

Baptist Connection

Newsletter of Berryville Baptist Church

114 Academy Street
Berryville VA 22611
540-955-1423



April 21, 2018



“INASMUCH as you did it to the least of these, you did it to me.”

-Jesus

We will meet at the church on **Saturday, April 21**, at **8:00 a.m.** for a BIG breakfast by our “Rise and Shine” Team, group picture, and prayer led by Pastor Dan. Bottles of water will be provided for all workers. See your Team Leader to receive name tags. Most projects should be finished by noon. Becky Lloyd will have an INASMUCH “picture presentation” along with a church cookout in early summer.

Thank you for your Prayers for a beautiful day and for touching someone’s heart who is in need of love.
(Call Rose Staples, 955-1329, for more information)

2nd Commandment: “Love thy neighbor as you love yourself”.



1 John 3:16-18 “This is how we know **what love is**: Jesus Christ laid down his life for us. And we ought to lay down our lives for our brothers and sisters. ¹⁷ If anyone has material possessions and sees a brother or sister in need but has no pity on them, how can the love of God be in that person? ¹⁸ Dear children, let us not love with words or speech but with actions and in truth.”

Good News We now have 74 volunteers signed-up to work on teams!
There is something for everyone, and EVERYONE is NEEDED!

Check It Out !

A display of Team Names is posted in the Fellowship Hall. Your Team Leader should be contacting you soon with details of each project. There is still time for you to Sign-Up!





Baptist Rascals and Youth

We are continuing our practices every other Sunday..... the next one being on April 22.

The team is pulling together the 2018 Mission Trip to Roanoke and preparing for a Fall trip to Washington Children's Hospital.

Mission 2018

We will travel to Roanoke on Friday, July 27 and return on August 4 with Youth Sunday on August 5.

Most of the places we will share the ministry will be locations we have already made friends. They include the Veterans Hospital in Salem, the Veteran's nursing home, the men's' and woman's shelters and hopefully Belmont Baptist for VBS. There will be more information as we come closer to the date.

Saturday, April 21ST

Sharing the Light of God's Love



Matthew 25:40



Many years ago I made a medical missions trip to India. I spent one day in a leper colony where I did pretty much what the doctor requested. One little man came into our clinic with an open wound on his foot. Leprosy not only destroys the joints; it also destroys the nerve endings. He had no pain in the wound but knew of the risk of infection. I cleaned it with antiseptic and applied a dry sterile dressing. I instructed him via an interpreter to come back to the clinic right away if the dressing fell off. As he left I remember thinking, "All that is between that wound and the dirty, filthy road is a 1/8th inch thick dressing. And it isn't even waterproof. Am I doing any good?"

Mary, the mother of Jesus and the disciple John were present at the Crucifixion. They could do little except to weep and mourn. After it was over he took her to his home. Did they do any good?

Sometimes all you can do is to be there. Whether at the bedside, in the field or at the foot of the Cross, you can choose to physically place yourself close to the suffering person. In faith community nursing this is known as presence. It tells the ill or dying person that they are important to you, that they have value, that they are worth your time. Of course you can pray, hold hands or invite them to ventilate. I don't know of anyone who enjoys suffering alone.

What will YOU do on Inasmuch Day? Will you do any good?

Judy Melton R.N.,F.C.N.
540-955-4089

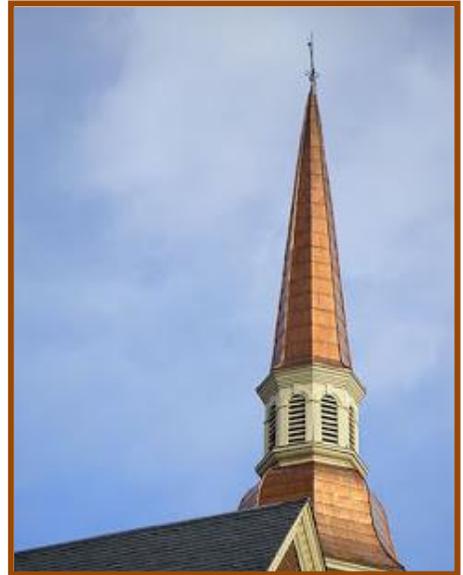
A GIFT FREELY GIVEN

Those self-serving Jewish leaders,
They thought they had the power.
They thought that they would take Your life,
But in that darkest hour
Your life you freely gave.
You could have saved yourself that day,
But You chose us to save.

They sealed You in a rocky tomb
With stone so very strong.
Oh, yes, they thought they took Your life,
But again they were wrong.
No grave could ever hold you;
Death could not keep you down.
You are the risen Savior
Whose love for us abounds.

Your life, it was not taken.
It was a gift, freely given
In love and grace to cleanse our souls
And welcome us to heaven.

Sharon Cordero
Easter 2018



D E B T F R E E

Thanks to everyone's contributions, the note with BB&T has been paid in full.

The \$60,000 note was paid in approximately 2 1/2 years.

The proceeds from the note were applied to the total cost of our new roof. Once again, thanks to all for their regular offerings as well as any special gifts which enabled our church to be "debt free"!

Gene Williamson,
Treasurer



IN THE ARMS OF LOVE

This took place forty years ago, or close to it. Somewhere far away. In Northern Ghana, West Africa, hot and arid, between the tropics and the Sahara.

Now at sixty-two, twenty four seems young. Much is forgotten. This is remembered. For two years he taught school at a Baptist Hospital in a small, isolated village called Nalegu.

Picture the landscape of west Texas. Hot, dry or wet depending on the season. Primitive, no running water, electricity, phone service, and rarely any mail. This is the world he would live in for two years.

Here Baptist established a hospital in the 50s. It is still in existence today. You can see its pictures on the internet. In 1979 it was possibly the best hospital in the country of Ghana. But not anything like hospitals here except in mission and purpose. It was a simple one story structure, square, an open courtyard in the middle, surrounded by four wards, a pharmacy, an operating room, a tuberculosis colony out back, and an open outpatient clinic in front.

No cancer treatments, heart surgeries, hip replacements unheard of. Obesity unseen. Families provided patients their food. Sheets were a luxury. Most slept on the floor.

There were two missionary American doctors, two nurses, a pharmacist, and a chaplain. And myself all living and working at this mission hospital very stereotypical of missions at the turn of the century. It was an area where heart disease was rare, yet measles could wipe out thousands of little ones in a mere matter of weeks. Thankfully we don't know malaria or tuberculosis. They do.

Now the story. He was walking one evening about five in the evening, on his way home beside the hospital on a dirt path. He heard a sound and stopped. The noise was coming out from inside the hospital. What he heard drew him inside. He walked around and through the back into the hospital.

White people were very, very rare in that part of the world. Maybe one-tenth of one percent. In West Africa white people were mostly aid workers, peace corp volunteers, missionaries. Driving out to the villages he would sometimes be the first white man little ones ever saw. They would come running to see and drawing close would turn away in fear. We were treated different, given a pass, never questioned, respected, appreciated. Yet always he stood on the outside looking in. A culture, a people so different he learned from observation but not participation.

As he enters in there is the sound again. A hallway of about thirty feet, with a ward on one side, and a wall with windows looking out to the courtyard. Now he sees her.

She sits alone on a simple metal chair. He walks close, now only a few feet away. She sits alone. Very unusual in their world. Community was the norm, being alone the exception.

They move now close, in proximity. It was then as he looked down he realized the why of the horrible cries of grief and loss he heard from inside. She sat holding her baby, her dead baby.

He wanted to say something. But she could not speak a word of his language nor could he speak hers. Their eyes meet. Only a few seconds. Maybe a minute. He turns and walks out.

Is it possible to speak with a look? Can eyes that meet communicate care, concern, love, compassion. Language varies but can a look, an expression transcend and speak what words cannot. In that moment he could only hope.

They were different in every way. She was a woman and he was a man. She was black, he was white. She spoke the Manprusi dialect, and he spoke English. She was African, he was an American. He was a missionary, she was not. In his apartment he had a room full of non-perishable food. She did not.

But in these few seconds he saw a loving mother experiencing unimaginable grief. And as he turned to leave her alone he realized at the core of who we are, we are very much the same.

She was given a moment to be alone with her baby.

Pastor Dan



BAPTIST MEDICAL CENTRE

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