her. She was already hard of hearing and was losing her vision. She would strain to see us, trying to see who we were, but she could always see whichever dog we had with us. Gradually, even that was taken from her, and she appeared to be asleep most of the time. We began to sing hymns and songs to her, hoping somehow she could still hear us. Our choice of songs ranged from the Navy Hymn and Amazing Grace to children's songs like Jesus Loves Me which we thought she might remember from her childhood. At first she would sing with us then as time went on, she would just listen and sing occasionally. One day, after she became totally unable to communicate with us, Annie gave us a precious gift. She had her eyes closed and was seemingly asleep, so, as we had done before, we started to sing to her. Never opening her eyes, she began moving her lips along with the words we sang. When we sang the children's song about Zaccheus, her lips mouthed the exact words! We were stunned. Shortly after we left, her aide, who had heard us singing, reported that when he came to check on Annie, Annie was "singing," moving her lips to some song in her memory. Somehow, our "joyful noise" had reached something inside her.

We will always miss you, sweet Annie, and will forever thank you for the gift you gave us - yourself.

***We Cherish Your Continued and Faithful Support of the Ministries of Dayspring.
Most Especially in this Time of Economic Uncertainty we are Grateful for your Prayerful
Consideration of us Financially.***