

Lives of Fragrance

2 Corinthians 4:14-17

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Judy Eshelman shares the story of her mother, who walked with God and who showed His love and compassion to her family and to all others with whom she came in contact.

The Story of My Mother

By Judy Eshelman

My mother was the sweetest and kindest woman I've ever known. She had a heart for everyone she met. Those who knew her, loved her, and I'm guessing many thought she was their best friend. She never said an unkind thing about anyone. Ever!

She was born a twin and the 4th daughter to her young parents in western North Carolina near Grandfather Mountain. Her mother died at 28 after a second set of twins (boys) was born. Mom was just 16 months old at the time and never knew her mother, but was raised by her father, loving grandparents, and aunt and uncle. She graduated from high school at 16 and went to nursing school in Charlotte, N.C. During WWII she worked in the polio ward.

She met my dad just before he deployed to Europe in the Army. They corresponded for 2½ years until he returned. They were married a month later and moved to Topeka, Kansas, as my dad was from Kansas. Mother had never been out of North Carolina and didn't know anyone in Kansas! She never complained that she was so far from her beloved North Carolina and used her abilities to create the most loving home where anyone was welcomed.

Her grandfather was a Baptist preacher and she loved the Lord, sharing the love of Jesus with my brother and me. Later in life, she was very active in a Navigator Bible Study at their church and memorized lots of Scripture.

As we grew up in a small town (pop. 6,000) in Kansas, she welcomed so many into our home. Only strangers came to our front door; everyone who knew her came to the kitchen door.

When I was about 12, she started working again as an R.N. three nights a week in Labor & Delivery. She delivered many babies when the doctor didn't get there soon enough! Hundreds of women sought after my mother to be there when they delivered. She was a calm and knowledgeable presence.

Her biggest desire was to be a mother and to have a relationship with her kids, since she missed out on that with her mother's early death. God gave me a wonderful, godly mother. I was blessed.

Philippians 2:3-4 sums up her life.

Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit. Rather, in humility value others above yourselves, not looking to your own interests but each of you to the interests of the others.

Philippians 2:3-4, ESV

What's New

May 11th

Mother's Day

May 17th

Baby Shower for Victoria Terronez! May 17th
at 10 a.m. Please RSVP to lrcos@icloud.com

June

Women's Summer Bible Study on Esther.
June – July. Dates and times to be determined.

Recipes

Bobbie Cable

Fresh Carrot Cake with Cream Cheese Frosting

Bobbie shares a note with this carrot cake recipe from 1987. "Wonderfull!"

- 4 eggs
- 1 ½ c. vegetable oil
- 2 c. flour
- 2 c. sugar
- 2 tsp baking powder
- 2 tsp baking soda
- 3 tsp cinnamon
- 1 tsp salt
- 3 packed c. grated raw carrots
- ½ c. black walnuts, chopped (opt.)

Beat eggs and oil. Mix dry ingredients. Add to egg and oil mixture. Beat well. Add carrots and walnuts. Blend. Pour into 3 greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake for 18 minutes in a 350° oven.

Frosting:

- 4 c. confectioner's sugar
- ½ c. (1 stick) butter, softened
- 1 (8 oz.) package cream cheese, softened
- ½ c. black walnuts, chopped, opt.

Blend frosting ingredients. Spread on cake layers and top. Refrigerate cake.

Tabouli

Bobbie makes a note that this is the best tabouli!

- ¾ c. cracked wheat (rinse 3 times)
- 4 tomatoes, chopped
- 2 bunches green onions, chopped
- 1 cucumber, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped

Mix:

- 1 tbsp salt
- 1 c. parsley
- ¾ c. lemon juice
- 1/3 c. vegetable oil

Pour over wheat and vegetables. Refrigerate one day ahead of serving. 10-12 servings.

A Prayer on Mother's Day

By Karen Krueger

Heavenly Father, thank you. You created Eve, the first woman. You brought her to Adam to be his wife, his helpmeet. You created her to be like Adam, yet different, so that the human race would have fathers and mothers. You designed Eve with the capacity to carry a child within her, so that she could sustain and nourish that new life from conception to birth, even as You knit the tiny frame together (Psalm 139:13). You gave Eve the emotional stamina and physical attributes to nourish and cherish that precious life from birth onwards. Lord God, you made mothers.

Thank you for the mothers with whom you have blessed us, whether by birth or by adoption. Teach us and guide us to be the mothers you would have us to be. Grant us hearts that seek You first, knowing that Your plan is best, whether you bless us with biological children, adopted children, or spiritual children. Empower us, by Your Spirit, to be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, and faithful in prayer (1 Corinthians 12:12). Enable us to live so that our families will know that we are women who revere God. In the Name of Jesus, our Blessed Redeemer, Amen.

Ruth DuBois provided these transcribed memories of her mother in an audio recording, describing her mother's joy in the Lord and her dedication as a follower of Christ and as a wife and mother.

The Song of Ruth

By Ruth DuBois

There's so much to say about my mom, Ruth, that I don't know where to start. I have many good memories, even from turbulent times in our family, that have encouraged me over the years. My mother was the youngest girl of 12 children. She was born with a twin, Esther, who passed in infancy from whooping cough complications. Mama went to school and thrived until 6th or 7th grade; she was taken out of school to help her mother who became ill and needed help. Mama never went back to school, but took care of her mother and family.

She met my dad, Arthur Jones, and married him. Their first baby was a boy, but he did not survive. I was the next child, one of three daughters. I was born in a third-floor flat with a midwife; my mother was very brave to do that. I would never have tried to have a baby in an apartment, especially a firstborn.

They thrived and Mama continued raising her girls. Whenever Daddy (a pastor for over fifty years) moved to another pastorate, Mother stood by his side. She worked in the background to keep things going at home, since Daddy wanted her to be his wife and the mother of his children, not running things in the church.

When I was a student in High School getting ready for college, Mother would tell me, "Whatever you do, be the best at what you do." She encouraged me to not take a job to make a lot of money, but to do something that would be beneficial to someone else. I applied to a nursing school during the tumultuous time of the civil rights era. I was not accepted to the first school of my choice. Mama encouraged me to persevere, and I was accepted at a nursing school and became the first black woman to attend. Mama sent me to school with Isaiah chapter 40 and told me to read it every time I became discouraged and remember I was not alone in the struggle.

Throughout her life, Mama continued to encourage me in my nursing career and marriage. She proved to be a bedrock of encouragement and stability in our family. Her favorite song was *He Lives*; you could always hear mama singing something. There were many songs and Psalms and Scriptures that she loved. Things didn't seem to ruffle her; she continued to trust and obey and to move forward. She has left with me a faith that is strong and enduring.

That's my mama, Ruth B. Jones, one who loves the Lord and who is now in heaven with Him.

Lives of Fragrance is a publication of the Women's Ministries of Tulsa Bible Church. For corrections, comments, or written contributions, please email flnewsandviews@gmail.com.

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