

WEST HENRIETTA BAPTIST CHURCH

5660 WEST HENRIETTA RD (P. O. BOX 336), WEST HENRIETTA, NY 14586

(585) 334-0497; EMAIL: CHURCH@WHBAPTIST.ORG;

WEB. WHBAPTIST.ORG

PASTOR: REV. DR. PETER E. GRINION; TEL: (585) 278-8520



Rose's Story

"An 87 Year Old College Student Named Rose"

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn't already know. I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned round to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being.

She said, "Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?"

I laughed and enthusiastically responded, "Of course you may!" and she gave me a giant squeeze. "Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?" I asked.

She jokingly replied, "I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, and have a couple of kids..."

"No seriously," I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age.

"I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!" she told me.

After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake. We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months, we would leave class together and talk nonstop. I was always mesmerized listening to this "time machine" as she shared her wisdom and experience with me.

Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention

bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I'll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium.

As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said, "I'm sorry I'm so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me! I'll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know."

As we laughed she cleared her throat and began, "We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing. There are only four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success. You have to laugh and find humor every day. You've got to have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around who are dead and don't even know it! There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up.

If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight. Anybody can grow older. That doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding opportunity in change.

(Continued on page 4)

Song of Life

By Evelyn M. Shoots

The Joy of the Lord
Gives us the strength
To face every day of life.

We may have mountains
To climb every way, it seems
But here is a right way:
It is praying for God to
Help us climb, and His
Words Lift us up!

What a Redeemer God is!

Praise and Bless God!
Neh. 8:10

Worship With Us

August 6th**Communion Sunday**

Greeter: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Connie Frank
Offertory Prayer: Loretta Hirschman
Fellowship: Valerie Bandemer

August 13th

Greeter: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: John Miller
Offertory Prayer: Connie Necaster
Fellowship: John Miller

August 20th

Greeters: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture: Josina McCarroll
Offertory Prayer: Laurie Wenthe
Fellowship: Gretchen Young

August 27th

Greeters: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture: Gretchen Young
Offertory Prayer: Valerie Bandemer
Fellowship: Anne Greco



**Our Tribute to
Evelyn M. Shoots
Always In Our Hearts
By Evie Scott**

Her loving words flow
through her mind
So gracious, thoughtful always kind
Sincere in all her ways expressed
She lives to love in wholesome zest!

So thankful for her life to shine
Grateful she's here at 99!

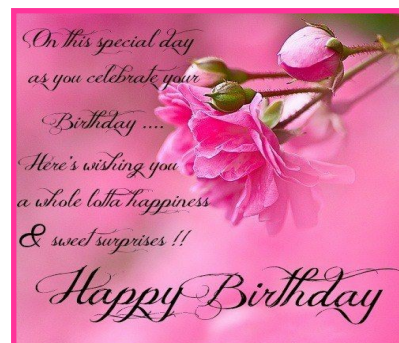
HAPPY 99th BIRTHDAY!

WE LOVE YOU MOM ❤️

**Evie, Evy, Jay and Jim
Neh. 8:10**



**We celebrated Chris Statt's
97th Birthday on July 9, 2023
during Fellowship Hour**



Aug. 4 ~ Evie Scott
Aug. 6 ~ Heather Jonathan
Aug. 6 ~ Carol Wilkins
Aug. 10 ~ Evy Shoots
Aug. 10 ~ Joyce Shutts
Aug. 14 ~ Sharon Scurlock
Aug. 15 ~ Paul Lundy
Aug. 23 ~ Connie Frank
Aug. 28 ~ Jim Harper

SAVE THE DATE

CHURCH PICNIC
Sunday,
September 3, 2023
Following Worship
In Fellowship Hall
Please bring a dish to pass.



The LINK Deadline
Please submit your
articles, news,
humorous stories,
activities, etc. for
the September **LINK**
by August 18th to Sharon Scurlock

Best knock knock joke ever..

Knock-Knock Joke

Three brothers age 92, 94 and 96 live in a house together.

One night the 96 year old draws a bath, puts his foot in and pauses. He yells down the stairs, "Was I getting in or out of the bath?"

The 94 year old yells back, "I don't know, I'll come up and see." He starts up the stairs and pauses, then he yells, "Was I going up the stairs or coming down?"

The 92 year old was sitting at the kitchen table having coffee listening to his brothers. He shakes his head and says, "I sure hope I never get that forgetful." He knocks on wood for good luck. He then yells, "I'll come up and help both of you as soon as I see who's at the door."



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
Bible Study suspended for
July and August

Deacons Meeting
August 4 at 10:00 AM

Trustees Meeting
August 4 at 1:00 PM

**LINK deadline for
September 2023 is
August 18
Sharon Scurlock**

Cabinet Meeting ~ TBA

(Continued from page 1)

Have no regrets. The elderly usually don't have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets."

She concluded her speech by courageously singing "The Rose."

She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives.

At the year's end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago. One week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep.

Over two thousand college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it's never too late to be all you can possibly be.

When you finish reading this, please send this peaceful word of advice to your friends and family, they'll really enjoy it!

These words have been passed along in loving memory of ROSE.

REMEMBER, GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY. GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL.

We make a Living by what we get, we make a Life by what we give." ❤️ ❤️ ❤️

Credited to motivational speaker **Dan Clark**, who published it under the title "*Never Too Old to Live Your Dream*" in the 1999 book *Chicken Soup for the College Soul: Inspiring and Humorous Stories About College*.

Spirit Lifting: Butterfly Blessings



"Every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights, who does not change like shifting shadows."—James 1:17 (NIV)

Recently, a neighbor came over for iced tea. She wanted advice about which flowers to plant in her garden. Glasses in hand, we strolled through my yard.

"These pink roses and azaleas grow well," I said. Then I showed her where I'd planted purple agapanthus and bright yellow lantana. She pointed to some green stalks in the corner—bare except for a few small leaves.

"What happened there?" she asked.

"That's milkweed."

She stepped closer. "Oh no, caterpillars are eating it!"

"I know," I said, laughing.

"You don't mind?"

"No," I said. "Every year, monarch butterflies lay their eggs on the milkweed. Then caterpillars hatch. They'll cocoon and eventually emerge as beautiful butterflies."

"But they've eaten all the flowers!" she said.

"That's okay," I told her. "The way I see it, every flower in my garden is a gift from God and helping sustain the butterflies is a simple way to pay his gift forward."

As we walked back to the house, I said a silent thanks to God for his never-ceasing care.

Lord, please give me the creativity to find meaningful ways to pay your gifts forward.—Melody Bonnette Swang