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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

When my daughter was expecting our first grandchild, the family decided that because I didn't fit the typical grandmother profile, we needed to come up with a hip grandma name. "It's got to be energetic and youthful, 'cause you're not the sit-in-a-rocking-chair-and knit kind of grandma," they said. (No offense to you rocking chair knitting grandmas.)

Now a decision like this is HUGE. And far-reaching. Whatever name we chose would be mine for generations. As a child, I'd often wished I'd been allowed to select my name. I suspect I'd have chosen something much more extravagant than the humble, four-letter moniker my parents bestowed upon me. Now, at long last, I had my chance.

I knew my grandma name had to be pronounceable to little lips. And easy for preschoolers to spell. I could imagine it printed in awkward crayoned letters on artwork hanging on my refrigerator. It couldn't be too Southern (I am half Yankee), but not too formal either. (We decided *Grandmother* required blue hair – not my current shade.) It had to be a name older children wouldn't be embarrassed to call me in front of their friends, and common enough to find on t-shirts, coffee mugs, and key chains.

After much deliberation, we settled on the name *Gigi*. In the three years since our first granddaughter spoke it into authenticity, it's become one of my favorite handles.

To the three little people who now populate our life, it's everything we'd hoped for. Young enough to "fly" with them in the backyard, complete with sparkly butterfly wings. Hip enough to know how to ask Siri for the answers to their never-ending questions. Short enough to yell quickly whenever they're frightened, lonely, or being pummeled by their rambunctious baby brother. Yankee enough to cheer at hockey games, yet Southern enough to serve boiled peanuts and sweet tea. Informal enough to welcome them without an appointment, and cool enough that my grands already introduce me with pride. And yes, I've found it on plaques, coffee mugs, and key chains. I'm still hoping for a really awesome t-shirt. (Hint. Hint.)

Sunday, September 9 is Grandparents Day. As you'll read in our cover story, a group of godly grandparents have hijacked the day as an opportunity not to focus on themselves (although if you want to take us out to dinner and shower us with gifts, we won't protest), but to encourage grandparents everywhere to spend the day praying for their grandchildren. Their initiative reminds us of the valuable and life-changing impact a godly grandparent can have on future generations.

Also in this month's issue is a behind-the-scenes look at the ministry behind those hotel room Bibles. Anna Wilson's community feature on the Gideons will enlighten you to the grand work these humble servants are doing. Finally, if you haven't yet been promoted to grandparent status and are still parenting young ones of your own, check out our parenting feature, "When Parenting Gets Hard – 5 Verses to Claim." These precious promises will inspire and encourage you.

Whether you're a Gigi or a Grandma, a Mimi or a Memaw, if you have the privilege and responsibility of grandparenting, I pray God's blessings on you. If your biological family doesn't include grandchildren, look around. There are many children (and young adults) who don't have a grandparent nearby. Why not ask the Lord to give you eyes to see them, and then reach out? Your initiative could be the answer to someone else's prayer.

Blessings,

Lori