

CEDAR GROVE BAPTIST CHURCH

NEWSLETTER — JUNE 2014



We believe that salvation is the gift of God brought to man by grace and received through personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ plus nothing. His precious blood was shed on Calvary for the forgiveness of our sins. The salvation of the ill-deserving sinner is based on the finished work of Jesus Christ, who became the sinner's substitute before God and died a provisionary sacrifice for the sins of the whole world.

THE PASTOR'S CORNER

Summer is upon us and things are wide open already. Our youth will travel to New York City to do a VBS in conjunction with Maple Springs Baptist church July 5-12 so they will be getting ready. I am sure there are things that this team could use to help them along. If you feel led to help in some way let Kerry Bidlespacher know and I am sure she can give ideas of things they will need. Please remember to pray for them that they will be safe and that they will make an impact on the area where they will be. Also pray that God will use this opportunity to encourage another generation to support missions and to be missionaries.

Meanwhile back in Asheboro we are preparing for VBS here in July as well and a mission trip to help in St. Vincent on the Church building for Grace Baptist at the end of July. Please pray for this trip as well we are behind in scheduling for several different reasons but we hope to make up ground in the days ahead. The last Saturday of May was the annual "Spring Fling" here

at Cedar Grove. I trust you came out for that and that God blessed in the activities there as well. One other thing that I want to encourage people to attend is the Fourth of July get together at Jack and Lynn's house, I am sure we will have a good time. Just a glance at all of these things makes me tired so it is easy to say that we are very busy here at church.

You couple these things with all of the normal summer activities, mowing, beaching, mountaining, and gardening it is easy to lose sight of Jesus in the activities. So I would like to encourage you to listen to Paul, "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, *do* all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." So let us not lose sight of Jesus in all of our activities and remember that the things that we enjoy He allows us to enjoy and to do so let them be honoring unto Him. Let's take time daily to meet with God and make sure the things we are going is pleasing to Him and that we stay in tune with Him.

"The earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof; The world, and they that dwell therein." (Psalm 24:1)

Cedar Grove Baptist Church
3012 Old Hwy 49 • PO Box 2943 • Asheboro,
NC 27204 (336) 626-0551

Dr. George W. Truett was fond of quoting Psalm 24:1 in support of missions. He would say that the church that is not missionary does not deserve the ground upon which its building stands.¹

¹ Herschel H. Hobbs, *My Favorite Illustrations* (Nashville, TN: Broadman Press, 1990), 185–186.



Tom had a Happy Birthday

YOU ALMOST WAITED TOO LONG

Roger Shelton, a pastor from Nashville, Tennessee, was in Pusan, Korea, on an evangelistic mission. With an interpreter, he visited a man who had creeping paralysis. Both of his legs were paralyzed and the disease threatened his life if no cure could be found.

Entering a dimly lighted room, Shelton found the man crouched on the floor. Speaking through the interpreter, he told the stricken man he had come to talk with him about Jesus Christ. The Korean replied, "I know. I have been waiting for you a long time." The interpreter responded by saying they had arrived at the appointed time.

The Korean explained. "That's not what

SCHEDULED EVENTS

June 8 @ 12:30PM	Covered Dish
June 15	Father's Day
June 28 @ 2:00PM	Church Picnic @ Jack & Lynn's
June 29 @ 2:00PM–6:00PM	Blood Drive
July	Teen Mission Trip to NYC
July 13–18 @ 6:30PM	VBS
July 28-31	Mission trip to St Vincent
August 18 @ 6:30PM	Planning Committee

I meant. My people are Buddhist, and I have been a Buddhist. But Buddha gives me no comfort." Then he pointed to a Korean Bible. He noted that he had read through it twice. "It tells of a great one. I have waited for someone to come and tell me more about him." He said that he had believed that if the Bible was true, God would send someone to tell him.

Shelton told the man about Jesus. He readily believed. As they were leaving, the man thanked them for coming. Shelton said, however, that the man's final words shook every fiber of his emotional being.

"You almost waited too long."

¹ Herschel H. Hobbs, *My Favorite Illustrations* (Nashville, TN: Broadman Press, 1990), 184–185.



ANNIVERSARIES

Wayne & Denise Brewer	06 June
Vince & Amber Grainger	06 June
Billy & Deondia Owens	18 June
Jerry & Leondia Leonard	26 June

Visit the Cedar Grove Baptist Church website
<http://www.cedargrovebaptistchurch.net>



BIRTHDAYS

Barbara Jones	06 June
Donna Auman	20 June
Zach Bidlespacher	11 June
Scott Bidlespacher	23 June

JESUS PAID IT ALL

Author—Elvina M. Hall, 1820–1889

Composer—John T. Grape, 1835–1915

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

Isaiah 1:18

This hymn speaks pointedly about the truth of the certainty of our personal relationship with God. The text was written by a lay woman named Elvina Hall. She wrote these words one Sunday morning, in 1865, while seated in the choir loft of the Monument Street Methodist Church of Baltimore, Maryland, supposedly listening to the sermon by her pastor, the Rev. George Schrick. During the course of the message, she began scribbling the words of the poem on the flyleaf of her church hymnal. Following the service, there might have been a conversation like this:

Mrs. Hall: Pastor Schrick...I enjoyed the message this morning, well...I mean—Oh, pastor, I really must confess that I wasn't listening too closely because, you see, once you started preaching about how we can really know God's forgiveness and love, I began thinking about all that Christ has already done to provide our redemption. These words came to me, and I just had to get them down on paper. And the only paper I had at the time was the flyleaf of this hymnal. Would you have time to look at these verses just now?

Pastor: Why of course, Elvina, and I certainly don't want you feeling guilty by any means for what you did during my sermon. In fact, I believe that what you did is proof of something I firmly believe—that when the Word of God finds root in our lives, it stimulates our creative abilities and makes it possible for the Holy Spirit to take these talents and use them to bring great spiritual blessing to His people for the days ahead. It's very possible, Elvina, that God has touched your life this morning, in this manner, even while I was preaching.

Mrs. Hall: Then you are not angry with me for writing this poem, when I really should have been listening to your sermon?

Pastor: Of course not. In fact, that reminds me of something else. Just several days ago, our

good organist, John Grape, gave me a copy of a new tune he had recently composed. If I remember correctly, he titled it, "All to Christ I Owe," and do you know, Elvina, I think that tune might fit your poem. Yes, here's a copy of the music right in my Bible. Now you read that first stanza again, while I see how John's tune matches your words.

Mrs. Hall:

I hear the Savior say,

"Thy strength indeed is small,

Child of weakness, watch and pray,

find in Me thine all in all."

Pastor: Oh, that's wonderful, Elvina; the words and the tune match perfectly. Now all we need is a good refrain that will summarize everything into one strong, final statement.

Mrs. Hall:

Jesus paid it all,

all to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain;

He washed it white as snow.

Mrs. Elvina Mable Hall, author of the text, was born on June 4, 1820, in Alexandria, Virginia. She and her first husband were faithful members of the Monument Street Methodist Church for more than forty years. John T. Grape, composer of the tune, was a successful coal merchant in Baltimore, who, as he once said, "dabbled in music for my own amusement." For many years he was an active lay-worker in the Monument Street Church, working in the Sunday school as well as serving as the organist-choir director. This hymn in its present form first appeared in Philip Bliss's *Gospel Song Book Collection* (1874), and from that time to the present, it has enjoyed wide use in evangelical churches everywhere.

Again we marvel at the workings of God on our behalf. An obscure woman scribbles a poem on the flyleaf of her hymnal, an amateur church musician unknowingly creates a matching tune, an unknown pastor provides encouragement and another hymn is born, that has since found an important place in our church hymnals and in turn has ministered spiritual challenge and blessing to countless numbers of people for more than a century.²

² Kenneth W. Osbeck, *101 More Hymn Stories* (Grand Rapids, MI: Kregel Publications, 1985).

During the early days of the third century many Christians died when they refused to renounce their allegiance to Christ Jesus. They diary of one young woman named Perpetua—as well as an account of her martyrdom—has survived.

During a persecution of Christians under the emperor Septimius Severus, a group of Christians died together in the arena at Carthage. Their final days have been recorded for us in a document that is partly in their own words, and partly in those of an anonymous narrator (sometimes thought to be Tertullian).

Vivia Perpetua was a catchumen (i.e. a convert not yet baptized), well educated and from a prosperous family, about 22 years old, married and apparently recently widowed, with a child at her breast, and with two brothers and both parents still living. (Her father was not a Christian.)

Pages from Perpetua's diary, written from prison

When I was still with my companions, and my father in his affection for me was endeavoring to upset my by arguments and overthrow my resolution, I said, "Father, do you see this waterpot lying here?"

"I see it," he said.

And I said to him, "Can it be called by any other name than what it is?"

And he answered, "No,"

"So also I cannot call myself anything else than what I am, a Christian."

Then my father, furious at the word "Christian", threw himself upon me as though to pluck out my eyes; but he was satisfied with annoying me; he was in fact vanquished, he and his devil's arguments. Then I thanked the Lord for being parted for a few days from my father, and was refreshed by his absence. During those few days we were baptized, and the Holy Spirit bade me make no other petition after the holy water save for bodily endurance. ...

The procurator Hilarian said to me: "Spare your father's white hairs; spare the

tender years of your child. Offer a sacrifice for the safety of the Emperors."

And I answered, "No."

"Are you a Christian!" said Hilarian.

And I answered: "I am."

Then he passed sentence on all of us, and condemned us to the beasts....

From the account of her death:

The day of their victory shone forth, and they proceeded from the prison to the amphitheater, as if to an assembly, joyous and of brilliant countenance. At the gate, the guards were going to dress them in the robes of those dedicated to Saturn and to Ceres. But that noble-minded woman [Perpetua?] said: "We are here precisely for refusing to honor your gods. By our deaths we earn the right not to wear such garments." The guards recognized the justice of her words, and let them wear their own clothing.

For the young women there was prepared a fierce cow. Perpetua was first led in. She was tossed, and when she saw her tunic torn from her side, she drew it as a veil over her middle, rather mindful of her modesty than of her sufferings. Then she was called up again, and bound up her disheveled hair, for it is not becoming for a martyr to die with disheveled hair, which is a sign of mourning. She saw Felicity wounded, and took her hand and raised her up, and at the demand of the populace they were given a respite.

Now all the prisoners were to be slain with the sword, and they went to the center of the arena, first exchanging a farewell kiss of peace. The others died unmoving and silent, but when the awkward hand of the young executioner bungled her death-stroke, Perpetua cried out in pain, and herself guided his hand to her throat. Possibly such a woman could not have been slain unless she herself willed it, because she was feared by the impure spirit.³

³ Mark Water, *The New Encyclopedia of Christian Martyrs* 176-178.

SPRING FLING 2014



