



# The Mustard Seed



Rehoboth Baptist Church Newsletter ~ March 2016

## Pastor Search Status Update



- \* Search Committee formed
- \* Elders analyze and summarize surveys
- \* First Search Committee Meeting March 7<sup>th</sup>
- \* Search Committee goes over survey results
- \* Search Committee begins looking for candidates
- ! Church prays through the whole process!



**Remember to set your clocks MARCH 13<sup>th</sup>!**

## I can't hear and it's driving me nuts.

By Steve Brown, KeyLife Ministries

I can't hear and it's driving me nuts.

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Let me tell you what happened. Pete Alwinson—my former pastor, our go-to guy for men's ministry, and author of *Like Father, Like Son* (it's wonderful)—and I went shooting about a month ago. We were out in the Florida wilderness on 80 acres where Pete's son, Joel, lives, and has built a beautiful house and barn. There are alligators, bears, wild pigs...and a reasonable facsimile of a shooting range with bottles and cans. I have a Glock, Ruger and Sig, and did fine with those; but someone had given Pete an M-1 from WWI. It's a mother of a big gun that sounds like an atomic bomb when you fire it.

I fired it...and lost my hearing. Well, not completely, but when I can hear, people sound like Donald Duck.

And before you start giving me advice, I've tried everything, including steroids, with almost no improvement. I even had a brain scan (to see if there was a tumor in my inner ear) and the doctor said that everything was fine. Actually, he said that I was "normal and had a brain," neither of which is said to me very often. The doctor said that nerve damage is causing the loss of hearing, the distortion and the constant ringing in my ears. So in about a month, the doctor is going to give me an injection of medication in my eardrum.

"Oh no, you're not," I said.

He assured me that they would use a drop of anesthetic and I wouldn't feel a thing. I told him that I would prefer two drops.

I just returned from teaching a course at Knox Seminary and you wouldn't believe the problems this causes in class discussion.

When I'm in our small group Bible study, I have absolutely no idea what is going on. The teacher is quiet-spoken. I can see his lips moving but I can't hear what he's saying; so to cover, I watch other people. When they laugh, I smile. When they look serious and engaged, I try to look serious and engaged. And when I'm asked a question, I try to read lips but I'm not very good at it.

"You took off your clothes at church?"

"No, no, no...I said that I wore my gloves to church because it was so cold."

Are you feeling sorry for me yet? If you aren't, I have enough for both of us. I told the Lord, "If you really loved me, this wouldn't be happening."

At least that's what I told him at the beginning. Actually, as time has passed, I've realized that there is a lot of stuff I don't want to hear. When someone is critical, it's easier to take if they sound like Donald Duck. And you wouldn't believe how well I sleep at night. It's very quiet, almost as if I'm wearing earplugs (although I can't take them out in the morning). All in all, it really is doable.

During this time, I've also seen some things about me that I don't like and Jesus isn't particularly pleased with. I've repented of them and got hugged by him. I've found out that I try to control people with words (isn't that awful?) and one can't control if one can't hear. I've repented of that. I've discovered that my ego is as big as a barn and when I'm with other people, I like to be the center of attention. That's hard to do if one doesn't even know what's going on. I've repented of that too.

But even more important, I've seen God's loving and sovereign hand in every bit of it. A friend asked me if I had thanked God yet for the hearing loss. I told him he was crazy. And then he had the arrogance to quote the Bible to me...and I'm a Bible teacher. Paul wrote to the Thessalonians that God's will for them was to give thanks in every circumstance (1 Thessalonians 5:18). Not only that, he told the Ephesians that no matter what was happening they should be happy ("make melody in your heart") and then give God thanks for it in the name of Jesus (Ephesians 5:19-20).

It took me a long while but for the most part, that's what I've done. I recognize that my hearing loss isn't nearly as bad as what you guys are going through. I see the emails and letters, and I know about the dark and the pain that many of you are facing. In fact, as I've written this, I've felt like an ungrateful brat. But still, I have learned some things that are central to our faith and we must affirm in the dark.

For instance, it is a good thing to trust God whatever is happening in our lives. Actually, we don't get a vote



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and don't have a lot of choice. Once when I told my friend, Ken Nanfelt, that I would have to trust God in a sermon I planned to preach, he started laughing and said, "Trust God! Isn't it terrible that you have to trust God?"

The writer of Proverbs said that we should be "all in" with God, trusting in him with our whole hearts and not depending on our own understanding (Proverbs 3:5). That sounds good but it's a lot harder to do than say. I want to keep a little for myself and God gave me a mind (understanding) for a reason. So God helps us. He sometimes puts us in holes so deep that, if we do get out, it's clear that we had very little to do with it. My hearing is like that. I don't like it much but God has me in a hole and all I can do is trust him. I might never hear well again but I'm learning to trust...with moments of "cussing and spitting."

He sometimes puts us in holes so deep that, if we do get out, it's clear that we had very little to do with it.

But trusting in God is not a very pleasant thought unless you know that God is good. If he isn't, we're in a whole heap of trouble. Spurgeon said, "God is too wise to be wrong and too good to be cruel." However, this hearing thing makes me wonder about both God's wisdom and his love. We love to quote Romans 8:28 to others; but when everybody sounds like Donald Duck, we rarely quote it to ourselves. I'm learning.

And there is one other thing. My hearing loss has nothing to do with discipline for my sin. If there were a correlation with my sin, my shame and my situation, I would be dead. Frankly, when this happened (despite knowing that the Hebrews 12 passage on God's discipline is often grossly exaggerated and misapplied), I started confessing. It didn't work. People still sound like Donald Duck and I still can't hear. So I stopped confessing. I started just hanging out with my Father and being in his presence. When one can't hear, it's amazing how often one is quiet. I often pray that God will give me quietness "inside and outside." I just didn't think this was the way he would do it. In his presence, I've discovered again that I'm loved, forgiven and accepted without condition. And he is there and he is good.

Don't get me wrong. I hate this thing. It's driving me nuts. But with that being said, I'm growing and in some really good ways. I might just become a spiritual giant.

Nah.

Did you hear about the woman who stopped smoking and was asked if that had affected her [attitude and mood](#)? "No, actually it hasn't," she replied. "I've remained my normal, sweet and lovable self. However, I have noticed that my friends have become quite a pain."

I want to say something like that about my hearing loss. But in fact, if we should meet and I seem irritated and treat you in a way something less than kind and irenic, you'll know why. So try not to respond in kind. My family, friends and staff have treated me with an uncommon gentleness during this time and I "rise up and call them blessed." (That's something else I've

learned...but I'm out of time and space so I had better end this. Besides, I don't want to talk about it anymore.)

So be kind to the irritable.

If you don't, God might cause everybody to sound like Donald Duck to you too.

He asked me to remind you.

Steve Brown

## John Stam's Challenge

The early 1930's were a difficult time both in China and in America. In America, the Great Depression was wreaking havoc with the economy and great hardship was felt by all. In China, the rise of Communist threat was seriously disrupting missionary work.

The Red Army seemed to be growing in size and scope daily. Numerous missionary bases had been forced to close, and workers were being evacuated from areas where the communist forces were approaching.

John Stam saw these events as mere challenges to God's kingdom, but nothing that could force him to alter his commitment to Christ and to China. When he was chosen to give the speech to the Moody class of 1932, Stam gave the following stirring challenge:

"Shall we beat a retreat, and turn back from our high calling in Christ Jesus, or dare we advance at God's command in the face of the impossible?...Let us remind ourselves that the Great Commission was never qualified by clauses calling for advance only if funds were plentiful and no hardship or self-denial was involved. On the contrary, we are told to expect tribulation and even persecution, but with it, victory in Christ."

Reserve this date on your calendar:

Sat., April 16<sup>th</sup>, 5:30 PM

Missions Potluck Supper

with Paul Bothwell,

Missions Door, Boston



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Visit us at: [www.RehobothBaptistChurch.org](http://www.RehobothBaptistChurch.org)

Mustard Seed Email: [DLA85@Dlittlehale.com](mailto:DLA85@Dlittlehale.com)



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## The Martyrdom of John and Betty Stam



by Gordon Dunn

First published in East Asia's Millions, Nov/Dec 1984, as "For the Stams No Deliverance"

It was a bleak December day in brick-walled Tsingteh [today spelled Jingde] in South Anhwei, China, when rumors began to sift through of a possible bandit attack on the city. Farther to the south the muddied waters of the mighty Yangtze rolled through Wuhu, past Nanking, Chenkiang and Kiangyin to stain the blue waters of the Pacific. But no echo of the world's commerce ruffled the secluded city of Tsingteh this day in 1934. Hidden like a jewel in the heart of rugged natural beauty, Tsingteh was accessible to the outside world only by stone paths cut through the mountains. John and Betty Stam were not the first missionaries to find their way to this isolated community of people, but they were the first to settle there as a family. Their first child, newborn Helen Priscilla – beautiful with blue eyes, innocent face, and curly hair – gladdened the hearts of the young couple. A rented shopfront on a stone-flagged street served as their home and preaching chapel as well.

John had already demonstrated remarkable facility in speaking Chinese. Fresh from language school in Anking he had attended a spiritual life conference led by Dr. James Graham for Chinese believers. Listening intently, John took careful notes. Immediately afterwards, with surprising effectiveness, the new missionary reproduced these messages in Chinese at a summer conference in nearby Sucheng. Now, however, he was married and wholly on his own for the first time on the mission field.

"Do you think we should leave, John?" wondered Betty as she bathed the baby that morning, little realizing that it would be the last time she would do so.

"We'll wait and see," replied John.

The stories were contradictory and confusing, the rumors wild and unconfirmable. No one knew the truth. In the end the authorities were caught off guard. As the bandit horde piled into the city through the unguarded East Gate, the magistrate and his train barely escaped through the West Gate. By this time it was, of course, too late for John and Betty even to think of fleeing. Better stay and weather the storm, they decided.

But this storm was different from any Tsingteh had ever seen before. Wildly cheering, the bandits at last broke through the Stams' front door. Urging them to sit down, John served the uninvited guests tea. But

such courtesies were lost on the outlaws, who were out to avenge themselves on a thankless society, and John and Betty were ordered to get ready to leave.

Although the Stams had been in Tsingteh only a short time, many friends watched silently and helplessly from doorway and roadside as the young foreign couple, stripped of their outer garments, were paraded down the street. John's hands were tightly tied behind his back. Betty, on horseback, held baby Priscilla. No one who saw them dared to lift a finger to help, for the city was in the grip of lawless terror. Wealthy people, landlords, stragglers among government officials and others were also taken captive. The communist bandits, perhaps fearing a counter-attack, urgently herded their "enemies of the people" along the stone-slab road that led to Miaoshou, some twelve miles west of the city.

John's arms were probably unbound as the little family was thrust into a mud hut to spend the night, for in those first hours of captivity John wrote a letter to the China Inland Mission leaders. It said, in substance:

"My wife, baby and myself are today in the hands of communist bandits. Whether we will be released or not no one knows. May God be magnified in our bodies, whether by life or by death. Philippians 1:20"

And probably sometime during that night of prayer and suspense Betty tucked provision into her little daughter's snuggle bunny (hooded sleeping bag) and bundled her into the pile of heavy winter bedding.

But what made the little baby sleep for 27 hours without a cry, a silence that saved her? What happened to the parents when the sun broke over the beautiful tree-covered hillside that December morning? These are questions we still ask. If there were eyewitnesses, we do not have their testimony.

We do know that the bandits moved on to fresh violence. We know that a courageous Christian, Mr. Lo, something of a lay evangelist, followed the trail as soon as he dared. It was he who found the bodies of John and Betty Stam and, at the risk of being discovered by lingering bandits, obtained coffins and sealed the bodies inside. The danger was by no means over – the times were so chaotic, in fact, that the coffins lay there for 40 days in the long grass of the Miaoshou hillside before even government help could be secured to bring them out for burial.

Having cared for the dead, Lo looked for the baby. He presumed she had been ruthlessly killed too – or kidnapped. At any rate there was no sign of the little foreign baby. Quite by accident he eventually discovered her, still sleeping in the little hut, content and carefree, unaware that the sword had made her an orphan for life. But after her long fast she was hungry – that she knew.

In the baby's clothing, Lo found the ten-dollar bill, miraculously still where it was placed in faith and love by a tender mother, doubtless with the prayer that it might save her little one's life. That it did. Wonderfully, Lactogen – milk powder of a special brand and a rare commodity in those parts – was



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found. And the one person in the area who knew the proper formula was Lo's wife. So when Helen Priscilla arrived at the mission compound in Wuhu, carried there in a coolie's vegetable basket, she was puzzled, perhaps, but in good spirits and in good health.

When the coffins were finally delivered to the missionary hospital in Wuhu, the heavy coffin lids were lifted to reveal the bodies, lying on their backs, modestly clothed in their underwear, just as they had trod the streets of Tsingteh a month and a half before. Each casket contained probably one hundred pounds of lime. The bodies, wrapped in clean, white cotton sheeting, were preserved in good condition. Apart from deep rope bruises on John's wrists, there was no evidence of mutilation or abuse.

John's straight, aquiline nose and jutting chin were tilted in his customary posture of candor and open friendliness. His lips were parted in an expectant smile. One could easily believe that when the dagger struck, tearing a savage hold in the front of his throat, that he saw beyond his assassin to the angel hosts at the portals of heaven. Certainly there was no sign of fear or terror, leading us to conclude that the attack was sudden, and death almost immediate. What courage it must have taken for Lo to make even unskilled attempts to stitch up the torn throat to make it more respectable!

With Betty it was somewhat different. On her face serenity was blended with terror and consternation. Obviously she had witnessed what happened to her husband. But in the same split second a heavy sword swung across her neck from behind, almost severing head from body. Even here Lo had succeeded in sewing the head back on again so that it appeared almost natural. What struck each of us who saw the bodies and what made the sight unforgettable was the underlying look of quiet peace and expectancy on the faces of the two martyrs.

Their bodies lie buried in a little Christian cemetery on a quiet hillside in the rice-bowl city of Wuhu. There they await an Easter deliverance that was denied them on earth. The handful of China Inland Mission missionaries and local Christians at the simple burial service took comfort in God's assurance, "My ways are not your ways; neither are your ways My ways." But more than one was heard to say, "Why were the Stams, with all their gifts, taken at the very beginning of their missionary career? And why was I left?"

Only God has the answer.

## REGARDING HELEN PRISCILLA STAM:

Helen Priscilla Stam was three months old when her parents were killed in China. She was brought to the United States and was cared for by her maternal grandparents, who had also been missionaries in China, until she was five years old. She was adopted by her mother's sister and her husband who were missionaries in the Philippines. She grew up in the Philippines and returned to the United States for college, after which she was involved in student work for her denomination. Growing up, Helen wanted to avoid the publicity associated with her family's experiences, so she took the name of her aunt and

uncle. She lives in the Eastern part of the United States, is single, and worked as an editor of scientific journals until her retirement.

## MORE ABOUT JOHN AND BETTY STAM:

John Stam was born in 1907 in Paterson, NJ, and Betty (Scott) Stam was born in 1906 in Albion, MI. They met each other at Moody Bible Institute, where both felt God's leading to China. Betty went to China in 1931 as a missionary of the China Inland Mission (CIM). John sailed to China next year also as a CIM missionary, and was stationed in a different region from Betty's. A year later, the two married on October 25, 1933. In September 1934 (note: the civil war in China between government forces and the Red Army had already started) their daughter, Helen Priscilla, was born in a Methodist hospital in Wuhu. Two months later the Stams left Wuhu and returned to their station, Tsingteh.

The terrible death of the Stams shocked many Christians, including Frank Houghton who was at the CIM headquarters in Shanghai. Houghton, serving as editorial secretary of the CIM in England, happened to be in China during that time. His plan was to tour the country to visit various mission stations and to see the progress of the work. The tragic death of the Stams plus the capture of other CIM workers had made any travel questionable for foreigners at the time. When traveling over the mountains of Szechwan, Frank Houghton was reminded of God's words in 2 Corinthians 8:9 (though He was rich, for your sakes He became poor). These words he made into a lovely hymn, *Thou Who Wast Rich*. Later Houghton accepted the calling as bishop of East Szechwan in 1937, the year when Japan started an eight-year war with China. Houghton also served as the general director of the CIM from 1940 to 1951.

The Stams' death has inspired a generation of missionaries, and continued changing many Christians' lives. The hymn (*Thou Who Wast Rich*), however, has gradually become unnoticeable over the years.

## *Thou Who Wast Rich*

*By Frank Houghton (1894-1972) French Carol Melody*

Thou who was rich beyond all splendor,  
All for love's sake becamest poor;  
Thrones for a manger didst surrender,  
Sapphire paved courts for stable floor.  
Thou who was rich beyond all splendor,  
All for love's sake becamest poor.  
Thou who art God beyond all praising,  
All for love's sake becamest Man;  
Stooping so low, but sinners raising  
Heavenward by Thine eternal plan.  
Thou who art God beyond all praising,  
All for love's sake becamest Man.  
Thou who art love beyond all telling,  
Savior and King, we worship Thee.  
Emmanuel, within us dwelling  
Make us what Thou wouldst have us be.  
Thou who art love beyond all telling  
Savior and King, we worship Thee.



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## Easter in March, Passover in April – in 2016

Have you wondered why Easter and Passover don't coincide this year?

After all, Jesus observed Passover with His disciples on the evening before He was crucified and was raised to life again three days later on what is celebrated as Resurrection Day or Easter Sunday.

The Jewish religious holidays are based on the Jewish lunar calendar. Each month of 29 or 30 days begins with a new moon and the full moon is mid-month. Every two or three years a leap year is necessary to add an extra month, aligning the calendar with the seasons. Passover is celebrated beginning on the full moon of the 7th month on the Jewish calendar. Passover can begin on any day of the week. This year Passover begins on the evening of Friday, April 22nd.

Since Passover can fall on any day of the week and the Bible clearly says that Jesus arose from the dead on the first day of the week, i.e., Sunday, the Church Council of Nicea in 325 A.D. adopted the current system of celebrating Easter on the Sunday following the first full moon after the vernal equinox (March 21). Thus, Easter can take place as early as March 22 but no later than April 25.

Easter will be on March 27th this year.

Now, imagine you are not in the habit of going to church. You wake up on Easter morning and you remember Easters from the past – going to church, wearing new clothes, family dinner, and a chocolate rabbit. All you've prepared for this year is brunch with the family and way too much chocolate candy for the kids. You suddenly have the urge to go to church, but where?

In contrast, think of your own anticipation of Easter. Prepare your heart for the excitement of worshiping our Risen Lord. Let's be proactive! Come out on Saturday, March 19<sup>th</sup> at 10 AM to visit church neighbors with an invitation to our Easter week services. Take a flyer (available 3/13) and give to your next door neighbor.

### ***Please plan to celebrate the most holy time of year at Rehoboth Baptist Church:***

**March 20, 10:30 AM** Palm Sunday Worship

**March 25, 7:00 PM** Good Friday Service (joint service with West Dighton Christian Church)

*WDCC's new pastor, Philip Andrade will be speaking*

**March 27, 7:00 AM** Resurrection Sunrise Service, followed by a light breakfast

**March 27, 10:30 AM** Resurrection Day Worship.

***All are welcome.***



**Children among Us**

I recently opened a discussion with a politician saying "I consider myself an advocate for children". I have also been thinking children are our future church. I am proud that our church includes children in most activities. We don't entertain them; we're equipping them. However, I was brought up short when I saw an article entitled Children are NOT the Church of Tomorrow, but the Church of Today. (Paraklesis, Spring 2016, Baptist Bible Seminary). Let me summarize some of the points made in the article.

A saved child is a saint, NOW, a member of the Body of Christ. They are part of this unit that is "growing up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body, joined and held together by every joint with which it is equipped, when each part is working properly, makes the body grow so that it builds itself up in love." (Ephesians 4:15,16)

Every interaction with a child at church is an opportunity for discipleship, either by example or word. Children should be encouraged to participate in service, prayer, Scripture reading – in any way that they are able, even if it is not perfectly done. Having the children among us is not just because we're a small church – let's be intentional about it.

From Cindy Williams

**One day children were brought to Jesus in the hope that he would lay hands on them and pray over them. The disciples shooed them off. But Jesus intervened: "Let the children alone, don't prevent them from coming to me. God's kingdom is made up of people like these."**

**Matthew 19:14-15 (MSG)**



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## Scripture Interpreting Advice

From "Out of Control" by Mark Lowry

Word Publishing 1996

I hate mornings. If I have to be somewhere early, it's easier for me to stay up all night.

I hate getting out of bed. I hate the way my body feels, all stiff and sore.

I hate the way my ear pops off my shoulder like a suction cup when I first wake up.

I hate the way my tongue is glued to the roof of my mouth with that vile green mist just waiting to explode from my lips as soon as I force my tongue from its resting place.

I hate the way it feels like someone has snuck into my room during the night and knitted sweaters for all my teeth.

I hate the way the sun pierces through the one place that the bedroom curtain doesn't cover and chases me across the bed all morning trying to push me out from under the sheets.

I hate it when I'm awakened real early in the morning by a phone call.

Ans I REALLY hate it when the phone rings and I've slept wrong on my arm all night. I defy anyone to answer a ringing phone with a limp, buzzy-feeling, dead arm that just flaps from your shoulder until it has time to wake up, too. I end up knocking the phone to the floor, sending that same dead arm after it, and watching it flop around the phone making all kinds of flaccid-flesh, flapping noises.

And then when I FINALLY get the phone to my ear with my good arm, I've made such a racket, huffing and puffing, that the caller thinks he or she has interrupted something and hangs up.

I do enjoy rest. When I'm home, though, I try to attend an early morning Bible study at a friend's house. They used to meet at 6:30 in the morning. But after several years of my anonymous complaints and death threats, they moved it to 8:30. There are usually about four of us there. Two of the three guys have real jobs: nine to five. The other is a traveling contemporary Christian music artist, like myself. All of them are married and have kids. So getting up early for this Bible study is no big deal to them. They get up early every day. Small children do that. Their lives are not their own.

The guy who heads the Bible study sometimes forgets that the only day of the week I get up early is on Tuesday. I'm not up at the crack of dawn every morning praying, reading my Bible, exercising, or anything else. (I'm fasting, but I don't think that counts since I was sleeping the whole time.) He has two small children. He hasn't slept in four years.

So he'll call me on Wednesday or Thursday morning and ask, "What are you doing, praying?"

Hey, I don't do ANYTHING at 6:30 in the morning, much less pray, I tell him. I really feel doing so would be infringing on Chinese people's time with God.

Well, after a few calls like that, I was starting to feel

pretty unspiritual. I know most Christians are up at 6:30 in the morning praying – at least to hear them tell it. Lots of people seem to think somewhere in the Bible, it says you're supposed to pray at 6:30 in the morning. You may even get extra spiritual brownie points if you get up that early and pray. Or at least these chirpy morning people think so.

Yeah, okay. I know King David said, "Early will I seek thee" in Psalm 63:1. But early to on person is bedtime for another. Let's face it, King David needed to get up early – He was KING. He had a lot on his mind. He had a whole kingdom to look after. My kingdom is all of 1,360 square feet. You don't have to get up real early to mind my kingdom. I think David was thinking more clearly when he wrote Psalm 127:2: "It is vain for you to rise up early." You see, he knew HE needed to get up early, but he wanted everyone else to sleep in.

Isaiah didn't like people getting up too early, either. Isaiah 5:11 says, "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning."

And Zephaniah was really ticked off when he wrote in chapter 3 verse 7, "I said, Surely, thou wilt fear me, thou wilt receive instruction; so their dwelling should not be cut off, howsoever I punished them: BUT THEY ROSE EARLY AND CORRUPTED ALL their doings." (emphasis mine).

So see?

Oh, you pious gasbags out there. I hear you murmuring! I know you're thinking, "I'll just look up these scriptures to see if Marky quoted them out of context!"

HOW DARE YOU?

Too many of y'all are doing that these days, and it's messin' up some wonderful happiness / health / wealth / riches, and yes restful theology. You really shouldn't be so picky . . .

. . . and you certainly should never let a comedian interpret the Bible for you.

So, know what I did about my early-rising, early-phonng friend? I finally had to name my bed.

I named it "The Word." Now when he calls I don't have to be ashamed. I don't have to be embarrassed. I just tell him, "Sorry, I can't talk. I'm in "The Word.""

### Psalm 119:1-9 (MSG)

You're blessed when you stay on course,  
walking steadily on the road revealed by God.

You're blessed when you follow his directions,  
doing your best to find him.

That's right—you don't go off on your own;  
you walk straight along the road he set.

You, God, prescribed the right way to live;  
now you expect us to live it.

Oh, that my steps might be steady,  
keeping to the course you set;

Then I'd never have any regrets  
in comparing my life with your counsel.

I thank you for speaking straight from your heart;  
I learn the pattern of your righteous ways.

I'm going to do what you tell me to do;  
don't ever walk off and leave me.

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## Rehoboth Baptist Church Mustard Seed

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday																																										
<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 10px auto; width: 80%;"> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">Feb 2016</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse; margin: 0;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 12.5%;">S</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">M</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">T</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">W</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">T</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">F</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">S</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr><td></td><td>1</td><td>2</td><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>5</td><td>6</td></tr> <tr><td>7</td><td>8</td><td>9</td><td>10</td><td>11</td><td>12</td><td>13</td></tr> <tr><td>14</td><td>15</td><td>16</td><td>17</td><td>18</td><td>19</td><td>20</td></tr> <tr><td>21</td><td>22</td><td>23</td><td>24</td><td>25</td><td>26</td><td>27</td></tr> <tr><td>28</td><td>29</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr> </tbody> </table> </div>		S	M	T	W	T	F	S		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29						<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">1</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Deaconess</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Missions</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 10px auto; width: 60%;"> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">Vote in Primary</p> </div>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">2</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Prayer Meeting</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">8:00 PM Choir</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">3</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Men's Bible Study</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">4</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">5</p>
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<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">6</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">9:00 AM Sunday School</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">10:30 AM Worship</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">6:00 PM Evening Service</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">7</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">8</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Elders &amp; Deacons</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">John B Gendron</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">9</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Prayer Meeting</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">8:00 PM Choir</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">10</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Men's Bible Study</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Mercy Reid</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">11</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Jocelyn Brochu</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">12</p>																																										
<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">13</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">9:00 AM Sunday School</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">10:30 AM Worship</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">6:00 PM Evening Service</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; margin: 5px 0; width: 60%;"> <p style="font-size: 8px; margin: 0;">Daylight Savings Time Begins</p> </div> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Matthew Guest</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">14</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">15</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Elders/Deacons Pray &amp; Visit</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">16</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Prayer Meeting</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">8:00 PM Choir</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">17</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Men's Bible Study</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">St. Patrick's Day</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">18</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Bob &amp; Debbie Walls</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Bruce &amp; Renee Swallow 38th Anniversary</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">19</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">10:00 AM Neighborhood Visitation</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Dan Guest</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Gloria Grace</p>																																										
<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">20</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">9:00 AM Sunday School</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">10:30 AM Worship</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">6:00 PM Evening Service</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;"><i>Palm Sunday</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">21</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">22</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">23</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Prayer Meeting</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">8:00 PM Choir</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">24</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">25</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Good Friday Service @RBC</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;"><i>Good Friday</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">26</p>																																										
<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">27</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:30 AM Sunrise Service</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">9:00 AM Sunday School</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">10:30 AM Worship</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;"><i>Easter</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">28</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">29</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Bob Price</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">30</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Prayer Meeting</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">8:00 PM Choir</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">Vivian Brochu</p>	<p style="font-size: 24px; color: red; margin: 0;">31</p> <p style="margin: 5px 0;">7:00 PM Men's Bible Study</p>	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 10px auto; width: 80%;"> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">Apr 2016</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse; margin: 0;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 12.5%;">S</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">M</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">T</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">W</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">T</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">F</th> <th style="width: 12.5%;">S</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>1</td><td>2</td></tr> <tr><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>7</td><td>8</td><td>9</td></tr> <tr><td>10</td><td>11</td><td>12</td><td>13</td><td>14</td><td>15</td><td>16</td></tr> <tr><td>17</td><td>18</td><td>19</td><td>20</td><td>21</td><td>22</td><td>23</td></tr> <tr><td>24</td><td>25</td><td>26</td><td>27</td><td>28</td><td>29</td><td>30</td></tr> </tbody> </table> </div>		S	M	T	W	T	F	S						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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# April 2016

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Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday																																																																																				
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;"> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">Mar 2016</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse; font-size: small;"> <tr><th>S</th><th>M</th><th>T</th><th>W</th><th>T</th><th>F</th><th>S</th></tr> <tr><td></td><td>1</td><td>2</td><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>5</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>6</td><td>7</td><td>8</td><td>9</td><td>10</td><td>11</td><td>12</td></tr> <tr><td>13</td><td>14</td><td>15</td><td>16</td><td>17</td><td>18</td><td>19</td></tr> <tr><td>20</td><td>21</td><td>22</td><td>23</td><td>24</td><td>25</td><td>26</td></tr> <tr><td>27</td><td>28</td><td>29</td><td>30</td><td>31</td><td></td><td></td></tr> </table> </div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">May 2016</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse; font-size: small;"> <tr><th>S</th><th>M</th><th>T</th><th>W</th><th>T</th><th>F</th><th>S</th></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>2</td><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>7</td></tr> <tr><td>8</td><td>9</td><td>10</td><td>11</td><td>12</td><td>13</td><td>14</td></tr> <tr><td>15</td><td>16</td><td>17</td><td>18</td><td>19</td><td>20</td><td>21</td></tr> <tr><td>22</td><td>23</td><td>24</td><td>25</td><td>26</td><td>27</td><td>28</td></tr> <tr><td>29</td><td>30</td><td>31</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr> </table> </div> </div>					S	M	T	W	T	F	S		1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31			S	M	T	W	T	F	S	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31					<p style="font-size: 2em; color: red; margin: 0;">1</p> <p style="margin: 0;">April Fool's Day</p>	<p style="font-size: 2em; color: red; margin: 0;">2</p> <p style="margin: 0; text-align: center;">6:00 PM Conversational Dinners</p>
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