

**Publisher** Sandra Byrd

**Editor** Lori Hatcher

**Art Director** Tonya Daugherty

**Contributing Writers**

Sherry Bradshaw  
Erin Carroll  
Jim Manning  
Gail Burton Purath  
Crystal Torok  
Mike Turne  
Jean Wilund

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**What we're all about**

*Reach Out, Columbia* is committed to presenting the heart and works of Jesus Christ in clarity and purity. We strive to encourage a deeper, more steadfast love toward others as well as provide a vehicle for the body of Christ to come together as one voice in corporate agreement and expression of faith.



Letter from the  
**Editor**

I'm not sure how my mother went from being out-of-touch to being the wisest woman on the planet, but I remember my dawning awareness of her greatness.

The first inkling of her buried wisdom came on the day my husband and I moved into our first home. Mom came to help me unpack, and I eagerly showed her the living room curtains I'd picked out. And the decorative rods. And the mini-blinds.

Then it dawned on me—I didn't have a clue how to hang them. Those were the days before YouTube videos and tutorials, and I had no life experience from which to draw. Prepared to suspend my decorating until my husband got home, I turned to her and said, "I have no idea how to hang this stuff."

"Oh, that's easy," she said. She took the hardware out of my hands, grabbed a screwdriver, and went to work. In no time at all, my blinds were up, and my curtains were hanging beautifully.

I'd forgotten that she and dad had built our little house in Rhode Island from the outer walls in. Working in an unheated shell in the middle of winter with only a kerosene heater for warmth, they installed plumbing and electricity, hung sheetrock, and laid flooring. Compared to building a house, curtain rods and mini-blinds were kindergarten exercises.

My first few years of married life provided additional glimpses of my mom's intelligence. I re-discovered that she knew how to make jam. And give permanents (Remember Farah Fawcett hair?). And paint. I'd known she could do all these things when I was a child, but when I entered adolescence, I think she lost those abilities. Or perhaps I didn't value them.

But I'll never forget the day she moved from clueless to genius in my eyes.

Five days earlier we had brought our first daughter home from the hospital. Bleary-eyed from lack of sleep, aching from a C-section, and clueless about how to care for a baby, I opened the door to her smiling face. She'd offered to spend the week with us, helping us acclimate. That week was when my mother's genius shone.

When she diapered the baby, my daughter's runny explosions stayed in rather than leaking all over my lap. When she cried inconsolably, my mom soothed her with a pat/bob/sway maneuver that could have rivaled the most graceful dancer. When it was time for her first bath, she showed me how to wash my slippery, floppy baby without drowning her. And in between, she fixed meals, washed laundry, and drank leisurely cups of coffee.

I was convinced. She was brilliant. The subsequent 27 years have only served to reinforce my belief that my mom is one smart cookie.

*Reach Out, Columbia* doesn't work from a theme list. Instead, we trust God to bring the stories, teaching pieces, and devotions he knows we need, when we need them. As I looked over the articles he'd gathered for our May issue, I couldn't help but smile. We didn't have a theme, but God sure did.

What a perfect cover story for our Mother's Day issue—Momma Rabbit's Nibbles and Sips, a family business made possible because of one grandmother's legacy and another mother's wise parenting. And our Community piece—Sherry Bradshaw's powerful story of what God can do when mothers pray. Erin Carroll's Front Yard Ministry article reminds us that some of our greatest ministry opportunities are right outside our front door, and Gail Purath's poetry reminds us that our choices, good and bad, will impact generations to come. I hope you enjoy what the Lord has brought together. Happy Mother's Day.

Lori