



Ministering to Women in All Seasons of Life

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“My Father’s Greatest Gift to Me”

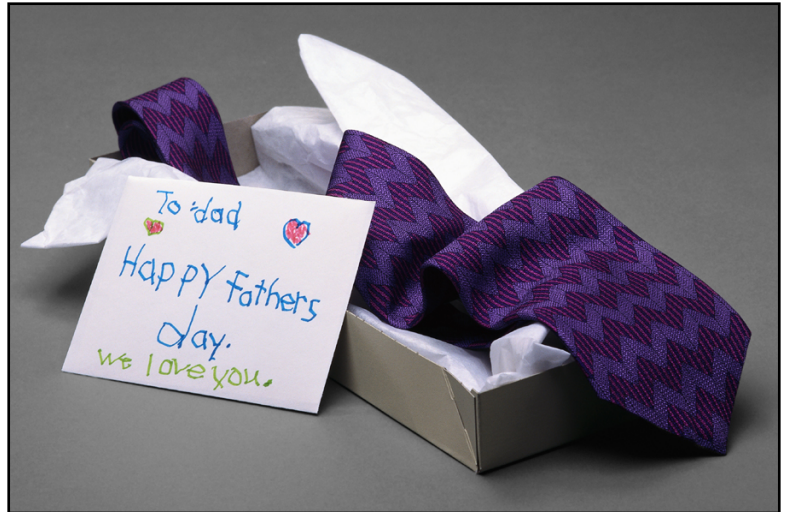


Joseph Smith

I have many fond memories of my father, Joseph Smith, who now resides in heaven. He was definitely a man of steel and velvet. My father was born and raised in Eagle Springs, NC and as a young adult he later migrated to Stamford, Conn. He was a strong man, a man of steel, who had a strong work ethic ~ working sometimes as many as three jobs. He was also a gentle and kind man who loved his wife and two daughters. He sought the best for us. I fondly remember, as an 11 year old girl, the excitement my mother shared when he told her that we were moving from our three-room apartment to a three bedroom, two-story home. We were “moving on up,” as the TV character George Jefferson would say.

The greatest gift my father gave me was the love for God’s Word. Although he was a deacon in the Faith Tabernacle Baptist Church, religious activity was not a substitute for a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. He always had time to

read the bible. Often, while playing as a child, he would call me to sit on the porch with him. He would read bible stories to me and discuss them. Not only did I hear those stories, but I saw those lessons often applied as he and my mother loved and cared for us as well as caring and sharing with others. I am certain that my love for God, His Word and people emanates from a godly father who pointed me to our heavenly Father. I thank God for giving Sandra and me a wonderful Dad.



***Happy Fathers to all of the Fathers,
Grandfathers and Surrogate Fathers!!!***

Sheila B. - Dallas, TX



“Daddy’s Home”



Dr. E. K. Bailey

As a girl, I recall hearing my father’s keys ‘jingling’ in the back door as he came home from church at night. My siblings and I would often jump up and down shouting, “Daddy’s home! Daddy’s home!” Seeing him was one of the

highlights of our day. As teenagers, we'd return home from school and notice his hat, eyeglasses and briefcase in the living room. That always made us so happy just to know he was home again after having been gone out of town for revivals. He may have been in the bedroom resting, but just seeing his signature hat assured us that he was 'in the house.' We'd rush into the room and give him bear hugs and kisses, shouting, "Yea, Daddy's home!"



We loved his hearty laughter and giant personality. He told us funny stories, held us when we cried and rooted for us in our endeavors. We loved hearing Daddy cheer, "that's my girl!" or, "that's my boy!" Leading us in family devotion over breakfast was always a special time. It was there where we learned how faithful God was and would be. Most of all, my father reminded us, "we are a family that trusts God's heart, even when we can't trace His hand." Dad's been promoted to his heavenly home now and we only hear him 'cheering' in our hearts, however, we can cheer for him always and rejoice because "Daddy's Home! Daddy's Home!"



Cokiesha Bailey Robinson - NY, NY



"My 'Father'"



The pursuit of my dad's happiness never included me. Unaware of the impact he had on my life, he broke my little heart many times and one day I stopped calling him dad or father. His visits were too rare to make a difference. I didn't know what it meant to have a father until one day I met the Father. I guess no one realizes how dry -- dead - their soul is until they come to drink from the living water of Jesus. And so I ran to Him, eagerly embracing everything He had for me - salvation, forgiveness, love, joy, peace, and many other blessings! I was happy.

One day, though, He turned me to face my father. I'll never forget the pain, the hurt which was choking me. I had to learn to forgive him; I had to learn to love him and I had to learn to accept him back into my life. That turned out to be the beginning of a long process. Today, I call him Dad and we talk; not as often as my Father and I do, but we're getting there. And I pray that one day he'll meet the Father too and be truly as happy as I am today, because I have the Father who has included me in His plans from the time of creation.



Tatyana Pogodina - St. Petersburg, Russia



“My Daddy Giant”



Most little girls dream of prince charming coming and taking them away. My dream as a little girl was for a Giant to come and protect me from all the scary monsters in life. Well, I soon learned that God had blessed me with my very own Giant, my daddy, Isaac Mayhew, III. He is not that big in stature, but he is a Giant at heart. Only a Daddy Giant could help a scary little girl become a confident, independent, outspoken woman who is not afraid of anything. I love

my giant of a daddy and because of his love I walk with strength, courage and wisdom. I am no longer afraid of the monsters in life because I am prepared to fight them with the word of God that my Daddy Giant covered me with. I celebrate my giant of a daddy!

Tan Mayhew - Jackson, FL



“From the Mouths of Babes”

