



The BEACON

July/August 2008

VBS 2008

VBS will run from
Sunday, July 20th until
Friday July 25th.
Sunday, will be from
6:00 p.m. until 8:00
p.m.
Monday, July 21st until
the 25th will run from
6:00 p.m. until 8:30
p.m.

Please register your
children by signing up
on the tables as you
come into the church
building. Please invite
your neighborhood
children. Children who
have completed
Kindergarten through
5th grade are
welcomed to sign up.

There will be crafts,
singing, recreation,
snacks and Bible
instruction and
competition.

Come, Join the fun!
For more information
call Helga Hanna (724-
744-7620 or Beth Ford
(724)-744-7854



What's in a Name

One of the ploys of the commercial world these days is to address you by name. Your charge card gives that information to the department store clerk. She has been instructed to use your name as she thanks you for your purchase-and to wish you a good day. Even inanimate objects call us by name. My computer email site greets me with, "Welcome Leonora".

In the Bible, names were often descriptive. When Naomi returned to Bethlehem her friends greeted her calling her by name. Naomi replied, "Don't call me Naomi (pleasant) call me Mara (bitter). Naomi had experienced great sorrow. Her husband and her two sons were dead and she was destitute.

God told Hosea what he should name his three children. These symbolic names represented the ominous message that was part of Hosea's prophecy to Israel.

The Bible tells us that God knows our name. In Isaiah we read, "I have summoned you by name; you are mine". In the book of Revelation John writes this concerning the faithful in Sardis, "They will walk with me dressed in white, for they are worthy. He who overcomes will, like them, be dressed in white. I will never blot out his name from the book of life, but will acknowledge his name before my Father and His angels".

Just as he called Samuel long ago, He calls us by name. Samuel's response to God's call was, "Speak Lord for your servant hears." Today we are to apt to say, "Listen Lord, for your servant speaks".

Psalms 139 says, "You have laid your hand on me". Praise God for that blessed work of the Holy Spirit as we respond to God's call.

Isaiah tells us that not only has He called us by name but He will be with us. "When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and when you pass through the rivers they will not sweep over you. When you walk through the fire, you will not be burned; the flames will not set you ablaze. For I am the Lord, our God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior".

Sometimes we cannot remember the name that goes with a familiar face but God never forgets our name. One day He will call our name that final time and say, "My Son, my daughter, come up higher." Then we will go to be forever with the Lord. Leonora Kepple



* I realize this is a LONG article-well worth the reading**



One of Beth Moore's Experiences

April 20, 2005, at the airport in Knoxville, waiting to board the plane, I had the Bible on my lap and was very intent upon what I was doing. I'd had a marvelous morning with the Lord. I say this because I want to tell you it is a scary thing to have the Spirit of God really working in you. You could end up doing some things you never would have done otherwise. I tried to keep from staring, but he was such a strange sight. Humped over in a wheelchair, he was skin and bones, dressed in clothes that obviously fit when he was to least 20 pounds heavier. His hands looked like tangles masses of veins and bones. The strangest part of him was his hair and nails. Stringy, gray hair hung well over his shoulders and down part of his back. His fingernails were long, clean but strangely out of place on an old man. I looked down at my bible as fast as I could, discomfort burning my face. I tried to imagine what his story might have been. There I sat, trying to concentrate on the Word to keep from being concerned about a thin slice of humanity served on a wheelchair only a few seats from me. All the while, my heart was growing more and more overwhelmed with a feeling for him. Let's admit it. Curiosity is a heap more comfortable than true concern, and suddenly I was awash with aching emotions for this bizarre-looking old man. I immediately began to resist because I could feel God working on my spirit and I started arguing with God in my mind. "Oh, no, God, please, no". I looked up at the ceiling as if I could stare straight through it into heaven and said, "Don't make me witness to this man. Not right here and now. Please. I'll do anything. Put me on the same plane, but don't make me get up here and witness to this man in front of this gawking audience. Please, Lord! Not now. I'll do it on the plane". Then I heard it..."I don't want you to witness to him. I want you to brush his hair." The words were so clear, my heart leapt in to my throat, and my thoughts spun like a top. Do

I witness to the man or brush his hair? No-brainer. I looked straight back up at the ceiling and said, "God, as I live and breathe, I want you to know I am ready to witness to this man. I'm on this Lord. I'm your girl! You've never seen a woman witness to a man faster in your life. What difference does it make if his hair is a mess if he is not redeemed? I am going to witness to this man." Again as clearly as I've ever heard an audible word, God seemed to write this statement across the wall of my mind. "That is not what I said, Beth. I don't want you to witness to him. I want you to go brush his hair." I looked up at God and quipped, "I don't have a hairbrush. It's in my suitcase on the plane. How am I supposed to brush his hair without a hairbrush?" God was so insistent that I almost involuntarily began to walk toward him as these thoughts came to me from God's word: "I will thoroughly furnish you unto all good works." (II Tim. 3:17) I knelt down in front of the man and asked as demurely as possible, "Sir, may I have the pleasure of brushing your hair?" He looked back at me and said, "What did you say?" "May I have the pleasure of brushing your hair?" To which he responded in volume ten, "Little lady, if you expect me to hear you, you're going to have to talk louder than that." At this point, I took a deep breath and blurted out, "SIR, MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BRUSHING YOUR HAIR?" At which point every eye in the place darted right at me. I watched him look up at me with absolute shock on his face, and say, "If you really want to." Are you kidding? Of course I didn't want to. But God pressed on my heart until I could utter the words, "Yes, sir, I would be pleased. But I have one little problem. I don't have a hairbrush." "I have one in my bag", he responded. I went around to the back of that wheelchair, and I got on my hands and knees and unzipped the stranger's old carry-on, hardly believing what I was doing. Continued on page 3



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I stood up and started brushing the old man's hair. It was perfectly clean, but it was tangled and matted. I don't do many things well, but I must admit I've had notable experience untangling knotted hair mothering two little girls. Like I'd done with either Amanda or Melissa in such a condition, I began brushing from the very bottom of the strands, remembering to take my time and not to pull.

A miraculous thing happened to me as I started brushing that old man's hair. Everybody else in the room disappeared. There was no one alive for those moments except that old man and me. I brushed and I brushed and I brushed until every tangle was out of that hair. I know this sounds so strange, but I've never felt that kind of love for another soul in my entire life. I believe with all my heart, I -- for that few minutes-- felt a portion of the very love of God. That He had overtaken my heart for a little while like someone renting a room and making Himself at home for a short while. The emotions were so strong and so pure that I knew they had to be God's. His hair was finally as soft and smooth as an infant's. I slipped the brush back in the bag and went around the chair to face him. I got back down on my knees, put my hands on his knees and said, "Sir do you know my Jesus?" He said, "Yes I do." Well, that figures, I thought. He explained, "I've known Him since I married my bride. She wouldn't marry me until I got to know the Savior." He said, "You see, the problem is, I haven't seen my bride in months. I've had open heart surgery, and she's been too ill to come see me. I was sitting here thinking to myself, what a mess I must be for my bride." Only God knows how often He allows us to be part of a divine moment when we're completely unaware of the significance. This on the other hand was one of these rare encounters when I knew God had intervened in details only He could have known. It was a God moment, and I'll never forget it. Our time came to board, and we were not on the same plane. I was deeply ashamed of how I'd acted earlier

and would have been so proud to have accompanied him on that aircraft. I still had a few minutes, and as I gathered my things to board, the airline hostess returned from the corridor, tears streaming down her cheeks. She said, "That old man's sitting on the plane, sobbing. Why did you do that? What made you do that?" I said, "Do you know Jesus? He can be the bossiest thing!" And we got to share. I learned something about God that day. He knows if you're exhausted, you're hungry, you're serving in the wrong place or it is time to move on but you feel too responsible to budge. He knows if you're hurting or rejected. He knows if you're sick or drowning under a wave of temptation. Or He knows if you just need your hair brushed. He sees you as an individual. Tell Him your need!

I got on my flight, sobs choking my throat, wondering how many opportunities just like that one had I missed along the way, all because I didn't want people to think I was strange. God didn't send me to that old man. He sent that old man to me.

John 1:14 "The Word became flesh and made His dwelling among us. We have seen His glory, the glory of the One and Only, who came from the Father, full of grace and truth."

Life shouldn't be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body, but rather, to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly shouting, "WOW! What a ride! Thank You, Lord."

Don't tell God how big your troubles are-tell your troubles HOW BIG your GOD is!
Beth Moore

