

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



Somebody Said

Inspirational Story about being a Mother

*Children are the sum of what mothers
contribute to their lives.*

Somebody said it takes about six weeks to get back to normal after you've had a baby . . . somebody doesn't know that once you're a mother, "normal" is history.

Somebody said you learn how to be a mother by instinct . . . somebody never took a three-year-old shopping.

Somebody said being a mother is boring . . . somebody never rode in a car driven by a teenager with a driver's permit.

Somebody said if you're a "good" mother, your child will "turn out good" . . . somebody thinks a child comes with directions and a guarantee.

Somebody said "good" mothers never raise their voices . . . somebody never came out the back door just in time to see her child hit a golf ball through the neighbor's kitchen window.

Somebody said you don't need an education to be a mother . . . somebody never helped a fourth grader with his math.

Somebody said you can't love the fifth child as much as you love the first . . . somebody doesn't have five children.

Somebody said a mother can find all the answers to her child-rearing questions in the books . . . somebody never had a child stuff beans up his nose or in his ears.

Somebody said the hardest part of being a mother

is labor and delivery . . . somebody never watched her "baby" get on the bus for the first day of kindergarten or on a plane headed for military "boot camp".

Somebody said a mother can do her job with her eyes closed and one hand tied behind her back . . . somebody never organized seven giggling Brownies to sell cookies.

Somebody said a mother can stop worrying after her child gets married . . . somebody doesn't know that marriage adds a new son or daughter-in-law to a mother's heartstrings.

Somebody said a mother's job is done when her last child leaves home . . . somebody never had grand-children.

Somebody said your mother knows you love her, so you don't need to tell her . . . somebody ISN'T A MOTHER!

CHERISH YOUR MOTHER

--Author Unknown



SHARE YOUR JOY!

Let us anchor Joy
And hold it so all can see
As a memory

First ask deep within
Until your talents reply
And your zeal grow high!

Capitalize Faith
For it is through Faith we see
All there is to be

Those tiniest seeds of faith
Can grow past the weeds

Let your Faith keep growing
So it is always showing
And spread it everyday

“For truly, I say to you, if you
have faith as a grain of mustard
seed, you will say to this mountain,
Move hence to yonder place, and
and it will move; and nothing
will be impossible to you.”
Mathew 17:20-21



This was my Grandmother Eva's
favorite Bible Scripture. I am so very
thankful for my Grandmother Eva
sharing her faith with my Mon and
Mom living her faith daily.

Happy Mother's Day, Mom and all
Mother's everywhere!

In Loving gratefulness
Always, Evabelle Scott



May 7th Communion Sunday

Greeter: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Connie Necaster
Offertory Prayer: Valerie Bandemer
Fellowship: Steve & Laurie Wenthe

May 14th Mother's Day

Greeter: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Steve Wenthe
Offertory Prayer: Laurie Wenthe
Fellowship: The Men in our Church

May 21st

Greeters: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture: Mike Shirley
Offertory Prayer: Connie Necaster
Fellowship: Annette Eney

May 28th Pentecost Sunday

Greeters: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture: Gretchen Young
Offertory Prayer: Loretta Hirschman
Fellowship: Leanna Shirley





In Loving Memory

Linda Becker passed away peacefully on April 18, 2023, at the age of 81. Predeceased by her husband of 63 years Jack Becker; parents, Marvin and Marion (Buckland) Guffey; siblings, Blanche

Guffey Blair and Tristian Guffey. Survived by her children, Gene Becker, Penny Becker and Tammy (Chuck Walters) Becker; grandchildren, Karie (Joe) Burge, Jeanie Becker, Harland (Megan) Becker, Daniel (Heather Robinson) Walters, Jesse (Hayli) Becker, Christina (David) Spinning and Mary (August Best) Walters; 13 great-grandchildren; siblings, David (Lydia) Guffey Jr., (Linda) Guffey, Eugene Guffey; Many nieces, nephews and dear friends.

Friends may call on Saturday April 29, 2023 from 10 AM—12 PM at Miller Funeral and Cremation Services, Inc. (3325 Winton Road South).

Linda's Memorial Service to follow in The Interfaith Chapel of the funeral home at 12 PM. Interment private.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the West Henrietta Baptist Church, 5660 West Henrietta Rd., West Henrietta, NY 14586 in Linda's memory.



May 1 ~ Chris Heisig
 May 11 ~ Josina McCarroll
 May 12 ~ Devonne Buskey
 May 13 ~ Jackson Goff
 May 15 ~ Kathy Gosnell
 May 15 ~ Shawn Teeter
 May 17 ~ Jessica Lyn Heisig
 May 23 ~ George Zima
 May 29 ~ Valerie Bandemer



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

Trustees Meeting
 May 12 at 1:00 PM

Neighbor to Neighbor
 Henrietta Recreation Ctr.
 May 13 at 4:30 PM

LINK deadline for
June 2023 is
May 18
Joyce Shutts

Deacons Meeting
 May 19 at 10:00 AM

Memorial Day
 May 29

Advisory Council Mtg.
 June 12 at 6:30 PM

Cabinet Meeting ~ TBA

Maundy Thursday Service



On Thursday, April 6th, 22 people gathered together sharing a meal of delicious soup, bread and dessert.

Afterward we remembered Jesus Last Supper with His disciples and shared communion.



Many thanks goes to Leanna Shirley and her helpers for preparing the soup and dessert. Len Smith made the delicious bread.



He is Risen



Happy Easter to all.
Jesus is Risen!!



Thank you for your many prayers for our mission. It is with great pleasure that I introduce a new full-time staff member at Waotao (those who dream) Tutoring Center, Dauson Lucas Barnabas. He started off as an orphan and joined the Katubuka Feeding Program when he was a young teen. Now he has finished college with his teaching degree. We have hired him as a full-time teacher. He will be taking care of the Science class, which is a new class we are introducing at Waotao. It has been exciting to see this man grow. He used to be fearful, but now he is confident. I remember that in the beginning, he wouldn't even pray out loud in front of people. Now he not only can do that but even sing and dance and play in front of the children. What a remarkable transformation. Thank you for keeping him and the others in prayer.

God bless and we hope you are enjoying the weather,

David and Michelle Heed



PENTECOST PEOPLE

The Day of Pentecost reminds us that we are a Pentecost people. We live in a post-Pentecost world with the Holy Spirit currently present and active all around us. What does it mean to be a Pentecost people? Find out here:

People who live in the Spirit ...

- 

... are called by the Spirit. Like the disciples of Christ before us, we are beckoned by the Spirit to go where the Spirit leads and share the Gospel of Jesus Christ with those who have not yet heard the Good News.
- 

... are gathered by the Spirit. Just as thousands were gathered together at the first Pentecost when the Spirit arrived, so we still gather in the house of God each Sunday to celebrate together the work of the Holy Spirit.
- 

... are enlightened by the Spirit. Have you ever had a time when a Bible verse really hit you, lifted your spirits and served as an "aha" moment for you? That's the Holy Spirit enlightening you.
- 

... are sanctified by the Spirit. As believers in our crucified, risen and ascended Christ, we are sanctified or set apart for holiness by the Holy Spirit. We grow in loving words and deeds, and in purity by the power of the Spirit to become more and more like Christ.

PENTECOST





Habitat for Humanity, Harvest Home/Thrivent Coalition

GREATER ROCHESTER HABITAT FOR HUMANITY

On Saturday, April 22, 2023 Jennifer R's house became a home as friends and family gathered for her Dedication. Special thanks to Thrivent and Harvest Home Coalition for their sponsorship and for sharing Jennifer and her daughter's journey to home ownership!



This is the last home our FCCH Coalition will build with Thrivent, but we plan to continue building one home a year. It looks like there is outside finish work to be done, but inside should be liveable. Congratulations Jennifer and thank you WHBC for your support.



WHBC (part of the Interfaith League of Churches) has a wonderful opportunity to become more visible to our community by being at the following Celebration. We are also asked to volunteer, donate as a church, provide a lawn game, provide supplies, etc. We have decided to have a display table about us, and to volunteer. Volunteers are needed to monitor food truck lines, registration table, etc. for one hour. Please contact Joyce Shutts 334-0114/rjshutts@gmail.com or Leanna Shirley334-7610/Ishirley@rochester.RR.com as soon as possible if you can help us help them with this event. Joyce will register all volunteers.

Spread the word! Our Neighbor-to-Neighbor: Celebration of Culture, May 13 from 4:30 - 7:30 pm, promises to be a wonderful town-wide event, with information tables, free food, games, live music, inflatables, and children's activities. It is sponsored by the Rush-Henrietta Interfaith League, the Interracial Clergy Council of Henrietta & Rush, the R-H Central School District, and the Town of Henrietta.

In order to help us plan, an RSVP is requested by Friday, May 5th.

**Neighbor-To-Neighbor
CELEBRATION OF CULTURES**

Saturday, May 13 • 4:30 - 7:30 p.m. • Henrietta Recreation Center • 605 Calkins Road

Rush-Henrietta Central School District is excited to partner with the Interracial Clergy Council, Rush-Henrietta Interfaith League and Town of Henrietta to present a celebration of our community. Featuring activities and presentations for all ages, including:

face-painting • henna • dancing • music • games • more!

This FREE event is open to anyone in the R-H community. Tables representing community resources will also be available.

Food trucks featuring a variety of multi-cultural food options will be serving from 5-7 p.m. Each attendee will receive a ticket for a free meal and a free dessert!

Attendees are encouraged to wear attire representing their culture.



In order to help us plan, an RSVP is requested by Friday, May 5
www.rhnet.org/neighbor

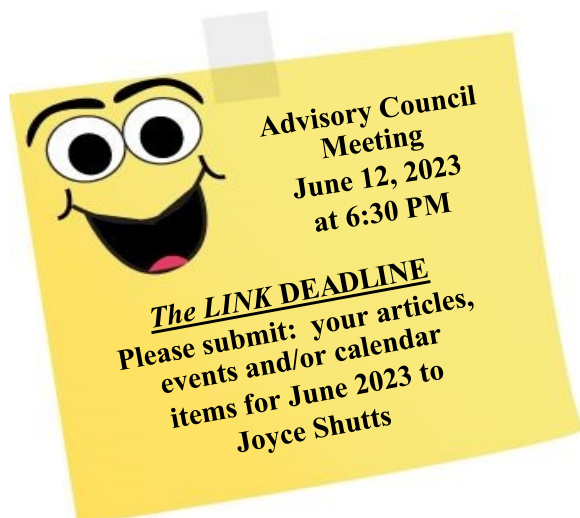
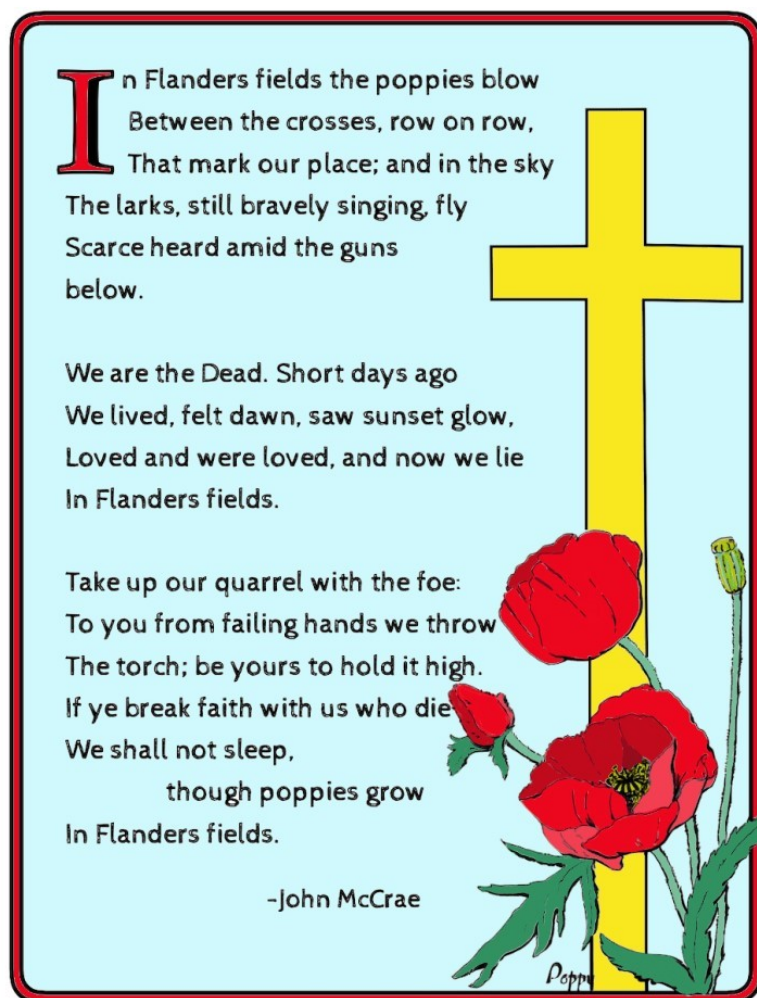
We hope to see you there!





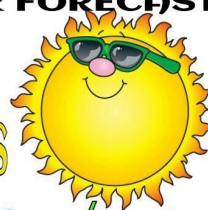
"Our flag does not fly because the wind moves it, it flies with the last breath of each soldier who died protecting it!" Unknown

"It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died. Rather we should thank God such men lived." Gen. George S. Patton



WEATHER FORECAST

GOD REIGNS
and the
SON SHINES
EXPECT
SHOWERS
OF
BLESSINGS!



✓ Every day
GOD is good!

The LORD is my Shepherd, Ministries

Church Mice

Copyright Karl A. Zorowski



On a Butterfly Wing

By Eben Alexander III, M.D. (Lynchburg, Virginia)

I've been a neurosurgeon for more than 20 years. Over that time, I've heard a lot about angels. Angels who have shown up in patients' recovery rooms after a rough surgery, angels who come in dreams to comfort friends of a patient, and angels who visit mourning relatives. Angels who always seem extraordinarily real to the people who see them. Such people cite convincing details about their angel's appearance, so the angels don't seem vague or imaginary at all.

I listened to these stories with sympathy. Neurosurgeons deal with the brain, the single most complex, and least understood, organ in the body. Operating on the brain can be highly traumatic both for patients and their loved ones. So I'd nod my head and say that such blessed events could happen.

Not that I believed any of these angels were real. The brain is a fantastically efficient machine – efficient enough that if traumatized by illness or surgery, it can actually fool itself into getting better by generating healing imagery. Imagery like a guardian angel, complete with white robes and wings and whatever else a patient might find most comforting. When patients experienced angelic visitations like this, they were simply benefiting from the marvelously efficient mechanisms that the brain possesses that allow it to automatically soothe and heal itself.

Of course, I never said any of this to my patients. These kinds of experiences can be hugely helpful. It was not my place to burst the bubble of a patient who wanted to believe in angels. If it helped a patient get better, then she could believe in anything she wanted.

So you can imagine my surprise when, during the week beginning the tenth of November 2008, I encountered my own guardian angel.

I awoke in my wife Holley's and my Lynchburg, Virginia, house an hour earlier than usual, with a nasty backache. Thinking it was left over from the low-grade flu that Holley, our younger son, Bond, and I had been suffering

from all week, I tiptoed down to the bathroom and ran a hot tub.

The hot water only made the pain worse. It spread to my head. I managed to get myself back to bed. I flopped facedown beside Holley, and she woke up and asked me what was wrong. A little later Bond awoke and came in as well. Hearing that I had a headache, he reached out and massaged my temples gently.

I screamed in agony. Holley wanted to call an ambulance, but I told her the pain would go away on its own. "Trust me," I said. "I'm a doctor." Holley left me to rest quietly for a while and got Bond ready for school. She stayed out of the room for an hour and a half so as not to wake me. When she finally came back in, she found me lying rigid on the bed, my jaw jutting forward, my eyes rolled back in my head. I was having a full grand mal seizure.

Holley called for an ambulance, and 45 minutes later I was wheeled into Lynchburg General Hospital, where I'd worked for years. By that afternoon, I'd slid deep into a coma: one from which I would not recover for another seven days. My doctors discovered that I'd contracted a disease, very rare in adults, called Bacterial Meningitis. Millions of E.coli bacteria had invaded my brain and spinal cord, and were literally eating my cortex – the outermost portion of the brain, and the part responsible for nearly everything that makes us human. The thought, logic, emotion...it all comes from the cortex. By that Monday afternoon, mine was completely shut down with very, very little likelihood of it working ever again. My chances of survival were small. My chances of surviving as anything more than a vegetable essentially nonexistent.

Family and friends gathered at the hospital, and over the next seven days they kept a vigil at my bedside, praying for my recovery. For the first few days my doctors tried to stay hopeful. By day five, none of them believed I stood a chance of surviving. So on day seven, they met with Holley and gave her the news that no doctor ever wants to have to deliver.

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

It was time to take me off life support – to let me die.

Just a room away, I lay in the position I had lain in all week – a ventilator tube down my throat, my face slack, my hands and feet beginning to curl up like leaves as my circulation gradually ebbed away from my limbs. Bond, inconsolable, sat by me, holding my hand.

My eyes popped open. Looking around me like a newborn, I took in a world that everyone believed I had left behind forever.

It took months for me to fully recover physically. I lost almost 20 pounds during my week in a coma, and my brain – miraculously unscathed despite the weeklong bacterial attack – had to work hard to find its bearings again in the physical world.

But the physical recovery was the easy part. There was something else that had to heal as well in the wake of my recovery. I guess you could call it my belief system.

I now believe in angels. Not in some abstract way, but in the same way that I “believe” my car is sitting in my driveway, in the same way that I “believe” that I love my family.

In other words, I don’t really “believe” in angels at all. I quite simply know they are real.

During my seven days in a coma, I journeyed to a world above this one: a world

indescribably vibrant, vivid, and – most importantly – *real*. When I entered this world, the first thing – the first *person* – that I saw was a beautiful young woman. She had long golden-brown hair, deep-blue eyes, a simple dress of powder blue and indigo and pastel-orange peach. I realized we were riding on the wing of a butterfly! In fact millions of butterflies surrounded us, vast fluttering waves of them, dipping down and coming back up around us again. It was a river of life and color, moving through the air. As we floated along together above a landscape of staggering beauty – of trees and clouds and waterfalls – she spoke to me in a language beyond words. And what she told me was, in essence, the same thing that the “imaginary” angels had told all those patients of mine over the years. That I was loved. That I was safe. That I would always, always be taken care of.

Today, I’m still a surgeon, and still a man of science. I still believe the brain is a staggeringly sophisticated machine, capable of the most extraordinary feats, both when well and when under attack by illness.

But today, when a patient tells me that he or she has been visited by an angel, I no longer marvel at how clever the brain is in creating such realistic illusions. Angels, I now know, are not illusions at all. I know because I learned it from my own angel. An angel with blue eyes, who I met on the wing of a butterfly.

