

## Baptist Connection

Newsletter of Berryville Baptist Church  
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Berryville VA 22611  
540-955-1423



Let's look ahead to the month of May here at Berryville Baptist Church. This Sunday, May 6<sup>th</sup>, we will celebrate together the Lord's Supper. On May 13<sup>th</sup>, we will celebrate Mother's Day. Our Deacon's will serve a full breakfast for everyone earlier that morning from 9:30 – 10:30. On May 20<sup>th</sup>, we will recognize our graduates.

I love this time of the year with the beauty of spring all around. We have a great church and together we make a difference. Remember little things count: a shared meal, a written note, a short visit, an encouraging phone call.

Pastor Dan



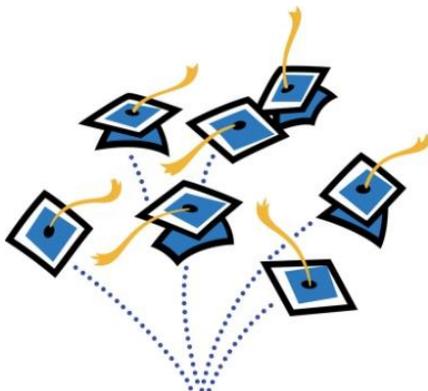
### Scholarships Applications

Florence Allen Huff Scholarship applications are available on the library table and on the events tab of the Berryville Baptist Church website:

<http://berryvillebaptist.org/events.htm>

All church members may apply.

Applications must be submitted by June 1<sup>st</sup> to the attention of the Scholarship Committee. They may be dropped off at the church office or e-mailed to [marysue@berryvillebaptist.org](mailto:marysue@berryvillebaptist.org).



## Graduation

ATTENTION GRADUATES

Our Church is planning to celebrate your upcoming graduation. The celebration will take place on Sunday, May 20<sup>th</sup>. A gift will be provided to you by the Church and a reception will be held in your honor following the 11:00 A.M. Worship Service.



### MOTHER'S DAY BREAKFAST

On Mother's Day, the 13<sup>th</sup>, our men will serve breakfast for everyone from 9:30 – 10:30 a.m. in our Fellowship Hall. The menu will be eggs, sausage, potatoes, biscuits, juice and coffee.



### CLARKE COUNTY MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE

**Sunday May 27, 2018 at 2 pm**  
**Rose Hill Park in Berryville**

Sponsored by American Legion Post 41 and VFW Post 9760, the theme of the community service is "**Over There: World War I Centennial.**" The program includes performances by the Clarke County High School Band & Choir, Sons of the American Revolution, and the Clarke County Honor Guard. David Shuey, actor and historian of History Teller Productions, will deliver the Memorial Day message. Mr. Shuey will portray Gen. John J. Pershing, the soldier, statesman and hero who led the American Expeditionary Force in World War I.

Following the service in the park, a social event and luncheon will take place at the VFW Post 9760 located at 425 S. Buckmarsh Street in Berryville. In the event of inclement weather, the ceremony will take place at the Barns of Rose Hill. Questions or RSVP's should be sent to [jimwink@erols.com](mailto:jimwink@erols.com).



THANK YOU TO ALL THE YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULTS WHO HELPED WITH OUR YARD WORK DAY.

I WAS SO GRATEFUL ALL OF YOU CAME TO HELP. WE ENJOYED THE TIME TOGETHER AND THE MANY KINDNESSES OF THE CANTRELL FAMILY. ANNA AND SARAH HAVE BEEN DEDICATED MEMBERS OF OUR MINISTRY FOR YEARS, AND WE WILL TRULY MISS THEM ALL.

PRACTICES CONTINUE EVERY OTHER WEEK WITH EMPHASIS ON THIS YEAR'S MISSION TRIP. WE WILL RETURN TO BELMONT BAPTIST CHURCH FOR SERVICES AND VBS. THE PASTOR HAS BEEN SO HELPFUL, AND IT'S JUST LIKE "GOING HOME", AS I THINK THIS IS OUR FOURTH TIME TO ROANOKE.

WE HOPE TO SHARE A PROGRAM AT ROSEHILL GOLDEN LIVING NURSING HOME IN MAY.

LOOKING AHEAD:

YOUTH SUNDAY: SUNDAY, AUGUST 5

CLARKE COUNTY FAIR ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15.





## Nurses's Corner

Are you ready for a shock? Because last week I was shamed by a Satanist.

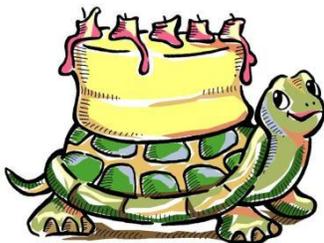
Sean Sellers was executed in February 1999 for three murders, including his mother. According to court testimony he was to break all ten of the Commandments to prove allegiance to Satan, and the final one was "Thou shalt not kill". While he was in his jail cell some anonymous (except to God) person gave him a Bible.

He had burned Bibles, torn them up, eliminated on them. This time he opened it and read the words. To quote a beautiful entry from his journal, "...in that moment all things unspoken I had searched for were found in my Jesus". What impressed me about him was that he was not a Christmas-and-Easter-only Satanist. He read and studied diligently to learn how to do incantations, rituals, etc. Like Saul (who became St. Paul) he truly thought he was living his best life, until he was stopped in his tracks by the Prince of life.

After I read his life story I started thinking, What do I still need to learn to be a good faith community nurse? At first nothing came to mind, and I was feeling rather smug. But the Holy Spirit, being a perfect gentleman, ever so gently whispered into my mind, "You want to teach people about opioid emergencies. But you don't even know how to give intranasal Narcan".

So I was duly chastised. I am now looking to take a class in Winchester or wherever I can locate one so I can better learn the signs of opioid overdose and safe treatment. Then I can pass the information on to whoever needs it. Hopefully, like CPR, it will be a skill set that will never be used. I will keep you posted.

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



### **DID WE MISS YOUR BIRTHDAY OR ANNIVERSARY?**

Please let the church office know by e-mailing [marysue@berryvillebaptist.org](mailto:marysue@berryvillebaptist.org).



**SUMMER HOURS FOR THE OFFICE** The church office will be closed on Fridays this summer. Please have any announcements into the office no later than Wednesday. Thank you!

## **WHEN YOU THOUGHT I WASN'T LOOKING**

When you thought I wasn't looking  
You hung my first painting on the refrigerator  
And I wanted to paint another.

When you thought I wasn't looking  
You fed a stray cat  
And I thought it was good to be kind to animals.

When you thought I wasn't looking  
You baked a birthday cake just for me  
And I knew that little things were special things.

When you thought I wasn't looking  
You said a prayer  
And I believed there was a God that I could always talk to.

When you thought I wasn't looking  
You kissed me good-night  
And I felt loved.

When you thought I wasn't looking  
I saw tears come from your eyes  
And I learned that sometimes things hurt"  
But that it's alright to cry.

When you thought I wasn't looking  
You smiled  
And it made me want to look that pretty too.

When you thought I wasn't looking  
You cared  
And I wanted to be everything I could be.

When you thought I wasn't looking"  
I looked . . .  
And wanted to say thanks  
For all those things you did  
When you thought I wasn't looking.

by Mary Rita Schilke Korzan

*God bless you this Mother's Day and every day.*

*Copied From Homelife*





## SIX THINGS TO NEVER SAY TO A GRIEVING PERSON

There are some things that you should never say to a grieving person. Here are 6 of them.

**I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL** To say to someone that you know how they feel is for one thing, probably not true. It also seems to rob the person of their right to how they should feel. Can anyone really understand what another person is feeling like? Probably not so it's just best not to say it.

**YOU'LL GET OVER IT** This seems a bit cold to me because we are offering unsolicited advice. To tell someone that they'll get over it is somewhat of an insult to them. Give them time to grieve. Grieving is a natural thing to go through. Never tell someone who's enduring a great loss that they'll get over it. In fact, do we really ever get over losing someone who is precious in our life?

**KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP** I don't know who thought of this expression but I can't imagine any good time to say this. To tell someone experiencing grief to keep a stiff upper lip is asking someone to do something that they can't even imagine doing at the time. Let them grieve, let them cry...the healing process takes a lot of time and saying keep a stiff upper lip seems to make them think that they should just be brave and not let it get them down when that is close to impossible.

**ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR THE GOOD** I have heard people quote Romans 8:28 which says "And we know that for those who love God all things work together for good, for those who are called according to his purpose." That verse is true but it really doesn't help the person who is grieving. It doesn't seem to fit the situation and even if you think it does, this Bible verse isn't much help at all for someone who's lost a loved one.

**DON'T CRY** If we tell someone to not cry, we are basically telling them that they shouldn't be crying when crying is part of the grieving and healing process. Crying helps us deal with our grief and allows us to release pent up emotions. To try and tell someone not to cry when it's actually going to help them deal with their loss is to try and impose our beliefs on someone who's going through something that we are not.

**TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS** Time may help in the long term but it does nothing to help during the time when someone has just suffered a great loss. I lost my older brother many years ago and time has never healed this loss. I have learned to move on and deal with it but time did nothing to take the pain away.

**CONCLUSION** Other things I wouldn't say is "You'll get over it, try to be strong, God never gives you more than you can handle, God must have needed another angel, he or she's in a much better place, or just have faith." Sometimes not saying anything is best. Just be there for them. Sit quietly and grieve with them. All we might be able to say is "I am so sorry." When words cannot express our sorrow for someone else, then why use them? Silence may be the only thing that they need. Just being there to support them may be enough.

Pastor Jack Wellman

<https://faithinthenews.com/6-things-to-never-say-to-a-grieving-person/>

## KEEPER OF THE SPRING

A quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slopes of the Alps.

The old gentleman had been hired many years ago by a young town council to clear away the debris from the pools of water up in the mountain crevices that fed the lovely spring flowing through their town. With faithful, silent regularity, he patrolled the hills, removed the leaves and branches, and wiped away the silt that would otherwise choke and contaminate the fresh flow of water.

By and by, the village became a popular attraction for vacationers. Graceful swans floated along the crystal clear spring, the millwheels of various businesses located near the water turned day and night, farmlands were naturally irrigated, in the view from restaurants was picturesque beyond description.

Years passed. One evening the town council met for its semi-annual meeting. As they reviewed the budget, one man's eye caught the salary figure being paid to the obscure keeper of the spring. Said the keeper of the purse, "Who is the old man? Why do we keep him on year after year? No one ever sees him. For all we know the strange ranger of the hills is doing us no good. He isn't necessary any longer!" By a unanimous vote, they dispensed with the old man's services.

For several weeks nothing changed. By early autumn the trees began to shed their leaves. Small branches snapped off and fell into the pools, hindering the rushing flow of sparkling water. One afternoon someone noticed a slight yellowish-brown tint in the spring. A couple days later that water was much darker. Within another week, a slimy film covered sections of the water along the banks and a foul odor was soon detected. The mill wheels moved more slowly, some finally ground to a halt. Swans left as did the tourists. Clammy fingers of disease and sickness reached deeply into the village.

Quickly, the embarrassed council called a special meeting. Realizing their gross error in judgment, they hired back the old keeper of the spring...and within a few weeks the veritable river of life began to clear up. The wheels started to turn, and new life returned to the hamlet in the Alps once again.

*This story is more than an idle tale. It carries with it a vivid relevant analogy directly related to the times in which we live. What the keeper of the springs meant to the Swiss village, Christians mean to the world. We Christians may seem feeble, needless, unimportant, and small to the vast world, but God help any society that attempts to exist without our influence.*