

Written with a Pen...

We tried so hard to make things better for our kids that we might have made them worse. For my grandchildren, I'd like better.
I'd really like for them to know about hand-me down clothes and homemade ice cream and leftover meatloaf sandwiches. I hope they learn humility by being humiliated, and learn honesty by being cheated. I hope they learn to make their beds and mow the lawn and wash the car.
And, my cherished grandchild, I really hope nobody gives you a brand new car when you are sixteen. I hope you have a job by then.
It will be good if at least one time you can see a baby calf born and your old dog put to sleep.
I hope you have to share a bedroom with your younger brother. It's all right to draw a line down the middle of the room.
When you want to see a Disney movie and your little brother wants to tag along, I hope you'll let him.
I hope you have to walk uphill to school with your friends and that you live in a town where you can do it safely.
I hope you learn to dig in the dirt and read books. When you learn to use those newfangled computers, I hope you also learn to add and subtract in your head.
I hope you get razzed by your friends when you have your first crush on a girl, and when you talk back to your mother that you learn what Ivory soap tastes like.
May you skin your knee climbing a mountain, burn your hand on a stove and get your tongue stuck on a frozen flagpole.
I sure hope you make time to sit on a porch with your grandpa and go fishing with your uncle. May you feel sorrow at a funeral and the joy of holidays.
I hope your mother punishes you for throwing a baseball through a window and that she hugs and kisses you when you give her a plaster of Paris mold of your hand.
These things I wish for you - tough times and disappointment, hard work and above all, happiness.

- Paul Harvey -

The Journey

I went upon a journey when I was but a youth, Seeking answers to life's questions, searching for great truths.
I traveled through the pages of an old and sacred book, Finding great adventures on every page I looked.
I saw the world created and dwelled in a garden fair, Until the hand of evil came and planted his seeds there.
I sailed upon an ocean for forty days and nights, Soared on the wings of a dove as it lifted up in flight.
I traveled through a wilderness over deserts hot and dry, I met a man named Abraham, whose hope, on God relied.
I journeyed to distant lands, met with prophets and with kings, Fought in mighty battles wielding arrows, swords and slings.
Then I rested in a stable where a tiny baby lay, I watched Him grow into a man and followed Him on His way.
I walked upon the water of a raging, storm tossed sea, But the hardest journey of all was when He led me to Calvary.
I cried as they nailed Him to a cross, watched as He died upon that tree, Oh, how my soul did mourn to know, He died there just for me.
I watched as they laid Him in a tomb and rolled the stone in place, Down on bended knee I knelt in thanks for His saving grace.
But, oh how my heart rejoiced on that great and fateful day, When I watched the angels from glory as they rolled the stone away.
I watched Him ascend to Heaven and sit on a golden throne, I listened as He promised never to leave me all alone.
So, I went on with my journey, trusting Him to be my guide, And just as He had promised, he stayed right by my side.
Oh, I've traveled through the ages, but soon my journey will be o'er, When I travel to my home on a beautiful, golden shore.
I hope you've taken the journey for it is my fervent prayer, That our roads will cross in Heaven and I will meet you there.
Oh, I know sometimes the road gets long and hard to tread But just hold on to the faith that by a loving hand you're led.
Then we'll shout His praise together, sing and dance around His throne, Giving thanks for His love and guidance on the journey to our home.

- Lora Cox -

Doomes / Cane Family Reunion

Teach a Generation



To Reach a Generation
With Christ

*St. Mary Missionary Baptist Church
Rev. Wilson Doomes, Sr., Pastor
Port Barre, LA 70577
July 31, 2004*

Order of Service

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Processional..... Bro. Othus Doomes, Jr.
“Build Up The Nation”

Call to Worship Rev. Wilson Doomes, Sr.

Hymn Congregation
“Father I Stretch My Hand to Thee”

Scripture Bro. Durwin Doomes

Prayer..... Bro. Othus Doomes, Jr.

Prayer Chant..... Doomes/Cane Family Choir
“Something About the Name of Jesus”

Meditation..... Sis. Geraldine Walker

Welcome..... Sis. Shirley Nwafor

Response to Welcome

Memorial..... Sis. Cinderella Cane
“Heavenly Choir” Sis. Susan Thomas

Selections Doomes/Cane Family Choir

“This Little Light of Mine” Children

“Thought You’d Like to Know” Sis. Chasity Rideaux

“All of Us Talking Bout Heaven” Sis. Kemmie Nwafor

“Leak In This Old Building” Sis. Cinderella Cane

Presentations

Offertory Period

Bro. Brett Semien / Bro. Eugene Cane

Offertory Selection..... Sis. Kendrick Nwafor
“Jesus Is On The Main Line”

Selection..... Sis. Lou Bertha Gloston

Hymn of Preparation..... Bro. David Sylvester, Jr.
“When The Gates Swing Open”

Sermon..... Rev. Wilson Doomes, Sr.

Invitational Hymn Doomes/Cane Family Choir
“Come Unto Jesus”

Closing Selections..... Doomes Family Singers

Benediction