

# KEEPING THE BEAT AND LICKING THE BEATERS

## 2 TIMOTHY 1:1-5

Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, according to the promise of life which is in Christ Jesus, to Timothy, a beloved son: grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord.

I thank God, whom I serve with a pure conscience, as my forefathers did, as without ceasing I remember you in my prayers night and day, greatly desiring to see you, being mindful of your tears, that I may be filled with joy, when I call to remembrance the genuine faith that is in you, which dwelt first in your grandmother Lois and your mother Eunice, and I am persuaded is in you also.

2 Timothy is an ominous book that rings with finality. It constitutes the Apostle's last, dying words. Written from a prison cell, Paul's head was on the chopping block.

At the time, the Emperor Nero had launched an attack on Christianity, and had rounded up the leaders of the Church. Peter had already been crucified on an upside down cross. Paul knows at any moment he could be next... So in such dire straights what's Paul's priority?

He writes a letter... As Paul himself awaits a date with the executioner he pens his final words to his young protege, Timothy. He considered Timothy a spiritual son. Paul loved, and mentored, and disciplined this young man.

So here's the picture: Timothy is at home in Ephesus crying out to God in prayer for Paul, while Paul is in Rome praying for Timothy, "mindful of his tears." And Paul's thoughts of Timothy

cause him great joy, for what stood out about this young man was his **“genuine faith.”**

Timothy had been with Paul through many of his journeys. He had listened to Paul’s preaching - and watched his mentor pastor God’s people - he even witnessed the miracles that God worked through Paul.

I’m sure the Apostle’s influence had much to do with the development of young Timothy’s **“genuine faith.”**

But it’s interesting to me that Paul himself could see that the young man’s faith began long before he entered Timothy’s life. In verse 5 Paul makes the observation that his **genuine faith... “dwelt first in your grandmother Lois and your mother Eunice...”** It wasn’t an apostle that set the trajectory of Pastor Timothy’s life and ministry - it was a grandmother and a mom.

In the mid-1800s the post-Civil War South faced an acute shortage of pastors and Bible teachers. Many of its sons had been lost in the war. One church leader named, RL Dabney, recognized the crisis, and proposed a long term solution. He said that three things were needed: **prayer, education, and mothers.** That’s right, moms! Dabney knew the key to solving the pastor shortage were moms - for **genuine faith** is forged in the fire kindled by godly moms and grandmas.

He encouraged moms to be involved with their sons, in the life of the future pastor, in the following ways... **“In childhood instructing him; in youth wrestling for his conversion; then toiling to pay expenses for education; then in gray hairs hearing him preach; then in heaven, beholding him receiving his crown with many jewels.”**

Dabney suggested whether a child ends up a minister or not, every mother should raise her son or daughter to be “a promoter of the kingdom of Christ.”

The Apostle Paul and Pastor Dabney understood the power of a mother to shape the spiritual destiny of her children. “Genuine faith” is often derived from a mom.

A week ago this past Tuesday my mother died. She left this world and went to heaven where she was united with Jesus and re-united with my dad. My dad preceded mom by five months. Dad passed away in November.

My brother and I preached Mom’s funeral in Stockbridge last Saturday. I preached here last Sunday. Then Kathy and I traveled to Florida this past week for a previously arranged speaking trip I had agreed to do... I said all that, to say this, “it’s been a blur.” I’m still processing my grief. Today is a strange Mother’s Day...

But I have no doubt, that what Paul said of Timothy in verse 5 can also be said of me, “that the genuine faith in you dwelt first in your mother, Carol Adams...”

In fact, whenever people find out that I and my brother both turned out to be pastors, they usually ask if my dad was a pastor. I assure them, “No. Dad was a telephone man.” But though my mom would never claim to be a pastor, no pastor I’ve ever met was more committed to the Lord than she was. She certainly pastored her boys. She mothered two pastors and grand-mothered a third.

And on my first Mother’s Day without my mom, I hope you’ll indulge me a bit, and let me eulogize her life again. The stories

I told, the lessons I drew, the memories I savored at Mom's funeral I'd like to share with you today.

My motivation... is partly to help me say goodbye - partly to record my thoughts for my kids and grandkids - but mostly because I feel impressed to hold up my Mom as an encouragement to all of our moms and grandmas.

And let me assure you that what I'll say today is no exaggeration. Carol Adams wasn't perfect, but I never remember my Mother not wanting to do the right thing. She was a picture of grace, and dignity, and godliness.

In fact, after the news of Mom's death got out, I received a few notes from girls who I haven't heard from in decades. These were young ladies who attended my childhood church and knew my mom intimately...

Emily wrote, "I grew up in the same church with Pastor Sandy. I was so sorry to learn about the passing of his Mother Carol. She was a treasured friend and a woman who exemplified Christ in all she said and did."

Then from a friend named Judy, "Sandy, I put my trust in Jesus Christ because of your Mom's testimony and love she had for us kids... Back in the day before youth pastors, your Mom loved us and lived an exemplary life before us. She will most assuredly get a "well done you faithful servant" from our Lord... I loved her dearly!"

Proverbs 31 promises the virtuous woman that her husband will praise her, and her children will rise up and call her blessed. Today, I intend to fulfill that promise once again... Remember the title of this morning's message: "Keeping The Beat and Licking The Beaters."

My Dad was loud, and boisterous, and spontaneous. His personality filled a room, whereas mom was our family's metronome - the device that keeps the band on beat. She stayed behind the scenes and maintained the tempo. She was tick, tick, tick - she was Mrs. consistent.

My relationship with my dad was characterized by big moments, points of decision where he was there with intervention, or an expression of his home-spun wisdom. And there were mom moments as well, but more so, like a good drummer mom just laid down the beat. She was the foundation of the music of our family. She kept us in rhythm. Dad played lead, but Mom was our heartbeat.

And don't get me wrong, Mom was far more talented than dad. She could've been the star of the show. But from the day her boys were born she took a backseat. It was always family first. She lived her life for her family.

Carol Adams was the driving influence of my faith. Mom taught me to fear God and love His Word. After she died, when I was asked if there was anything I wanted from her room, I immediately said, "Her Bible, because it was from that Bible that my faith was formed" I've got her most recent Bible with me this morning.

And Mom studied this Bible. It was her daily delight. She made it a habit with us boys. The only night she didn't enter our room just before we went to bed to read us a chapter of our Bible was on Wednesdays. She was at choir practice, and it was up to Dad to read to us on Wednesdays. And Dad always read the same chapter, Psalm 117, the shortest chapter in the

Bible. It was a duty he wanted to get done, but Mom enjoyed her Bible.

And Mom was exact in her theology. She took God's Word seriously. She was a student, as well as a teacher.

Even to this day if I have a stack of books sitting on my desk, I make sure the Bible rests on top. I don't like any other book stacked above the Bible. That may be silly, and a tad superstitious, but it goes back to the reverence and love for God's Word I got from my Mom.

The seeds of how I view Church were also sowed by my mom. Church was important to her, and as a result it became important to our family. She saw to it we were in church every time the doors opened. We rarely missed.

Parents, don't expect your children to prioritize church when they get older, if you didn't prioritize it for them when they were younger. My mom set an example.

And Mom didn't just go to church, she served the Lord and His people in multiple ways. Musically, she sang in the choir, and played the piano and organ. For a time she was our youth leader. Later in life, Mom was beloved by a multitude of ladies who attended the Sunday School class she taught at her former church.

It's interesting, my mom grew up in church, but it was a church with liberal leanings. When she married my Dad she became a Baptist, but she had never really made a commitment of her life to Christ. And like many people in churches today, for a long time Mom didn't realize what she was missing. She had joined the church. She even sang in the

choir. She played the organ. But Mom knew she wasn't a true Christian.

It was at a revival hosted by our church that Mom kept listening to the pastor ask the question. "Have you made a personal commitment of your life to Jesus?" It dawned on her that despite her church upbringing she hadn't.

I'll never forget the invitation that night. Suddenly, I heard the organ stop playing. I looked over to see what had happened to Mom. She was gone. At first I thought the rapture had taken place, and she was the only one snatched up. But then I looked in the altar and there she stood in her choir robe waiting to pray to receive Christ.

It took guts for Mom to do that. Everyone in the room thought she was already a Christian, but she knew different. For Mom to humble herself in that way, it took an authentic and unashamed commitment to Christ. The honesty and courage she showed shaped me forever. As was said of Timothy, the "genuine faith" in my life showed up first in my mom. I'll never forget that night.

And she stayed true to her faith and convictions regardless of the pressures from inside or outside the church... I recall when the church we attended chose my Dad to be a deacon. This church had some legalistic tendencies. One night they sent a representative to our house to ask Mom a few questions. They'd heard she wore pants to church and shorts out and about. The old guy insinuated that was a bit risqué for a deacon's wife.

Well, I was too young to see exactly how Mom handled the situation, but I'm sure she told said Pharisee that Jesus was her

Lord, not the deacon board, and she would wear whatever her conscious dictated she should wear. She said it nicely I'm sure. Mom was always kind, but she could also be firm... I never saw Mom alter her wardrobe in response to the old boy's visit, and Dad was made a deacon, so I assume she stood her ground with both grace and grit... Mom was full of grace and grit.

My mom was musical, while I was athletic. Mom had no interest in sports. Yet she ended up spending far more time on a bench at the ballpark than on her piano bench. I played baseball in the spring, football in the fall, and basketball in the winter, largely because Mom was willing to take me to all the practices... She signed me up for my first golf lesson. (Though, it obviously did no good.)... She contacted the basketball coach and took me to a tryout at the Middle School to make sure I made the team, even before she enrolled me in the school...

I'll never forget one summer day it rained all day long. I was a shut-in. We couldn't go outside to play ball, so I asked Mom to teach me to play the piano.

And she was so excited. Her son was suddenly interested in music, her specialty. We had an old upright piano, so she took a pencil, and wrote the notes on each of the keys. She then gave me a quick piano lesson. All day long I stayed on that bench practicing the piano.

But the next day the sun was out and the kids down the street wanted to play ball - and after just one day I ran outside and never returned to that piano bench. And Mom never ask me to, she let me follow my interests.



My mom knew instinctively what our current society has forgotten - that little boys need to run, and jump, and tussle, and rough-house, and play ball. They can't be corralled. You need to steer them, not corral them.

There's an art to raising little boys that some moms today don't understand. You have to let little boys be little boys. They're different than little girls. God made gender, and he created men and women unique. Naturally speaking, boys are not as compliant and compassionate as girls. Their masculine nature is more confrontational and combative. And a mom has to know how to channel those male aggressions toward constructive purposes.

If you knew my mom in recent years, you probably couldn't picture her in our backyard with a baseball glove in her hand throwing me pop-ups and playing catch. But that's what she did whenever Dad was late coming home from work, and I was too itchy to wait any longer.

Even as a grandma she understood how to handle little boys... One night my dad and three-year-old Zach were having a gunfight in the living room - a shootout at the OK Corral. That's right, boys need to play with toy guns. Well, every time Zach got shot, Dad would come over, cut out the bullet, and sew Zach up. Well, Mom jumped in on the action. Zach got shot and hit the floor.

Mom bent down, cut the bullet out of his chest, and sewed Zach up. No response from her grandson. He just laid there. Finally he groans, "Grandma, there's just one problem. They shot me in the leg." Mom loved that story!

I think Mom realized that if she was going to mother boys she would have to get a little adventurous. I'll never forget our vacation to Panama City Beach when she rode the rollercoaster, the Starliner. It started with a long climb; then a sudden 65 foot drop. This was back in the days when hairpieces were fashionable for women and Mom was wearing her's when she boarded the Starliner.

She and I were sitting in the same seat together. But during that big drop Mom lost her hair. The wind lifted her hairpiece off her head and I'll never forget at the end of the ride looking over and seeing Mom sitting there holding her hair in her lap... It was a funny sight. We've laughed about that moment for fifty-plus years.

And Mom had many a hair-raising experience with her husband and sons. Mom couldn't swim, but every summer she agreed to take her vacation to the beach because she knew her husband and sons loved the water. Often she would sit on the hotel balcony and read her book while Dad, Ken, and I played in the ocean.

Mom always encouraged my brother and I to pursue our interests and talents. And she directed us wisely.

One Sunday Mom was leading the Youth Choir, of which I was a member. And she kept instructing the choir to sing louder. She kept pleading, "[Louder, louder...](#)" And each time she did, I obeyed. I sang out louder.

Well, that night on the way home from church Mom tried to gently bring up the subject. She said, "[You know Sandy, whenever I tell the choir to sing louder you should realize I'm speaking to everyone but you. You just keep singing at the](#)

same volume.” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. My own mom was telling me I couldn’t sing. That was my last time in the youth choir...And Mom never tried to talk me out of my resignation.

It took years, but I eventually got over my hurt feelings. It happened at Calvary Chapel’s first Christmas Eve Service. In those days such services were not as popular in the South as they are now, but my newlywed wife had experienced them in Florida, where she was from, and thought we had to have one here - so we did!

And Kathy also understood that every Christmas Eve Service needs a piano. But we didn’t have a piano, so she prayed for one. And a week before Christmas I got a call out of the blue from someone who wanted to donate a piano to our church... Of course, we needed a piano player to play that piano, and that was a no brainer...

I pushed aside my hurt feelings, and said, “Let’s call Mom.” And my Mom played the piano at the first Christmas Eve Service in the history of CalvaryCSM.

My mom had the logical and practical mind in our family. Dad was more spontaneous and emotional, but Mom was strategic. She thought things through. Before making a decision Mom would examine all the angles.

For most of their lives Mom and Dad never attended a church pastored by their sons. They didn’t want to go to one son’s church and make the other son feel slighted.

But toward the end of their life, Mom and Dad started attending Calvary Chapel. I was so excited they were coming

and listening to their oldest son preach. One day I called Mom, and asked how she liked our church. I expected to hear her rave about the teaching. How much she got out of my Bible Studies. Instead, she said, “Well, it’s just 35 steps from the handicap spot we park in to our seats, and it’s one level - so that works for us.”

That was it! I expected some kind of emotional or spiritual reason. Instead she liked that we’re on a slab.

Mom not only taught me to respect God and the Bible, but long before the days of feminism she also taught me to respect women. She was the only woman in a family of three males, so she stressed the idea that girls were special and unlike boys you treated a girl with kid gloves.

That’s why I couldn’t believe my friend, Becky, betraying me. She was our neighbor. And there Becky was on our back porch telling my mom that I had hit her.

Understand, in our family hitting a girl was the unpardonable sin. Again, boys respected girls. I can’t remember if I actually hit Becky or not, but Mom took her word for it. After all, she was a girl. So my Mom made me stand there with my hands clasped behind my back, while she instructed Becky to rare back and slap me right across the face as hard as she could. Fifty-five years later it still stings. But I’ve never hit a girl since!

And this is why I’ve never balked at the biblical teaching on gender. 1 Peter 3:7 declares, “Husbands, likewise, dwell with (your wife) with understanding, giving honor to the wife, as to the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers may not be hindered.” My dad treated my

mom as “a weaker vessel” in the way he handled an expensive watch. More fragile didn’t mean less value. It meant more honor and a higher appraisal - even deserving of the utmost care.

My mom, and girls in general, were viewed in our home as special and more valuable than other males...

I’ve always read the Bible’s teachings on gender roles up against the backdrop of an honored mom who’s husband would lasso the moon and lay it at her feet if that’s what she wanted. In turn, my mom leaned on my dad to be the head of our home. She trusted him to lead.

Mom supported my dad and his manhood. She loved being married to a man who acted like a man! She never challenged or undermined his masculinity. And she turned two boys into men using the same strategy. Mom believed in being submissive to her husband, but she saw her submission not as capitulation, but as a tool to help her husband be all that God wanted him to be. My dad became a better man because of my mom. She knew what it took to build a good marriage - not a competition of the sexes, but a cooperation of the sexes.

Every time I write my name I’m reminded of how my Mom and Dad functioned. Mom was the one who named me “Sandy.” Dad wanted a junior. He wanted his son named, “Olin Sanford Adams, Jr.” - but Mom hated the name “Olin,” and didn’t want to stick that on her son.

So as is often the case in a good marriage a compromise was struck. Mom agreed to “Olin, Jr.” as long as they called me something else. And since all you can get out of “Olin Sanford Adams, Jr.” is “Sandy” - that was it! Mom honored her husband

and looked out for her son both at the same time. I was “Sandy” from day one.

When we were young, mom stayed home to raise her boys, but when we got older she went to work to pay for those boys. Ironically, I got my mom her first job outside our home, whereas she got me one of my first jobs.

I attended kindergarten down the street, and one day the teacher asked the students if anyone’s mother could play the piano. My hand shot up. “Mine could!” Mom ended up playing that year for the graduation exercises; then she went to work the following year teaching music.

Fast forward a decade and Mom got me one of my first jobs mowing grass for the real estate developer she had gone to work for as a secretary and office manager.

Mom became a super-secretary. She was organized, prompt, efficient, attentive to details. She got rave reviews in every job she ever had. Her longest stint at a job was with Cigna Insurance, where she rose to the level of executive secretary. As we’re told in Scripture, everything Mom did she did heartily, as unto the Lord.

And Mom was also a good friend. She was not only loved by the ladies she taught in Sunday School, she had a circle of friends from work who met frequently after their retirement. They loved to gather for long luncheons.

She would’ve loved to come to the Calvary Chapel Women’s Friendship Tea. That was right up her alley.

Mom befriended her neighbors in her subdivision. She had friends here at Calvary Chapel. Even in the last few months of

her life she took an interest in a lady at the assisted living who was lonely and in need of a friend.

Let me sum it up, Carol Adams was a strong woman.

Her marriage lasted 68 years, and if you knew my dad that was not without its trials. She built a home that nurtured two little boys, who became pastors, and though the verdict is still out, they've done okay so far.

My mom had a career in the workplace where she rose in her profession... And she still managed to use her gifts of music and teaching to serve the Lord and spread His Word... In every arena, mom loved people and people loved her... In my opinion, that's the life of a liberated woman, that any feminist could be proud of!

There's one thing my Mom would never do, and that was to show favoritism toward one child over the other. A big point she always made was to say she loved Ken and I equally, and that's how she treated her grandkids.

At Christmas she'd give everybody checks of an equal amount. There was not a dime's difference. Who knows, she may've had her favorites but she never did anything or said anything that tipped her hand. Carol Adams was a great mom and grandma by every measurement.

Here's a short video my brother did with Mom for a Mother's Day special he did at his church. [Enjoy it...](#)

Some of our family were talking the other day, and we agreed the one thing Mom didn't handle well was old age. She never could embrace getting older. She was such a classy lady - a

Southern belle. Whenever she left the house she always looked her best. She had a grace and a decorum. And she never got use to the limitations of old age, or adapted to them. And one reason was her arthritis. It kept her in constant pain. She complained at times, but I always believe she felt far worse than she was letting on. Eventually Mom became immobile. It was a vicious cycle. She needed to exercise to regain her flexibility, but exercise was difficult because of her pain.

In looking back on it, my Dad may have extended her life a few years by constantly harping on her to eat her food and make sure she was taking in enough fluids. When Dad died last November, and was no longer around too prod, she started losing weight and strength.

Mom was a good sport, and gave life without her husband, and in new surroundings, a hearty try - but in the end she was a creature of habit, and she missed my Dad. When Mom went into the hospital on April 14th she told my brother and sister-in-law it would be fine with her if she never came out. [My mom was ready for heaven!](#)

In fact, I was sitting by her bedside the day before she died. And I watched her... this once proud lady, now just a bag of bones, thrashing about in her bed, obviously uncomfortable and in pain. For a moment the brutal reality of this fallen, sin-stained world hit me hard.

I was thinking, [“Here’s a woman who’s done all the right things in life. She’s loved one man 68 years. She gave her all to her marriage and family. She served the Lord and His people, and loved His Word. And now here she is... pitiful... is this how](#)



it all ends?” And at that moment God spoke to me, “Sandy, this is not her end...”

In the struggle of this life, I wasn't looking far enough ahead. And this is often our problem... For Mom's death and your death will not be your end. The Lord is waiting on the other shore. If you lived in rebellion your destiny will be a fiery and painful and ominous outcome. But if you trusted in Jesus He'll meet you with open arms.

Jesus has glories in store for my Mom. Today, all her dreams have come true. She has received rewards and blessings she never imagined. What I mistook for the end, was for God and for my Mom just a new beginning.

Proverbs 31:25-30 is a description of the virtuous woman, and words that apply to my Mom, “Strength and honor are her clothing; she shall rejoice in time to come. She opens her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness. She watches over the ways of her household, and does not eat the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her; many daughters have done well, but you excel them all.” Charm is deceitful and beauty is passing, but a woman who fears the LORD, shall be praised.” And that's what I've tried to do today!

I hope to praise all moms who are doing it right!

Again, the title of my message today is “Keeping The Beat and Licking The Beaters...” Now you know how my mom helped our family keep the beat and stay in rhythm. But what about the beaters? What is that?

Well, Carol Adams had a sweet tooth. It's where I got mine. Mom loved divinity, and she made this mashed potato candy that was out of this world (there really is such a thing... you'll have to ask Kath for Mom's recipe).

And I have a memory of my Mom I'll always treasure. Whenever she cooked anything using a mixer, particularly the frosting on a cake, she'd always remove the beaters, still full of whipped frosting, and leave them on the counter for Ken and I to lick... I looked forward to licking the beaters. I think it was how she cleaned them.

And that's now how I feel about my mother's life. She made sure our upbringing and her influence was full of sweet memories. She cooked up a life for us of kindness and sweetness. Mom put plenty of frosting on the cake!

And she's now left me beaters full of sweet memories, that I'll be savoring and enjoying for years to come.

This is my prayer for every mom this morning. That you'll leave your kids sweet memories, so they'll one day write, "I am filled with joy when I call to remembrance the genuine faith that dwelt first in your grandmother Lois and in your mother Eunice..." May every mother and grandmother here today be like Timothy's, and help plant within the heart of their children a "genuine faith."

This morning we have more gifts for our moms... back by popular demand, we have cookies...

And when we're done help yourself to the photo wall... If moms and families want a photo together we've got a backdrop for it, and a person to do it....