



THE BEACONLIGHT



Newsletter of the First Baptist Church of Fitchburg

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From the Pastor

Hebrews 13:7 *Remember your leaders, who spoke the Word of God to you. Consider the outcome of their way of life and imitate their faith.*

Under the 1559 Act of Uniformity, it was illegal not to attend official Church of England services, with a fine of one shilling for each missed Sunday and Holy Day. The penalties for conducting unofficial services included imprisonment and larger fines. There was a cost for not going to church.

In 1620, 102 passengers of the Mayflower reached a new land, holding in their hearts the promise of a new start and religious freedom. They had found a home. A reading of the list of those passengers is very telling about what the actual cost was for this new beginning. Several would pay with their lives. We call them Pilgrims, they called themselves Puritans.

We hear a lot about denominational names these days and how we need to eliminate those “barriers” and all learn to worship as one. I am not one of them. Some of you in fact have heard me often say I am “fiercely Baptist” and proud of it.

Denominational names serve to show others where our core beliefs lie and yet more importantly also honor those “leaders who spoke the Word of God”. From John Carver, the first governor of the new colony, Roger Williams who would start the Baptists in America establishing a new colony in what is now Providence Rhode Island to the countless others over the years who have walked in faith under a denominational name enduring persecution, torture, imprisonment and execution more often than not at the hands of other denominations!

The writer of Hebrews calls us to remember our leaders, those who were before us in the faith, and to imitate their faith. Beyond the passenger list of the Mayflower we can form our own lists with names like Tom Adams, The Augers, The Wests, The Websters, The Buskeys and many many more names I have yet to come across. Those who called themselves Baptists, who continued in their faith to build this church and carry it through to today. Bearing a cost for a church to call home.

Worship Service on Sunday morning today costs me nothing but my time. I can choose to provide an offering or not, no one will force me to. I will be sheltered and comfortable and able to worship God in the way my faith directs me having everything I need to do that through no effort of my own in a magnificent building with a beautiful view.

As we look ahead to the future of FBC Fitchburg let us also pause this Thanksgiving and remember our leaders who stayed true to their faith. Read through that list of Mayflower passengers. Tell others of the faith of our own forefathers. Speak to your children of the faithfulness of their ancestors. Let us give Thanks to God for them and the measure of faith He gave them to bring us to where we are today. Let us also remember the One who paid the highest cost of all for the debt we could not pay so that we may enter a new sanctuary some day and call it home. We owe all we have to Him.

Happy Thanksgiving!



Happy Thanksgiving Day!!

*For each new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food,
for love and friends,
-For everything Thy goodness sends.
For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!*

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson



The Greatest Thanksgiving

"Are you going grocery shopping today?" my husband, Roy asked when I picked up the telephone
"I plan to," I answered.

Thanksgiving was only a couple days away. Everyone in our family would be coming to our house. My funds were limited, therefore my box of coupons awaited me in the car. I knew I had to be creative in my shopping that day. I had to stretch every dollar.

For a few seconds, Roy sat silently on the other end of the line. "Why do you ask?" I uttered, fearing what he might say.

"Nancy, there's a family with a half dozen kids that will not have anything to eat for Thanksgiving. The little one is only five-years-old."

"So what are you saying?" I whispered.

"While you're at the store could you possibly buy something for them?" Roy's words echoed in my heart. Groceries a five-year-old eight in the family My head began to spin thinking about the fifty dollars I had reserved for our family's Thanksgiving dinner.

In the back of my mind I counted the hungry guests who would be coming to our house for dinner. I put my head down on my desk, already feeling defeated.

There's no way possible, I thought. But the compassion I heard in my husband's voice struck a nerve inside me.
"Sure," I replied. "But only if God helps."

"Thanks, sweetheart," Roy whispered. "Just do what you can." He then hung up the telephone. I finished my work and prayed all the way to the nearest grocery store.

I entered the parking lot. I noticed a big sign in the grocery store window: Turkeys - 29 cents a pound.

"This is the place, Lord" I whispered. I grabbed my box of coupons, went inside, secured two buggies, and headed to the frozen foods. The turkeys were indeed on sale, but I discovered one big problem. When I read the sign posted on the freezer door my heart sank. "Limit one."

"But I need two," I uttered to myself. I decided to find the manager. I explained the problem. He made an exception.

After tossing a turkey in each buggy, I began my shopping fury. It was amazing how many buy-one, get-one free items were being featured that day. The first item went into one buggy. The free item went in the other. In addition, I had all the right coupons to get exactly what both families needed for a hearty Thanksgiving dinner. I proceeded to the register and held my breath while the cashier rang up my groceries.

To my surprise, I had enough money. I was even able to purchase a package of cookies for the five-year-old who had stolen my heart, even though I had never met her.

Later that afternoon, Roy and I made a special delivery to a home filled with children of all ages. I will never forget the smiles on the six kids' faces, as they made several trips from my car carrying numerous bags of groceries inside.

This event reminded me of a story. Even though He only had a few loaves and fishes, Jesus multiplied them and fed five thousand people. And to top it off, there was food left over. I wondered if God was doing the same thing that day.

By far, that was the greatest Thanksgiving Day of my life. My entire family shared a hearty meal with us. We had plenty to eat. We even had enough food left over for the evening meal.

That afternoon, when I had time to think about what had happened, I imagined a home, not far from where I lived. There was a mother and a father and six children sitting around the kitchen table, laughing and rejoicing. They enjoyed the same meal that our family had shared together that day.

Then I realized that miracles happen when we step out in faith and in steps God. For with us, some things are impossible. But with God, all things are possible.

Grace Trefethen

Was there someone in your life who was closer and kinder, more loving and supportive than your own Mother, Father, Grandmother or Grandfather? Perhaps someone who filled the hole left by death or circumstance? For me this person was known as "Aunty Grace" or "GA(y)" in toddler speak.

Aunty Grace provided a home for my Mother for a few years during the depression, when the needs of eight children were too much for one household. She became Mother to my Mother and so, a Grandmother to brother Billy and me. As a public school teacher, Ga came to visit us at Christmas and Thanksgiving and for an extended time, summers when she cared for us while Mother worked. She washed and fed us, read us stories, watched us play and taught us to pray.

I remember her at Thanksgiving, rising early to help Mother with "the bird". We loved to watch her sew it up, needle piercing skin was strangely entertaining to our young eyes. Throughout the day, enjoying a house filled with the special warmth and aroma of the turkey in the oven, we were invited to check it's progress, anticipating the moment when we would hear, "IT'S DONE!" Aunty Grace has been gone many years now, yet she is always with me, not just in memory but in my being. It is with Thanksgiving like anticipation that I look forward to seeing her again. Not too soon of course, but when the time comes, we will be ready for the feast!

Jeff Poole

Thanksgiving Memories



The picture is of our 50th surprise Anniversary Celebration, given by our family, in the West Room of First Baptist. I thank God each day that Tom and I had 55 wonderful years together. Such treasured memories. Tom loved family get-togethers. One of his favorites was Thanksgiving, when he would cook the best dinner. He was a great cook. Spending time with his children, and grandchildren was always special too. Memories they will never forget.

Tom's church family was also important. He was Treasurer and Stewardship Deacon for many years. He prayed to God for wisdom in using God's money wisely. You would always see Tom in the kitchen at church suppers, fairs and yard sales. It was wonderful being married to a caring, loving and generous Christian man. I miss Tom's smile and laughter. We had happy times and some sad times, but together, we made it through the years with God's help and direction.

May everyone enjoy this Thanksgiving, as they think back to many happy memories.

God Bless,
Bette Adams

The First Thanksgiving

It was a small apartment in Rhode Island where I was sitting crosslegged in our living room under a low canopy of bed sheets stretched across the furniture. If I recall correctly I had a construction paper head band with a couple of construction paper feathers stapled to it. My daughters sat opposite me wearing paper bag vests with Native American designs sketched on them in crayon.

We cradled plates of turkey, mashed potatoes and stuffing on our laps. One daughter would only eat corn, the other had to have green beans. To keep the balance I had to have both. We were having an “Indian” Thanksgiving at their request, “just like the pilgrims”.

The following year Margie would come to visit us and the girls demanded that we have a repeat of our “Indian” Thanksgiving for her. So once again we crawled into our multicolored teepee to sit like the Indians did and celebrate in thankfulness for all God had done for us. It was this Thanksgiving that means the most to me.

The girls and I had come through a divorce and they had demanded they come to my house each weekend, Friday through Sunday. Our relationship was important to us and they were initially afraid of losing that bond we had. But there under soft light filtered by the colored pattern coming through the bed sheets I realized they were not only concerned about our relationship with each other but the relationship they would have with others. I'm very proud of my daughters who were willing to share their Thanksgiving, their father and their lives with this new woman in my life. One they affectionately refer to as ESM (evil step-mother). That Thanksgiving means the most to me because this was the 1st Thanksgiving the 3 greatest blessings in my life would share. I am reminded of it each time they speak to each other on the phone and end with “I Love You.” For this I give thanks everyday!

Pastor
Ken

I'm Still Standing!

I am most thankful to God that I can still walk. I was born with dislocated hips which wasn't discovered until I was three years old because I was a breech birth and my legs were the same length when I was checked. At that time(1955), the doctors told my parents that since I was walking it was better to leave things alone than to try to operate. Surgery was risky as it could fail leaving me in a wheel chair. I was not able to ride a bike, skate, jump rope and other childhood activities doctors said weren't advisable. At the age of twelve, orthopedists told my parents that I would probably be in a wheel chair by the time I turned 30. One can imagine the emotional affect of that news on a young girl! Fortunately, I was a positive person and told myself not to dwell on it and to continue to make the best of my limitations. When I turned 30, I proved the doctors wrong. When ages 40, 50, and 60 came along, I celebrated and thumbed my nose at those doctors! I will soon be 64 and I'm still standing(to borrow a line from an Elton John song)! I pray that I will stay on my own two feet the rest of my life but if not I will be grateful for all the years I have been!

Linda Gosselin

Judge sets atheist holiday day



In a small town in East Texas, an atheist filed a case against Easter and Passover Holy days.

He hired an attorney from up North to bring a discrimination case against Christians and Jews and observances of their holy days.

The argument was that it was unfair that atheists had no such recognized days...

The case was brought before a judge, a lifelong resident of East Texas. After listening to the passionate presentation by the lawyer, the judge banged his gavel declaring, "Case dismissed!"

The lawyer immediately stood and objecting to the ruling said, "Your honor! How can you possibly dismiss this case? The Christians have Christmas, Easter and other religious holidays.

"The Jews have Passover, Yom Kippur and Hanukkah, yet my client and other atheists have no such holidays," the attorney argued.

The judge leaned forward in his chair and slowly said, "But you do. Your client, counselor, is woefully ignorant."

The lawyer said, "Your Honor, we are unaware of any special observance or holiday for atheists."

The judge said, "Psalms 14:1 states, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'

Thus, it is the opinion of this court, that, if your client says there is no God, then he is a fool. Therefore, April 1st is his holiday. Court is adjourned."

You gotta love an East Texas judge who knows his scripture!!

Palestineherald.com

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Behind the Pine Curtains is a series of anecdotes compiled and edited by Herald-Press Publisher Gary Connor.*

Thanks Pastor Ken!

MISSION NEWS

Mission Pledges

The monthly income pledged for Missions is \$335.25. We received in the month of September \$232.00. I we are to fulfill the amount pledged for 2015 so we can meet the budgeted items we need to catch up. If you can please do so as soon as possible.

The Mission & Stewardship Department

The Mission and Stewardship Department of The American Baptist Churches of Massachusetts helps the 250 plus churches to remain mission minded, to go and make disciples locally, nationally and/or globally, while noticing the less fortunate who need to be fed, clothed and provided shelter. Under the auspices of Creation Care, our home mission sites at Grotonwood and Oceanwood provide sites to enhance stewardship of the environment.

"The earth is the Lord's and everything in it" (Psalm 24:1).

The department celebrates Mission annually with the fall MISSIONworks Conference, Mission Advocates are trained to enhance spreading the Gospel and to encourage generosity of time, talent, and treasure.

This is why we give to United Mission. It supports the ministry locally and nationally. Your contributions support ministry efforts, provided by the staff from the regional office to local churches, such as pastoral ordination preparation and placement, fiscal guidance and management, organizing missions (both local and overseas) and grant writing support. From Rev. Sandra Dorsainvil, Director

Our giving to United Mission is from our 2015 Mission pledges.

Local Missions

Please continue to save aluminum can tabs for the Shriners and education coupons.

The collection place for collecting the 5 cent fee on cans and bottles has closed. Would you please keep saving them and then turn them in at Market Basket stores and then give the receipts to Mission in your pledge envelopes. This will do a couple of things keep the recycled cans from attracting rodents and insects in the church, keep the church neat, and save Chet the trip to the collection place. Your cooperation is appreciated.

Let us stretch out and see what God has in store for
First Baptist Fitchburg

And remember. "God loves us the way we are but too much to let us stay
that way." *Anonymous*

Recipe of the Month

Pumpkin, Raisin and Ginger Cookies



Ingredients:

- 1 (14-oz.) pkg. Pillsbury® Pumpkin Quick Bread & Muffin Mix*
- 1/2 cup cinnamon-covered raisins or plain raisins
- 1/4 cup chopped crystallized ginger
- 1/2 cup butter, melted
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Preparation:

Heat oven to 350 degrees F. In large bowl, combine quick bread mix, raisins and ginger; mix well. Add butter and egg; stir until dry particles are moistened. (Mixture may be crumbly.)

In small bowl, combine sugar and cinnamon; mix well. Shape dough into 1 1/2-inch balls; roll in sugar-cinnamon mixture. Place 2 inches apart on ungreased cookie sheets.

Bake at 350 degrees F. for 12 to 15 minutes or until cookies are set. Remove from cookie sheets.

High Altitude (3500-6500 ft) Add 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour to dry mix. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 10 to 13 minutes.

Chef's Notes:

For Banana, Raisin and Ginger Cookies, substitute one 14-oz. pkg. Pillsbury Banana Quick Bread & Muffin Mix.

The word "The" is in a small, simple font, and "LETTER" is in a large, bold, serif font. The text is surrounded by illustrations of pink roses, white flowers, and two small brown birds perched on a branch.

The LETTER

Dear Friend,

How are you? I just had to send a note to tell you how much I care about you.

I saw you yesterday as you were talking with your friends. I waited all day hoping you would want to talk with me too. I gave you a sunset to close your day and a cool breeze to rest you - and I waited. You never came. It hurt me - but I still love you because I am your friend.

I saw you sleeping last night and longed to touch your brow so I spilled moonlight upon your face. Again I waited, wanting to rush down so we could talk. I have so many gifts for you! You awoke and rushed off to work. My tears were in the rain.

If you would only listen to me! I love you! I try to tell you in blue skies and in the quiet green grass. I whisper it in leaves on the trees and breathe it in colors of flowers, shout it to you in mountain streams, give the birds love songs to sing. I clothe you with warm sunshine and perfume the air with nature scents. My love for you is deeper than the ocean, and bigger than the biggest need in your heart!

Ask me! Talk with me! Please don't forget me. I have so much to share with you!

I won't hassle you any further. It is YOUR decision. I have chosen you and I will wait -

I love you. Your friend,
JESUS

Local News

November is Pledge Month for the coming year, 2016.
Please be watching your mail for information about Treasurers part of Stewardship...
Please review and pray about the information you receive.
Pledge Sunday will be Sunday, November 22, 2015

God Bless,
Mark Bigelow
Deacon of Stewardship



637 Lancaster Street (Route 117) - Leominster, MA 01453 - Phone: 978-227-5556
Email: restore@ncmhabitat.org

Please consider signing up for...

*Worship Leader
Usher
Door Greeter
or Coffee Hour*

We all enjoy these services!

Careful Planning Makes a Difference

**ANTHONY V. FEROCI, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW**

114 Merriam Ave - Suite 204
Leominster, MA 01453
978-466-5011

Elder and Disability Law
Medicaid Planning
Estate Planning
Asset Protection
Probate Avoidance

**Service of Installation for
Rev. Mary Miller
November 21 ~**

First Baptist of Worcester ~ 3 p.m.
Dr. Molly T. Marshall, president of Central Baptist
Theological Seminary, will bring the message.



November Birthdays

- 9. Portia Perkins
- 15. Samuel Jaramillo
- 15. Conference Mbunwe
- 28. Becky Tornblom



Happy Anniversary

November Anniversaries

- 26. Eric & Nicole Yangsi

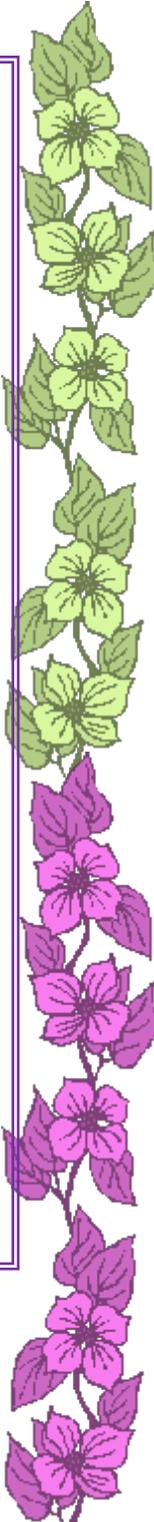


IF YOU'RE BIRTHDAY OR ANNIVERSARY IS NOT HERE, LET US KNOW AND WE'LL INCLUDE IT IN THE BEACONLIGHT! REMEMBER TO NOTIFY THE CHURCH OFFICE WITH ADDITIONS OR CORRECTIONS TO YOUR ADDRESS OR TO OUR MONTHLY LISTING OF BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES
 CONTACT THE CHURCH OFFICE
 978-345-5622
 E-MAIL: FBCBEACONLIGHT@COMCAST.NET

PRAYER LIST



Ardath's nephew John
Anne Ndunda's sister, Jane, in Dubai
Anne's brother, Michael
Anne's mother – trying to settle estate
Amy & Kylie Dresser
Allen Anderson's Family & Friends
Bette Adams & Mittens
Cindy Beck
Charleston Emmanuel AME Church
Diane Hope's friend's mother who fell
Elaine Corzine
Four-year old girl with cancer
George and Shirley Saari and family
Graglenn Mitchell
Jessica
Jim Benton
John Cross – health concerns, feeling good
John Fasik
Kaitlin Rooney & Kim Rooney
Karen Knowles
Kathy Gosselin
Kristy Engel, in Liberia
Linda Gosselin
Lorna Brown
Madeline, daughter of Linda's
friend, chronic pain due to injury
Mark & Diane Bigelow
Mark Gosselin
Marsha – return of lung cancer
Michael – shed collapsed on him



Nancy Peters
Norman Bigelow & Family
Pastor Becky – on sabbatical
Roberta Poole
Ruth Abell & Family
Sandra Dorsainville's father in Haiti
Shirley Webster
Ted Syphrit
Tim Primeau and family
Will's Son-in-Law – had cancer removed

World Mission offering
Our Missionaries
Our congregation and the communities
around us
People killed, uprooted, and terrorized by
ISIS
People of Nepal – still recovering from
earthquake
People of western U.S. - storms

IN NURSING HOMES



**IF YOU HAVE A PRAYER REQUEST, PLEASE, LET US KNOW AND WE'LL INCLUDE IT IN
THE BEACONLIGHT!**

REMEMBER TO NOTIFY US WITH ADDITIONS OR CORRECTIONS TO THESE LISTINGS.

CONTACT THE CHURCH OFFICE

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