

Christian Barrel Racer's Newsletter

"Racin' To Eternity"

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Happy Mother's Day!!!

This month's newsletter is dedicated to all of the moms out there! You will find lots of good stuff to make you feel good about being a mom and to make you appreciate your moms!

There are lots of us mom's who barrel race and lots of mom's who have kids that barrel race. Some just like to go and watch their families ride...some are very involved from saddling to directing a district in NBHA or promoting rodeo in their community. Whatever the role that you or your mom play in the barrel racing industry...Thank you!

Thank you, moms, for being involved in your children's lives, for promoting their interest in a sport that teaches responsibility and sportsmanship. Thank you moms for taking the time to teach your children to appreciate and respect the animals that God has blessed us with. Thank you, moms, for teaching your child that you don't win every time you enter the arena and for teaching them that when you do to be a good sport. Thanks for teaching them good manners...I hear more "Yes, Ma'ams" and "Yes, Sirs" out of kids at barrel races and rodeos than I ever do anywhere else.

So, for the effort, the support, the late night driving, the practice help, the cheering on the sidelines.....

Take the time this month to show your appreciation to your mom and other moms who help to keep this sport a family sport. I know from recent experience how hard it is to organize little ones, one or two trailers full of horses and supplies for us all for a long weekend of barrel racing...and a "Thank You" sometimes means more than you can imagine.

* JUST A MOM? *

A woman, renewing her driver's license at the County Clerk's office, was asked by the woman recorder to state her occupation.

She hesitated, uncertain how to classify herself.

"What I mean is," explained the recorder, "do you have a job or are you just a ...?"

"Of course I have a job," snapped the woman. "I'm a Mom."

"We don't list 'Mom' as an occupation, 'housewife' covers it," said the recorder emphatically.

I forgot all about her story until one day I found myself in the same situation, this time at our own Town Hall. The Clerk was obviously a career woman, poised, efficient, and possessed of a high sounding title like, "Official Interrogator" or "Town Registrar."

"What is your occupation?" she probed.

What made me say it??? I do not know. The words simply popped out. "I'm a Research Associate in the field of Child Development and Human Relations."

The clerk paused, ballpoint pen frozen in midair and looked up as though she had not heard right.

I repeated the title slowly emphasizing the most significant words. Then I stared with wonder as my pronouncement was written, in bold, black ink on the official questionnaire.

"Might I ask," said the clerk with new interest, "just what you do in your field?"

Coolly, without any trace of fluster in my voice, I heard myself reply, "I have a continuing program of research, (what mother doesn't) In the laboratory and in the field, (normally I would have said indoors and out).

I'm working for my Masters, (first the Lord and then the whole family) and already have four credits (all daughters).. Of course, the job is one of the most demanding in the humanities, (any mother care to disagree?) and I often work 14 hours a day, (24 is more like it). But the job is more challenging than most run-of-the-mill careers and the rewards are more of a satisfaction rather than just money."

There was an increasing note of respect in the clerk's voice as she completed the

form, stood up, and personally ushered me to the door.

As I drove into our driveway, buoyed up by my glamorous new career, I was greeted by my lab assistants -- ages 13, 7, and 3. Upstairs I could hear our new experimental model, (a 6 month old baby) in the child development program, testing out a new vocal pattern.

I felt I had scored a beat on bureaucracy! And I had gone on the official records as someone more distinguished and indispensable to mankind than "just another Mom." Motherhood!

What a glorious career! Especially when there's a title on the door.

Does this make grandmothers "Senior Research associates in the field of Child Development and Human Relations" And great grandmothers "Executive Senior Research Associates?"

I think so!!!

I also think it makes Aunts "Associate Research Assistants."

Dinner and a Movie

After 21 years of marriage, my wife wanted me to take another woman out to dinner and a movie. She said, "I love you, but I know this other woman loves you and would love to spend some time with you."

The other woman that my wife wanted me to visit was my mother, who had been a widow for 19 years, but the demands of my work and my 3 children had made it possible to visit her only occasionally.

That night I called to invite her to go out for dinner and a movie. "What's wrong, are you well?" she asked. My mother is the type of woman who suspects that a late night call or surprise invitation is a sign of bad news.

"I thought that it would be pleasant to spend some time with you," I responded. "Just the two of us."

She thought about it for a moment, and then said, "I would like that very much."

That Friday after work, as I drove over to

pick her up I was a bit nervous. When I arrived at her house, I noticed that she, too, seemed to be nervous about our date. She waited in the door with her coat on. She had curled her hair and was wearing the dress that she had worn to celebrate her last wedding anniversary.

She smiled from a face that was as radiant as an angel's "I told my friends that I was going to go out with my son, and they were impressed," she said, as she got into the car.

"They can't wait to hear about our evening." We went to a restaurant that, although not elegant, was very nice and cozy.

My mother took my arm as if she were the First Lady. After we sat down, I had to read the menu Her eyes could only read large print. Half way through the entrees, I lifted my eyes and saw Mom sitting there staring at me. A nostalgic smile was on her lips.

"It was I who used to have to read the menu when you were small," she said. "Then it's time that you relax and let me return the favor," I responded.

During the dinner, we had an agreeable conversation-nothing extraordinary but catching up on recent events of each other's life. We talked so much that we missed the movie. As we arrived at her house later, she said, "I'll go out with you again, but only if you let me invite you." I agreed.

"How was your dinner date?" asked my wife when I got home. "Very nice. Much more so than I could have imagined," I answered.

A few days later, my mother died of a massive heart attack. It happened so suddenly that I didn't have a chance to do anything for her.

Some time later, I received an envelope with a copy of a restaurant receipt from the same place where mother and I had dined. An attached note said: "I paid this bill in advance. I wasn't sure that I could be there; but nevertheless I paid for two plates one for you and the other for your wife. You will never know what that night meant for me. I love you, son."

At that moment, I understood the importance of saying in time, "I love you," and to give our loved ones the time that they deserve. Nothing in life is more important than your family. Give them the time they deserve, because these things cannot be put off until "some other time."

Somebody said...

Somebody said it takes about six weeks to get back to normal after you've had a baby

That Somebody doesn't know that once you're a mother, "Normal," is history.

Somebody said you learn how to be a mother by instinct

That Somebody never took a three-year-old shopping.

Somebody said being a mother is boring ...

That Somebody never rode in a car driven by a teenager with a driver's permit.

Somebody said if you're a "good" mother, your child will "turn out good."

That Somebody thinks a child comes with directions and a guarantee.

Somebody said "good" mothers never raise their voices .

That Somebody never came out the back door just in time to see her child hit a golf ball through the neighbor's kitchen window.

Somebody said you don't need an education to be a mother.

That Somebody never helped a fourth grader with her math.

Somebody said you can't love the fifth child as much as you love the first.

That Somebody doesn't have five children.

Somebody said a mother can find all the answers to her child-rearing questions in the books

That Somebody never had a child stuff beans up his nose or in his ears.

Somebody said the hardest part of being a mother is labor and delivery .

That Somebody never watched her "baby" get on the bus for the first day of kindergarten.

or on a plane headed for military "boot camp."

Somebody said a mother can do her job with her eyes closed and one hand tied behind her back .

That Somebody never organized four giggling Brownies to sell cookies.

Somebody said a mother can stop worrying after her child gets married ..

That Somebody doesn't know that marriage adds a new son or daughter-in-law to a mother's heartstrings.

Somebody said a mother's job is done when her last child leaves home

That Somebody never had grandchildren.

Somebody said your mother knows you love her, so you don't need to tell her .

That Somebody isn't a mother.

He is Coming!

by Max Lucado

You are in your car driving home. Thoughts wander to the game you want to see or meal you want to eat, when suddenly a sound unlike any you've ever heard fills the air.

The sound is high above you.
A trumpet?
A choir?
A choir of trumpets?

You don't know, but you want to know.

So you pull over, get out of your car, and look up. As you do, you see you aren't the only curious one. The roadside has become a parking lot. Car doors are open, and people are staring at the sky. Shoppers are racing out of the grocery store.

The Little League baseball game across the street has come to a halt. Players and parents are searching the clouds. And what they see, and what you see, has never before been seen.

As if the sky were a curtain, the drapes of the atmosphere part. A brilliant light spills onto the earth. There are no shadows. None. From whence came the light begins to tumble a river of color spiking crystals of every hue ever seen and a million more never seen. Riding on the flow is an endless fleet of angels. They pass through the curtains one myriad at a time, until they occupy every square inch of the sky.

North.
South.
East.
West.

Thousands of silvery wings rise and fall in unison, and over the sound of the trumpets, you can hear the cherubim and seraphim chanting, Holy, holy, holy.

The final flank of angels is followed by twenty-four silver-bearded elders and a multitude of souls who join the angels in worship.

Presently the movement stops and the trumpets are silent, leaving only the triumphant triplet: Holy, holy, holy. Between each word is a pause. With each word, a profound reverence. You hear your voice join in the chorus. You don't know why you say the words, but you know you must.

Suddenly, the heavens are quiet. All is quiet.

The angels turn, you turn, the entire world turns and there He is.

Jesus.

Through waves of light you see the silhouetted figure of Christ the King. He is atop a great stallion, and the stallion is atop a billowing cloud. He opens his mouth, and you are surrounded by his declaration:
I am the Alpha and the Omega.

The angels bow their heads. The elders remove their crowns. And before you is a Figure so consuming that you know, instantly you know:

Nothing else matters.

Forget stock markets and school reports. Sales meetings and football games.

Nothing is newsworthy..

All that mattered, matters no more.... for Christ has come.

News From Friends

Christa,

I like your web site. I found it as a link on showbillsonline.com. I thought you or people you know may be interested in a Speed Show at our grounds. Buchanan Westerners in Buchanan Michigan is hosting an IBRA approved Barrel show. We are going to be having other events and payouts with added money.

I am not sure if you have heard of us but this is our 61st year and we like to promote our grounds and club as a family oriented club with strong family values. This is sometimes hard to find in many shows/clubs. Feel free to browse our site at

www.buchananwesterners.org

Thanks,
Tim Flagel

Hello, This is David Davis. When I read this letter saying that you attended the Hoosier Horse Fair, I wondered if you attended the Horseback Worship Service that we held Sunday Morning? The big new is; 11 people got saved at it! Praise the Lord! I thought you might like to share that encouraging news in a future news letter. We are always looking for opportunities to share the Gospel, let us know if there are events coming up that we could be of service at.
God Bless! David Davis

"A Woman"

This is written in the Hebrew Talmud, the book where all of the sayings and preaching of Rabbis are conserved over time.

It says: "Be very careful if you make a woman Cry, because God counts her tears. The woman came out of a man's rib. Not from his feet to be walked on. Not from his head to be superior, but from the side to be equal. Under the arm to be protected, and next to the heart to be loved."

God must've had a blast. Painting the stripes on the Zebra, hanging the stars in the sky, putting the gold in the sunset. What creativity! Stretching the neck of the giraffe, putting the flutter in the mockingbird's wings, planting the giggle in the hyena. And then, as a finale' to a brilliant performance, He made a human who had the unique honor to bear the stamp, "In His Image."

Kicks & Giggles

A woman went to the doctors office where she was seen by one of the new doctors. After about 4 minutes in the examination room, she burst out, screaming as she ran down the hall. An older doctor stopped her and asked what the problem was, and she told him her story.

After listening, he had her sit down in another room and told her to relax. The older doctor marched down hallway to the back where the first doctor was and demanded, "What's the matter with you? Mrs. Terry is 63 years old, she has four grown children and seven grandchildren, and you told her she was pregnant?"

The new doctor calmly continued to write on his clipboard and without looking up said, "Does she still have the hiccups?"

Classified Ads

We have two fillies for sale. The one is a 3 yr old, sorrel, half sister to the stud I've been running (and winning a bunch on). On the Dam's side she goes back to Jet of Honor! She is extremely well bred! She has been started on barrels and poles. She ground ties and has been hauled a little, hauls well. She is super fast and athletic! She's only been ridden in an O ring snaffle. This filly is very correct! She is growing still, but sure built to run. She will have plenty of run, but also really rates! Just the right combination! Her pedigree can be viewed on allbreedpedigree.com - search - Major Bar Streakin. \$6,500.00.

The other filly is just two. She's a very cute bay. She is well started and was hauled a time or two and did very well! She's not spooky and very easy to work with. She is in the AQHA incentive fund! Her pedigree can be viewed on allbreedpedigree.com - search - RJG Cash N Timed This filly has Dash For Cash and Beduino, to name a few, right on her papers. \$2,500.00.

These prices are with current training. Contact me via e mail at ValleyViewRanch@myfam.com or call at (814) 694-3456

Prayer Requests

This newsletter has become a great way to get the word out to our horse-show family when someone is in need of prayer. Everyone, just take a few minutes when you receive your letter and pray over it and the names on this list...we have seen miracles happen.

***Steve Brown, Debby Brown's husband** had a mass removed this week. Please keep him in your prayers for a speedy recovery and good report.

Keep ***all military and their families*** in your prayers. They make big sacrifices to secure our freedoms.

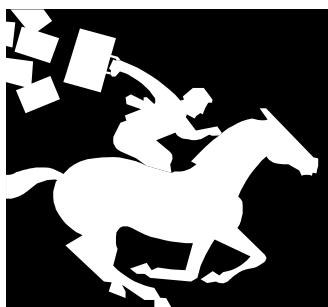
Our Leaders in political office... We may or may not agree with their policies...but God tells us to pray for ALL of them.

Therefore I tell you, whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours. Mark 11:24

Email/Mailing List

If you want to be added to the mailing list, just send me your address and I'll be glad to get a newsletter to you. I send out hundreds via email and still many through regular post. So, whether you are on the web or not...I can get one to you if you want. All you have to do is ask. And remember, they are FREE!

If you have a prayer request, a story to share, something to sell or the one's I like the most... a praise, I would be glad to include them in next month's newsletter. Just send them to me mail or email or call me with your request and I'll write them up for you. I can include your name if you like or I can make sure to leave it out if you request.



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Prayer for Unsaved

Many of us have family members and/or friends that are not sure where they will spend eternity. We may feel unsure about approaching them, but we can approach Our Heavenly Father on their behalf.

Here is a passage from the bible to pray as intercession for them. Just say the person's name when you see a blank.

I have not stopped giving thanks for _____, remembering _____ in my prayers. I keep asking that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the glorious Father, may give _____ the Spirit of wisdom and revelation, so that _____ may know him better. I pray also that the eyes of _____'s heart may be enlightened in order that _____ may know the hope to which he has called _____, the riches of his glorious inheritance in the saints, and his incomparably great power for us who believe. That power is like the working of his mighty strength, which he exerted in Christ when he raised him from the dead and seated him at his right hand in the heavenly realms, far above all rule and authority, power and dominion, and every title that can be given, not only in the present age but also in the one to come. And God placed all things under his feet and appointed him to be head over everything for the church, which is his body, the fullness of him who fills everything in every way.
Ephesians 1:16-23

Last & most important thought...

Jesus died on the cross as the final sacrifice. When He was resurrected on the 3rd day, he defeated Satan for us. All we have to do is believe that He beat death and acknowledge it with our words. **If we believe that and accept Him as our personal savior...we are promised eternal life with Him in Heaven.** You can't earn your way into Heaven; you have to believe your way there. So many people think they "aren't good enough" to get to Heaven... But... **Salvation is a GIFT from God** and you don't earn a gift. Gifts are something someone gives to you and for the gift to be yours, you have to accept it. All we have to do is accept that wonderful gift. I know I have...won't you?

But the gift is not like the trespass. For if the many died by the trespass of the one man, how much more did God's grace and the gift that came by the grace of the one man, Jesus Christ, overflow to the many.
Romans 5:15

For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.
John 3:16

That if you confess with your mouth, "Jesus is Lord," and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead you will be saved. For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified, and it is with your mouth that you confess and are saved.
Romans 10: 9-10