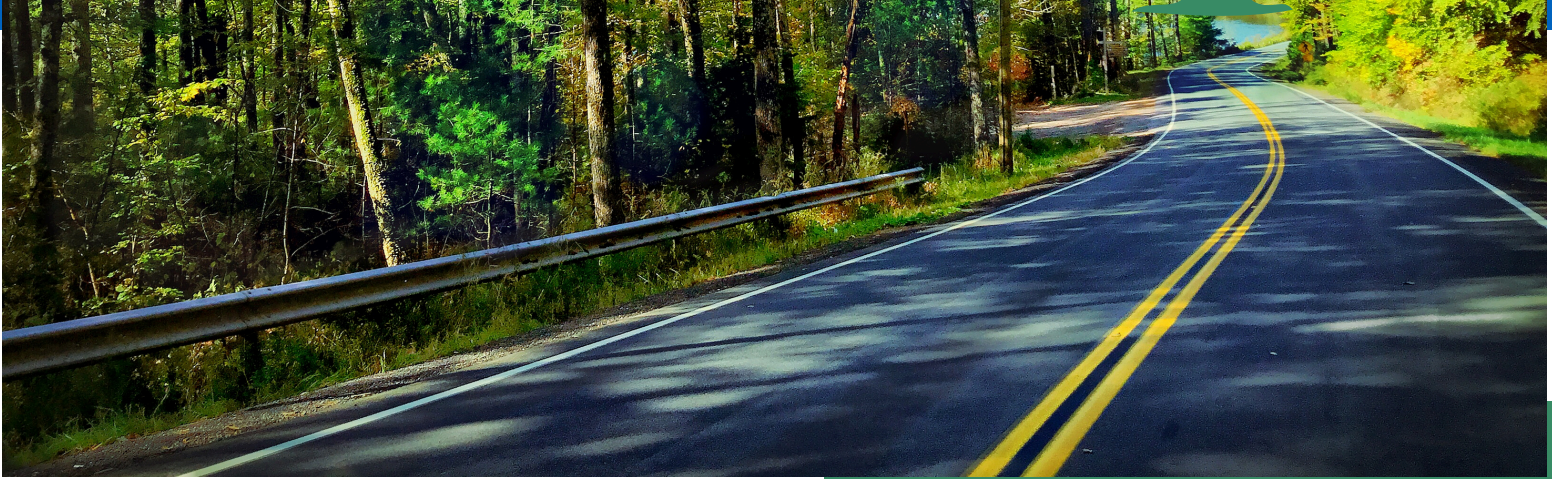


Abide in **LOVE** Live with **PURPOSE**

STEWARDSHIP 2025 | WEEKLY REFLECTION FROM OUR MEMBERS



LIVING WITH PURPOSE

BY KATIE DICKINSON

My mother was not a churchgoer. Raised in a Southern Baptist home with a mother who was at church every time the door was open, she was exposed to one more hellfire and brimstone sermon than she could tolerate. My grandmother not only played the piano for the Baptists, but when the Methodists lost their pianist, she stayed in town an extra hour to play for them.

As an adult, my mother tried to take us to Sunday school and attend church, but there were long periods when we were absent more than in church. She even switched to the Methodist church, but when my sister and I left home, she stopped going altogether. This did not mean that she didn't have a strong relationship with God. Mother read her Bible nightly, prayed daily, and instilled in her children a love of God and a strong desire to do for others and not judge them. But she did not go to church.

My grandmother died at 88 after a long period of ill health that had resulted in my mother going to Lubbock from Dallas on an almost weekly basis. As she was still refusing to have cataract surgery, she did not drive but often took the bus. I would have worried, but she loved traveling by bus. It reminded her of World War II when she was unmarried and bus travel was very common.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 SELECT READINGS

Psalm 116:1-8

I love the Lord because he has heard the voice of my supplication, *because he has inclined his ear to me whenever I called upon him.

The cords of death entangled me; the grip of the grave took hold of me; * I came to grief and sorrow.

Then I called upon the Name of the Lord: *"O Lord, I pray you save my life."

Gracious is the Lord and righteous; *our God is full of compassion.

The Lord watches over the innocent; * I was brought very low, and he helped me.

Turn again to your rest, O my soul, * for the Lord has treated you well.

For you have rescued my life from death, *my eyes from tears and my feet from stumbling.

I will walk in the presence of the Lord *in the land of the living.

She flew occasionally, but never after the flight on the last day Braniff flew when the plane was almost empty, and all the flight attendants were crying. After numerous trips back and forth over more than a year, my grandmother died. As the estate executor, she had to continue traveling to Lubbock. This resulted in more trips than necessary between her three brothers and her mother's second husband. I was relieved when the estate was settled, and this was finally over.

Life went back to normal but not for long. Eleven months after my grandmother died, my mother unexpectedly died of a massive heart attack. Now, I was the one who was dealing with an estate and the grief of losing a mother, but this too soon as she was only 66. Like everything in my mother's life, her estate was in meticulous order. But I still had a large amount of paperwork to go through. Only then did I find out that my mother had written a check to my grandmother's small Baptist church in the total amount of her share of my grandmother's estate.

There are many ways to live with purpose. My mother had her own. It may not have been the traditional life we associate with a person of faith, but it is the best example I can give.



Katie Dickinson has been a member of Ascension since 2007. She currently serves on the Vestry, is chair of the Pastoral Care Committee, and volunteers with the youth group. Katie retired from The Senior Source after 43 years as a social worker and is still involved with the organization. She and her husband, Gene Putnam, have two grown sons, a wonderful daughter-in-law, and a grandson who is enjoying the terrible twos.