



PASTOR'S NOTES

THANK YOU... for the get-well cards that many of you have sent me while I've been sick. Each one is a reminder that I'm not forgotten, and that means a lot to me.

I've been on sick leave for three weeks and am making progress. I was hoping to be further along by now, but I'm thankful that the end is in sight. I'm scheduled to return to work on May 19. I have a doctor appointment next week to find out whether that is still the plan.

I've been sick for almost three months and am very anxious to return to full strength. However, I have also been blessed through this experience. It has forced me to slow down and appreciate certain aspects of life that I otherwise take for granted when I'm at full strength. God has used this time to teach me what it means to live presently in His Kingdom. I am more deeply in touch with the truth of Romans 8:28, "We know that all things work together for good for those who love God, who are called according to his purpose."

A FAMILY TRAGEDY

The family of Dale Leamon, pastor of the Clovis SDA Church, experienced a nightmare last weekend. Dale's 18-month-old grandson drowned in a swimming pool. The memorial service is tonight at 7 pm, at the Clovis SDA Church. The worst pain in life is the death of a child and no words can express the grief that the Leamon family is experiencing. Please keep them in your prayers during this awful time.



HE HAS ARRIVED!

Matt and Monica Estep are the proud parents of Johnathan Matthew who made his debut on Monday afternoon at 2:48pm. He weighed in at 6 lbs. 8 ounces and was 19 1/2 inches long. Big sisters, Holley and Katelyn, are excited by about their new little brother, and so are Grandma & Grandpa, Ron and Linda. Everyone is doing great. Congratulations to the Estep Family!

In this week's issue...

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WORSHIP CELEBRATION

**May 9, 2009
11:00 A.M.**

**"Come, Now is
the Time to Worship"
"Lord, I Lift
Your Name on High"
"Open the Eyes of
My Heart"**

Welcome
Bud Dickerson

"It is Well"

Garden of Prayer
Jim Robison

Tribute to Mothers
Men's Ministry

**"Your Heart Will Lead
You Home"**
Jordan Reijnders

Offering

"Better Than I"
Sydney Portela

Faith for the Future
Ivan Morford

THIS WEEK AT A GLANCE

Sunday, May 10
Mother's Day

TUESDAY, MAY 12
Pathfinder Clubs – Church 6:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13
Deadline for Bulletin info: bulletin-
staff@sunnysidesda.org 6:00 p.m.
Personnel Committee Meeting –
Church Office 7:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 14
Church Board Meeting 6:30 p.m.

SABBATH, MAY 16
Meditative Service 8:30 a.m.
Sabbath School 9:30 a.m.
Worship Service 11:00 a.m.

PREACHING SCHEDULE

May 16 — Dan Kittle
May 23 — Pastor Ray
May 30 — Pastor Ray

MONTHLY CONTRIBUTION SUMMARY

May Approved Budget	\$18,300.00
Amount Received	1,435.34
Over (Short)	(16,864.66)
YTD Approved Budget	\$91,500.00
Amount Received	60,998.67
Over (Short)	(30,501.33)
Youth Pastor Fund	\$36,462.15
Children's Offering YTD	\$1,691.38

This Week's Offering:

Disaster & Famine Relief

YOUTH EVENTS

COMING UP...

VESPERS ON MAY 15 AT THE VAN PUTTEN HOME.

††††

NEXT SABBATH — PUC STUDENTS IN REACH MINISTRIES WILL
LEAD OUR SABBATH SCHOOL

HEALTHY BYTES



LABELING. Don't assume you know what is in the food you have always bought. Companies change what is in their products all the time. For instance, since Monosodium Glutamate (MSG) has been found to cause harm, many companies have changed the wording on their labels. Here are a few additives that always contain MSG: Autolyzed Yeast, Sodium Caseinate, Calcium Caseinate, Hydrolyzed Protein, to name just a few. Reading labels is essential to good health in our country.

For more info on healthy solutions contact Gale at 974-2459 or
email at gale4health@comcast.net

Join Gale's "Healthy Eating" cooking class
every 2nd Monday of the month at 7pm.

ANNOUNCEMENTS



CRADLE AT THE ZOO — TOMORROW

For those of you who would like to join us, Cradle Roll is going to the Chaffee Zoo **both this week Friday, May 8 and next week Friday, May 15**. This week, we will meet at the zoo entrance at 12:30 PM. The time has yet to be decided for May 15. Our groups have been small. The good time has been great. Bring your children, grandchildren, nieces, and nephews and join in the fun. Everyone is welcome. Please, be on time so we are not late for the 1:00 Bird Show.

If you are coming, let Donna know so we watch for you. (292-6727 or 250-9705 or donna559@sbcglobal.net)

SUMMER CAMP AT WAWONA

The church conference office will pay 2/3 of your child's summer camp expenses for a week at Camp Wawona, June 21–August 2. E-mail GetWebb@gmail.com for details (\$107.50 is the parent/child's portion).



MEN'S MINISTRY BREAKFAST

The men of Sunnyside are invited to meet at Hometown Buffet (Peach & Shaw) **next Sunday morning - May 17 at 8:00**. Please bring your sons, brothers, dads, cousins, etc., for a time of fellowship, encouragement, and uplift. If you have any questions, call Dave Crouch, 291-4010.

HEALTH VESPERS Dr. Larry Beeson, Epidemiology Program Director at Loma Linda University School of Public Health, will present a vespers program on **this Sabbath at 5:00 p.m.** at the Central Church (2890 E. Yale Ave). Dr Beeson is the co-investigator of the Adventist Health Study. His topics will include scientific research findings on the study of 34,000 Adventists, various lifestyles of Adventists, and the relationship between chronic disease and longevity. KMPH TV will be filming a portion of the program for a news report on Adventist Health. For more info please call 233-1171.

IT'S TIME TO HONOR OUR GRADUATES

On May 30 Sunnyside will honor its 2009 graduates of eighth grade, high school, college, and advanced degrees. Please contact Angela Reijnders at 229-5501 or churchoffice@sunnysidesda.org with the name of the student, parents' names, grade or degree, and any special awards or recognition for the graduate. **We also need a current photo and a baby/toddler picture of the graduate by May 26 for a slideshow presentation.**



KINDERGARTEN ROUNDUP

Fresno Adventist Academy will be holding their Kindergarten Roundup **Wednesday, 9:00 a.m.–10:30 a.m.** This special event is designed to introduce you and your student to the Kindergarten classroom at FAA. Come meet the teacher and see some of the exciting things that take place in the classroom and around school, and bring your parents too! Space is limited so please RSVP by May 12 at 251-5548, x111 or sschramm@faa.org. *We look forward to meeting you!*

BENEFIT CONCERT

Fresno Adventist Academy is hosting a free musical benefit concert to raise funds for the Student Sponsorship Program. Many local musicians from our churches and community will share their talents. The concert will be held in the FAA Ricchiuti Auditorium on **May 23** at 7:00 p.m. An offering will be taken. Any questions, please contact Richelle Rickard at 251-5548 x145.

GETTING TO KNOW OUR FRIENDS & FAMILY
Building Lives Through Relationships...

**Jody, Ben
Mason &
Clayton Liu**



**Justin & Tonya
Corbin, Cooper
& Mirra Priest**

THE LAST WORD

Church Address:
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Fresno, CA 93710

Office & Mailing Address:
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Fresno, CA 93710

Phone: 559.229.5501
Fax: 559.229.5502

Email: churchoffice@sunnysidesda.org
Website: www.sunnysidesda.org

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY
TO...**

Melva Delgado (5/9)
Justin Reijnders (5/9)
Patricia Barreto (5/11)
Ashley Hill (5/11)
Sara Pak (5/11)
Geri Lucas (5/12)
Benjamin Flores (5/13)
Ferdinand Ignacio (5/15)
Paul Riley (5/15)

**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY
TO...**

A MOTHER SINGS from Chicken Soup for the Soul: Mom Knows Best

Jill paused halfway down our front steps. She turned and said, "Mom, will you sing to me? Will you hold me and sing like you used to when I was a little girl?" Her husband and her two little stepdaughters stopped and looked back.

I always sang to my kids when they were young. Jill and her older brother shared a bedroom, and I knelt between them, holding one's hand and stroking the blond head of the other. I sang and crooned through "Dona, Dona" and "Kumbaya." I swayed in rhythm to "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." I never missed a verse of "Hush, Little Baby." I made up songs too, a habit that drove my husband crazy. On nights when I was out, the kids begged, "Sing 'The Horse Broke the Fence,' Daddy," or "No, we want 'The Big Wheel' song." And they didn't mean "Proud Mary," which he might have managed, although he really couldn't carry a tune even when he knew the words.

But the kids and I always finished with "All Things Bright and Beautiful," as I watched their active bodies quiet and their eyes grow dreamy as they imagined the purple-headed mountains and ripe fruit in the garden of the old hymn. By the time I warbled my way through the refrain for the last time, one of them had usually twitched and fallen asleep.

As Jill grew from child to adult, it became apparent that she had inherited her father's trouble carrying a melody. She cuddles with her girls every night and she reads to them, but she just can't sing to them.

Recently, I babysat for our granddaughters. After I tucked them into our king-size bed, I sang "Dona, Dona," "Kumbaya," and all the others. Hannah, the six-year-old, lay still as a stone, gazing at the ceiling. Four-year-old Brianna came forward onto her hands and knees, staring into my eyes from so close that her features blurred. In the dim light coming through the open door, I saw her lips parted, glistening. Trance-like, she held perfectly still, listening as if she wanted to inhale the songs directly from my mouth.

It was a few days later that Jill asked me to once again sing to her. She said, "The girls talked about your singing, Mom, and it brought back all the wonderful memories. I remember my cool pillow and your hand on my hair. I remember my nightgown with the sunbonnet dolls on it and the pink ice cream cone quilt you made. Sometimes I would wake up when you kissed me one last time."

That's when she turned and asked, "Mom, will you sing to me again?"

Her husband stood beneath the street lamp with a child balanced on each hip. Her father and brothers stood behind me, illuminated by the porch light. She's very tall, this girl of mine. Standing on the step below me, she still had to stoop to put her head against my chest. I wrapped my fingers in her long hair, and she wound her arms around my waist.

"What shall I sing, Jill?" I asked. "You know, Mom," she said, looking up and smiling. "'All Things Bright and Beautiful?'" "Of course." She snuggled closer. "All the verses." I kissed the top of her head and began to sing. Swallowing a lump in my throat and stroking her back, I continued through the verses. Off-key, she joined in.

She began to cry, and so did I, but the words still flowed from my mouth as my mind drifted back over the years. I remembered her birth, how ecstatic I was to have a daughter—what an easy child she was. I remembered how she loved to please others—and still does. This girl who married young and took on the daunting task of raising another woman's children is no longer under my wing. She's a young woman now, and I can't tuck the ice cream cone quilt around her shoulders each night. I can't protect her from pain, from hurt and from mature responsibility. I can't make growing up any easier for her.

Jill's tears soaked through my T-shirt that night and mine dropped onto her bowed head. She clung tightly and then looked up into my face.

"The purple-headed mountains. Don't forget the purple-headed mountains," she whispered, staring at me through the dim light, just as Brianna had a few nights earlier, drinking in the words, the memories, the song. Drinking in my love.

My voice cracked, and I could sing no more. We stood locked together on the stairs. I know the enormity of the task she's taken on is sometimes almost more than she can handle. I know how hard she's working to create a home.

Cradling her in maternal love, allowing her to remember falling asleep to a mother's singing, was the best I could offer my daughter this night. Jill squeezed me tightly and then turned toward her husband and her stepdaughters. Her dad hugged me as we watched her settle the girls into the back seat of their car—and then I heard the hymn again. I strained my ears, listening. Jill was still humming the refrain. Then Brianna's thin, little child's voice bubbled from the open car window as they pulled away from the curb: "All things wise and wonderful, the Lord God made them all."