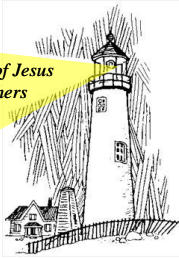


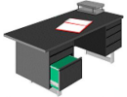
Let the light of Jesus
shine unto others



THE BEACON

June 2010

A publication of First Baptist
Church of Brigham City, Utah



FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

“CHURCH IN THE PARK”

Ever want to play “hooky” from church? Y’know, just find a day when no one will miss you, no one will come looking for you, and no one will know that you are missing.

Too bad! We all know when you aren’t in church. Like the postcard says, “It isn’t CH RCH without U!”

So, what happens when pastors don’t want to have church inside? They plan “Church in the Park.” Then, we all get to go outside, feel a little mischievous, and still mark on our attendance card: I was in church today.

Sounds great? It is! But, only if *YOU* are there.

“Church in the Park” will be held on Sunday, June 27th, at 10:30 am. Instead of coming to FBC that morning, we will ALL meet at Pioneer Park for a time of worship, fellowship, ministry, and – most importantly – FUN!



Imagine . . . church being fun! What a concept!

Bring your Bible, your lawn chair, your sunscreen, your Hawaiian shirt, your shorts (not too short, please), and your sunglasses as we meet at the park bowery. Park close enough to walk, but leave room for everyone else.

There will be fun, music (for those who are still young enough to appreciate it), preaching, and a cookout for everyone afterwards. An offering will be collected for the Brigham City Boys’ Club to underwrite their meals program.

Be prepared to give that “right hand of fellowship” to your fellow believers and “make a joyful noise” as we sing together in worship.

Be there . . . and be in prayer . . . for the day!

Pastor Edwards



BIRTHDAYS/ANNIVERSARIES

1B – Charles Jones
 2A – Bill & Kathie Injerd
 3B – Geri Scivally
 13B – Tim Christopher
 18B – Sebastian Smith
 21A – Jim & Annette Williams
 23B – Kathie Injerd



A= Anniversary & B= Birthday

FBCBC EVENTS & HAPPENINGS

Every Sunday 9:30 am – Sunday School
 10:45 am – Church Service
 (Not on June 27th because church will be held in Pioneer Park at 10:30 am)

Every Wednesday 6:00 pm – Bible Study
 Every Friday 7:00 pm – Bible Study at the Williams’ house in Tremonton

June 21 – 25 6:00 pm Vacation Bible School
 June 21 – 24 5:30 pm – VBS Dinner
 June 27 10:30 am – Church in the Park
 July 7 6:00 pm – Potfaith Dinner
 July 7 7:00 pm – Business Mtg.
 July 17 Summer Cookout

PRAYER REQUESTS

Our Church Family – that we be in unity for God
Our Nation – that our leaders will make wise decisions
Pastor Mac – as he leads our church body
Gulf Oil Spill – minimizing further damage and for a speedy clean-up.
Our Sunday School Teachers – teaching their classes
Robert Watson (Mary’s grandson) –recovering from car accident. More info at <https://www.carepages.com/>
Kathie – healing of broken leg
Susan – for mental stability
Traycen – ongoing medical
Shut-ins – that their needs be met

PRAISES

Janis – her earthly suffering has ended



Heather graduated in April from WSU with an Applied Associate's Degree in Nursing. She still has to take the boards for her RN. Her desire is to continue with her education...to get her Bachelor's in Nursing as well as a Master's degree later on. She is currently working at Love Home Health and Hospice where she is constantly being recognized by her bosses for her empathy and the care which she delivers to her patients.



Sebastian graduated from Box Elder High School on June 2, 2010. During the summer Sebastian will be working at the Peak as a lifeguard and children's swim



instructor. Sebastian remains active with the WDIR Youth Empowerment Team and recently volunteered at Relay for Life. This fall, Sebastian will begin his college education at WSU. He will major in drama (while in high school, he earned a letter in the Performing Arts).

Care & Share

On Saturday, May 8th, several ladies from FBCBC attended the Women's Tea at Emmanuel Baptist



Church in Hyrum, Utah. Georgia Herod (center) was the guest speaker.

Sunday May 9th, FBCBC said their goodbyes to Bill and Kathie. After being here for 20-months, Bill's job at ATK ended. On their move back to Michigan, Kathie fell and broke her ankle in Colorado. Now at home in Michigan, she will be recuperating for the rest of the summer.



Kathie's way to keep her ankle above her heart (to help reduce swelling) and still work on The Beacon.

On May 16th, Jim & Annette W. and June M. became members of FBCBC.

Janis Conner succumbed to cancer and went home to meet her heavenly father on May 6, 2010 – just 5 days before her 70th birthday.

Teresa was born and raised in the Philippines. She now lives in Brigham City with her husband and 3 kids. In



May, after due process, she became a United States citizen.

Congratulations, Teresa!



Bobbie Travels to Zambia

Part 3

Individual Patches of Time Make Our Life Whole

Our journey was a collection of individual experiences woven together to make the whole, like putting together squares of a large quilt. Each visit to a village school or home added its own color to my quilt. A beautiful one!

The purpose of the Zambia Scholarship Fund (www.zambiasscholarshipfund.org) board's trip to Zambia was to visit schools, mostly village schools. I never did count how many we went to, but there were many.

We usually went to the Headmaster's office first, which was normally a very small space with concrete floors and walls. There would be a simple desk with 1 or 2 chairs and, most often, a few roughly made shelves with a small collection of minimally useful books. On rare occasions, a world



globe or a skeleton could be spotted. The classrooms themselves usually contained very old rough chalkboards, dilapidated desks, chairs, and little else.



Before we left Utah, each board member planned a presentation which was aimed at encouraging the students to work hard and get as much of an education as they could. Brad's fascinating presentation used x-rays, which most of the students had never seen before, to explain the human body's structure. I told them about trying as a fourth grader to sew pajamas; learning that I could repeatedly pull out threads and redo it until I got it just right. I stressed persevering, and explained that we don't always do something right the first time, but with continued effort and practice we can eventually master the task. In the process, I used my translator as my model which thrilled the kids. Rachel used a very large inflatable globe to show the world as a whole. She is a 19 year-old who took time off from her first year of college to come with us. She and her sister Sarah, who is 16, really connected with the children, frequently making them laugh. It was so rewarding to see the children enjoying our presence and our presentations.

My family was very concerned that I would be sleeping on the school floor in Chabala. There were about six of us in the room. We laughed a lot and grumbled some as we arranged our mats or sleeping bags on the floor, with mosquito netting hanging overhead. Before we fell asleep the villagers built a big bon-fire near our room. We found out later that the children kept the fire going all night to protect us.



The next morning was Sunday. Our great hostesses greeted us with a warm basin of water in which to wash. After a simple breakfast, we started the two block walk to the local church. Our tour guide, Jenny, had told us that the villagers go to the closest church—this one being Catholic. The small brick church, built several years ago by the villagers, was a simple structure with a front door and small air vents on the sides. It had a cross design within one of the brick walls. The church service began with about 40-50 people in attendance, but more kept coming. Men sat to the left and women to the right on split-wood benches. The children were astonishingly quiet as they sat on straw mats in the center aisle. When the beautiful music started, I looked for the unusual sounding instruments. There were 5 or 6 instruments of various sizes; all were from hollowed out logs with strings attached.

After the service, we saw a young family with a 9-year-old boy in a wheelchair made of PVC pipe. Until they had received this chair, which was made by the men from our group, the small framed mother had carried the boy everywhere.

We learned that Kaole village school was started in a Catholic mission on Aug. 18, 1949—it obviously has had very few improvements since then. It has 205 girls, 201 boys and 8 teachers, which averages out to 51 students per teacher. Talk about class size!

Chitanga Basic has over 800 students while Mansa East has around 200 students. Each school, regardless of size, is doing its best to provide a good education. Granted, without adequate funding, it is a very difficult endeavor.

Mansa East, the smallest school we visited, was WAY out in the bush. This relatively new school was constructed largely by the villagers. It had a tin roof, which is one of two things that the government provides. The other is a concrete floor, for which they are still waiting. We took 20 boxes of chalk, 200 pencils and work books for each school. Our hearts were crushed when we entered the two classrooms. There were no chalkboards! On the spot, our board knew



that they would make sure that the needed chalkboards would be provided. Shortly after our visit, we received word and pictures that the chalkboards had indeed arrived.

We said a lot of prayers for health and safety and also to keep our vehicles running. We did have a few problems, such as being stuck in the mud, but nothing really serious.

Our group had media coverage while we were in the town of Kasama. Sometimes we even had journalists traveling with us. Our name badges identified us as being part of ZSF, which generated attention and the opportunity to explain our mission.

We chose to take a different bus back to Lusaka; it turned out to be only marginally better than the mail bus. We were blessed that this night trip wasn't as hot as the previous one. When our bus was leaving the station there was a commotion at the front of the bus. A man got on and was shouting about how we could not put our trust in the bus nor the bus driver, but that we could only put our trust in God. It was confusing until Jenny told me that he was what they call a 'bus minister' and he was praying for us to travel safely. He briefly rode with us, exiting before the bus actually left town.

Not long afterwards, the bus was stopped by the local fishery patrol. They were searching for smuggled fish. Yes, fish! The fish and the smugglers were found on our bus! Once the business was handled, our bus trip resumed.

Although we had bought a few items directly from the villagers, we couldn't leave Zambia without doing some shopping. We all had plenty of room in our luggage since we had left most of our belongings behind

for the Zambian people. Jenny arranged it so we would be in Lusaka for the day long Sunday Market. It looked like a large parking lot with hundreds of vendors selling their handcrafted items.

The City Market in Lusaka was a REAL experience. As the taxi driver dropped us off, he warned

us about the many bad people there. Needless to say, we stuck together like glue. The market itself covers a very large area and consists of rows and rows of merchandise with very narrow aisles, all of which are under a canvas roof. Much of the merchandise



was displayed way above our heads. Our main goal here was to find the native fabric called Chatangue, usually sold in one or two yard lengths. The natives use the pieces in many ways, from a head wrap to a sling to carry the baby. Americans, like me, usually buy the colorful fabric pieces for future sewing projects or to give as gifts.

Our flight home was rather stressful; a routine gas stop in Rome turned into a ten-hour ordeal (five of which we sat on the tarmac confined within the plane). The plane required new tires that weren't readily available. We thankfully arrived home safely, albeit a day late!

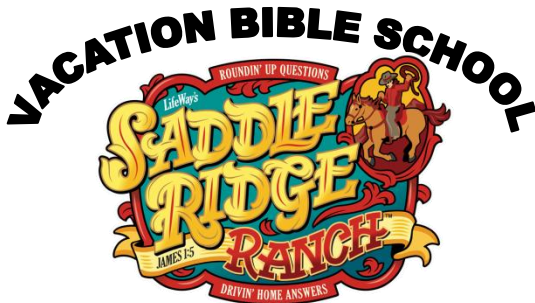
What a special trip! Traveling to Zambia is not just about visiting a beautiful country; you are entering the essence of what the Zambian people are all about. Yes, they are poor, but there is so much more to them than that. They are a proud, patriotic people with the drive to see a better world for their children. Those people and the country they represent have formed unforgettable, precious pieces of the 'quilt' I now hold within my heart and my memory.



Hot Dog Pie

- 1 lb. pkg. hot dogs cut into ¼ - ½-inch slices
- 2/3 cup Bisquick mix
- 1 ½ cups milk
- 3 eggs
- 1/3 cup chopped onions
- 1 cup shredded cheese

Set the oven at 400° F. Grease a 9x13 pan. Spread out hot dogs and onions in bottom of the pan. Mix Bisquick, milk and eggs together. Mix with mixer for 15 seconds on high or 1 minute by hand. Pour the mixture into the pan, over the hot dogs. Evenly spread cheese on top. Cook for 30-35 minutes. Take out and let it sit for 5 minutes. Then EAT!




For children ages 4-11

June 21st-25th


Mon. – Thurs.: Dinner at 5:30 pm
VBS at 6:00 pm

Friday: “Family Night” starting at 6:00 pm
(Program followed by a dinner)



THE BOXCAR

Is our Christian walk like a train? Consider a boxcar; it has no real power or control without being connected to the engine. If it starts moving independently from the engine, it is out-of-control. Even though the boxcar may like the freedom of not being hooked to the engine, the result has two unfulfilling scenarios: Either it just sits idle and uselessly deteriorating in some yard, or—should it become mobile—it is destined to eventually crash unless it first coasts to an *idle* standstill. It has no power on its own to be useful and productive; the boxcar needs to be connected to the power source—the engine. Likewise, without God, we have no real power or control over our lives or our destiny. For our lives to be worthwhile, we need to be connected to and following in the path of the ‘engine’.

We need to be coupled to God! 

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