



The Little White Church on the Corner

By Daniel Scurlock

On the Day of our Lord, Sunday, October 29, 2023, the faithful, and many others, gathered on the West Henrietta "Corner" to give joyful thanks and to re-dedicate the beautiful "Little White Church" on the northeast corner at the crossroads of West Henrietta and Erie Station Roads. The freshly painted church exterior, along with the well maintained interior, once again shined as a marvelous beacon of His love and grace to the local West Henrietta community.

On this day, there was much thanksgiving by all present, and by many who could not attend in person. As the worshippers, numbering sixty plus persons, gathered, the joyous atmosphere welcomed the "regular" congregants, many others who were missed over previous weeks, and a significant number of other locals alongside local dignitaries, met to celebrate the restoration and re-dedication of His house of Worship.

Local dignitaries included: Town of Henrietta Supervisor Stephen Schultz, the Pastor of the Church of the Book of Acts Rev. Lorraine Maili, St. Luke Tabernacle Community Church Associate Minister Rev. Betsy Crumity, and Provost Emeritus of Roberts Wesleyan College and Dean Emeritus of Northeastern Seminary, Guest Speaker Dr. Wayne McCown. Special music was provided by Mr. Robert Fulsom, Mr./Mrs. Dan and Sharon Gress and the extraordinary choir of our church.

Alongside the church faithful, were many other family members, local visitors and other local well-wishers; such as Henrietta Church of the First Born Pastor, Rev. Ron Poles and some family members, and Bob Barkley.

All present rejoiced as dignitaries made personal comments about the grandeur of our church building, including the facts of our church having been incorporated even before the Town of Henrietta was organized; the stained-glass windows testifying to the religious lineage of our church as many of the family names therein recorded as founders of the local community, many of its businesses, schools, and other local institutions. The Little White Church on the Corner bears witness to the strength of character of the settlers in this area; and to the strength of our church within the local religious community.

Dr. McCown presented a message direct from the Old Testament, yet very relevant to the turmoil found in our world of today. He helped us understand God is still in control and will help each of us better understand His desire of us in our daily living.

Following the morning church service, everyone was welcomed to feast in our Fellowship Hall. The "feast" once again proved our church is blessed with many great cooks. Many people brought, as Leanna Shirley, Church Moderator, stated, "enough food to feed all of Henrietta"! Even though a minimal exaggeration, there was a marvelous collection of foods available, in such quantity and quality that someone going hungry was not a concern.

Further, the atmosphere was such that most everyone felt welcomed to dine, as in the company of a "large family sitting around a huge dining room table".

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WEST HENRIETTA BAPTIST CHURCH

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



November 5th Communion Sunday

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

November 12th

Greeter: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Annette Enedy
Offertory Prayer: Laurie Wenthe
Fellowship: Loretta Hirschman

November 19th

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

November 26th

Greeters: Connie Frank
Invocation & Call to Worship:
Rev. Peter Grinion
Scripture Reader: Paul Hirschman
Offertory Prayer: Connie Necaster
Fellowship: Gretchen Young

ENDLESS BLESSINGS

By Evelyn M. Shoots

*Each time I think of Father's Love
I think of His View from Above
He prays for what He wants to see
And that concerns both you and me*

*He smiles to see we heed His Word
And knows so many days occurred
When we've kept holding to His Hand
As He controls this wondrous land*

*Our fertile farmlands bless us
With Nature's loveliness
The Melody of seasons
All hum with happiness*

*Earth's creatures add their hum—
Some will even drum!
At times we may think we hear
Songs of Angels bending near!*

*Alleluia!
Neh. 8:10*



FAMILY gathering
Autumn harvest
LEAVES harvest
Love BLESSINGS
CINNAMON apple
spicy pumpkin **GIVE** THANKS

**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

Deacons Meeting
November 3rd at 10:00 AM**Trustees Meeting**
November 10 at 1:00 PM**Veteran's Day**
November 11**Thanksgiving Day**
November 23**Advisory Council Meeting**
December 11 st 6:30 PM**LINK deadline for**
December 2023 is
November 18

Nov. 1 ~ Darnell Ashford
 Nov. 5 ~ Leanna Shirley
 Nov. 5 ~ Lonnie Schultz
 Nov. 10 ~ Laurie Wenthe
 Nov. 17 ~ Michael Young
 Nov. 20 ~ Rick Pires
 Nov. 26 ~ Ian Gress

Fall Craft, Vendor and Garage Sale

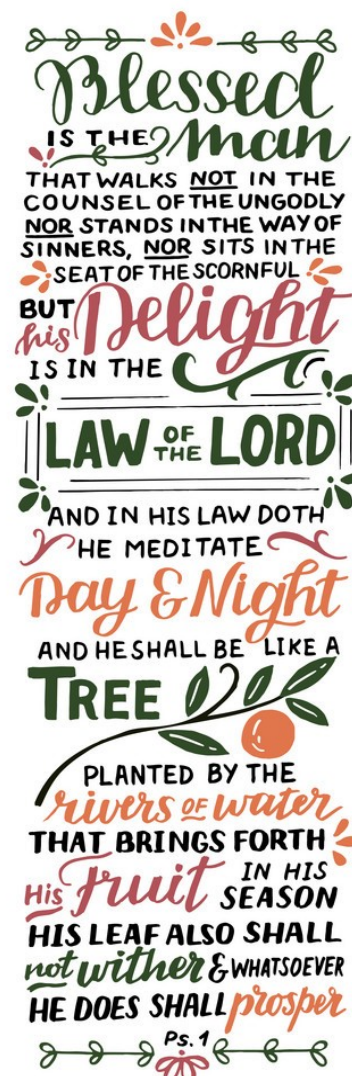
Many thanks goes to Joanne Wilbert and her crew of helpers: Valerie Bandemer, Annette Enedy, Connie Frank. Leanna Shirley, Mike Shirley, Joyce Shutts, Laurie Wenthe and Gretchen Young for a very successful "Fall Craft, Vendor and Garage Sale". The results are in and they are:

Table Fees	\$330.00
Pizza	\$25.00
Raffle	\$147.00
Garage Sale	<u>\$326.83</u>
Total	\$828.83

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



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





Good Afternoon,

My name is Gareth Evans and I manage our Volunteer Engagement Department at Greater Rochester Habitat for Humanity.

We are reaching out because we are recruiting volunteers for our ReStores in Webster and Henrietta! We are extremely short-staffed at both locations and looking for amazing volunteers like all of you to help us and our mission. Currently, we are looking for approximately 25 volunteers for BayTowne and 15 volunteers for Henrietta. We would greatly appreciate your help as every volunteer supports our mission.

As conscious and involved members of our community, we are asking for your help. The profits from our ReStores fund the construction of affordable and decent homes. ReStores are almost exclusively supported by volunteers. Our ReStore in Webster does not have the volunteer support it needs to stay open and thrive. We are looking for cashiers, donation processors (people to sort, clean, and price donations), and truck assistants (people to assist loading and unloading the truck).

If you would like to volunteer, you can register [HERE](#), or let us know! I would love to connect you with our team! If you know anyone else who may be interested, I would appreciate you passing this email along.

We are so grateful for your commitment to Habitat for Humanity and our Greater Rochester community. Your support helps us to complete Habitat's longstanding mission to provide everyone a decent and affordable place to live.

Happy volunteering!

Kind regards,

Gareth Evans

Associate Director of Development, Volunteer Engagement and Fundraising

Greater Rochester Habitat for Humanity

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Editor: Sharon Scurlock

FISH / RHAFT, Inc.

Serving Residents in the Rush-Henrietta Central School District

Thank you for your generous donations to RHAFT. The RHAFT food terminal is still experiencing increased needs and food shortages so we're going to do another food drive. If you can donate, please leave your food items in basket located in the Fellowship Hall. Steve and Laurie Wenthe will deliver them as they accumulate.

Below is a comprehensive list of needs.

Thank you for your generosity.

Major Needs:

Instant Mashed Potatoes
Instant Minute Rice
Crackers
Hamburger Helper
Hot Chocolate Packages
Jellos & Puddings
Peanut Butter
Canned Chicken, Tuna, Beef
Macaroni & Cheese Dinner
Baby Food/Formula
Beef Stew
Canned Hash
Chili
Cereals

Packaged Foods:

Sugar
Jelly
Ketchup/Mustard
Noodles
Cake/Muffin Mixes
Canned Fruits
Canned Vegetables
Soups
Fruit Juices

Personal Care

Products:

Soap
Toilet Paper/Tissue
Toothbrushes/
Toothpaste
Deodorant
Shampoo
Diapers



IN GRATITUDE

Thank you, Father, for having created us and given us to each other in the human family. Thank you for being with us in all our joys and sorrows, for your comfort in our sadness, your companionship in our loneliness. Thank you for yesterday, today, tomorrow and for the whole of our lives. Thank you for friends, for health and for grace. May we live this and every day conscious of all that has been given to us.



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All manner of conversation, laughter and joviality contributed to the festive occasion. As the marvelous food was devoured along with the great conversation, obviously Christ's people were comfortable with this day of celebration.

Only God knows of those who, over the many years, contributed of their time, energies, talents, money and prayers to bring this day of church rededication to fruition. Truly West Henrietta Baptist Church has been and continues to be blessed!

As Daniel Webster once stated: "He who careth not from whence he came, careth little wither he goeth!"

We can only imagine what the congregants of the newly formed "Baptists of West Henrietta", back in the early 1800's were thinking when they decided to move from their "block worship house" on the east side of the Genesee River, to build a new little white church at the "West Henrietta crossroads". That "Crossroads" location was on the northeast corner of the "plank" road named "West Henrietta Road" and Erie Station Road, and was the center of the rapidly developing "West Henrietta Village".

Even though history reflects the size of the church population was quickly outgrowing the size of this "corner House of Worship", the faithful "Baptists of West Henrietta" erected a church of which they could be very proud. That "dedication" in 1838 was the beginning of over a century and half of church growth and expansion.

The following structural events, though not necessarily in perfect historical order, reflect how the corner Baptists faithfully gave thanks for that which the Lord God had provided them. The building of the "Fellowship Hall" on the east end of the Sanctuary provided space for the church family to gather and enjoy many church and family celebrations. The use of a horse drawn "skip loader" dug out under the northeast corner of the Fellowship Hall allowing for "indoor" bathroom facilities. These "indoor" additions were very welcomed by the congregation during the cold winter months of church worship.

The horse drawn "skip loaders" saw additional use as the need for Sunday School classrooms grew, space needed to teach the young; after all, not only was the western soil of the Genesee River fertile, so were the sturdy families which moved to this western New York area.

The beauty of the Sanctuary was significantly

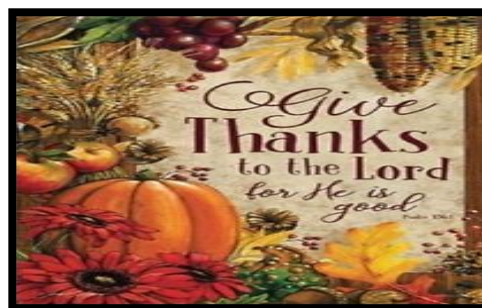
enhanced when the sun shone through the newly added Stained Glass windows on both sides of the Sanctuary. These windows, not only paid homage to many of the "founding" Baptist families who built this "God House", but also radiated His beauty as the sun shined inward, and His faithfulness as the lights of evening church services shined outward into the surrounding community.

In the 1950s, it became obvious the automobile, horseless carriage to the old timers, were here to stay; so the horse and carriage stables across the street behind the "Old Store" and Cartwright Inn were no longer needed; they were sold.

The White Church continued to see growth, so other changes altered the "structure" of the "Corner Church". The six inch walls and flooring of the "cistern" under the southeast corner of the Sanctuary, along with the old "coal bin" were removed. In 1981, a balcony was added to the west end of the Sanctuary to accommodate the added number of faithful, Sunday morning congregants. The Sanctuary was noticing problems with crumbling support structure, so a "Bible Belt", a conveyor belt system, was devised to transport buckets filled with dirt from under the Sanctuary flooring, allowing church members to manually dig out and re-build the walls and foundation. Once the Sanctuary foundation was rebuilt, the historic "church bell" and Tower were restored, thereby allowing the sounds of bell ringing to alert the local "West Town" inhabitants of the beginning of "His House" Sunday morning services.

Please note: the 185 years since the building of the "Church on the West Village Corner" was not without its share of declining growth and difficulties. Many periods of minimal attendance and funding were noted. Some of those periods also saw times of intense controversy and division amongst the faithful!

However, the West Henrietta Baptist Church congregation remains thankful for all of His countenance, and continues to believe He is still present to move the "Church" forward: two hundred eight years and counting!



NOW,,,SHE'S A TEACHER!**Thanks Tom Tobin-Spencerport, NY**

In September of 2005, on the first day of school, Martha Colthren, a history teacher at Robinson High School in Little Rock did something not to be forgotten. On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks in her classroom.

When the first period kids entered the room they discovered that there were no desks, "Ms. Cothren, where are our desks?" She replied, "You can't have a desk until you tell me how you earn the right to sit at a desk." They thought, "Well, maybe it's our grades." "No," she said. "Maybe it's our behavior." She told them, "No, it's not even your behavior."

And so, they came and went; the first period, second period, third period, still no desks in the classroom. . . Kids called their parents to tell them what was happening and by early afternoon television news crews had started gathering at the school to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor, Martha Cothren said, "Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he or she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in this classroom. Now I am going to tell you." At this point, she went over to the door of her classroom and opened it. Twenty-seven (27) U.S. Veterans, all in uniform, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk.

The Vets began placing the school desks in rows, and then they would walk over and stand alongside the wall. By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned.

Martha said, "You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you! They placed the desks here for you. They went halfway around the world, giving up their education and interrupting their careers and families so you could have the freedom you have. Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it."

By the way, this is a true story and this teacher was awarded the Veterans of Foreign Wars "Teacher of the Year" for the State of Arkansas in 2006. She is the daughter of a WWII POW.

Thanks to all of our Veterans!

SO VERY
thankful
INCREDIBLY
grateful
UNBELIEVABLY
blessed



Thankful For The Thorns

Sandra felt as low as the heels of her Birkenstocks as she pushed against a November gust and the florist shop door. Her life had been easy, like a spring breeze. Then, in the fourth month of her second pregnancy, a minor automobile accident stole her ease. During this Thanksgiving week, she would have delivered a son. She grieved over her loss. As if that day weren't enough, her husband's company threatened a transfer. Then her sister, whose holiday visit she coveted, called saying she could not come. What's worse, Sandra's friend infuriated her by suggesting her grief was a God-given path to maturity that would allow her to empathize with others who suffer. "Had she lost a child? No - she has no idea what I'm feeling," Sandra shuddered. "Thanksgiving? Thankful for what?" she wondered. For a careless driver whose truck was hardly scratched when he rear-ended her? For an airbag that saved her life but took that of her child?

"Good afternoon, can I help you?" The flower shop clerk's approach startled her. "Sorry," said Jenny, "I just didn't want you to think I was ignoring you." "I . . . I need an arrangement." "For Thanksgiving?" Sandra nodded. "Do you want beautiful but ordinary, or would you like to challenge the day with a customer favorite I call the 'Thanksgiving Special'?" Jenny saw Sandra's curiosity and continued. "I'm convinced that flowers tell stories, that each arrangement insinuates a particular feeling. Are you looking for something that conveys gratitude this Thanksgiving?" "Not exactly!" Sandra blurted. "Sorry, but in the last five months, everything that could go wrong has."

Sandra regretted her outburst but was surprised when Jenny said, "I have the perfect arrangement for you." The door's small bell suddenly rang. "Barbara, hi!" Jenny said. She politely excused herself from Sandra and walked toward a small workroom. She quickly reappeared carrying a massive arrangement of green bows, and long-stemmed thorny roses. Only, the ends of the rose stems were neatly snipped, no flowers. "Want this in a box?" Jenny asked. Sandra watched for Barbara's response. Was this a joke? Who would want rose stems and no flowers! She waited for laughter, for someone to notice the absence of flowers atop the thorny stems, but neither woman did. "Yes, please. It's exquisite." said Barbara. "You'd think after three years of getting the special, I'd not be so moved by its significance, but it's happening again. My family will love this one. Thanks."

Sandra stared. "Why so normal a conversation about so strange an arrangement?" she wondered. "Ah," said Sandra, pointing. "That lady just left with, ah . . . " "Yes?" "Well, she had no flowers!" "Yep. That's the Special. I call it the "Thanksgiving Thorns Bouquet." "But, why do people pay for that?" In spite of herself, she chuckled. "Do you really want to know?" "I couldn't leave this shop without knowing. I'd think about nothing else!" "That might be good," said Jenny.

"Well," she continued, "Barbara came into the shop three years ago feeling very much like you feel today. She thought she had very little to be thankful for. She had lost her father to cancer, the family business was failing, her son was into drugs, and she faced major surgery." "Ouch!" said Sandra. "That same year, I lost my husband. I assumed complete responsibility for the shop and for the first time, spent the holidays alone. I had no children, no husband, no family nearby, and too great a debt to allow any travel." "What did you do?" "I learned to be thankful for thorns." Sandra's eyebrows lifted. "Thorns?"

"I'm a Christian, Sandra. I've always thanked God for good things in life and I never thought to ask Him why good things happened to me. But, when bad stuff hit, did I ever ask! It took time to learn that dark times are important. I always enjoyed the flowers of life but it took thorns to show me the beauty of God's comfort.

You know, the Bible says that God comforts us when we're afflicted and from His consolation we learn to comfort others." Sandra gasped. "A friend read that passage to me and I was furious! I guess the truth is, I don't want comfort.

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"I've lost a baby and I'm angry with God." She started to ask Jenny to "go on" when the door's bell diverted their attention.

"Hey, Phil!" shouted Jenny as a balding, rotund man entered the shop. She softly touched Sandra's arm and moved to welcome him. He tucked her under his side for a warm hug. "I'm here for twelve thorny long-stemmed stems!" Phil laughed, heartily. "I figured as much," said Jenny. "I've got them ready." She lifted a tissue-wrapped arrangement from the refrigerated cabinet. "Beautiful," said Phil. "My wife will love them." Sandra could not resist asking, "These are for your wife?" Phil saw that Sandra's curiosity matched his when he first heard of a Thorn Bouquet. "Do you mind me asking, Why thorns?" "In fact, I'm glad you asked," He said. "Four years ago my wife and I nearly divorced. After forty years, we were in a real mess, but we slogged through, problem by rotten problem. We rescued our marriage - our love, really. Last year, at Thanksgiving, I stopped in here for flowers. I must have mentioned surviving a tough process because Jenny told me that for a long time she kept a vase of rose stems --- stems! --- As a reminder of what she learned from 'thorny' times. That was good enough for me. I took home stems. My wife and I decided to label each one for a specific thorny situation and give thanks for what the problem taught us. I'm pretty sure this stem review is becoming a tradition." Phil paid Jenny, thanked her again and as he left, said to Sandra, "I highly recommend the Special!"

"I don't know if I can be thankful for the thorns in my life, " Sandra said to Jenny. "Well, my experience says that thorns make roses more precious. We treasure God's providential care more during trouble than at any other time. Remember, Sandra, Jesus wore a crown of thorns so that we might know His love. Do not resent thorns." Tears rolled down Sandra's cheeks. For the first time since the accident, she loosened her grip on resentment. "I'll take twelve long-stemmed thorns, please." "I hoped you would, " Jenny said. "I'll have them ready in a minute. Then, every time you see them, remember to appreciate both the good and hard times. We grow through both." "Thank you. What do I owe you?" "Nothing. Nothing but a pledge to work toward healing your heart. The first year's arrangement is always on me."

Jenny handed a card to Sandra. "I'll attach a card like this to your arrangement but maybe you'd like to read it first. Go ahead, read it." My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorns! I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but never once for my thorns. Teach me the glory of the cross I bear, teach me the value of my thorns. Show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow.

-Author Unknown

Heavensinspirations.com

