Well, Come Fix It!

Our mother was a woman of deep faith, amazing compassion, and unconditional love. She, of course, would deny it, but a list of all her many godly character traits would be miles long. Just to mention one, she was honest to a fault. This can be proven. On one of our family's summer travels, we occasionally had to ride on toll roads. One particular toll booth was automatic. There were no toll booth workers present. The toll booth had a bowl-like attachment, simply catching coins as they were thrown in. The toll price was $.35. On one such toll, our father did not have the needed exact change. The toll would not accept paper money or inexact change. My father had no choice but to follow closely behind the car in front of him to make it under the bar as it lifted. We made it through without paying. Back in those days, no cameras were watching to catch the offenders. In this case, that did not matter because our mother made sure she sent in the $.35 to the appropriate state toll when we arrived home.

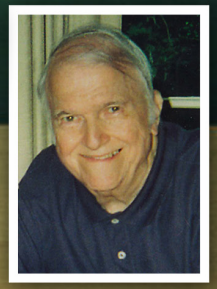
Amidst the plethora of goodness, our mom was also quite a character. She loved to tease back and forth with her quick wit. She loved to laugh, play "got you last" with the grandkids, and tell funny stories. She had what later would become a famous question around the house while we were growing up. This question became her "trademark" joke. If she were fixing an ice cream cone for our dad, we would hear her ask, "Karen, Sharon, do y'all want an ice cream cone?" We would reply, "Oh, yes, ma'am!" Then to our amazement she would say, "Well, come fix it!" This was almost a daily common occurrence.

This made no sense to us. She was already preparing ice cream for our father. She already had everything out. She was the one who had offered it to us in the first place. It was her idea! Then when we would say yes, she would tell us to prepare it ourselves. What is worse is that we constantly fell for it. Every time she would ask us if we wanted this or that, if we answered yes, her reply was always the same, "Well, come fix it!"

Now that she has gone on to Heaven, she has certainly left behind a legacy that is desired far more than a childhood ice cream cone. She was one of the Lord's best friends. Every morning we would find her at the kitchen table, Bible open, walking and talking with her Friend. She had learned how to pray "without ceasing." God was real in her life. Her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was the single most important part of her life. She was not a great woman of faith by accident. She was preparing for the moment she would meet Christ ever since she had trusted Him as her Savior when she was a little girl.

The questions can almost be heard all the way from Heaven. "Girls, do you want to know the Lord as I have known Him? Grandchildren, do you want to know that God is real in your life? Great-grandchildren, do you want to know that God hears and answers your prayers? Do you want to come to the end of your life someday and know that you used it for Him?" And then her family answers, "Oh, yes, ma'am!" Then our mother replies, "Well, come fix it!"



Anna Ruth Holder

November 9, 1928 - August 10, 2014

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children...
Deut. 6:7a

BEREAN BAPTIST CHURCH ~ Fayetteville, NC 28314

The Memorial Service for
Anna Ruth Holder
Wednesday, August 13, 2014

The Solid Rock, #404
Pastor Jonathan Andrews
Kim Usher, Pianist

Welcome
Pastor Sean Harris, Officiant

Invocation
David Guinn Jr., Grandson

God on the Mountain
Mindy Woosley

Memories from the Past
Steven E. Byrd

Sweet Beulah Land
John Woosley

Impacting Others with Love
Pastor Sean Harris

No More Night
Mindy Woosley

Benediction
Pastor Bill Sturm

Committal Service
Please follow the procession outside to the Cross Creek Cemetery.

Pallbearers
John Guinn, Ken Robertson, Matthew Finley, David Guinn Jr., Garrett Beaton, David Mann