

October 2009
Volume 3, Issue 10

The Messenger

October Birthdays

8 Connie Patton
11 Alma Koller

October Anniversaries

October 16
Bill & Elta Barrett

October 23
Basil & Mildred Underwood

Camp Board Meeting

Oct 10th at
10:00am
Friendship

Quarterly Business Meeting

October 7th
At 7:00pm

Board Meeting at
6:30pm

Pleasant View General Baptist Church

Here is a must read story...

This beautiful story was written by a doctor who worked in Central Africa.

One night I had worked hard to help a mother in the labor ward; but in spite of all we could do, she died, leaving us with a tiny, premature baby and a crying two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive; as we had no incubator (we had no electricity to run an incubator). We also had no special feeding facilities. Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous drafts. One student midwife went for the box we had for such babies and the cotton wool that the baby would be wrapped in. Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle. She came back shortly in distress to tell me that in filling the bottle, it had burst (rubber perishes easily in tropical climates).

'And it is our last hot water bottle!' she exclaimed. As in the West, it is no good crying over spilled milk, so in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over burst water bottles. They do not grow

on trees, and there are no drugstores down forest pathways. 'All right,' I said, 'put the baby as near the fire as you safely can, and sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from drafts. Your job is to keep the baby warm.' The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with any of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle, and that the baby could so easily die if it got chills. I also told them of the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died.

During prayer time, one ten-year-old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt conciseness of our African children. 'Please, God' she prayed, 'Send us a hot water bottle today. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, as the baby will be dead, so please send it this afternoon.'

While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added, 'and while you are about it, would you please send a dolly for the little girl so she'll know you really love her?'

As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say 'Amen'? I just did not believe that God could do this. Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything; the Bible says so. But there are limits, aren't there? The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending me a parcel from the homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never, ever, received a parcel from home.

Anyway, if anyone did send me a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? I lived on the equator! Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door.

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We're on the Web!

See us at:

www.pvgbc.org

Home Mission
Board Meeting

October 12th
At Friendship
7:00pm

From The Pastor's Desk...

I would like to request that each and every member of this Church spend some extra time in prayer for our church. It is a must that we work together if our church is going to continue to be a lighthouse in this community. Nobody is exempt from working together.

It is high time we realize that this is God's church and we must do what is best for the church.

We need to fall down upon our knees and ask God for His guidance and direction. We must quit being lead by our feelings and start being lead by the Holy Spirit of God.

It is time that we forget the failures of yesterday and begin looking to the future. It is time to let go of all the things we use to do and being living in the present.

God has great things for our church but He will not bless us unless we follow His direction.

Pastor Sam

MYERS MISSIONARY SOCIETY --- CHILI SUPPER

The Missionary Society will be having a fundraiser on Saturday, October 24 at 5:00 p.m. This will be a freewill donation as we did with our last fundraiser. Menu will consist of chili, dessert and drinks. We invite everyone to come

and help support our society with our monthly mission commitments. If you would like to invite someone to come feel free to do so but please sign up on the sheet on bulletin board so we will know how many to fix for.



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By the time I reached home, the car had gone, but there on the porch was a large 22-pound parcel. I felt tears pricking my eyes. I could not open the parcel alone, so I sent for the orphanage children. Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly... Excitement was mounting. Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box. From the top, I lifted out brightly-colored, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children looked a little bored. Then came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas - that would make a batch of buns for the weekend. Then, as I put my hand in again, I felt

the.... could it really be? I grasped it and pulled it out. Yes, a brand new, rubber hot water bottle. I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could. Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, 'If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly, too!

'Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully-dressed dolly. Her eyes shone! She had never doubted! Looking up at me, she asked, 'Can I go over with you and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?' 'Of course,' I replied! That parcel had been on the way for five whole months, packed up by my former Sunday school class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's

prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator. And one of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child - five months before, in answer to the believing prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it 'that afternoon'.

'Before they call, I will answer.' (Isaiah 65:24)

This story was sent to me via e-mail. I am unsure of the author and I cannot verify the facts of the story but I do know how God works and it sounds like God at work. A touching story I wanted to share with you.