

E-EMMANUEL



EDITORIAL

The month of May is celebrated as Child's month. A lot comes into focus throughout this period as we rejuvenate our commitment to our children through efforts of better parenting and providing care, support and protection for our children.

The theme for the month is **Children's Care and Protection: A Fi Wi Mission**. Let us in every way that we can, try to touch the lives of the children within our sphere of influence in a wholesome manner.

*Nora Davis, Chairperson
Communications Committee*

A message of inspiration to all teachers: Happy Teachers' Day

You're a banker and an artist.
You're a sprinter and a florist.
You're an actor. You're a juggler.
You're a king or queen.
You're a lawyer. You're a manager.
You're a nurse, and you're a counselor.
You do more by noon than most have ever seen.

You're a driver and a poet.
A politician (don't you know it!)
You're a botanist, a strategist, and a judge.
You're a mother and a father.
You're a runner and a tightrope walker.
You're a soldier fighting in the war on drugs.

You're a diplomat and an acrobat.
You're a farmer. You're a friend.

MAY REMINDERS

May	Child's & Family Month
4th-10th	Education Week
7th	Teachers' Day
11th	Mothers' Day
18th	Emmanuel's birthday
23rd	Labour Day



PLEASE PRAY FOR:

the sick and shut-in members of the church and in our surrounding communities. Here is a list of our sick and shut-in members:

Port Maria Class: Sis. Audrey Maxwell; Sis. Emma Scarlett-Grant; Sis. Ionie Thomas;
Trinity Class: Sis. Inez Graham; Valerie Melbourne; Sis. Loretta Reid; Galina Class: Sis. Daphne Reid; Sis. Violet Daley; Cox Street Class: Sis. Georgina Peart; Bro. Lucan Scott; Sis. Adassa Reddie.

May Birthdays: God's unfailing love will

always be yours!



Karlane
McLean
5th



Joycelyn
Barnett
15th



Shanae
Campbell
16th



Olivene
McPherson
17th



Verona
Porter
17th



Vivene
Irvin
18th



Jovan
Thompson
19th



Valrie
Johnson
20th



Pauline
Smith
22nd



Margaret
McFarquhar
24th



Shakira
Sinclair
24th



Gwendolyn
Robinson
28th



Lucan
Scott
28th



Carol
Levers
29th



Louise
Plummer
30th

You tell stories. You mend fences. You build dreams.
 You're an instructor and a trainer,
 A communicator and demonstrator.
 You're a teacher! You're incredible! You're supreme!

(Hugs for Teachers, Mckee, Lovelace and Weiss)



A story to encourage and inspire those who work with children: In a Child's Eyes (Adapted from Hugs for Teachers, Mckee, Lovelace and Weiss)

There I was again, trying to do the grocery shopping on my way home from school. While searching for fresh apples, I felt someone at my left elbow. Glancing down, I saw a child staring intently at me. I waited for him to speak but he just stared. Finally I smiled. His wide eyes never blinked but his jaw dropped slightly. He stood transfixed. "Hi," I said. No response. Finally, he turned and ran down a nearby aisle. Strange!

I moved on still trying to disengage my mind from the day's classroom before I got home. Later, while pushing my cart, I came alongside a young woman whose son was pulling at her sleeve, pointing in my direction and shouting, "But Mom that's her! She's the lady who saved my life!" Why hadn't I recognized him?

Yesterday, while on my way to the office with a report, I met a teacher walking down the hall and holding this little boy's hand. He was clutching his throat with the other hand, and his eyes were as wide as saucers. They were walking towards the office.

"He has a ball of candy stuck in his throat," she explained with disgust. "He knew he wasn't supposed to have candy in his mouth when he was on the monkey bars." They had obviously walked all the way in from the playground. The child should have passed out already. I couldn't believe she didn't realize the danger he was in. We were still a long way from the office, and she was still expecting him to walk the remaining distance with no more assistance than a held hand.

Huge, desperate eyes pleaded for help. Without thought, I dropped my report, picked him up by the waist, and dropped his head down. Almost immediately the candy popped out on the floor and rolled down the hall. I put him on his feet and knelt to see if he was alright. "Is your throat clear now?" I asked. He took one cautious breath and then three gulps of air and nodded yes. Suddenly, he threw his arms around my neck and hugged hard but said nothing. I hugged him back and met his sober-faced gaze for an instant. The boy followed his teacher towards her classroom door but he turned in the doorway and stood staring at me.

Today the same little boy was standing in front of me in the supermarket announcing to everyone within earshot that I had saved his life. His mother obviously embarrassed tried to hush the commotion. Later I saw the little boy come to the end of the cereal aisle and stare at me again. This time I whispered, "I'm glad you're okay" and he smiled.

Standing there savoring the hug he gave me yesterday and the smile he gave me today, I realized that he had been far more frightened and far more grateful than I could ever imagine. How, I wondered, could an event that was only a momentary pause in my eyes have been such a momentous occasion in a child's eyes? I guess teachers perform miscellaneous acts of kindness every day without a second thought. But in the eyes of a child, the smallest gesture may be heroic indeed.

We welcome your ideas and suggestions

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