



**"Easter means you
can put truth in the
grave, but it won't
stay there."**

—Clarence W. Hull

Zion Baptist Church

Beacon of Light

Newsletter for April, 2021

Welcome To
Zion Baptist Church
2437 South Propst Street

Gastonia, NC 28056

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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 9:60AM & 105.7 FM

Dallas, NC

He Is Risen



I was standing before the window of an art store where a picture of the Crucifixion of our Lord was on exhibition. As I gazed, I was conscious of the approach of another, and turning, beheld a little lad gazing also intently at this picture. Noticing that this mite of humanity was a sort of street arab, I thought I would speak to him; so I asked, pointing to the picture, "Do you know who He is?"

"Yes," came the quick response; "that's our Saviour," with a mingled look of pity and surprise that I should not know what this picture represented.

With an evident desire to enlighten me further, he continued, after a pause: "Them's the soldiers the Roman soldiers, and," with a long drawn sigh, "that woman crying there is His mother."

He waited, apparently for me to question him further, then thrust his hands in his pockets, and with a reverent and subdued voice and tear-stained face added, "They killed Him, mister. Yes, sir, they killed Him."

I looked at the little dirty ragged fellow and asked, "Where did you learn this?"

He replied, "At the Mission Sunday School."

Full of thoughts regarding the benefits of Mission Sunday Schools, I turned and resumed my walk, leaving the little lad still looking at the picture. I had not walked a block when I heard his childish treble calling, "Mister! say, mister!" I turned. He was running toward me but paused; then up went his little hand, and with a triumphant sound in his voice and now radiant face, he said,

"I wanted to tell you: **HE ROSE AGAIN.**"

His message delivered, he smiled, waved his hand, turned, and went his way, feeling, I presume, that as he had been enlightened, he had done his duty in enlightening another. What a challenge to everyone of us

--R.A. Torrey

Memorable Easter Quotations

We must not forget that it wasn't the Jews that put him on the cross, and it wasn't the Romans. It was my sins, it was your sins, the sins of this world.
~ Franklin Graham

When we preach Christ crucified, we have no reason to stammer, or stutter, or hesitate, or apologize; there is nothing in the gospel of which we have any cause to be ashamed.
~ C.H. Spurgeon

Angel Bird

The month of April completes the bringing of the earth back to new life from its drab winter appearance. It signals many choruses of birds to begin their theme song. Welcome, sweet Springtime! The bird's singing is definitely music to any human ear. It lifts the spirit and brings a smile to the face and to the heart. Who can deny this fact?

Speaking of birds, do you realize the numerous times and species of birds that are mentioned in the bible? The Owl, Raven, Vulture, Dove, (whose allegorical connection to the Holy Spirit makes it the most prevalent avian icon of Christianity) Quail, Ostrich, Sparrow, (which, by the way, sparrows are mentioned 40 times in the old Testament) the Stork, Crane, Swallow, Comorant, Bittern, Pigeon, and the Eagle, our National Bird.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father...Matt. 10:29-31

Now, consider this: Who would have ever thought that the saying, "A little bird told me" would have originated in the bible? Ecclesiastes 10:20 says: Curse not the king, no not in thy thought and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. So, the little bird is a also a tattle-tale, but I would rather think of it simply being a messenger. The following stories will attest as to why I believe this so strongly!

I have always believed God uses birds to relay messages, just as he uses angels. He has the power to use any form of life he created. Remember the story in the bible about a donkey talking? And what about the bird sent out by Noah to check to see if the waters had subsided enough to find a dry leaf? The bird, which was the only creature capable of performing that job, understood and performed the task! So, an angel could be in the form of a bird. Right?

I have had two distinct times in my life that I want to tell you about, when it was proven to me that God used a bird as a messenger.

It was in the wee hours of a morning in June, 2004.

The house was quiet except for the hum of the oxygen concentrator and the rhythmic, shallow, breathing of my husband who was gravely ill. Albert had just been released again from the hospital, this time with the dreaded news that his kidneys were failing. His heart was already damaged beyond repair from two previous heart attacks. His lungs were full of fluid and he was severely dehydrated. He was now incoherent and it was a matter of hours before he would slip into eternity.

We had worked hard all our life, not taking much time to spend together, enjoying life. Often, now after the evening meal, he would say, "Come, sit beside me." He would lay his head over on my shoulder as I held him like a child. Sometimes we would silently cry and then he would whisper, "The hardest part of dying is leaving you. I would answer, if you are in heaven you will not think of me, and besides, I will follow close behind you."

Albert had never been verbal about salvation and had never shown any fruit, although he had told me he thought he had dedicated his life to the Lord a few years ago, when his mother passed away. He never elaborated on the subject, and had only gone to church for the past year or so. I wanted, desperately for him to tell me everything was right between him and the Lord, but he never did.

I hesitated to come right out and ask him and wondered how I would know if he was saved and if he would be happy at his destination without me. I wanted to hear him say the words, "I am saved and going to heaven." But who was I, to wonder, doubt, or judge? He was acting differently than before but that could be because he realized his time was short. Where was my faith? I tried to witness to him by telling him about what God had done for me. He would ask questions about the bible as if he did not understand and never once talked as if he knew for sure he was saved.

So, I had begun to read the bible to him, accentuating on John 14:2. "In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, ye may be there also. I realize now, at this present time, that Albert had changed somewhat, was more humble than before, and did not get mad as quickly. But in my mind, I was still accepting the hot tempered man I had lived with for one half century and still felt I had to hear him say he was saved and ready to go.

I tried desperately to prepare us both for that dreaded moment to come, when we would have said our last "I love you." That had been the last thing I had said to him while he was coherent and he had answered "I love you too."

I felt that I could not face what would happen before my eyes when the time came because I would not be able to do anything to help him when it did come. I had never watched anyone die. I had always known what to do to help him when he was sick but I wouldn't be able to stop the dying process. I couldn't bear leaving him in the hospital when he had stated he wanted to die at home. I had taken care of him so long in the past, even long before he was sick, when he drank excessively or passed out and had to be taken care of. I knew I would be totally lost without taking care of him.

With a heavy heart, and knowing he was now in a coma, I was praying constantly, feeling totally exhausted, had not eaten or slept for a couple of days or more and felt like I was going to collapse at any moment. I lay down in an extremely, stressful state on the hospital bed he had refused, where I could be close to him, who was partially sitting up in the lounge chair by the window. I listened as his breathing became more labored and stayed ready to run to his side if he needed me...

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Angel Bird—continued

Suddenly, I heard a loud noise in the hall! It sounded like a bird flapping it's wings. I looked toward the door into the hall. A small grayish, brown bird (probably a sparrow,) came zooming through the doorway and diagonally across the room toward Albert, then, right over his head into the artificial Ficus tree in the corner behind his chair. Strangely, I was not startled at all. It felt normal, did not seem odd or out of the ordinary. My mind seemed to come to a halt and everything blacked out! The next thing I knew, I could hear Albert's whispered incoherent gibberish. I rushed to his side to try to understand what he was saying, but could not. I raised and covered his cold, swollen leg that had dropped to the floor. I checked to see if his body was warm. At that moment, it dawned on me what I had seen a few moments ago! I quickly reasoned there was no real bird in that tree, yet, it seem perfectly natural that one would fly in. Had I passed out? Was this a vision? I did not know, but again, it seemed like a natural occurrence and I had peace with it. I was not afraid. I somehow understood God had sent the bird to tell me Albert's time had come.

I called for help to get him over into the bed. Immediately my son and daughter-in-law, my pastor, Nancy White, and my friend, Karen, who just passed away, came in the door. Later they told me they had found me pacing back and forth and wringing my hands. Nancy and Karen whisked me into the bedroom, insisting I lie down and then proceeding to crawl up into my king sized bed with me. They were softly urging me to shut my eyes a little while. Jamie White came to the open door and asked if he could come in and pray with me. I nodded yes. He came and knelt by my bed and prayed. I went out like a light. My son woke me saying, "Mama, Daddy's gone."

Continued ... A Little Bird Told Me...

~Mary Ball

BIBLE EASTER WORD SEARCH



K C T E K A M S R H T O A Q T L T J T S H P
L G D A B H C I A A O Z F S S P C X E U Z I
M A G P K K R M E P A W E S A A A B Z N M L
Q R M C M R U O S O B U E Q I C V A T D P A
Q O U B Q M C N C S L N C H U Y R I R A E T
F P F G F A I O R T O G N W F A J I O Y K E
P P W Q A R F F I L O O V R Q W T S F R G D
C A Z X H Y I C S E D L X E S S T T R I Y Y
R A S Y J F X Y E S N M S T N R B J E H C U
L L L S D Z I R N G O L G O T H A E W I L E
N R I V O R O E G O T D U M C R O S S G L Y
I G G C A V N N L P N Q X B Z A J U H H O Q
S Z K M J R E E V R I B L E F Q Z S V P L M
G Z N Z W G Y R S J T G R Y E D F D H R O O
R O B E R O M A N S K S O N O F G O D I X Z
T S Q B E N A I L S Y U H N Z M B A L E S V
P J B T H R E E D A Y S N S N G H G K S L N
N C F A N G E L S W S Z G W Q V C N M T D B

ROMANS
RISEN
SACRIFICE
THREE DAYS
ANGELS
SAVOR

GOLGOTHA
BLOOD
SIMON OF CYRENE
JESUS
ROBE
LAMB

SON OF GOD
TOMB
APOSTLES
CALVARY
CROSS
NAILS

MARY
CRUCIFIXION
PLATE
HIGH PRIEST
PASSOVER
SUNDAY

An assortment from www.guideposts.org

A Prayer in Spring

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.
Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.
And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid-air stands still.
For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

~by Robert Frost



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.

Mother's Day Tributes



In our upcoming May newsletter we will pay homage to Mom's. If

you would like to submit some special thoughts about your Mom or any other special woman in your life you can either give it to John or email your tribute to j.p.fuller@twc.com

It would be best to receive it prior to April 25th to be able to include it in our May newsletter.

From Our Canning Corner



A few years back, Elva and I canned this tasty "**Salsa Verde**" from the following Ball/Kerr recipe. It's a great use for any extra green maters you might have this growing season. Enjoy it with grilled meats and fish or straight from the jar as a dip for tortilla chips.

You Will Need:

- 7 cups chopped cored peeled green tomatoes (about 12 medium.)
- 5 to 10 jalapeno, habanero or Scotch bonnet peppers, seeded and finely chopped. (Remove veins, seeds and pith if you want a milder taste)
- 2 cups chopped red onion (about 2 large.)
- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped.
- 1/2 cup lime juice.
- 1/2 cup loosely packed finely chopped cilantro.
- 2 tsp ground cumin, 1 tsp dried oregano, 1 tsp salt & 1 tsp ground black pepper.
- 6 (8 Oz) half pint glass preserving jars with lids and bands. (We doubled this recipe and used pint jars.)

Directions:

1. PREPARE boiling water canner, Heat jars and lids in simmering water until ready for use. Do not boil. Set bands aside.
2. COMBINE tomatoes, peppers, onion, garlic and lime juice in a large saucepan. Bring to a boil. Stir in cilantro, cumin, oregano, salt and pepper. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes.
3. LADLE hot salsa into hot jars leaving 1/2 inch headspace. Remove air bubbles. Wipe rim. Center hot lid on jar. Apply band and adjust until fit is fingertip tight.
4. PROCESS filled jars in a boiling water canner for 20 minutes, adjusting for altitude. Remove jars and cool. Check lids for seal after 24 hours.

Easter Blessings

"Behold the Man!" And so it was
 Revealing words that Pilate said.
 There he stood, both grieved and weary,
 Paltry price upon His head.
 Judas heard the death bells tolling,
 Stumbling from the place he ran~
 Nevermore to see his Master~
 Yet the Saviour loved the man.
 On His brow the thorny circlet
 Crowned Him King, yet pierced His head.
 Harsh the wounds that marred His visage,
 Yet for us His blood was shed.
 Shed for saints and shed for sinner,
 Men He knew in flesh betrayed Him,
 Yet for ALL was Easter morn.
 Still He lives to ransom sinners;
 Still He lives to be our Guide.
 Gone from earth He yet befriends us
 Through His Spirit at our side.
 In our hearts if we but give Him
 Welcome as our dearest Friend;
 Stays to comfort, cheer and help us,
 Easter Blessings without end.

~Mable Hale Livingston

Spring Belongs with Easter

Spring itself is Resurrection!
 Bough and bud combine to prove
 That death is a temporal imperfection
 Through which all of like must move.
 From the husks new green arises,
 From the kernel roots appear,
 And tho' our hopes wear dark disguises Faith
 can find its white robes here.
 ~Ralph W. Seager

