



Zion Baptist Church

Beacon of Light

Newsletter for May, 2021

Welcome To
Zion Baptist Church
2437 South Propst Street
Gastonia, NC 28056
(704)867-2550
www.zionbc.gastonia@gmail.com
Leo Kuykendall, Pastor
John Fuller, Newsletter Editor
Mary Ball, Contributing Editor

Sunday School
10:00AM
Sunday Morning Worship
11:00AM

Sunday Night Prayer Room
5:45PM
Sunday Evening Worship
6:00PM

Wednesday Prayer Meeting
7:00PM

Thursday Night Visitation
Prayer at 6:00PM
Visitation at 6:30PM

Watch and Listen To Our Service

Television Broadcast
Wednesday Nights 9-10 PM
Spectrum Cable - Channel 18
Spectrum Cable - Channel 7
Comporium - Channel 124 & HD 1124
Antenna Channel 14 - Hickory
Dish Network & Direct TV-
Channel 14

Radio Ministry
Tune In Sunday at 1:30 PM
For Pastor Leo Kuykendall
The Truth Ministry
WCRU 9:00AM & 105.7 FM
Dallas, NC

In Appreciation of Moms on Mother's Day

When you first took flight on your two-wheeled steed and, inevitably crashed and skinned your knee, who'd you call for? When you headed off to your first prom, who glowed with delight and endlessly snapped photos? When you needed someone to listen, someone to care, and someone to help, who was always there? From the first person to inhabit this earth to the last, we'll all have one thing in common—mom. She gave us life. But what's more is that she taught us how to be, how to survive—how to live. This Mother's Day, we remember our biggest fan, our teacher, and our one-and-only, mom.

Mothers' Day gives us all an opportunity to be grateful. Maybe you remember your grandmother's cooking and how she taught you the fine art of the eight-hour spaghetti sauce. Perhaps you think about the look on mom's face when the family she brought up comes together for Christmas. Maybe you recall the time the love of your life first held aloft your newborn child.

A woman named Anna Jarvis held a memorial to her recently deceased mother in 1908, the first unofficial Mother's Day celebration. Her mother, Ann, had been a peace activist and had cared for wounded soldiers on both sides of the American Civil War. Ann created work clubs to address public health issues for women and fought tirelessly for the good of her community. She raised her daughter to give back, to be strong, and to create.

That same year, in 1908, Anna tried unsuccessfully to establish Mother's Day as a national holiday, in honor of her mom and all the moms before and after her. Congress, at the time, did not think the holiday had enough weight to make it a national event. However, by 1911, due to Anna's diligence, the holiday took root in most states and local communities. Today, of course, the holiday is celebrated as a national holiday.

However, you pay homage to your mom, wife, sister, or aunt, we celebrate with you. We celebrate because of great women like Anna, like her mom Ann, like our own moms.

Perhaps you pick some daisies in the park and send them to mom with a handwritten note. Maybe you bust out grandma's eight-hour sauce and make mom a nice, home-cooked meal. However, you choose to show your appreciation, what matters most is that you do. These strong, bold women in all our lives sacrifice it all for us. They would do anything for us. Taking a minute to pick up the phone or send a message of love is the least we can do for them.



God Bless Our Mothers!



~mountainamericajerky.com

Angel Bird continued from April's Beacon of Light



The funeral was set for 2:00 PM. At 1:30 PM, the church was filling with relatives, friends and church members.

Holding on to the arm of the funeral director, I, with the family following, was whisked out the front of the sanctuary to go around the corner of the building to the side door of the Chapel. We were to go inside the Chapel for prayer before the service.

Feeling numb, weak and trembling, I walked slowly, with my head lowered. My heart felt like it was being pulled out of my chest by a large vacuum. How could I face seeing my husband of fifty one years go into the grave without knowing for sure he was saved and had gone to heaven? Oh, how I had longed to hear him say he had made things right with the Lord before he slipped into a coma. How was I to pray, not knowing for sure about his soul? I leaned onto the director's arm heavily as we rounded the corner of the building.

Suddenly, I heard loud joyous chirping/singing! Startled, I looked up in the direction of the happy music to behold a beautiful bird, sitting stately and proudly on the top of a lamp post, very near the door of the chapel. The performance was overwhelming as he kept on chirping merrily, *♪♪♪*, with his head lifted high. I was amazed at the scene! Why would an ordinary bird just keep sitting still with humans approaching and not fly away? Why did this seem like a natural occurrence, just as the flight of the bird that came into the room had seemed a few nights ago, just before Albert passed away? Why, all of a sudden, did this happy chirping of this little bird, bring a peaceful feeling to my grieving heart?

It seemed as if we were in slow motion as I was completely mesmerized by the beautiful and glorious notes of his continuous happy song. But there he stood perfectly still, reverently, like a soldier, at attention, loudly belting out his song as we come closer! On and on he sang as we moved on toward the door. I was completely immersed into the sound of his constant happy chirping as if it were spring. (it was late June, 2004) Praise the Lord, I was immediately aware that the performance was just for me! The melodious chirping of God's little messenger thrilled my soul. His message was for me! He was shouting the good news! I was fully convinced that he was telling me my husband had arrived in heaven! Albert was happy and all heaven was rejoicing! The revelation was so evident that my heart burst with relief, joy and unspeakable glory!

I was still in total awe as we passed the little singer and entered the door of the chapel and sat down. More family members arrived a few minutes later and sat down behind me. My mind was soaring with joy. However, it seemed none of the others had noticed the bird. Had I imagined what I had just seen? Was it another vision? No, I had just had a message delivered from heaven. Albert was there! I knew it! That bird/messenger had been sent to tell me.

I turned and whispered a question to my sister-in-law, who was sitting right behind me. "Vicki, did you see and hear a bird on a post near the door when you arrived?" "Yes, I did and he was merrily chirping away!" She quipped. I smiled and silently thanked God for another miracle, a sign and wonder that He had graciously given to me.

We prayed for a few minutes and then were led back out the door to go back into the sanctuary. Would you believe as we stepped back out, after being in the chapel for fifteen minutes, that the little angel bird was still on that post and still singing merrily as we filed past once again, and continued to sing as we rounded the corner and re-entered the front doors of the church!

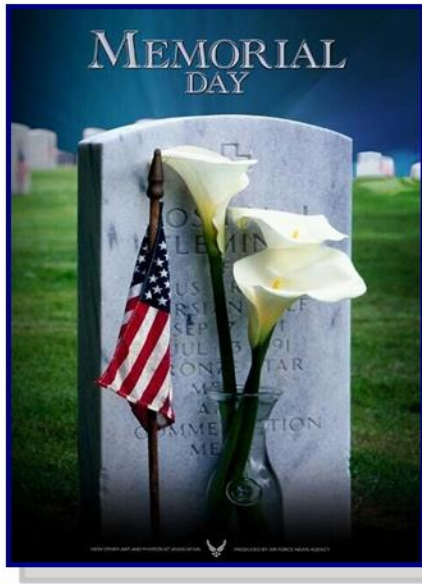
Yes, I believe God sends angels to bring messages, to comfort, and to fill any need that His children may have. I have no doubt now, that Albert made it in and will be there waiting for me. Thank you, Lord, for this wonder and the many sights, wonders and miracles



~Mary Ball

*Greater Love Hath No Man Than This,
That a Man Lay Down His Life For His
Friends*

John 15:13



It is the soldier not the reporter,
who has given us freedom of the
press.

It is the soldier, not the poet,
who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the soldier, not the campus
organizer, who has given us freedom
to demonstrate.

It is the soldier who salutes the flag,
who serves beneath the flag.

And whose coffin is draped by the
flag, who allows the protester to burn
the flag.

~Father Denis O'Brien,
United States Marine Corps



Through One Mother's Prayers

An old woman with a halo of silvered hair — the hot tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks — her worn hand busy over a washboard in a room of poverty — praying — for her son John — John who ran away from home in his teens to become a sailor — John of whom it was now reported that he had become a very wicked man — *praying, praying, always*, that her son might be of service to God. The mother believed in two things, the power of prayer and the reformation of her son. God answered the prayer by working a miracle in the heart of *John Newton*. John Newton, the drunken sailor became John Newton, the sailor preacher. Among the thousand of men and women he brought to Christ was *Thomas Scott*, cultured, selfish, and self-satisfied. Because of the washtub prayers another miracle was worked, and Thomas Scott used both his pen and voice to lead thousands of unbelieving hearts to Christ, among them a dyspeptic, melancholic young man, *William Cowper* by name. He, too, was washed in the cleansing blood and in a moment of inspiration wrote "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood." And this song has brought countless thousands to the Man who died on Calvary. All this resulted because a mother took God at His word and prayed that her son's heart might become as white as the soapsuds in the washtub.



*From Springs In The Valley
By: Mrs. Charles E. Cowman*

A MOTHER IS:

*Her infant's concept of God;
Her toddler's confidence;
Her child's counselor;
Her teen's conscience;
Her husband's companion.*

Zion Baptist Church
Serving The Lord Since 1960

We're On The Web!
www.zionbc.com

If you would like to receive our "Beacon of Light" newsletter, please send us your name, mailing address, phone number and email address to:

Zion Baptist Church
 2437 South Probst St.
 Gastonia, NC 28056

You may also access all copies of our newsletter at:
www.zionbc.com

Just click on Our Newsletters tab.

BLESSED IS THE MOTHER

Who can hold unto her children while letting them go.

Who puts tranquil home ahead of an immaculate house..

Who knows a kind act will be remembered longer than an easy word.

Who really believes that prayer changes things.

Whose Bible never needs dusting.

~Cathedral Press Exchange,

A Visit From Mama

*Was I asleep? Was it a dream?
 Or was it really real?*

*You came to me, stood by my side
 Your presence I could feel
 Your happiness I sensed so strong
 You laughed and made a joke
 Your sweet face made my spirit soar*

*That lingered as I awoke
 I knew not why you came to me
 But I was glad you came*

*God had a reason, for as I turned
 You did not look the same
 That snow white hair that I had seen*

*In just a glance before
 Now lay in coal black ringlets
 Round the face that I adored
 How could this be?*

*Then I recalled
 My thoughts before my sleep
 Of visualizing Heaven
 And wondering how it'd be
 Now I begin to understand
 Why God sent you to me*

*You looked like Mama used to look
 When I sat upon your knee
 I saw you just the way you were
 When I was just a child
 So young and vibrant, sweet and pure
 With such a tender smile*

*You're not the same as when you left
 No sadness, age or pain*

A glimpse of Heaven shown to me

I know now why you came

~Mary Ball

BibleWise

Word Search

Search the star below to find the names of mothers in the Bible.



EVE
 HAGAR
 SARAH
 REBEKAH
 LEAH
 RACHEL
 BILHAH

ZILPAH
 TAMAR
 JOCHEBED
 ZIPPORAH
 HANNAH
 NAOMI
 RUTH

BATHSHEBA
 ABIGAIL
 ELIZABETH
 MARY
 SALOME
 EUNICE



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Bible Scripture for National Day of Prayer 2021

Thursday, May 6th, 2021

*Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.
 2 Corinthians 3:17*