

# WEST HENRIETTA BAPTIST CHURCH

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## FATHER'S DAY RESCUE

It's the crisis firefighters worry about most: a child trapped in a burning house.

We ate a big breakfast at a local restaurant, like we did every Father's Day. Then off to church. Pastor talked about how God is a father who never lets his children down. I wanted to be a father like that.

One of the presents my daughters gave me was a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "World's Coolest Dad." That was good enough for me.

After church I put the shirt on. Then we'd leave for a car show the next town over. That was also our tradition. Just like any other Father's Day. That's what made it so great.

Just as we headed out the front door my volunteer fire-department pager went off. *Nuts*, I thought. *Maybe it's just a brush fire and they won't need me.*

But the dispatcher's voice crackled: "Attention, Pocahontas-Old Ripley firefighters! House fire on Simpson Street. Repeat. House fire on Simpson Street."

"Gotta go," I said. I left my family on the front porch, ran to my car, jumped behind the wheel and took off. Again the dispatcher's voice: "There is a child inside. Repeat. A child is trapped inside the house."

I drove to the firehouse, all the while hoping it would just be a false alarm. That happens a lot. We'd get to a house fire and find everyone standing outside in the yard, safe.

I got to the firehouse in minutes. Another firefighter, Tom Smith, and the chief were waiting. "Tommy, Don, take truck two-five-three. Roll!" he ordered. "The rest of the guys will be right behind you."

Tommy and I threw on our fire-retardant clothes and boots. "What do you think?" Tommy asked.

"False alarm, maybe?" But it was more of a hope than an opinion.

Tommy and I rolled in truck 253, siren ripping through the otherwise peaceful Sunday afternoon. As the first on the scene, our job was to make sure everyone was out of the house, locate the nearest hydrant, then wait for backup.

And there was another backup. Prayer. I always pray before going in to a fire.

The truck screeched around the corner onto Simpson. A small crowd had gathered in front of number 907. They appeared agitated, almost panicky. Smoke billowed from the one-story house's open front door. Tommy grabbed the radio.

"Truck two-five-three on scene. Advise all units: We have smoke; this is a working fire!"

We lurched to a stop. The bystanders swarmed us. "The baby's inside!" one yelled. "Do something, quick!"

First Tommy and I had to put on our air packs. We wouldn't stand a chance without oxygen. Someone—a neighbor, I figured—stood in the doorway of the house holding a garden hose, a pathetic jet of water spurting in vain.

A large man burst through the door, sputtering and coughing, red eyes streaming with tears. "Please hurry!" he called. "My boy's still in there. I couldn't get to him!"

Tommy and I glanced at each other. I knew what he was thinking. No time to wait for backup. Together we raced toward the house. We heard a voice behind us. Battalion Chief Steve Brown was on scene. Backup would be here soon.

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Steve yanked the garden hose from the neighbor and headed inside. "Let's move," he said.

Tommy and I plunged through the doorway. Curtains of fire ate away at the walls and ceiling. The place was an inferno. And all we had was a garden hose. That wouldn't cut it.

*Lord, I begged, please get those other firefighters here on the double. Please shield us from the flames and lead us to that child. Please don't let us die. Especially not today.*

Tommy and I worked as a pair. We got down on all fours. Every few seconds I reached out to touch Tommy or I felt him touch me. *Maintain contact*, I reminded myself. That's one of the first rules.

Trying to find Tommy if I lost him would mean a delay, possibly death. For me, for Tommy, for the child in the house.

The smoke quickly grew thicker until it was pitch-black. One thing you don't realize about a fire until you're in one is how loud the sound is. Flames roared in our ears. Pieces of ceiling smashed down on our backs. Ashes everywhere. The blistering heat sucked sweat from our skin.

"Anyone here?" I shouted. No answer. Tommy and I searched every inch of the first two rooms. No child. My hand knocked into a wall. We followed it down a hallway. I strained to see something through the smoke. Couldn't make out what it was, so I reached for it.

A table leg. Then a chair. Must be the dining room. Tommy and I felt all around under the table. Again nothing. "Next room!" I shouted.

I knew the layout of these houses. The only room left was the kitchen. We crawled from one end of it to the other.

Flames roared louder. How long before the roof collapses? "This is it!" I yelled to Tommy. "We have to get out!"

All at once a vision was put into my head—that father begging us to save his child. We couldn't give up. Not today, I thought again. There still might be a chance.

*All right, Lord, I prayed. Pastor said this morning that you'll never let your children down. Well, there's a little boy somewhere in here who needs your help. And so do I.*

I tapped Tommy on the arm and motioned him to follow. "Let's try here!" I shouted. I reached out. Thick black smoke flowed through my empty fingers. Then my hand landed on something. Another chair leg? No. Too thin.

I squeezed gently. Soft. It felt like...an arm. "Tommy, I've got him! I've got him!"

I snatched the boy up in one arm and frantically waved ahead of me with the other, half crawling, half crouching. Stay low. Move fast. My breathing was a roar inside my fire hood. Sweat blinded me. Didn't much matter. I couldn't see anyway.

Tommy kept close behind, tapping me again and again. I was out the front door before I could make out a glimpse of daylight. I stood up and ran with the boy to a safe distance. I put him down on the lawn. His face gray, his body limp, his chest still. Couldn't have been more than two years old.

I tore off my mask and started mouth-to-mouth.

*Breathe!* Finally he sputtered and took a breath. Then another. Slowly color rose in his face. Our EMTs started him on oxygen and loaded him into our ambulance. It looked like he would be fine.

Once the fire was under control, Tommy and I stripped off our gear and sat in the shade of a maple, drinking ice water a neighbor had given us. I looked down at myself. I still had on my "Coolest Dad" T-shirt. Filthiest dad was more like it. Those black stains would never come out.

"Look at this," I said out loud. "You can hardly see what it says anymore."

The neighbor who'd given us water just smiled. "That's okay," he said. "Today you guys gave another dad the greatest gift anyone ever could."

By Don Hawley

**Guideposts**

**Proverbs 4:11-12:** "I will guide you in the way of wisdom and I will lead you in upright paths. When you walk, your steps will not be hampered, and when you run, you will not stumble."



Jun. 6 ~ Carol Dubois  
 Jun. 10 ~ Stacie Goff  
 Jun. 11 ~ Elizabeth  
                     Hirschman  
 Jun. 11 ~ Chris Pires  
 Jun. 12 ~ Sally Kubica  
 Jun. 15 ~ Stan Eney  
 Jun. 20 ~ Bonnie Healy  
 Jun. 26 ~ Kenneth Goff  
 Jun. 28 ~ Ashley Dubois



Dear Friends, I hope you are well. My friend Azoli is scheduled for surgery. Thank you to all who prayed and gave. Even his Tanzanian home church gave toward this need. By raising enough funds, he is scheduled for a better surgery instead of amputation! Praise God! We hope you are well. Please enjoy my newest devotional. Blessings, Michelle, Dave and Olivia.

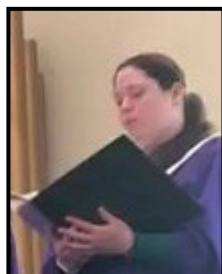
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Editor: Sharon Scurlock

## News From Our Fellowship

**As in March, April and May, WHBC services, meetings and activities are cancelled until further notice. You will be notified by email and phone calls when services will resume. It will also be posted on our Web Site and Facebook page.**

Approximately 10 cars met at WHBC and formed a drive-by parade to celebrate Jackson Goff's 10th birthday on May 13th. There were balloons, gifts, cards, a lawn sign and lots of beeping to wish him a happy day! Thank you to all who joined in.



Congratulations to Thisie Do, a member of our choir, who recently defended her thesis and earned her doctoral (PHD) degree from the University of Rochester. According to her Facebook Page, she is presently a Director of Institutional Research at U of R. She is married, has one son and is originally from Brazil. Way to go Thisie! Proud of you!

Steve Wenthe has been working hard on another project at church. Can you guess what is missing from this picture of the church from the parking lot? What Steve has done is amazing. **WE THANK YOU SO MUCH!!**



Paul Hirschman surprised his mother, Loretta Hirschman on Saturday, May 9th and spent two weeks with her. Loretta enjoyed a wonderful visit with Paul. Loretta said she felt like she was on vacation. She also had a great visit with her great grandson, Sawyer. Sawyer is 1 year old now and walking everywhere.

The Church Picnic is currently scheduled tentatively for July 19, at the Martin Road Park. Updated information will be in the July **LINK**.

Gabrielle McKenzie, Gretchen Young's niece, passed away due to seizures which caused her breathing to stop on May 14th. She was 15 years old. Gretchen would like to thank the Church members who prayed for her all these years. Gabrielle's funeral was at the Baptist Church in North Carolina. The funeral was live streamed and Gretchen was able to see it.

Debbie Covill came home last week after a long stay at Rochester General. She is recovering nicely and glad to be home.

Ginny Chase fell and broke her arm. She is home and appreciates all your prayers.

Gretly Barrett, a Bible Study member, had a stroke and is recovering in the rehabilitation unit at Strong Hospital. She appreciates your prayers for her recovery.

**Do you have any news you would like to share? Please send to Joyce Shutts for the July issue of the **LINK** by June 18th.**



## Reflections

Could this time of isolation possibly be  
a gift, a saving grace, a measure of mercy,  
a blessing in disguise that God will use to . . .

I ~ inspire our better selves  
S ~ sense His presence  
O ~ open our hearts  
L ~ look for the good  
A ~ assist generously  
T ~ trust Him totally  
I ~ innovate fresh possibilities  
O ~ overcome our obstacles  
N ~ never, ever give up?!

Today and every day.

Praying we sense God with us throughout  
these unspeakable times . . .

His incomparable, boundless care, strength,  
understanding, guidance, compassion, and  
love that hold His promises to ~  
grow our faith . . .  
sustain our hope . . .

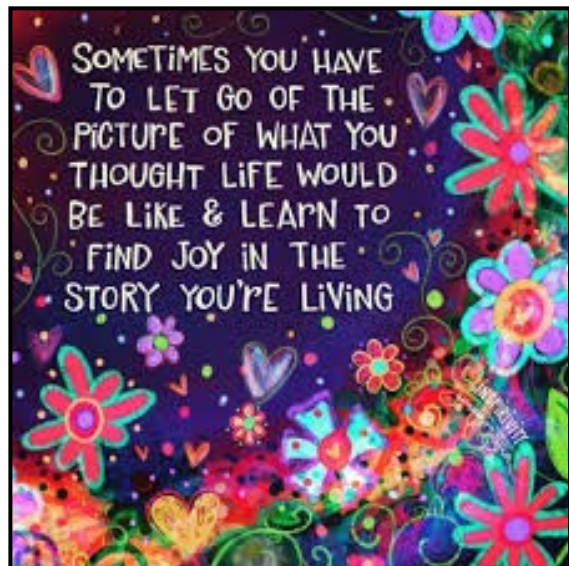
and

fulfill the desires of our hearts and souls.



To God Be the Glory!

By Jo Waas



Editor: Sharon Scurlock

## Hearts of Hope

By Evelyn M Shoots

Above steeple spires  
Notes are chiming with our choirs:  
"Perks" when work week tires.

Troubles have brought change;  
It is time to re-arrange,  
With God's Love exchange:  
guarding distancing,  
We will touch hearts as we sing:  
A blest assembling!

When our Pastor smiles with us,  
Over scriptures we discuss,  
Father's honors cover us!

Be wise and protect  
Your life and other in respect:  
More lives will be kept!

Keep staying with praying!  
Amen



## Laurie Wenthe's Self Discovery

Two things I have discovered about myself during quarantine due to the Covid 19 pandemic.

The first thing I have discovered is I have a green thumb. Last fall I took a couple of plants inside for the winter. I lost a couple, sadly, one was a miniature rose bush, but most made it through the winter. However, another miniature rose bush is making a valiant effort to survive, after dead-heading, trimming and some fertilizer but it still remains to be seen. If anyone has any advice, please let me know.

In addition to my efforts to save the rose bush, I decided to try my hand at rooting cuttings for new plants. I drowned the first one, probably by not planting it in time, but I learned from my mistake and now I have several new plants.

This leads me to the second thing I have discovered, not to be afraid of making mistakes. I learned it is even good to make mistakes. In the instance of the drowned cutting, I learned not to wait too long because the roots **will** rot if left in water.

I know there are many talented gardeners at West Henrietta Baptist and I am just an amateur. However, I found this activity has not only made more plants but also helped me remember those other gardeners who were dear to me and have passed on to their reward. This quarantine has helped me to remember and make it a beautiful experience.

## Moderator's Meanderings

As we continue to be a Church without a building to worship in, I praise God we are, "CHURCH" centered in Christ and worshipping God joyfully. Talking with many of you and others, I feel God's love and strength being shared freely. We continue to enjoy regular sermons, phone calls, e-mails, prayer chain messages, *LINK* articles as well as Zoom, Facebook, etc. I have especially enjoyed face to face meetings, but at a distance. You always make my day brighter and share God's love freely.

We need to continue seeking ways to be available to each other and the larger community. While we cannot meet as a community on Sunday, let's envision what we need to be doing to increase our faith, number and mission at West Henrietta. What are your dreams and wishes for West Henrietta Baptist Church? And how can we implement these ideas to better serve God? Again please share. Let's have a list in next month's *LINK*. (E-mail, snail mail, phone or any way you like to me — THANKS).

I have been following Sister Jody from The Mercy Spiritual Center as she shares weekly from Margaret Silf's book, *"The Other Side of Chaos"*. I recommend we read this and somehow share it with each other as we respond to it. Today the chapter had to do with bridging the gap. She reminds us that many times we reach a crossroad or a gap and we have no idea what's on the other side. (Does this sound familiar?) At times we must proceed with blind faith and to trust in God. She asks the question "What does faith really mean to you? Please meditate on this question.

May you feel God's arms around you and be strengthened by knowing we are Church together or apart.

Leanna Shirley  
Moderator

"But those who hope in the Lord  
will renew their strength.  
They will soar on wings like eagles;  
They will run and not grow weary,  
They will walk and not be faint."  
Isaiah 40:31

Editor: Sharon Scurlock

## REMINDERS!

**It is a blessing to be able to see and hear a sermon each week. If you are not receiving the message via Youtube on the internet or a written copy and would like to, please give Joyce Shutts a call.**

**Despite cancellation of weekly programs of our Church, we still have monthly financial obligations. Pastor Grinion encourages you to send your tithes and offerings to Laurel Heisig (Financial Clerk), whose address is in our Church Directory.**

**Do we have your e-mail? Have you moved or changed your phone number? Please let Joyce Shutts know so she can update WHBC's Directory.**

**If you aren't receiving the *LINK* via email, snail mail or know of someone who isn't receiving the *LINK* but would like to, please call Joyce Shutts or Sharon Scurlock.**



Our fourth grader celebrated his birthday on crutches, so he couldn't carry the cupcakes into school without help. I asked our sixth grader, Noah, to help his brother carry them in.

"I could," he said, "but I'd prefer not to."

Spotting a teaching moment, my husband asked Noah, "What would Jesus do?"

Noah answered, "Jesus would heal him so he could carry his own cupcakes."

By:  
Rachel Nichols  
Richmond, Missouri  
Published in *Reader's Digest*  
Life in These United States  
June 2020

## Something to Ponder

Here is something biblical to ponder!

40 days the flood lasted  
 40 years Moses fled Egypt  
 40 days Moses stayed on the mount to get the 10 Commandments  
 40 years Exodus lasted  
 40 days Jesus fasted  
 40 days between Lint and Easter  
 40 days tell the woman to rest after giving birth.  
 Remember that we are in the year 2020 ( $20 + 20 = 40$ )  
 40 days for the spiritual liberation of our nation.

During quarantine, rivers are cleaning up, vegetation is growing, the air is cleaner because of less pollution, less theft, less murders, families are bonding again, eating at the table, we are praying more for our neighbors, the Earth is at rest for the first time in many years. Surely you can see God has not forsaken us! I believe he is preparing us!!

In the Bible, whenever the number 40 appears there is a "change" during that time, no matter how horrible that time may have been. So, enjoy it and return to the family altar together, it will be of great blessing and you will see the changes that God can work in you and your family!

2 Chronicles 7:14

"If my people, who are called by my name, will humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked way, then I will hear from heaven and I will forgive their sin and will heal their land."

Psalms 51:10

"Create in me a pure heart, O God, and renew a steadfast spirit within me."

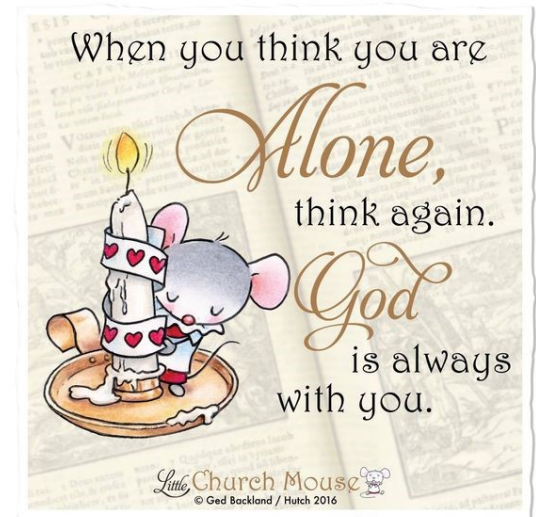
Romans 8:28

"Everything works together for good for those who love God."

So this is the time to pray like never before! God is giving us all a chance for renewal of our faith, to come back to him as ONE NATION UNDER GOD!

Author Unknown

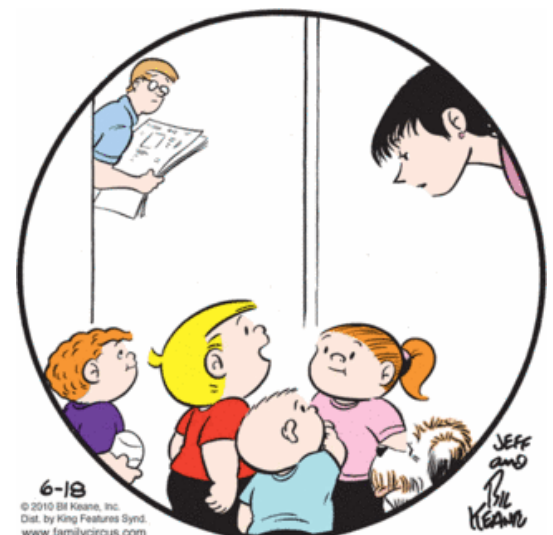
Editor: Sharon Scurlock



### Easy Recipe Idea

For an easy main dish:

- 1 — Jar of Prego Pizza Sauce
- 1 — Whole Chicken Breast split in half
- 1. Spread a third to half of sauce in casserole dish.
- 2. Lay chicken breasts on top of sauce.
- 3. Cover chicken breasts with rest of sauce.
- 4. Bake at 350 for about 40 minutes or until internal temperature reaches 165 degrees.



"We voted and on Father's Day Daddy gets to play with us ALL DAY!"



## Be Patient!

*Grace and peace to you from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.*

Is it ever okay to complain? To complain is to make known one's irritation or frustration about some matter. Certainly it's legitimate to raise objections about conditions that are clearly unjust or impractical and need to be changed. Equally, complaining about everything is unchristian. Christians are called by God to exercise virtues like patience or endurance, self-control, humility, and generosity. Jesus was very patient with his disciples who were sometimes thickheaded, lazy, selfish, and slow to believe. This makes his self-control even more admirable.

Let me point out the following three contexts in which we are required to demonstrate patience:

The first type is the patience needed when facing a nuisance of some kind. Nuisances constitute a set of circumstances that really irritates you, and you would love to complain about it, but you hold your tongue. Some nuisances we encounter are weather that appears schizophrenic, complaining people, telemarketers and robocalls, people who cut the line in the supermarket, slow moving traffic, litter and people who litter, loud neighbors, no available parking spaces, and the current political climate.

The second type of patience is called for when facing boredom. Since the arrival of COVID-19, and the social distancing restrictions that closed workplaces, churches, and the eventual closure of congregational gatherings, we continue to experience discomfort and boredom. The reality is that we associate 'living' with 'doing'. People now do not know how to sit still, and we feel guilty when we are not doing anything. Today, inactivity has become the ultimate sin.

You might not realize it, but boredom stimulates a form of anxiety and stress. It evokes an emotional state that creates frustration. Our desire is to be 'doing something' or to be 'entertained' – it's a desire for sensory stimulation. If you think about those times when you're bored, it's

usually because you did not know what to do; really during these times there is not much to be done outside the house.

The third type of patience is the most serious and significant. It is the patience required when one suffers in some way, either physically or psychologically. None of us are happy about what the coronavirus has done to our lives and our country. We yearn for the time when we could go out in public to restaurants and shows, shake hands with strangers, and hug and kiss our friends. After months of dealing with the virus most of us want to return to the old normal. Soon after the arrival of the virus in our country, our losses individually and collectively have been enormous and we want our lives back. But, opening up too soon can make things just as bad as they once were and cause needless infections and deaths.

I appeal to you to be patient. Be patient with God as He might appear to be taking some time to answer your prayers. COVID-19 is unlike any crisis we have dealt with during the past 100 years. There are multitudes of people who have lost their jobs, they have no money, they are about to be homeless or already homeless, and they are fearful and hopeless. Don't be mad with God because He has put meeting the needs of others ahead of yours. Secondly, be patient with your pastor. I am working hard to provide you with a weekly sermon and other communication through the internet. Those of you who have no such access receive written hard copies. We will not resume congregational worship services until it is safe to do so. It would be too painful if a worshipper was to be infected with the virus through any such meeting. For this reason, please be patient and prayerful!

*The Lord is good to those who wait for Him.  
It is good that one should wait quietly for the  
salvation of the Lord.*  
(Lamentations 3:25-26)

Sincerely,  
Rev. Dr. Peter E. Grinion, Pastor

## The Puppy By Jack Levine

### A Story from Chicken Soup for the Soul



A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked

down into the eyes of a little boy "Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies."

"Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat of the back of his neck, "These puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer. "I've got 89 cents. Is that enough at least to take a look?"

"Sure," said the farmer. And with that he let out a whistle. "Here, Dolly!" he called.

Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly followed by four little balls of fur. The little boy pressed his face against the chain link fence. His eyes danced with delight. As the dogs made their way to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the doghouse.

Slowly another little fur ball appeared, this one noticeably smaller. Down the ramp it slid. Then the little pup began awkwardly wobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up. "I want that one," the little boy said, quickly pointing to the runt.

The farmer knelt down at the boy's side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would."

With that the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down, and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attaching itself to a specially made shoe.

Looking back up at the farmer, he said, "You see, sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands."

With tears in his eyes, the farmer reached down and picked up the little pup. Holding it carefully he handed it to the little boy.

"How much?" asked the little boy. "No charge," answered the farmer, "There's no charge for love and understanding."

Like that special puppy, the world is full of people who need someone who understands.

As an advocate, I'm dedicated to assist those whose mission is creating better policies and more accessible programs to meet the needs of those who count on us, across the generations.



## Fatherhood Understood

by  
Evelyn Shoots

All the earth is clothed with time  
Managed by a Power Sublime!  
One who gives His children space  
As they look up toward His Face.

We are thankful for His gifts  
One by one each spirit lifts!  
Father knows our love of beauty  
Keeps inspiring through each duty!  
The simple things in life reign high  
As truth and honesty stand by.

Friendliness and charity  
Give all a bonding harmony!

Philippians 4:4, John 1:4