

First Baptist Church of Oakville
6741 Telegraph Road,
St. Louis, MO, 63129



Remembering September 11th
Lest We Forget



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God Bless You on Your Birthday!

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Join us for Worship
Each Sunday—9:00 & 10:45 am
Online or On site



SEPTEMBER
First Baptist Church
of Oakville—2020



JOHN'S JOTS

Each month, when its time to print the newsletter, I pull the newsletter from the year before, just to compare notes, and see how things have changed.

MY LORD, how things have **changed!!** As I read the newsletter from last September, I am almost brought to tears. I am reminded of how radically things changed with the onset of the coronavirus. When I compare last September's calendar with this month's calendar, I am shocked by the changes. For the past six months, we have endured an unprecedented upheaval of all things so familiar, and that we take for granted—things like going to school, eating out, or even going to the grocery store. We have discovered that we can survive without baseball, football, or soccer. No movie theatres, no concerts, no big group activities.

For the first time in my 73 years, I don't go to Sunday School on Sunday mornings. And I don't prepare a Bible Study for Sunday evenings—I really do miss our *potluck worship* each week. We shared the Lord's Supper virtually on electronic media. Our Church building is silent on Wednesday evenings, not ringing with the laughter of Kidz Kollege kids and the music of choir rehearsals. There was no VBS/Soccer camp, no Super Summer, no Camp Penuel. For the first time in seven years, we are not planning a Harvest Festival for our community.

On a personal level, when I looked at last September's newsletter, the photo at the top of this article included Brenda. I could not have imagined twelve months ago how life would change for me, for our Church, for our country and our world. "Everyone wears masks—even when they go in the bank. And *social distance* has become the new normal—everything is *6 feet apart!* So many things have changed over the past several months. But some things have not changed!!

God is still on the throne of Heaven. No matter how things change in our world, the Gospel remains the same. No matter how uncertain, even desperate, these days can seem to us, there is a certain HOPE. Our God is with us. I am reminded of the words in that powerful hymn, *How Firm A Foundation*:

*When Through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My Grace all sufficient shall be thy supply.
The fire will not burn thee, I only design,
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.*

Trusting in our God, we will pass through these very strange and difficult days. True, we will never be the same as we were before, and we will not look at life the same way we did before. Some of our priorities have shifted, and some have even disappeared. In some ways, we have sifted through the chaff of life, and rediscovered the wheat! That's important.

Please note our Quarterly Business Meeting is Sunday evening, September 13th. Two items on the agenda are especially important. First, the Nominating Committee will present their report of officers and committees for the coming year. Many members use their spiritual gifts in many ways at FBC. What is your *ministry*? Second, we will hear a recommendation from the Church Council about resuming normal activities later this year. NOTE: the Business Meeting will be held in the Worship Center, allowing us to socially distance from each other.

Our State Mission Offering is in September. The theme this year is taken from 1 Chronicles 29:9, *For with a whole heart, they had offered freely to the Lord.* We will share more information as the month progresses, but please pray about what God would lead you to give as a special offering for important Missouri ministries. We will distribute a prayer guide later this month, and offering envelopes will be available. The statewide goal for the Rheubin L. South State Mission Offering is \$725,000.

Gratefully Your Pastor
John Hessel

GWEN'S Gallery

Acceptable Risk by Lynette Eason

Sarah Denning is a military journalist with the Army in the Middle East when she is taken hostage. When former Army Ranger Gavin Black is asked by his old unit commander—Sarah's imposing father—to plan an extremely risky rescue, he reluctantly agrees and successfully executes it.

Back in the US, Sarah is livid when she's discharged on a false psychiatric evaluation and vows to return to the Army. Until she learns of her brother's suicide. Unable to believe her brother would do such a thing, she puts her plans on hold and enlists Gavin to help her discover the truth. What they uncover may be the biggest story of Sarah's career—if she can survive long enough to write it.

The Mockingbird's Song by Wanda E. Brunstetter

Sylvia has been nearly paralyzed with sorrow and anxiety since the tragic deaths of her husband, father, and brother in a traffic accident. She tries to help in the family's struggling greenhouse while caring for her two young children, but she prefers to not deal with customers. Her mother's own grief causes her to hover over her children and grandchildren, and Sylvia seeks a diversion. She takes up birdwatching and soon meets an Amish man who teaches her about local birds.

Dennis Weaver is new to Lancaster County and quickly becomes interested in the young widow and her children. But Sylvia's mother doesn't trust Dennis, and as the relationship sours, mysterious attacks target the greenhouse.



A Note from Minister of Worship John Gorse



Greetings, Everyone,

Have you ever known people in your life that have said certain phrases or funny sayings, or even life enhancing truths, that you remember to this day? It could be a relative or a family friend or just an acquaintance, but you remember their words.

My grandparents on my mothers side, Truman and Hester Yount, had a few sayings that come to mind. They lived on a small farm outside of the small town of Marquand in Southeast Missouri. My grandfather worked at a local Auction Sale barn, and would raise 40 or so head of cattle. My grandmother worked at the Angelica Uniform Plant in town and raised many vegetables in their large garden.

In the summers, my sister Robin and I would get to spend 2 weeks or so with our grandparents and get to experience farm life. They always had a dog that we got to play with, and there was a lot to do at the farm. And there was a lot to not do at the farm, by just getting to watch the trees blowing in the wind, relaxing on the front porch and just taking things in, or swinging on the swing in the large sycamore tree in the front yard.

There were cows to feed, there were eggs to get from the chicken coop, there was green beans to be broke, there was laundry day with the old time rollers into the two rinse bins, there were drives into town to Gambles hardware, and Saturdays, there was a drive into Fredricktown for groceries, and possibly a comic book or two from the 5 and dime store.

There was a creek that ran along the field that was fun to explore. And on some hot days there was a trip to the Castor River to a swimming hole by a low water bridge. There were biscuits to be made for breakfast that we got to help with and it was always great to hear when my grandmother would say *Truman, supper is ready*, sometimes waking him from a nap, or prying him away from the weather report on tv, brought to you by Crisco. Feed on one of two stations that they got, channel 12 out of Cape Girardeau or channel 6 out of Paducah Kentucky. Sorry I was reminiscing, back to the sayings.

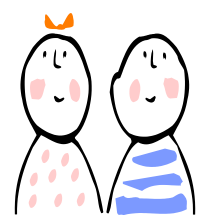
My grandmother had a couple of exclamation sayings of surprise or incredulity in her southern Missouri accent. One was "FOR PITYS SAKE" not to be confused with "For Petes sake" and the other was "OH MY STARS!!!!!" Either one would always induce my sister and I into chuckling or all out laughter. My grandfather was a bit of a prankster and a very very big Cardinal fan. He rarely missed the games on KMOX radio that usually would include lots of static because of the distance. And I'm sure that helped influence my love for baseball. He also played the harmonica, and one of his favorite tunes was *Oh Those Golden Slippers*.

But once again back to the saying. He used to ask me and my friends in the neighborhood when he came to town, *Do you live around here or ride a bicycle?* My friends would start to answer, and then usually just have a puzzled look on their face. I have found that phrase to be most effective in befuddling folks, friends and strangers alike. It is now in its 4th generation of use, as my son Justin has taken to it and uses it when the need arises.

Anyway, I hope you haven't been too bored with the jog down memory lane and allowing me to share some of my thoughts and fond farm recollections from my childhood days. They are cherished memories. Hope to see you all in one of the two services on Sunday mornings. 9:00 and 10:45. If not, be sure to catch us online on Facebook Live, Youtube Live or our Church Website. Thats all I got for now.

May God Continue To Bless Abundantly and I LOVE YOU ALL,

John Gorse



Kidz Kollege

Please pray that our
Kidz Kollege can safely
resume someday soon!!

Operation Christmas Child is coming in October!!

Contact Linda Downs for information.



Kidz Praise . . .

As school is revving up, I thought Kids' Praise should do something fun and missiony. (Is that a word?)

The kiddos got to experience letterboxing in August. Now, we are creating our own letterbox on the trail for the community to enjoy. What is that you ask?

The kids will make up Bible related clues that also lead to a box hidden along the trail. Once they find the box, they stamp their book with our stamp and stamp our book with their stamp. The kids are super excited!

We praise God by loving one another, and we show that love through RESPECT.

Cyndi Harmon