

Say What?

- To write with a broken pencil is pointless.
- When fish are in schools they sometimes take *de*-bait.
- A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.
- A thief fell and broke his leg in wet cement. He became a hardened criminal.
- Could thieves who steal corn from a garden be charged with stalking?
- We'll never run out of math teachers - they always multiply.



GETTING CONNECTED

Publication of...

Mt. Brydges Baptist Church

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www.mtbrydgesbaptist.ca, Edited by Pastor Dave Adams

Humorous Stories...

A man called the police and said, "I found a suitcase with a cat and four kittens in it, in the forest."

The operator said, "That's terrible. Are they moving?" The man said, "I didn't ask but that would explain the suitcase."

I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I can't put it down.

Two penguins are standing on an ice floe and one penguin says, "Have you seen my brother?" And the other penguin says, "I don't know. What does he look like?"

Why did the Canadian DJ turn down the gig at the local Y? Because, why emcee, eh?

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And then I heard the child implore
"what's that small red flower for"?
He paused a bit and then replied,
"To grow, for those who fought and
died."

When I was just a lad you know, we
had to leave our homes and go
To distant places 'cross the sea, to
fight a fight for Liberty.

I know that's hard for you to see,
that some should die for you to be
Standing here in a peaceful land,
happy, healthy... hold my hand.

The little flowers on our chests are
just to say a simple thanks
To those young folks who gave their
all, amid the bombs and guns and
tanks.

So my dear child please come each
year, and wet the flower with a tear
To keep it growing, though we be
gone, our sacrifice may still live on.

~ Art MacPherson



**Can you bring
joy to a child?**

Pick up a shoebox and fill it with delightful items for a child and bring to church by **Sunday November 15th**

Where Christ is cherished, family is loved and everyone is family!

The Little Red Flower

It was a cool and cloudy day, like
many we had seen before,
The people young and old came
out to honor those who went to
war.

And Veterans, fewer now this
year, still braved the cold to
reappear

As they had done year after year,
trying to fight off a bitter tear.

Before the epitaph of stone, it
seemed each veteran stood alone
With memories deeply stamped
within, recalling how it all had
been.

The crowd assembled on that day
was proud of those who gave their
all.

Those who made it back alive,
and those whose fate it was to fall.
Then I saw a little lad, who held
the hand of a gray-haired gent,

The youngster seemed oh so
proud, of the older man, now tired
and bent.

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November 2015



November 11th

What's Inside...

- Israeli Hummus Café Challenge
- Something to think about
- Say What?
- Humorous Stories
- The Little Red Flower (cont'd)
- Operation Christmas Child

It's a fact of earthly life that when
God opens the windows of heaven
to bless us, the devil opens the
doors of hell to blast us. When God
begins moving, the devil fires up all
his artillery.

~ Adrian Rogers

Join us each Sunday for Worship...

3 p.m. in our new location

Community Christian Centre

22243 Allen Rd @ Adelaide Rd (South of Mt Brydges)



Israeli Hummus Cafe gives 50 % off to Jews and Arabs who eat together!



Let's start a discussion. How does this great idea begun in Israel encourage us to look for new ways to bridge diversity, overcome stereotypes, and stop hatred in our communities? Send your ideas to **Mt Brydges B.C.** at officembbc@bambinternet.ca. I look forward to hearing from you with your ideas...

~ Pastor Dave



Something To Think About..

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow. Between the crosses, row on row; That mark our place; and in the sky. The larks, still bravely singing, fly Scarce heard amid the guns below..." (John McCrea)

On November 11, as well as throughout the year, we've a wonderful opportunity to remember the efforts of brave Canadians, some of whom sacrificed their lives, many their well-being, all of whom gave up their years away from loved ones. In remembering, we pay honour to those who respond to some of our country's most urgent needs. On November 11, we pause for two minutes of silent tribute, and we attend commemorative ceremonies in their memory.

But what is it that we remember? We say together the heartfelt words, "**Lest we forget**" but what is it we need to remember? What, when all the veneer of battle is peeled aside, did these primarily young Canadians give so much to protect? Why is it that Canadians continue to give themselves to help others in need in the far reaches of our world?

We share words like "liberty", "freedom", "opportunity" as though everyone has access to everything they need. In the U.S. they talk of the American dream – a house, two cars, and the perfect family. We want the same thing here and yet neither country has truly realized the dream – at least not for the many who are struggling to just have a roof over their head and food to eat. Too often we who live in the land of the free are not free from the worry over where we will have

our basic needs met. Too often we're unable to consider building relationships or caring about other needs because we're too hungry. I recently met a woman who at one time couldn't afford to feed both her children and herself for many months – so she chose to go hungry rather than submitting to the "indignity" of attending a food bank or letting others know of her situation. That's in Canada! We have allowed the stigma of poverty to rob us of our dignity at the expense of feeling ashamed to look to our community.

I'm told the word "Canada" means village – when did we stop responding as a village, as a community, caring for one another. When did liberty and freedom mean that we all look after our own interests? What do we remember when we look back to those who fought for our freedom today?

Even in our little village of Mt Brydges, our larger community of Strathroy-Caradoc we've people who need people to come alongside of them and give them a helping hand – *not a handout*. There but for the grace of God and often the help of extended family, many of us could have been at one time or another in the same situation – or worse. Have we the compassion for others to see despite what they may be experiencing they're no different than us? Have we the concern to stand up and choose to make a difference? Do we remember the cost of those who fought for what we have today?

When we look to the life of Jesus during His earthly ministry I think what got Him in to trouble was His view of God's kingdom was absolutely contrary to the established precepts of his day in his culture. Many see a God of anger, a demanding God as they read the scriptures, particularly the Old Testament, but I see a God constantly filled with compassion, mercy and grace. Jesus repeatedly spoke of His compassion for those He encountered and went out of His way to

meet their needs. At Mark 8:2, Jesus said, "*I have compassion for these people...*" and that continues to be His message today – for you and everyone. We're called to go and tell the good news; we've been given freedom to do so at great cost; how will others hear us if they're too hungry, homeless, fretting about their lives?

Mark your Calendar...

Nov 1st – Communion Sunday

Nov 14th – Missionfest - \$12
Wyoming BC – 5:30pm
Program @ 6:30pm

Nov 15th – Operation Christmas
Child Shoe Boxes

Nov 21st – Love Day WRRC 9:30am

Nov 29th – First Sunday in Advent