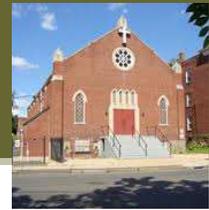


MT. CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH



2 F.D. Oates Ave., Hartford, CT 06120
Phone number: (860) 278-6671

Rev. Dr. Richard L. Nash, Pastor

BEHIND THE SHOWER CURTAIN

by Max Lucado

I'm going to have to install a computer in my shower. That's where I have my best thoughts. I had a great one today. I was mulling over a recent conversation I had with a disenchanted Christian brother. He was upset with me. So, upset that he was considering rescinding his invitation for me to speak to his group. Seems he'd heard I was pretty open about who I have fellowship with. He'd read the words I wrote: "If God calls a person his child, shouldn't I call him my brother?" And, "If God accepts others with their errors and misinterpretations, shouldn't we?"

He didn't like that. "Carrying it a bit too far," he told me. "Fences are necessary," he explained. "Scriptures are clear on such matters." He read me a few and then urged me to be careful to whom I give grace. "I don't give it," I assured. "I only spotlight where God already has." Didn't seem to satisfy him. I offered to bow out of the engagement (the break would be nice), but he softened and told me to come after all. That's where I'm going today. That's why I was thinking about him in the shower. And that's why I need a waterproof computer. I had a great thought. A why-didn't-I-think-to-say-that? insight.

I hope to see him today. If the subject resurfaces, I'll say it. But in case it doesn't, I'll say it to you. (It's too good to waste.) Just one sentence: I've never been surprised by God's judgment, but I'm still stunned by his grace. God's judgment has never been a problem for me. In fact, it always seemed right. Lightning bolts on Sodom. Fire on Gomorrah. Good job, God. Egyptians swallowed in the Red Sea. They had it coming. Forty years of wandering to loosen the stiff necks of the Israelites? Would've done it myself. Ananias and Sapphira? You bet.

Discipline is easy for me to swallow. Logical to assimilate. Manageable and appropriate. But God's grace? Anything but. Examples? How much time do you have? David the psalmist becomes David the voyeur, but by God's grace becomes David the psalmist again. Peter denied Christ before he preached Christ. Zacchaeus, the crook. The cleanest part of his life was the money he'd laundered. But Jesus still had time for him. The thief on

the cross: hellbent and hung-out-to-die one minute, heaven-bound and smiling the next. Story after story. Prayer after prayer. Surprise after surprise.

Seems that God is looking more for ways to get us home than for ways to keep us out. I challenge you to find one soul who came to God seeking grace and did not find it. Search the pages. Read the stories. Envision the encounters. Find one person who came seeking a second chance and left with a stern lecture. I dare you. Search. You won't find it. You will find a strayed sheep on the other side of the creek. He's lost. He knows it. He's stuck and embarrassed. What will the other sheep say? What will the shepherd say? You will find a shepherd who finds him. (Luke 15:3-7) Oh boy. Duck down. Put hooves over the eyes. The belt is about to fly. But the belt is never felt. Just hands. Large, open hands reaching under his body and lifting the sheep up, up, up until he's placed upon the shepherd's shoulders. He's carried back to the flock and given a party! "Cut the grass and comb the wool," he announces. "We are going to have a celebration!"

The other sheep shake their heads in disbelief. Just like we will. At our party. When we get home. When we watch the Shepherd shoulder into our midst one unlikely soul after another.

Seems to me God gives a lot more grace than we'd ever imagine. We could do the same. I'm not for watering down the truth or compromising the gospel. But if a fellow with a pure heart calls God Father, can't I call that same man Brother? If God doesn't make doctrinal perfection a requirement for family membership, should I? And if we never agree, can't we agree to disagree? If God can tolerate my mistakes, can't I tolerate the mistakes of others? If God can overlook my errors, can't I overlook the errors of others? If God allows me with my foibles and failures to call him Father, shouldn't I extend the same grace to others?

One thing's for sure. When we get to heaven, we'll be surprised at some of the folks we see. And some of them will be surprised to see us.

From When God Whispers Your Name
Copyright (Thomas Nelson, 1999) Max Lucado

What's Cooking?

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES

3 unpeeled firm green tomatoes

¼ cup milk

½ cup all-purpose flour

2 eggs beaten

¾ cups dry bread crumbs

Cut tomatoes into ½ inch slices; Sprinkle both sides with salt and pepper.

Dip slices in milk, then into flour. Dip into egg, then into the bread crumbs.

Cook in hot oil over medium heat until brown.

Reduce heat if necessary.

Makes 6 servings.

Submitted by **Sister Linda Clarke**

SORROW

One day this word sorrow hit me “BAM!”, it clung to me and it wouldn't let me go. It allowed this river of tears just to flow creating an ocean of emotions that I thought I had let go.

Well, being a child of God, I gave it to God and decided to leave this thing called sorrow to Him and I would go on my way.

For a little while things were okay and I thought this thing called sorrow was gone away but slowly sad memories and crazy dreams, that I had no idea what they meant, returned. They were creeping up on me and I knew it wasn't good, so I decided to ignore this feeling and go on with my daily life.

I went to work just muddling through the day, everything was an emotional battle for me, it took more patience, more endurance, and believe me, oh boy, oh boy, did I pray and miraculously things got better. Today it is not perfect but I know that I have a friend that gives me the strength to keep on praying and staying patient. I know that God's bountiful mercy is with me continuously.

Thank you, Jesus.

Written by **Sister Iris Adgers**

WHEN YOU QUESTION GOD PRAYER

Lord, thank You that in spite of your “no” or “wait” or even Your silence, You know what is very best for me and You promise to work for my eternal good, not just my temporary satisfaction. Thank You that in all situations, in all pain and pressure and circumstances beyond my control, You are making me more like Christ, as I give up my will and surrender to Yours.

Scripture says without faith it is impossible to please You so I choose to believe that You have it all under control. Thank You for being a good, loving, all-knowing and ever-present God who will not let anything touch me that hasn't first passed through Your loving hands. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

The Answers For When You Question God

1. Trust Me. I have My reasons.
2. So you will grow.
3. You never asked.
4. You're asking for the wrong reasons.
5. So you'll rely on Me.
6. Just Wait.
7. I have something better in mind.
8. I'm protecting you.
9. I'm making you more like Jesus.
10. Because I love you.

SOURCE: Excerpts from article written by *Cindi McMenamin*
<https://www.crosswalk.com/sponsored-content/liberty-university/god-s-top-10-answers-to-your-why-questions.html>

At my lowest...
 God is my **HOPE**.
 At my darkest...
 God is my **LIGHT**.
 At my weakest...
 God is my **STRENGTH**.
 At my saddest...
 God is my **COMFORTER**.

MONTH IN REVIEW

WOMEN'S DAY CELEBRATED!

The annual women's day celebration took place on Sunday, September 22. The women were all dressed in black with strands and strands of pearls around their necks.

Sis. Virginia Pertillar (right) was the exuberant worship leader with insightful comments throughout the program.



One of the highlights of the program was the MCBC Women of Glory praise dancers. They came in with a war cry ready to battle against the wiles of the devil. They received a standing ovation. Below are a couple of scenes of the dance.



The Women's Day Choir (shown below) overflowed the choir stand and fill the house with wonderful songs glorifying the Lord.



The best highlight of the day was a very thought provoking sermon by the guest preacher Dr. Cynthia Howard (right) of St. John's Full Gospel Deliverance Church. Her sermon was based on Ephesians 4:1-6 entitled "Soar into Your Purpose". She began by saying that our goal as Christians is to become more like Christ to better the body of Christ. In this Christian walk we have to listen to God's directions. All believers are the called of God.



You are like an eagle soaring into your purpose. An eagle is a symbol of God's greatness placed in us.

It takes time to produce an eagle. Eagles are solitary birds. God seeks persons who are not afraid to walk alone, who have an eagle like character. No person comes into full Christain maturity until they learn to walk alone with God. There will be times in our lives when we must be alone like the eagle realizing that when we fly leaning and depending on God we are never alone. An eagle person knows how to face a storm and rises above it. The sprit of God which resides with us enables us to soar above the storms of life. No matter where you have been you are never beyond redemption. The seed of greatness that the Lord has put in you will rise to any storrms you may face. God created us to live eternally in greatness.

The women's day celebration was uplifting and very moving. Congratulations to all who contributed to its success and in particular to the chairperson, Sis. Ruth Newell and the Co-chairperson, Sis. Edna France. Shown below.



UPCOMING EVENTS

- **USHERS ANNUAL DAY**
Sunday, October 13, 2019, 3:30 PM
- **PASTOR'S APPRECIATION DAY**
Sunday, November 10, 2019
Member Assessment \$100.00
Ministry Assessment \$200.00

CHUCKLE OF THE MONTH

I hate it when old people poke me at a wedding and say "You're next!" So I have started doing the same thing to them at funerals.

SOURCE: JOKESDAILY.NET



REMEMBERING MY SISTER, MY FRIEND

October is Breast Cancer Awareness Month ("BCAM"). According to Wikipedia, BCAM is an annual international health campaign organized by major breast cancer

charities to increase awareness of the disease and to raise funds for research into its cause, prevention, diagnosis, treatment and cure. The campaign also offers information and support to those affected by breast cancer and intends to educate people about the importance of early screening, testing and more. Cancer is non-discriminating and even though many advancements have been made in earlier detection and cure, it still claims the lives of many. So annually, I make a special effort to donate money to at least one such charity in hopes to find a cure for this dreadful disease but most importantly in memory of my beautiful sister and friend, W. Belle Johnson (Pictured). A few of you might remember her.

On the morning of August 25, 2012, God called Belle home to rest from her labor after she gracefully fought breast cancer for nearly thirteen years. I can still remember our discussions of that potential diagnosis after she received a call following what could have been a routine mammogram. It was in December of 1999 when Belle was diagnosed with breast cancer in her left breast. She soon underwent a mastectomy, followed by rounds of chemotherapy and radiation.

In May of 2011, Belle was, once again, diagnosed with breast cancer in her left breast and this time, at stage 4. While she underwent treatment, the cancer spread from her breast area to her kidney, brain and liver. Each time Belle was diagnosed with cancer, she was more concerned about how her battle affected those she loved rather than the grueling emotional and physical pain she must have felt. Whenever she was in remission or feeling strong, we were off traveling, shopping, caring for our aging parents or planning and creating family memories.

Belle was the first of six children born to our late parents and she was by far the most creative of them all. She could make something beautiful out of nothing. Daddy named her, "Willie Belle", in memory of his late stepmother. Long story short, Daddy did not have the honor of naming children beyond the second child and Belle would rarely use "Willie" as part of her name. In 1960, Belle graduated from Weaver High School. I was two years old. In 1966,

Belle married. I was her Flower Girl. Before and during marriage, Belle worked constantly outside of the home. I can still remember her, dressed fashionably, waiting at the bus stop going to work at the Travelers or Hartford National Bank. As a married lady and mother of three children, Belle was employed by UCONN Health Center and then Automatic Data Processing. She was a devoted wife and mother who remained close to her parents and siblings. Perhaps that's how I graduated from little sister to friend.

As a member of Mt. Calvary Belle served in several organizations and sang from the Junior Choir to Senior Choir. She also represented Mt. Calvary in the Hartford Choral Union and in The Artistic Gospel Sharps and The Parsonettes. She also coordinated and/or participated in Fashion Shows (I got to model too). When I was a child, as long as I'd behave, Belle would let me accompany her in many of these exciting ventures. As a teen, my brother(s) or I would take vacations with Belle and her family and even though we were supposed to babysit, they would never go out without us. I think my favorite trip was Atlantic City when it had the best beach, amusements and night life.

When Belle wasn't singing or catering to her family, she was fulfilling the needs of others. Despite challenges she might have had with thyroid disease and breast cancer, her desire was to serve others. Belle was a woman of great physical and spiritual strength. She was a positive influence on many lives and the best friend one can have.

Living without her and other loved ones has been difficult. We celebrate each other and holidays but it's different. Not sad but different. I find solace in knowing she rests with the Lord and we each have an appointed time. I also find peace that the Christian life is eternal and can imagine her gracing God's heavenly choir with unique voice and style. I know more so that she was too good to suffer as she did as her time drew near.

I thank God for our special love and friendship and pray that He continues to keep her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren who long for her warm bond in His comforting arms.

She lived her motto: Love Is What Love Does!



By DLWood



OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

Sis. Marilyn Kendrick	1	Sis. Latrisha Walton	15
Sis. Julia Parris	2	Sis. Darlene Reynolds	16
Sis. Catherine Mitchell	4	Sis. Rebecca Hutchinson	19
Bro. Corey Menefee	4	Sis. Kathy Greene	21
Sis. Sandra P. Lindsay	4	Sis. Deborah Booker	27
Bro. Perry Booker, Sr.	7	Bro. Jimmie Hill	28
Sis. Virginia Pertillar	8	Sis. Grace Williams	29
Sis. Jo Ann Wood	9	Sis. Roxanne Bethea	30
Sis. Dorothy Billington	15	Sis. Jacquetta Jackson	31
		Bro. Kevin Meyers	31



OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

Celebrants	Date	Years
Bro. John & Sis. Marjorie James	21	58



On Sunday Mornings at 10:00

Though many have come, there is still room for more.



the following bereaved families:

The family of **Tru. George Williams (Evelyn), Bro. Juanzia Van Williams (Pearlie) and Sis. Ruth (Williams) Newell** in the passing of the Williams' sister,

Mary Frances Williams-Crayton, who passed August 21, 2019 in Georgia. She was a Christian that loved the Lord; the Church Secretary; a Church Mother; and a Retired Teacher from an Elementary School in Stewart County Georgia. Mary was also a great cook and cake baker and the mother of ten children she sent to college. Mary's Homegoing Service was August 28, 2019 at her home church, New Trinity Gospel Church in Omaha, GA, where Rev. Dexter Materre, Sr. serves as Pastor.



The family of **Sis. Georgia Weaver, Sis. Joanne Wilson, Sis. Rosemary Merritt and her husband, Alvin**, in the passing of their nephew, Charles Fitzgerald "Fish" Holder, 55. He died in a tragic motorcycle accident in Hartford on September 3, 2019. Fish was passionate about motorcycles, cars and his dog. He was a hard worker employed by Trader Joe's. His funeral service was September 23rd at All Faith Memorial Chapel.



The family of **Bro. William "Rab" Smith** in the passing of his niece, Joan Celestine Smith, who departed this life on September 15, 2019 at home in Hartford. Joan was a loving and kind soul who was well liked by everyone she encountered. She lived, worked and played in Hartford her entire life. Joan's life was celebrated grave side on September 21st. A donation in Joan's memory can be made to the Smilow Cancer Center at St. Francis, 114 Woodland Street Hartford, CT 06105.

*From our happy home and circle,
God has taken ones we love;
Borne away from sin and sorrow
To a better home above.*

HEALTH NEWS



EVEN A LITTLE EXERCISE MEANS A LOT FOR LIFE SPAN

By Robert Preidt
HealthDay Reporter



THURSDAY, Aug. 22, 2019 (HealthDay News) - Exercise, even a little of it, can lengthen your life, a new study suggests.

The Norwegian researchers also found that too much sitting was associated with a higher risk of early death.

"Developing ways to limit sedentary time and increase activity at any level could considerably improve health and reduce mortality," the study authors concluded.

In the study, the team analyzed data from eight studies that included more than 36,000 adults, aged 40 and older, who were followed for an average of almost six years.

During follow-up, nearly 6% of the participants died. After adjusting for other factors, the researchers concluded that any amount of physical activity, regardless of intensity, was associated with a significantly lower risk of early death.

Death rates fell sharply as total activity increased to an amount that was similar to average activity levels in U.S. men and about 10% to 15% lower than activity levels in Scandinavian men and women, the findings showed.

A similarly steep decline in death rates was associated with increasing amounts of light physical activity up to about 300 minutes (5 hours) a day, and moderate-intensity physical activity of about 24 minutes per day.

The largest difference in early death risk (about 60% to 70%) was between the least and most physically active, with about five times more deaths among inactive people than among those

who were most active, according to the report.

The researchers also found that spending 9.5 hours or more each day sitting was associated with a statistically significant increased risk of early death.

The report was published Aug. 21 in the *BMJ*.

The findings add to evidence that any amount of physical activity -- whether light, moderate or high-intensity -- is beneficial and likely achievable for many people, according to Ulf Ekelund, a professor at the Norwegian School of Sport Sciences in Oslo, and colleagues.

Examples of light-intensity activity include slow walking or household tasks, such as cooking or washing dishes. Moderate activity includes brisk walking, vacuuming or mowing the lawn, while vigorous activity includes jogging, carrying heavy loads or digging.

Guidelines recommend at least 150 minutes of moderate intensity or 75 minutes of vigorous physical activity each week, but the amount and intensity of activity needed to protect health has been unclear.

These findings provide important information for public health recommendations and suggest that the message might simply be "sit less and move more, and more often," the researchers said in a journal news release.



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When it comes to health and well-being, regular exercise is about as close to a magic potion as you can get."

Tich Nhat Hanh

HERITAGE CORNER



ORNETTE COLEMAN

*Saxophonist, Trumpeter,
Violinist, Composer*
1984 NEA Jazz Master
Born on March 9, 1930 in Ft.
Worth, TX
Died on June 11, 2015

Ornette Coleman was one of the true jazz innovators, whose

sound was instantly recognizable and unquestionably unique. Coleman's work ranged from dissonance and atonality to liberal use of electronic accompaniment in his ensembles, as well as the engagement of various ethnic influences and elements from around the globe. While experimenting with time and tone, his strong blues roots were always evident.

For the most part, Coleman was self-taught, beginning on the alto saxophone at age 14. Coleman's earliest performing experiences were mostly with local rhythm-and-blues bands. Coleman settled in Los Angeles in 1952. His search for a different sound and approach, a means of escaping traditional chord patterns and progressions, led some critics to suggest that he did not know how to play his instrument. In reality, he was studying harmony and theory zealously from books while supporting himself as an elevator operator. His performances in clubs and jam sessions were often met with derision if not outright rejection and anger from his fellow musicians and critics. Coleman soldiered on, honing his sound with like-minded musicians, including trumpeter Don Cherry, drummer [Billy Higgins](#), and bassist [Charlie Haden](#).

The year 1959 was an important one for Coleman and his band: he signed a recording contract with Atlantic Records, recording the first album to really present his new sound, *Tomorrow Is The Question!*; his quartet was invited to participate in what became a historic session at the Lenox School of Jazz in Massachusetts, being championed by [John Lewis](#) and [Gunther Schuller](#); and the band began an extended engagement at the Five Spot Cafe in New York. Meanwhile, Coleman was developing an approach to his music that he was to dub "harmolodics."

Coleman's albums for Atlantic were quite controversial at the time. Perhaps the most controversial of this series of albums was *Free Jazz*, recorded with a double quartet as essentially one continuous collective improvisation, which influenced avant-garde recordings in the 1960s and 1970s. After that recording, Coleman took time off from playing and recording to study trumpet and violin.

Coleman then began to expand his compositional outlook. His writing included works for wind ensembles, strings, and symphony orchestra (notably his symphony *Skies of America*, recorded with the London Philharmonic). Coleman's ongoing experiments took him to Northern Africa to work with the Master Musicians of Joujouka, and he performed with an electric ensemble he called Prime Time. He was a recipient of Guggenheim Fellowships for composition, a MacArthur grant, and the prestigious Gish Prize in 2004. In 2007, he received the Pulitzer Prize in Music for his recording *Sound Grammar* and a Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award.

The Shape of Jazz to Come, Atlantic, 1959-60
Free Jazz, Atlantic, 1960
At the Golden Circle, Stockholm, Vol. 1-2, Blue Note, 1965
In All Languages, Verve/Harmolodic, 1987
Sound Grammar, Sound Grammar, 2005
Source: <https://www.arts.gov/honors/jazz/ornette-coleman>

INOCULATION WAS INTRODUCED TO AMERICA BY A SLAVE



Few details are known about the birth of Onesimus, but it is assumed he was born in Africa in the late seventeenth century before eventually landing in

Boston. One of a thousand people of African descent living in the Massachusetts colony, Onesimus was a gift to the Puritan church minister Cotton Mather from his congregation in 1706.

Onesimus told Mather about the centuries old tradition of inoculation practiced in Africa. By extracting the material from an infected person and scratching it into the skin of an uninfected person, you could deliberately introduce smallpox to the healthy individual making them immune. Considered extremely dangerous at the time, Cotton Mather convinced Dr. Zabdiel Boylston to experiment with the procedure when a smallpox epidemic hit Boston in 1721 and over 240 people were inoculated. Opposed politically, religiously and medically in the United States and abroad, public reaction to the experiment put Mather and Boylston's lives in danger despite records indicating that only 2% of patients requesting inoculation died compared to the 15% of people not inoculated who contracted smallpox.

Onesimus' traditional African practice was used to inoculate American soldiers during the Revolutionary War and introduced the concept of inoculation to the United States.

Source: <http://www.pbs.org/black-culture/explore/10-black-history-little-known-facts/>

PRAYER

Who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God.

2 Corinthians 1:4 New International Version (NIV)

Gracious Father, I am deeply grateful that you took the initiative to reach out to me—even in my sin and selfishness—in order to bring me into your eternal kingdom, through the work of Christ. I cannot fathom such love! And yet, Father, I admit that too often I try to hoard your grace, putting up walls of protection that I might keep hurt out and blessing in. I confess I am like the clam that shuts itself up in its shell, afraid of threats from the outside. Lord, I recognize that you call me to unshell myself and to partner with you in your mission of love. Unshell me, Lord, so I, too, may reach out to a lonely, discouraged, and even hopeless world.

In Jesus' name I pray, amen.

*From Outlive Your Life: You Were Made to Make a Difference
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Return Address
85 Ellsworth Drive
Bloomfield, CT 06002

Staff:
Sis. Mattie Adgers
Deaconess Donna Campbell
Sis. Linda Clarke
Sis. Mary Singleton
Sis. Dena Wood

Submit all articles/comments to:
Newsletter Staff
C/o Mt. Calvary Baptist Church
2 F. D. Oates Avenue
Hartford, CT 06120
Or Fax: 860-243-9147
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