



# 91<sup>st</sup> Edition

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## A Lasting Legacy By Derek Duncan, Senior Minister

Our lives are molded largely by those who care for us. Like many others, I find myself contemplating mothers during the month of May: the mother of my children; my own mom; mothers in the Bible and the profound impact they have had on shaping our world. God has a perfect plan for moms and how they can be used to impact His kingdom. While each mom's path may take different turns, I recently came across an article that describes a wonderful path traveled by a Christian wife and mom who has given a legacy that I know pleases Jesus Christ to no end. My prayer is that it will inspire all moms (and those who love them) this season.

(Excerpted from "My Mom ... Friend and Fellow Servant" by Paul M. Blowers, first published in *Christian Standard*, April 25, 2004.)

My mom did what thousands of young American women did in the postwar 1940s. She married a returned GI and birthed a couple of baby boomers in the 1950s. My dad will be the first to admit that, at the time of his return from the war, he was a functioning pagan but very much open to the Spirit of God. Mom disciplined him in the Christian faith, served as his early spiritual mentor, and was at his side as helper and encourager through a 46-year ministry at the East 49th Street (later East 91st Street) Christian Church.

My teenage daughter recently wrote an essay published in our local newspaper in which she held up her grandma as her model and mentor. Leslie reflects on how her Grandma's hands – now revealing the crippling effects of Alzheimer's disease bespeak a life of Christian servanthood:

Gnarled by age and stiffened by strokes, the hands rest one across the other atop the petite woman's chest. Fingers worn by years of hard work remain tightly clenched into two small fists, rarely opened until gently pried apart as the woman sleeps. Rosy red polish decorates the smooth nails, meticulously painted there by a visiting granddaughter. Tissue paper-thin skin stretches delicately across the silent hands. Tiny brown age spots dance around the raised maze of blue veins. A tarnished gold band dotted by a simple diamond sits confidently upon her finger. These hands have seen life and all it has to offer. These hands are my grandma's...

... I look at my hands – strong, able, and willing to work. My goal for myself becomes striving to discover what these hands can do. The impurities on my grandma's hands are perfected by the legacy she has left behind and the imprint she has made on others' lives...\*

All who have come to know this woman, Marian Blowers, especially her husband, will testify to a life of gentleness, grace, compassion, wisdom, strength, and especially now, courage. Disease may have seized her memory, but it can never seize the spirit of one who so long ago became a captive of the love of Jesus Christ, and who poured forth that love to countless saints and sinners alike.

If her role as a preacher's wife appears "traditional," let that description imply not a quaint or old-fashioned image of submissiveness, but the fact that she has handed on a legacy of faith, commitment, and the kind of Christian character of which the church is made. \**Elizabethton (Tennessee) Star*, 19 November 2003.