



Dayspring Discipleship Institute

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

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Teaching – Equipping – Training – Ministering

Brenda Cox, Executive Director

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

Newsletter

Till my Trophies at Last I Lay Down...

Dearhearts,

Her servant's robe first was worn when she was nine. A series of sporadic strokes had crippled her mother's arm, rendering her bedfast for months at a time. So at the age of nine – the age of my oldest granddaughter – my mother assumed the domestic responsibilities of the household. Her two older sisters were married and gone. While her three older brothers were out in the fields helping "Papa," mother was cooking and cleaning and ironing and washing clothes on the rub board. I recall her telling me of the many burns she experienced from the old irons that heated on the potbelly stove and had to be held with a cloth to protect from the hot handles.

At 17 she married Dad and in 5 years my brother was born and Dad was on his way to the war. She and Larry (still in diapers) rode 3 days on a "troop train" from Mena, Arkansas, to Sacramento to say goodbye.

I think back now on all the times my mother served our family, showing her love by sewing and baking and cooking, by praying for us and guiding us and disciplining us. By saving for us when budgets were tight so whatever we needed during the school year would be provided... always.

Then came the car wreck of 1955 that left two people dead and Mom with injuries that took years to recover from and pain that only ended with her death last week. It was then that I began to know my mother as a steel magnolia. Still a sweet and gentle soul – her hairdresser called her "the sweetest Christian woman I have ever known" – but now, as well, she was a fighter. She fought to recover. Three times a week for months she made her way on crutches into the waters of Rolling Fork or the Cossitot to rehab her leg. She endured multiple surgeries to save her right eye. She fought depression and back pain and headaches. She fought to keep her head up after her husband of 69 years passed away nearly three years ago. She fought to be mobile after a severe fall two years ago. In recent months she fought against debilitating back and hip pain that turned out to be a severe kidney infection that almost took her life a month ago.

In it all, I never remember Mother raising her voice in anger or shortness. She never let us know of the depth of

her emotional valleys or physical pain. She still came to our events, went on our trips and held the family together ...just as she had done so long ago when first she donned her servant's robe.

I'm at a loss now...at a loss to know how to honor such a life that defied these unrelenting foes to pour her heart and soul and love into us. To honor a mother who took the clay God gave her and shaped and formed it with her tears and prayers, her encouragement and her belief in us. How do I honor the one who - aside from God - most fashioned my heart?

Somehow, the pain my mother endured did not shrink her heart...it enlarged it. Such is the way of pain and loss. The river forks here. Love will either turn inward to a lesser realm or outward into a large place. Which fork it takes is in our hands. What I now choose is to see with different eyes the small things of this world, the annoyances that drive my focus earthward. They no longer seem as important...nor should they ever be. A larger world beckons me to walk in it; beckons us all to see through the prism of untampered love.

From the cross, the Savior's forgiving words summon us to these sacred climes...to defy our foes and love and give and serve. In the shadow of the cross the lives of the saved are asked to stand and live. The ancient timbers of Calvary speak to the mystery of suffering, and in that hazy mirror I see my mother's visage. Suffering held before God as an offering to Him to use as He will...changes us. His image forms more fully in us, and we honor Him, and those who have gone before us, with our lives. Such was the image suffering bore in my mother.

I lift my mom to Him and ask Him to create in me a larger realm...a heart refashioned by His holy hand and enlarged to carry more of the sacred in its daily folds.

"So I'll cherish the old rugged cross till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross and exchange it someday for a crown." The words of the old hymn filled the church last Thursday. Mother's trophies have been laid down in our lives. She now wears a wondrous crown...and a new robe...the white linen of the bride of Christ.

I love you,

Brenda

Surprise Interest in “Conversation” Series

Response to *Conversations on Mysteries from a Sacred Hand*, Brenda’s two-session spring “experiment,” has been unexpectedly strong. Almost 40 men and women attended the second *Conversation on the Mystery of the Universe* held on Tuesday evening May 5. Brenda set the Scriptural context for a possibly enormous universe and looked at the discoveries of science and the Hubble space telescope that are pointing astronomers and physicists toward the Creator.

As a result of the strong interest shown in these “conversations” we will resume the series with new topics in the fall.

Monthly Series of “Conversations” Slated for Fall

Conversations on Mysteries from a Sacred Hand will resume the *First Tuesday* of each month beginning in September. Topics for this series of conversations with Brenda will include: *The Mystery of Eden, The Mystery of Creation, The Human Mystery, The Divine Mystery, The Mystery of Time...the Mystery of Longing.*

Several inquiries have been made regarding the possibilities of repeating the Mystery of the Earth and the Mystery of the Universe in the fall. We are looking at the scheduling difficulties as well as the degree of interest and will let you know later in the summer if a repeat of the first two is feasible.

Pure Heart Emmaus Study Ends

The *Road to Emmaus* study Brenda has been teaching this spring at Pure Heart Fellowship concluded the middle of May. Of the 25 women who began the study, approximately 15 continued to attend throughout. It proved a special blessing for Brenda as well as for those who finished the study. The following is an excerpt from a letter Brenda received on the final day.

“...Every time I leave the study I feel like I’ve just walked away from an intimate time with my Lord...like time with my best friend. The knowledge and wisdom I have gained from my God and about my God has blown my socks off! When I said yes to this study, little did I know I would be stepping into such a life changing experience. Will I remember and use each day every little detail of what God has taught me through your love and obedience to Him? I hope so, and one day I might be able to answer ‘yes.’ One thing I do know for sure... I am changed... forever...I will continue to pray that God blesses you, your family and your ministry in an abundant way...”

-- Johanna

Emmaus Update

Gay Bostick is currently teaching the second volume of Brenda’s Emmaus Study (“The Fullness of Christ”) with her faithful group at the Lake Pointe Cowboy Church. Christy Jones will be leading the same study for women in the fall.

Pat Townsend is leading women through the Emmaus Sojourner “Travel Guide” study at the women’s shelter in Quinlan.

Gay Bostick: the Fruit of Her Labors

Words are not enough to express our gratitude to Gay Bostick and her tireless labor of love in rimming the flower beds with stones. Though others have helped, Gay has done 85% of the work. The result is beautiful, Gay, and we thank you for bringing to life what earlier donations have made possible.



Young Life Spruces Up Prayer Garden



Members of Rockwall’s Young Life were a strong work force in helping to spruce up the garden, including raising flower beds and laying the stone for

the seating area near Riley’s Berm as well as this hibiscus bed by the chapel. We are grateful to them and director Lou Gill for their help and will include more pictures and information in next month’s newsletter.

Dear friends of Dayspring:

We all mourn with Brenda over the loss of her mother, Dorothy Blanton, this last week. Bunyan’s description of Valiant for Truth’s heavenward journey when he said, “So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side,” gives a comforting picture of Mrs. Blanton’s homegoing. What can we do to express our love for Brenda and at the same time honor her mother’s memory? Brenda’s mother dearly loved the Lord; and so to honor her memory, the board of directors has established a Dorothy Blanton Memorial Fund to be used as the ministry sees fit. If you wish to make a gift, checks should be payable to Dayspring for Memorial Fund.

In Jesus Name, Dayspring Board of Directors