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Introduction



Lord, Help Me

As they were going along the road, someone said to Him, “I will follow You wherever You go.” And Jesus said to him, “The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head.” And He said to another, “Follow Me.” But he said, “Lord, permit me first to go and bury my father.” But He said to him, “Allow the dead to bury their own dead; but as for you, go and proclaim everywhere the kingdom of God.” Another also said, “I will follow You, Lord; but first permit me to say good-bye to those at home.” But Jesus said to him, “No one, after putting his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God” (Luke 9:57–62).

But some days later Felix arrived with Drusilla, his wife who was a Jewess, and sent for Paul and heard him speak about faith in Christ Jesus. But as he was discussing righteousness, self-control and the judgment to come, Felix became frightened and said, “Go away for the present, and when I find time I will summon you” (Acts 24:24–25).

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and will dine with him, and he with Me” (Revelation 3:20).

Seek the Precious Moments

The Master of the universe, the Son of God, the Shepherd of us all beckons us to follow Him. He stands at the door of our hearts and kindly invites us to open the door and let Him into our lives.

What will it be, my sisters? Will we grant Jesus access to our moments, our homes, and our hearts? Do we have time for the “Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world”? Do we seek moments for the blood-covered Savior who died for us on an old rugged cross?



The bottom line question of yesterday, today, and tomorrow is this: Will we find the time for Jesus?

Before we begin this study together, I must say thank you to the readers. Please take your time and don't rush through it. Be sure to read "Time with Becky" before each chapter. Pause, think, peruse, and consider. These moments are especially from me to you—from my heart to yours. Take the time . . . and always remember that I love you and that I am praying for you.

Becky

"There is more to life than increasing its speed."

—Mahatma Gandhi

"Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!"

—The Rabbit, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll





Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!

My mom was naturally funny—sometimes hysterical. Not only could Mom find humor in all she attempted, but she sure had a way of describing a simple life experience (and re-enacting it) to the point that you, the listener, found yourself somehow on the floor, holding your sides, laughing, and begging, “Stop! Stop!”

Mom was quite the verbal artist. She had the extraordinary gift of painting an exact picture of a seemingly ordinary event, drawing you into the middle of it, and then showing you the absurdity of it all. You, the listener, soon realized that you too had probably had a million of those hysterical moments yourself but never perceived it, that is, until Lea Fowler described one moment from her own life.

Our family adored these stories she told over and over, and we all had our favorites.

“Hey, Mom, tell the story about the time you were a teenager and didn’t know how to drive a car but drove your daddy’s car anyway!” (and wrecked it).

“Hey, Ticky,” (her name dubbed by her grandchildren), “tell about the time Uncle Tom and Mama locked you in the gas station’s bathroom on purpose while on a family vacation?”

“Hey, Mom, tell about that time again when we were kids in Oklahoma and it was snowy and icy. Daddy tied a rope on the back of the car and to our sled, and we rode the back roads and hung on for dear life.” We kids thought it was great—today it would be called child abuse and a seven-year prison sentence.



“Tell about how you convinced Daddy to get on that sled and then gave him the ride of his life!”

“Mom, do you remember that time we were on a camping vacation in Maine on our way to Prince Edward Island, and the bugs were so horrible when we were trying to eat supper? Remember Judy and me, sitting on the same side of the picnic table with you and Daddy, and the picnic table standing straight up in the air, throwing all of us on the ground? There was so much screaming and laughing that the entire campground stopped and looked at us.”

Oh, my friend, this is just the beginning of the treasure trove of stories in my family. Remind me someday to tell you about the time we were in a camping trailer, and it rolled into the lake. Shades of Lucy, Ricky, Fred, and Ethel and kids, if they had kids.

Mom was gifted in many other ways too. She was a talented and beloved music teacher in the school system and frequently gave private piano lessons. At the time of this story, my parents were missionaries in Concord, New Hampshire. Somehow Mom was asked to go to the New Hampshire State Mental Hospital once a month to play the piano for the women housed there. She thought, “What a kind and good thing to do,” and off she went one cold winter night. When she returned home, she was a different woman, with quite a few stories to tell.

For the record, I can honestly say that she never stopped talking about the experiences she encountered that night and the other nights she played for the women there.

The Lesson in Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

When Mom arrived at the hospital, the nurse in charge ushered her through wards and wards of women. Each ward had a door that the nurse unlocked and locked it behind them. Mom felt quite unsettled as they went deeper and deeper into the caverns of the facility, locked in with unstable women

“It was scary!” she told me. “I thought I would never get out.”

Finally they arrived at the women's ward where Mom was to play the piano. The women were wandering around, and several wanted to meet her and talk to her immediately. One of them marched right up to Mom and said, "Please don't think I am crazy. I have had two sets of twins, back to back, and I just cannot handle it anymore."

Mom quickly replied, "Honey, if I had had two sets of twins, back to back, I would be right in here with you!"

The nurse led Mom to the piano. Quite a few women milled around as she took her seat, very curious about her, waiting for her to start playing.

Soon a nurse brought a woman to the piano and somehow—I don't know how—made the woman sit on the floor. The nurse tied her to the leg of the piano and promptly went on break. Yes, the nurse tied her . . . and then left Mom all alone! So here is Mom, no guards or nurses around, starting to play several songs with her eyes riveted on the lady who is tied to the piano and inching her way closer and closer to Mom.

Knowing my mom, I would say that most likely her first big, rousing song to play was "Roll Out the Barrel." It's a great icebreaker! That song was always the first on the list of her repertoire, and she could never sit still when she played it! She would bounce up the bench and then down the bench, up the bench and then back down the bench—pounding that spirited tune and singing too. I think that both that piano and the bench took a beating that night. As I said, she was quite talented: she could play "Roll Out the Barrel" on the accordion too. Trust me, I heard it all my life.

But remember, this time Mom was keeping her eyes peeled on the mentally disturbed and bound lady who, from time to time, would look up at her from the floor and holler, "Why don't you play 'The Star-Spangled Banner'?"

Mom told me, "Becky, I played several songs and then finally, at my new friend's urging, ripped right into 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The women stood up, placed their hands over their hearts, and sang with spirit and patriotism! When I finished, they all sat down, and the tied lady looked up at me and said, "That was nice—what was that?"

On one of these occasions, a nurse made this comment to Mom, “Mrs. Fowler, most people who are in this hospital are here because of guilt.” Interesting perception, don’t you think? Guilt. Something happened to them that they could not handle or caused them to blame themselves for everything—to the point that they had to be institutionalized.

Mom always commiserated with one particular woman. She is the sad part of this story. She just sat in a chair, her body rocking back and forth, saying repeatedly, “Hurry. Hurry. Hurry.” Mom always said that when she saw this woman, she thought to herself, “There I am. That’s me.”

Why, you ask? Because Mom was always in a hurry. She was like Edith Bunker—she ran everywhere. She couldn’t walk across the room, she had to leap across the room. None of her family could move fast enough for her. When other babies’ first words were, “Da-da and Ma-ma,” I am certain Mom’s were “Faster, faster, faster!” She lived like she drove a car—seventy miles an hour, frequently telling me, “We’ve got to get there!” There were classes to be taught, people to meet, food to be fixed, the gospel to be shared, problems to be solved, a soul to be encouraged, and a million other things that busy Christian women know all about. There never was enough time. And sometimes Mom collapsed.

My sister, is this rocking woman you too? Do you identify with her?

Hurry, hurry, hurry—running too hard, running too fast, and completely exhausted.

Hurry, hurry, hurry to the point that you have completely lost yourself. You’ve come a long way, baby, living your life on the edge and trying to keep up with the world’s suffocating stress.

Running, running, running . . . and feeling like you are getting nowhere. Just like a hamster on its crazy, spinning wheel. Hurry, hurry, hurry until finally there is a nervous breakdown, a meltdown, a halt in production. Then you are no good to anybody. And all you can barely utter is, “Stop the world. I want to get off!”

What is the answer? God. It is always God. Our merciful Father looks down upon all His children and kindly says, “Be still and know that I am God” (Psalm 46:10 KJV).



MOMENTS IN PRAYER

Help me, O Lord. Help me to stop and be still. Help me to see You and Your time and what is important to You. Help me to focus on others and not on myself so much. Help me not to rush things but to enjoy just this day—this moment You so graciously have given me.

Help me to stop . . . and look . . . and listen to You.
Help me to take the time and seek the time for You.
O Lord, please help me to find time for You again.





*Young
Becky and Jeff*

I Am Woman, Hear Me Gasp!



Is this you? You feel like you are always in the car, driving as fast as you can to get the errands done, and the kids are clinging to the seats for dear life. You are always on the phone—speaking and texting—and simply do not have the time to answer anybody’s questions. You feel like you are giving ninety-five percent to your job and only five percent to your family. You have a deadline; a child has a fever; your boss has called and wants you to call him back (it doesn’t sound good); there is absolutely no food in the house; and the dog has just thrown up on your favorite bedspread.

Sound familiar? Welcome to the world of the American woman. Now, there may be a few variations, but in general, this is your life. You have arrived; society tells you “you’ve come a long way, baby!” You can sing right along with the woman on the television commercial, dressed in a power suit, stilettos, and brandishing a skillet: “I can bring home the bacon, fry it up in a pan, and never let you forget you’re a man. ’Cause I’m a woman; W-O-M-A-N!”

Are you running too hard, my sister? Do you barely have enough time to eat and help the kids with their homework? Are you always multitasking in the car and texting furiously? Is your plate full and overflowing with details, ideas, and deadlines? How many times have you seriously thought about donating your firstborn to someone just



so you could have a nap? And the hope of just five minutes to yourself is just that—hope.

In the 1980s, *Time* magazine did a survey on the American woman—the Superwoman. And at the end of the survey was this statement: “The American woman has earned one right—the right to be exhausted!” That was over thirty years ago!

I saw this anonymous quote on Pinterest:

It’s hard to be a woman.
You must think like a man,
Act like a lady,
Look like a young girl,
And work like a horse!

I think I hear someone in the background saying, “Amen, preach it, sister! Ain’t that the truth!”

I remember discussing this Superwoman topic with my mom, quoting a then-popular song line, “I am woman, hear me roar!” My mom quickly retorted, “It ought to be, ‘I am woman, hear me gasp!’” Or maybe this is better, “I am woman, hear me scream” because when you are stressed, running, working, and trying to manage a household, you find yourself wanting to scream.

We all have heard, “Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and you cry alone.” Somewhere I read, “Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and you cry with your girlfriends!” So true. How important women are to women! We females absolutely, unequivocally need one another, and friendships are a necessity in our lives. Men do not necessarily cultivate friendships after they are married, as they turn to their wives for most things. But it has been my take that women always surround themselves with girlfriends to do lunch, talk, text, and email. That is a given—probably because God made us this way. Girl babies begin talking sooner than boy babies—that is proven scientifically.

God is so smart. He knows the importance of communication in a family. Ninety-nine percent of the time, who starts the discussions?



It is Mama. Who talks to the kids and the husband and has a pretty good idea about the happenings of her home? It is Mama. We are verbal and vocal—we want to be heard, and we definitely want to express our opinions. We do know how to roar, don't we?

Did you ever stop to consider why God made women more verbal than men? He knew who would be spending the most time with the children. Women are quick and skillful at nurturing, caring, teaching, and honing in on what is important for their children. We are naturals at seeing needs and identifying broken hearts and hurting homes. We are spiritual creatures that are sensitive to God and to His will for our families.¹

Remember Tammy Wynette's song, "Stand by Your Man"? It begins, "Sometimes it's hard to be a woman." Yes, it is hard to be a woman. It never has been easy. Life is downright difficult! Just ask Eve. I think we all want relief, deliverance, and answers. And only God can help us. God knows our hearts; He has all the answers and will supply all our needs. God can do anything! I think we ought to get down on our knees every day and thank God for God, and that He is in charge!

Too often we expect God to drop everything and run to us, fixing our problems continually. We know He is "on call" 24/7; God never sleeps. "He will not allow your foot to slip; He who keeps you will not slumber. Behold, He who keeps Israel will neither slumber nor sleep" (Psalm 121:3–4).

We frequently quote to ourselves and others: "I [God] will never leave you nor forsake you" (Hebrews 13:5 KJV). God is always near, right? Right. What a comforting passage; we should quote it a lot.

What Can God Expect from Us?

Have we ever thought about what God expects? Do we find the time for Him? Do we talk to Him in prayer and read His mighty, life-altering word daily? Are we as committed to Him as He is to us? Do we reciprocate by being ready to do His will 24/7?



How do we practice those beautiful words spoken through David when he wrote in Psalm 46:10, “Be still and know that I am God”? How do we accomplish that? Who has time to be still in the first place?

How does the woman of God seek precious moments with Him? Hear the answer: She learns to stop everything and takes the time. She makes time for the Master who knows all, loves all, controls all, heals all, and saves all. She arranges her day so that she is able to be Mary and sit at Jesus’ feet. She prays throughout the day like Daniel did. She even finds quiet times early or late in the day to talk to the Father like Jesus did.

This is a learned process. I speak only from my experience. I always knew that I loved God and wanted to please Him in all things. But I had to grow, study the Bible, suffer, be delivered, and rejoice in His magnificent love to see the importance of spending time with Him.

Pause and Ponder

How are you challenged to seek the precious moments for God daily? Why? Share.

The Work in You

I have read Philippians 1:6 at least a hundred times, but today it finally hit home with me. Paul, inspired by the Holy Spirit, wrote: “For I am confident of this very thing, that He who began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Christ Jesus.”

Who is the one who began the good work in the Philippian Christians? It is God, of course. This marvelous church of sacrificial-giving brethren began on a riverbank with the conversion of a businesswoman named Lydia. By the time Paul writes to them from a prison in Rome, approximately eleven years later, the church has grown into a strong congregation that includes elders and deacons (Acts 16:11–40; Philippians 1:1).

What a dynamic, loving, and generous church. We can certainly call the church at Philippi “the church with the *big* heart!” It is understandable that this church is so dear to Paul’s heart. From the Scriptures we learn that this congregation supported Paul and frequently sent messengers with gifts for him. As Paul expressed his love for them frequently in the book of Philippians, we can certainly feel their mutual love for him.

Nevertheless, you have done well to share with me in my affliction. You yourselves also know, Philippians, that at the first preaching of the gospel, after I left Macedonia, no church shared with me in the matter of giving and receiving but you alone; or even in Thessalonica you sent a gift more than once for my needs (Philippians 4:14–16).

You see, when they became Christians, God’s work began in their lives. And what did the Philippians do? They grew the church. They served. They sacrificed, and they spread the good news, the gospel of Jesus Christ. They loved and gave their all. They knew how to rejoice, and they knew great sorrow. They surrendered all and went to work. They found time for God.

God’s work has begun in our lives also, my sisters, and what work are we doing for Him in return? Will we, like Paul, call ourselves a bond-servant of Christ Jesus—one who never wants to be free? Will we willingly offer ourselves as a living sacrifice for God (Romans 12:1)? Will we find the time to serve Him and give our money to help support missionaries across this earth? Will we ourselves go and be that missionary? Will we be daily Bible readers and good Bible students who pray every day? Will we be faithful and love our church family? Will we be bold for Jesus and help the lost find their way home to Him? Will we repeat Jesus’ words, “We must work the works of Him who sent Me as long as it is day; night is coming when no one can work” (John 9:4)?

Or are we so busy trying to earn a living and raise the young ’uns that we have forgotten about God? Or could it possibly be that we simply do not want to invest the time and energy it takes to have a relationship with God and think on spiritual things? Do we serve God



only on Sunday and serve Satan Monday through Saturday? Is it hard for us to get up and go to the Lord's house on Sunday after partying all Saturday night?

Let's be honest with ourselves—we know our lifestyles. Mother often said: "We women certainly find the time for everything we want to do!" We find the money to purchase those things we've been drooling over. Even when the money is tight and the budget is thin, we figure out a way to obtain what our heart desires. We've heard the old saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way." Is it true? Do we find the time for what we want to do?

Godly Women

How do Christian men value women who take time to know God?

My Grandma Reynolds showed me the way of the Lord; my mother taught me the gospel of Christ; my wife is escorting me to heaven; my daughter holds fast to the teachings of Jesus; and my sister-in-law loves the Lord's church. How fortunate I am. What did I do to deserve to be around such godly women? I made the choice to surround myself with them.

Boaz married Ruth because he had learned of her loyalty and willingness to serve the God of Israel. He also knew the character of her mother-in-law Naomi and chose to surround himself with godly women. What did that do for him? It redeemed him and led him into the lineage of Christ.

What did Queen Esther do when confronted with the extinction of her people? She walked in the way of the Lord. She didn't wring her hands, hide, or run from danger. She stood up for what was right and trusted in the God of Israel. Rahab believed, understood, took action, and was responsible for saving her whole family. Our Lord needs godly women to teach the gospel and work in His ways to save mankind. Surround yourself with godly women; they will make a difference in your life.²



Pause and Ponder

 Write your thoughts about being a woman as described above. What qualities must you develop?

Stop, my sister. Stop and think and consider: Being a Christian woman is your highest calling. It is the greatest honor you will ever know in this life. Being God’s daughter is the most supreme honor and blessing a woman can realize, and surrendering to Him is the key. But Satan works overtime to turn your head in his direction. Satan wants you depressed, negative, exhausted, and insecure. But God wants you to be happy, positive, energized, and secure. Which do you really want?

The Sin of Neglect

I love to look at the parables of Jesus, don’t you? His style of teaching was dynamic and to the point. Jesus did not have time to “pretty up” a story or please a certain group of people. He was the Son of Man on a mission as the Son of God. He was the Master Teacher—the Ultimate Rabbi—with much to say, and His time on earth was fleeting.

From the poorest to the richest, from the humblest to the proudest, the multitudes that followed Jesus surely went home with profound spiritual teachings from Jesus’ parables. He taught with a powerhouse punch, and don’t you imagine there were many lively discussions among the people as they walked back to their villages? Wouldn’t you have loved to have been in on those discussions?

Read the parable of the talents from Matthew 25:14–30. You know the story, but it helps to read it again. The master, preparing for a journey, gave three of his servants money—talents. To one he gave five talents, to another he gave two talents, and to the last he gave one talent. Each was given “according to his own ability,” so we know that all three had at least one talent—a play on words.

The first two servants doubled their talents while the third servant simply protected his. He even told his master that he was scared and dug a hole and hid the money.

What was the reaction of the master? “You wicked, lazy slave.” Wicked for blaming the master instead of himself and lazy because he didn’t want to be bothered with taking care of his master’s possessions. He even refused to take the talent to the bank and gain interest. The easiest thing was to do nothing. And that is exactly what he did—nothing. That servant was called “worthless” and thrown into outer darkness where there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth. That scene is one of great misery—hell.

This word “lazy” always startles me. The third servant did not wish to take the time to do something for his master who had given him the talent and ability to use it. He did not even have enough energy to fear what his master could do to him. Lazy, lazy, lazy. May that word never describe you and me, my sister. That lazy servant never thought to seek precious moments for his master, and he paid for it in eternal torment.

When he (Christ) comes, the slothful and unprofitable will be cast out not because they did not believe, or because they had rebelled, but because they had neglected the opportunities which he had committed to them.³

Desires of Your Heart Include God

May I give you a life-changing scripture, my sister? “Delight yourself in the Lord; and He will give you the desires of your heart” (Psalm 37:4).

Delight yourself—not somebody else, but yourself. Discover God; find the joy in the Father and His Word; immerse yourself in pleasing Him; love, work, and live every moment in this life for Jehovah; let your world revolve around your Father. What will be the result? God will give you everything you want and need. He will open the windows of heaven and absolutely amaze you by pouring blessings on top of blessings on your head. As you ponder this passage, please remember two things:



(1) God knows how to give and when to give, and (2) delighting yourself in God takes time, labor, and a servant's heart.

A life lived for God is the only life worth living. And as we serve, love, worship, and obey the Lord, we find the one thing we have been searching for all along: happiness—all wrapped up in the garb of peace. Happiness occurs when we give ourselves away to God. And *give* is the defining word here. There are two types of people in this world: givers and takers. Which one describes you?

Don't Forget God

Too often on this harried journey we call life, we humans can easily make the biggest mistake of our lives: we forget God! It has happened before. God is not shocked at our behavior. His own children forgot Him in the Old Testament. Let's see what God had to say about this.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Because you have rejected knowledge, I also will reject you from being My priest. Since you have forgotten the law of your God, I also will forget your children (Hosea 4:6).

It shall come about if you ever forget the Lord your God and go after other gods and serve them and worship them, I testify against you today that you will surely perish (Deuteronomy 8:19).

A voice is heard on the bare heights, the weeping and the supplications of the sons of Israel; because they have perverted their way, they have forgotten the Lord their God (Jeremiah 3:21).

Pause and Ponder

 Read each of the above verses aloud. Underline the consequences of forgetting God.

I see warnings, peril, and sadness in store when we forget to “delight ourselves in the Lord.” We can never say that God is not explicit when

it comes to His promises of punishment for those who forget Him and serve other gods. He will do what He says—He always has.

We forget God too. It's our human nature. We need constant reminding of our Father's presence, His love, His goodness, and His power. We neglect to recall His overwhelming passion for His children and His constant desire for a relationship with us. Read the Old Testament and see how many times God delivered His children, especially when they had forsaken Him. Keith Parker once said, "God is crazy about you!" How often do we forget that?

Satan loves it when we have spiritual Alzheimer's disease. It makes us forget that God is our Father. We forget that He can make our lives better. We forget the power of prayer. We forget that He has all the answers. We forget that He has a marvelous plan for our lives (Jeremiah 29:11). We forget that Jesus' blood can wash every sin away. And sadly, we forget to stop and gaze at that cross on Calvary and the empty tomb that changed everything! I positively believe that God's foresight in the Lord's supper being observed weekly is because we humans too quickly forget the body and blood that were given so freely on Calvary.

It is easy to become the wicked and lazy servant who couldn't be bothered with his master's business. As hard as it is to believe, many Christians do not want to seek precious moments to read the Master's Word, the Bible, or to pray to Him daily. Having a relationship with Jesus is not on their list of priorities.

And so, right now I ask you two important questions, my sister, "What is the work that God has begun in you?" and "Are you finding the time to do it?"

This is the beginning of a new day.
God has given me this day to use as I will.
I can waste it or use it for good,
But what I do today is important
Because I am exchanging a day of my life for it.
When tomorrow comes, this day will be gone forever,



Leaving in its place something I have traded for it.
I want it to be a gain and not a loss; good and not evil;
Success and not failure, in order that I shall not
Regret the price I paid for it today.

—Author unknown⁴



MOMENTS IN PRAYER

Oh Lord, please help me seek precious moments for You with every breath. Please help me to keep my priorities straight and keep You at the top of every possible list. I love You with all my heart, and pleasing You is all I want to do. In Jesus' name, Amen.



Moments in Song

“All of Self and None of Thee” and “Anywhere with Jesus”

KEEP SEEKING

1. Read Philippians 1:6 out loud. Write it. Memorize it.
2. What is the work that God has begun in you?
3. How are you doing that work for Him?
4. How are you using your talents?
5. What is the first thing you can start doing today to use one of your talents?

“ Timely Quotes ”

“We all have possibilities we don't know about. We can do things we don't even dream we can do.”

—Dale Carnegie

“If it’s important to you, you’ll find a way.
If it’s not, you’ll find an excuse!”

—Ryan Blair

“For every minute that you are angry you
lose sixty seconds of happiness.”

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

