

# Setting Goals

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**By Judith Biggs**

BIG SANDY, Texas—With my 70th birthday just around the corner, I have been reflecting on the past—not the tragedies, but the good and funny times.

I can remember when I was an old lady at 24.

Back then, a girl’s goal was to get married and have kids. The problem for most girls was in finding tall, dark and handsome to support her ideas. She also needed a home with a white picket fence in the deal. Oh, to be a mother hen.

If this all did not happen by the time she was 25, she was doomed to be an old maid.

Here I was 24. It seemed like all of the good prospects had already married or were getting married.

So, I said to myself, since you are obviously going to be an old maid, you need to set a new goal.

## **Why not be a deaconess?**

I decided to become a deaconess. Now, that’s a worthy goal. But goals need action. So I called up the head deaconess in my church and told her I was ready to serve.

My first assignment was not exactly romantic. A mother had a hard time giving birth to her new baby. The other two small children had the stomach flu.

For a few weeks I came over to their house after work. I am happy to report that the children finally quit vomiting and the mother got her strength back.

Another job came to me. I guess Jack was pleased with the care I had given his family because he told his friend. This friend was also in desperate need of help. He was a man trying to raise two kids on his own.

You have to realize that there was no government help at that time. Jobs were hard to find and good baby-sitters even harder. This time it was the mumps instead of the flu.

Here came Judy to the rescue. This job, working with Jack's friend Chuck, has lasted more than 45 years and is still going strong.

### **Valuable titles**

I never did earn the title of deaconess, but I did earn the titles of Mrs. and Mom—along with the title of Christian. Each title carries a full-time job in itself.

As I look back over the years, I realize I have always set goals, especially when times were really bad. Some of my goals have been funny, as the one above, but that's not the point.

Setting small temporary goals can be a lifesaver to our mental health.