

Pfafftown Baptist Church is on mission to serve God by sharing joyful life and displaying love with our greater community.

Pfafftown

Baptist Church



August 2016

PBCConnections

Fireworks and Fireflies



I don't remember the first time I saw fireworks although I do remember my first experience with sparklers. In my childhood sparklers were big time fun all unto themselves. Yet sometime I experienced fireworks and I was hooked. I love them. The beauty of the colors, the creativity of the patterns, the high fliers, even the smell of the gun powder excites me. It's no wonder the Japanese season of fireworks is called Hanabi Kaito, "Shower of Flowers". Here in America it's no season; it's one big night of Hanabi Kaito.

For fascination, though, fireworks have nothing on fireflies. We didn't experience many fireflies in my childhood hometown but my grandparent's home in Burlington was covered with them. I desperately loved summertime at their home, catching the fireflies in the evening in Ball jars, wondering about the incredible creation that could make the firefly glow.

This year my family and I attended a neighborhood fireworks show a few miles away. One family in the large neighborhood collects donations, purchases the fireworks, sets up everything, and effectuates the show in a large field behind a few homes. It was as big time as any local show I've ever seen. We gathered with a large crowd, 100 or more people, to watch and marvel at the show. We mingled until the sun went down and then everyone paused to enjoy the fireworks. And then it was over until next year.

Fireworks of any kind attract a crowd; they have that nature. When people of faith are gathered around a faithful purpose we too should have that nature. When we are being faithful to Jesus' way our witness should be as beautiful as Hanabi Kaito.

No one should confuse a firefly for fireworks, but we now know that the firefly glow is a mating call, a signal of attraction. **When people of faith are living a Christ-like way our signal should be that of attraction like the firefly.**

I'm not saying attraction is the number one game of church; too many churches are dying waiting for attraction to work. But if enough of us are "out there" showing the love of Christ in our spaces and places in fireworks and firefly ways (***bold love, passionate fellowship and amazing witness***) then some amazing things might happen.

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Fireflies ... (continued from page 1)

In the remainder of the summer **I challenge you to be the fireworks and firefly of faith** to people you meet. Let's be the special person for Christ to someone(s); it could be a special time for us, too. And fear not...no one will try to collect you in a Ball jar!



That's my summer thoughts. Do you have anything you want to share in return? Connect with me any way you can. I'd love to hear from you.
pbcpastor@windstream.net

Make a Joyful Noise



It's August. The choir has one more month off from Wednesday night choir rehearsals. I would **LOVE** to start back with at least *TWO NEW SINGERS*. Please include this in your prayer and meditations. Is the choir some place you could be a vital, active disciple?

Common reasons for not singing in choir:

- (1) **You all sound fine without me. You don't need me or anyone else.** Thank you. Our choir works hard to sound great for a few minutes, but we're at a precarious state. One or two absences and we don't have enough voices remaining to ensure that we can sing many of our available anthems that Sunday. There is indeed safety in numbers.
- (2) **I'm not a trained vocalist. I just sing in the shower.** That's okay, because there are trained vocalists in our choir that will help you. However, less than half of our choir has had formal vocal training. Do you know what types of voices are most likely to ruin choirs? Ones that are too overconfident in their abilities. They have trouble blending. Choir is about blend...learning not to sing louder than your neighbor, but loud enough that you join the group.
- (3) **I can't always make Wednesdays.** Can you make SOME Wednesdays? I am always okay with you sitting out for any service that features an anthem that you don't feel like you've had adequate chance to prepare. For larger services like Christmas and Easter, we work MONTHS on those, and you will have plenty of chances to rehearse.
- (4) **I don't read music.** Not reading music is an obstacle in instrumental music. Handbells, piano, band and orchestra all require you to learn to read music at least on an intermediate level. Vocal music is helped by being able to read music, but I have **NEVER** in working with at least 300 different vocalists as a choir director met a single one who was hindered by not being able to read music. You can get by and still learn your part. The way I teach does not require knowing your notes. In the process of rehearsing, however, don't be surprised if you learn a little bit.
- (5) **You don't need me.** I know. I said that one already. But it's a big enough obstacle that I wanted to address it one more time. I LOVE our choir, but like the rest of the church our average age (even with 2 youth) goes up. The odds get higher of retirement, illness, or other factors meaning that we won't always have the same vocalists. The only way to ensure that our churches maintains its commitment to good choral music and not join the thousands of churches that have abandoned the choir is to keep bringing in new vocalists of **ALL AGES** youth to adult.

Please pray about this, and let us see new faces and hear new voices starting September! Contact me if you have any further questions.



The past couple of weeks have been hard for me. Come to think of it, the last year has been hard. There has been too much death. Too much violence. Too many people displaced from their homes. Too much hateful rhetoric. Too many unwelcome people. Too much hate spewing from mouths. Too much corruption. Just too much of everything. In Mary Oliver's poem, *The Summer Day*, I like to think the narrator has reached the same place at which I am. A place where prayers somehow get stuck inside us, the words failing to form. And all the unanswered questions and secret longings swirl inside us without escape. But what the narrator discovers is that when she can't form prayers, she still has the ability to pay attention and be present with creation and with God. She notes that there is no better use of her time and then poignantly turns the question back on the reader. She says, "Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?"

Oliver's poem provided our theme for our Passportkids! 2016 camp experience this year. The word "wild" means to live in a natural state. For us, this means being exactly who God created us to be. It means that **Jesus sets us free from fear, forgives us when we make mistakes, and gives us all that we need to live with trust and love.** He has gifted us with a wild lives. The big question is - once we claim this precious life Jesus has given us, how will we live it? How will we make the world more like what God intended?

Hopefully, we use our wild and precious lives to help others see that they are living wild and precious lives too. During one of our sessions at camp, our students read a book called, "The Invisible Boy". In the book, Brian is an invisible boy, ignored, unloved, overlooked at school. For most of the story, Brian is drawn in black and white while the rest of the world is in color. His isolation and loneliness has sucked all the color out of his life. Yet, as Justin, another student begins to invite Brian to his house and eat lunch with him at school, more and more color is added to Brian. By the end of the story, Brian is no longer an invisible boy, he is living his life in full color with a friend.

Since we've returned from camp, I've been thinking a lot about this wild and precious life and what it means to live freely and authentically as God called us to be. And I think it's a lot like the story of the Invisible Boy. Day by day, it can sometimes feel that in the state of the world today we are each 'just getting by', living lives in black and white. But, *God has created us for more than this.* He has given us each **wild and precious lives to live to the fullest.** And he has asked us to share them with others through love, grace, compassion, and humility. He has asked us to thrive in living color.

I can think of *no greater expression of this than our recent Pfafftown Family Dash Night.* 25 people of our community gathered together to fully live into the wild and precious lives they've been given- and they decided to do it with each other. Kids, and youth, and young adults, and middle adults, and older adults, all spending their time nurturing and listening to one another, sharing their lives and experiences. Man, was the color glowing that night as we celebrated our wild and precious lives in community with one another.

God has gifted us with color. He holds each of us as precious to him. And he invites us to be the people that let other people know that he thinks they're precious too. So, I leave us with this *challenge that our children sang about at camp for their theme song:*

What will you do with this one life? Where will you go to let God's love show?

What will you do for his kingdom? Doing your part, when will you start?

I can hear God whispering, "Come, follow me. Look and you'll see."

I can see God's vision, a world full of love, like heaven above today.

Leaders Save Lives Blood Drive

Wednesday, August 10 from 2:30-7pm @ Pfafftown Bapt.

Call or Text 336.558.8673 for an appt. or go to

www.redcrossblood.org - sponsor code "Catherine Allred".

The Summer Day
Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean- the one who has flung
herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up
and down- who is gazing around with her enormous
and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly
washes her face. Now she snaps her wings open, and
floats away. I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down Into
the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
How to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the
fields,
Which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
**Tell me, what is it you plan to do
With your one wild and precious life?**



August Birthdays

Sylvia Long Aug 4
 Rebecca Ware Aug 4
 David Lane..... Aug 6
 Eli Bounds Aug 7

Claudia Dameron Aug 9
 Angie Swaim..... Aug 13
 Bob Opoulos..... Aug 19
 Maxine Davis Aug 22



Backpack Blessing Sunday

August 21

A special offering will be taken during worship to help buy school supplies for our friends at the Good Neighbor Center

Operation Christmas Child Offering

Pencils and Pencil Sharpeners



CHURCH SCHEDULE FOR AUGUST

Aug 1 Caswell Trip
 Aug 6 Men's Breakfast
 Aug 8 Children/Youth Committee
 Aug 10 **BLOOD DRIVE (2:30-7pm)**
 Aug 17 Mabry Mill Trip
 Aug 18 Single Seniors Lunch
 Aug 21 Deacons' Meeting
 Aug 21 Newsletter Deadline
 Aug 21 Blessing Backpack Offering
 Aug 21 Special Dress Day
 Aug 27 Back to School Bash

Newsletter information can be sent to
kim_bounds@hotmail.com.



Summer Fun Dress Day

Our last summer Sunday dress day is **August 21**.

Come dressed in the colors or spirit wear of your alma mater either high school or college.



Senior Adult Trip

Wed, August 17

Mabry Mill Restaurant
 in Meadows of Dan, VA

Enjoy a beautiful drive on the Parkway and sweet fellowship with friends. **The only cost is money for your lunch.**

Please call the church office and let Pastor Thomas or Becky Pegram know if you plan to attend.

PFAFFTOWN BAPTIST CHURCH

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