



CHRIST *Jesus* LIVES TODAY!

Inspiring Story: **THE BRIDGE**

There was once a bridge which spanned a large river. During most of the day the bridge sat with its length running up and down the river paralleled with the banks, allowing ships to pass thru freely on both sides of the bridge. But at certain times each day, a train would come along and the bridge would be turned sideways across the river, allowing a train to cross it.

A switchman sat in a small shack on one side of the river where he operated the controls to turn the bridge and lock it into place as the train crossed. One evening as the switchman was waiting for the last train of the day to come, he looked off into the distance thru the dimming twilight and caught sight of the train lights. He stepped to the control and waited until the train was within a prescribed distance when he was to turn the bridge. He turned the bridge into position, but, to his horror, he found the locking control did not work. If the bridge was not securely in position it would wobble back and forth at the ends when the train came onto it, causing the train to jump the track and go crashing into the river. This would be a passenger train with many people aboard. He left the bridge turned across the river, and hurried across the bridge to the other side of the river where there was a lever switch he could hold to operate the lock manually. He would have to hold the lever back firmly as the train crossed. He could hear the rumble of the train now, and he took hold of the lever and leaned backward to apply his weight to it, locking the bridge. He kept applying the pressure to keep the mechanism locked. Many lives depended on this man's strength.

Then, coming across the bridge from the direction of his control shack, he heard a sound that made his blood run cold. "Daddy, where are you?" His four-year-old son was crossing the bridge to look for him. His first impulse was to cry out to the child, "Run! Run!" But the train was too close; the tiny legs would never make it across the bridge in time. The man almost left his lever to run and snatch up his son and carry him to safety. But he realized that he could not get back to the lever. Either the people on the train or his little son must die. He took a moment to make his decision.

The train sped safely and swiftly on its way, and no one aboard was even aware of the tiny broken body thrown mercilessly into the river by the onrushing train. Nor were they aware of the pitiful figure of the sobbing man, still clinging tightly to the locking lever long after the train had passed. They did not see him walking home more slowly than he had ever walked: to tell his wife how their son had brutally died.

Now if you comprehend the emotions which went through this man's heart, you can begin to understand the feelings of our Father in Heaven when He sacrificed His Son to bridge the gap between us and eternal life. Can there be any wonder that He caused the earth to tremble and the skies to darken when His Son died? How does He feel when we speed along thru life without giving a thought to what was done for us thru Jesus Christ?

— Author Unknown (<https://www.heavensinspirations.com/inspiring-stories.html>)

WEST HENRIETTA BAPTIST CHURCH

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Easter Time

By Evelyn Shoots

*Easter brings a new beginning ~
Choirs sing, with
Church bells ringing!
Springtime smiles
As flowers bloom
Christ has risen
From the tomb!
He is alive!
Praise God!*



You are invited to our Maundy Thursday Service and Communion Service on April 6, 2023 at 6:30 pm in the Fellowship Hall. Soup and bread will be served.

Palm Sunday Luncheon

Who: Everyone

When: April 2, 2023

Time: Following Worship

The Board of Christian Education asks the congregation to bring a dish to pass.



April 2nd Palm Sunday Communion Sunday

Greeter: Everyone
Communion: Connie Necaster and Valerie Bandemer
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Sharon Scurlock
Offertory Prayer: Laurie Wenthe
Fellowship: Pot Luck Luncheon

April 9th Easter Sunday

Greeter: Everyone
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Dan Scurlock
Offertory Prayer: Valerie Bandemer
Fellowship: Dan & Sharon Scurlock

April 16th

Greeter: Everyone
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Laurel Heisig
Offertory Prayer: Connie Necaster
Fellowship: Valerie Bandemer

April 23rd

Greeters: Everyone
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture: Connie Frank
Offertory Prayer: Loretta Hirschman
Fellowship: TBD

April 30th

Greeters: Everyone
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture: Dan Scurlock
Offertory Prayer: Valerie Bandemer
Fellowship: Gretchen Young



Prayer Group
Saturdays at 9:00 AM

Choir Practice
Saturdays at 10:00 AM

Sunday Mornings
Choir Practice at 9:30 AM
Worship at 10:00 AM
Fellowship at 11:00 AM

Bible Study
Wednesdays at 10:00 AM

Palm Sunday Potluck Luncheon
April 2
Following Worship

Maundy Thursday Service
April 6 at 6:30 PM

Deacons Meeting
April 14 at 10:00 AM

Trustees Meeting
April 14 at 1:00 PM

LINK deadline for May 2023
April 18 ~ Sharon Scurlock



In Memory of:

Deborah L Covill

11-24-1958 ~ 03-02-2023



Survived by her loving husband of 27 years Leland J Covill Jr; Children Mark Covill, Elizabeth Griffin, Glenn J Morse, Christina Morse, Lelanda Covill, Darnell

Ashford III, Thomas Carpenter; Grandchildren Daniel Covill, Katelyn Covill, Sierrah Griffin, Ralph Griffin Jr, Kenneth Griffin, Elijah Griffin, Brayden Morse, Elliana Morse, Jasmine Morse, Jace Cavitt; Great Grandchildren Arabella Covill, Jadon Carey, Kah'juan Griffin, Lei'lah Griffin.

She worked as both a crossing guard and crossing guard coordinator for RCSD. She was a Proud and active member of West Henrietta Baptist Church.

A Celebration of her life was held on March 16, 2023 at 11 am at the West Henrietta Baptist Church located at 5660 W Henrietta Rd, West Henrietta, NY 14586.

God's Healing Touch

By Evelyn M. Shoots

When we call for help
We Know Who will answer
As we feel His Touch

We are all God's Lambs
In the fields of Bethlehem
Or roaming near home!

That place inside us
Awaits Father's soothing grace
Which we all embrace

Father's Touch is real
And here on Earth to feel
And honors our praying

There is strength in joy
Joy of our Lord gives us strength
We can feel His Touch

Thinking about it –
When we are filled with joy
We want to share it

We praise Our Father
And songs fill our souls with Love
What a great blessing!



April 2 ~ Betty Trim
April 3 ~ Lynne Stewart
April 8 ~ Colin Chase
April 11 ~ Sarah Zima
April 15 ~ Sierrah Griffin
April 17 ~ Roberta Miller
April 18 ~ Oliver Hagen
April 21 ~ Mark Heintz, Jr.
April 30 ~ Virginia Chase



FISH / RHAFT, Inc.

Serving Residents in the Rush-Henrietta Central School District

Updated News ~ RHAFT is no longer taking donations at the Senior Center. We are accepting donations ONLY at our Bushmans Cabin Facility in the Town Park, Mondays 9am—12 Noon. We accept everything that you would normally shop for, for your family. For example canned goods, mac & cheese, pasta, soups, canned tuna, tuna pouches, canned chicken, ham, personal hygiene supplies, diapers, pet foods. The need is now greater than ever now that the monthly SNAP Allowance has been cut to pre-pandemic levels.

Thank you for your support as you have in the past.

Mark F. Heintz, Sr.

NOTE: Congregation can continue bringing items to Church and put them on the kitchen counter. Steve and Laurie Wenthe then delivers them once a month to RHAFT.

Spring

Craft and Vendor Sale

Many thanks goes to Joanne Wilbert and her crew of helpers for a very successful "Spring Craft and Vendor Sale". The results are in and they are:

Table Fees	\$305.00
Pizza	\$81.00
Raffle	\$113.00
Garage Sale	<u>\$788.00</u>
Total	\$1,287.00

Joanne is already looking ahead towards having a "Fall Craft and Vendor Sale". Everyone is encouraged to share their thoughts and/or suggestions for the next time.



A Basketful of Easter Inspiration

By Harry Hills

A sweet surprise in the right place at the right time...

"Excuse me," said the young man, standing awkwardly at the open church door. "I'm here to pick up an Easter basket for my daughter. Am I in the right place?"

"Well, we have baskets, but they're not Easter baskets for kids; they're food baskets," I explained.

That morning I had arrived early at St. Michael's Episcopal Church here in Carmichael, California, to help distribute the baskets to needy families for Easter. To make sure everyone was taken care of, we had handed out numbers to the recipients that matched the basket they were supposed to receive. Each one contained a full Easter dinner—a whole ham, potatoes, bread, vegetables and a pie—plus enough staples to help feed a family for a week.

"Why don't you come in?" I offered the man.

He looked disappointed. He shook his head, and peered over his shoulder. "I can't...my daughter is waiting for me in the car," he said. He gave her a little wave and turned back toward me. "I'm grateful for the food, but

when I heard you were giving away baskets for Easter...well, I thought they would be Easter baskets for children," he continued. "I promised my daughter one." He glanced over his shoulder again. "I left her in the car because I wanted to surprise her."

I felt bad, but there was nothing we could do. Our volunteers had put together food baskets, not Easter ones. We didn't have the means to make up anything else. The man handed me his number, and I walked over to where the baskets were waiting for pick up.

A bulge in one of the baskets caught my eye. What is that? I wondered. Leaning in and looking more closely, I could see, unmistakably, an Easter basket—filled with an assortment of candy and Easter eggs—wrapped with ribbons and tucked inside with the food.

One of the volunteers must have added it by mistake! I thought. Then I looked at the man's number in my hand. *Well, I'll be...*

"Happy Easter," I said to the man, handing him the only food basket with an Easter basket inside—the very same basket with his number on it. "Someone knew just what you needed."

Someone sure did.