

In His Sandals

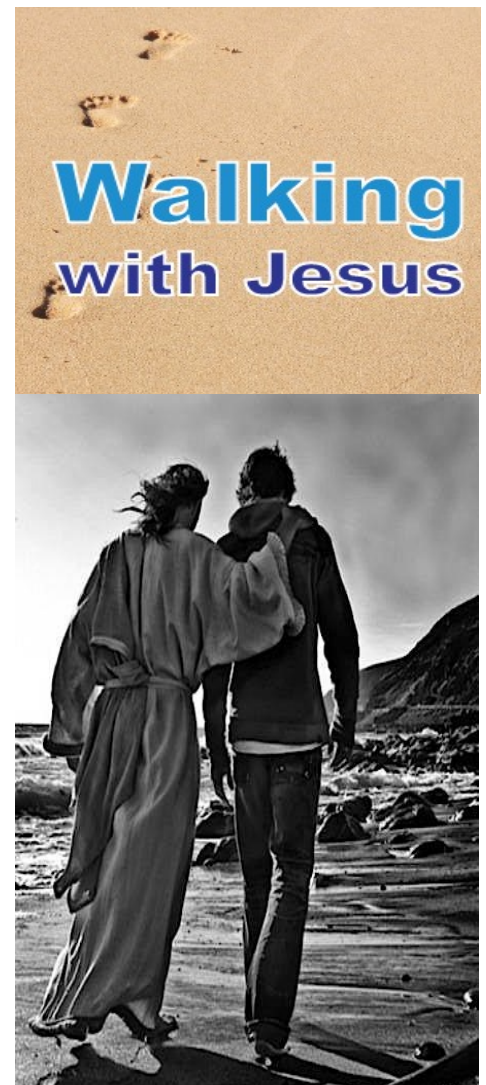
by Louis Gander

I cannot serve two masters. I serve, but only one,
for if I love some sinfulness, I hate God's only Son.
Could I walk in His sandals? Do I really understand?
Of what would it encompass? Of what would it demand?
Could I put up with some abuse, and could I humbly be,
a whipping board of insults, for all to scoff at me?
Could I withstand a whipping? Tell me, would I know,
the pain down in my open wounds, torn flesh from every blow?
Could I, but bear the privilege - to be a king renowned,
my face stained in bloody streaks from such a thorny crown?
Would I know the cost of love, and God's most precious grace,
or would I simply think of me, and hate the human race?
Could I endure the anguish, as ropes bind hands and feet,
knotted up so tightly that - I'd give in to defeat?
There on my back, could I stare at - a spike set on my skin,
then watch them take a heavy stone, and slam it deep within?
Oh, I'd know what's coming next - I'd clench my other fist.
Could I endure another nail - or would I just resist?
When tortured even further, could pain be so complete,
when to the cross I'm nailed with - another through my feet?
Slowly ropes raise cross and I. The base slides in the hole.
Then in ghastly, horrid pain, would that jerk shake my soul?
And there I'd hang, alone up high - for all to mock and hate.
Could I endure the anguish then? Can I, to that relate?
Could I survive for hours, in pain and endless shame?
Would I ask God's forgiveness - for those that I could blame?
Could I die for ALL the world - their sinful sacrifice -
and know that few would love me? Would that, for me, suffice?
Would my final miracle call for a heavenly host?
Or would I yield to Father's will and then give up the ghost?
Hate and anger would not end - the sword would pierce my side....
Oh, would I slip away and hide? Which way would I decide?
His sandals are too large to fill. His time, so long ago,
and Heaven - much too far away, while I'm down here below.
But could I wear His sandals - if I was called upon,
and are my trials greater that - I'd gladly put His on?
He demands my little faith. He holds no speck of wrath,
when He's a lamp unto my feet - a light unto my path.
Yes, I wear His sandals - for I've been called upon,
and faithful every morning I - slip them boldly on.
This poem may explain it - but who truly understands?
For every sin that we commit puts nails through Jesus' hands....
We cannot serve two masters. We serve, but only one.
We have to hate all sinfulness, to love God's only Son.

Ceresco Messenger ~ March 2018

Easter Gate

Jesus came to show us how
To live and love on earth, right now.
Then he died to erase our sin,
So the pearly gates would let us in.
Raised from death,
Jesus is our guide
Through our own death
to the other side.
Believe in Jesus, and you'll be
Written in the book of eternity.
Easter means, in heaven, life,
Free from sadness, free from strife.
If your name is in God's journal,
You're assured of life eternal.
By Joanna Fuchs





BLESSED IS HE

Read Matthew 21:1-11 NIV

Then fill in the correct words using the numbered clues below.
Find out what the crowds shouted to Jesus when He was on the road to Jerusalem.
The answer will be in the red squares.



1							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							

- What did the people cut down from the trees? (verse 8)
- Who answered, "This is Jesus the prophet from Nazareth?" (verse 11)
- The whole city was stirred when Jesus entered what city? (verse 10)
- What did the crowds spread on the road? (verse 8)
- Who would come gentle and riding on a donkey? Your _____ (verse 5)
- What did Jesus ride along the road to Jerusalem? (verse 7)
- Where did the crowds spread their cloaks? (verse 8)

What did the crowds shout when Jesus rode past them on a donkey?



THE LAMB OF GOD

Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our sin,
He came the sinless Son of God
To cleanse our hearts within

He hung upon the blood-stained cross
Thinking of you and me,
Dying like some hardened criminal,
His body in agony

His blood flowed down from the cross;
His body tormented with pain
He cried out to His Heavenly Father,
But it seemed no answer came

People stood and jeered at Him,
Mocking to the end
Who Jesus was and why He came,
They couldn't comprehend

Their hearts were indifferent to the Lord;
Their consciences grew ever cold
His mother watched on - unable to bear it
As the sword pierced through her soul

As you try to grasp this picture,
The pain that Christ went through,
Remember that day you were on His mind,
He endured it all for you

Just so you could know His love
And forgiveness for your sins,
To know His resurrection power
And to have His life within

He cares that much about your life,
He endured the cross for you
Like those who jeered, or those who loved,
With Jesus - what will you do?

© By M.S.Lowndes

The Sacrifice by Lorna McKelvie

A crown of thorns..with bleeding stripes
The Lamb of God ..the sacrifice
Nailed to a cross..in agony
He knew this was His destiny..
He lived to die..so high a cost
To save a world..dying ... lost..
To build a bridge...from God to man..
Each nail that pierced..part of His plan..
Each sin upon His shoulders laid
With each drop of blood ..the debt was paid

From sinless, spotless...holy..pure
To vile offender..hanging there..
Silently He bore our shame..
His shattered body..scarred and maimed..
From heaven to earth..now on that tree..
A death so cruel..to set us free..
Left all alone to bear our sins..
No Father there to comfort Him..
As darkness spread across the sky..
It is finished was His cry..
His job was done..
He lived to die.

But the beginning.. not the end..
He died but lives ..risen again.
Death couldn't keep Him in the grave...
The war is over..the debt is paid.

He broke the chains and set us free..
That day He won the victory.
Now in heaven He reigns on High
But He'll be back..a second time..
He's coming then to take us home..
In a blaze of glory all His own..
And there we'll worship at His feet..
When on that day we finally meet..
Our Savior..our sacrifice..
Our All in All..

Holy ..Holy ..to the Lamb..
Hallelujah to the Great I AM!



All are invited to the West Area Palm Sunday Service at First Baptist Church, 80 E Michigan Avenue, Battle Creek on Palm Sunday (3/25). Refreshments will be available at 3:30 pm, and the Worship Service will start at 5:00 pm. This is always a wonderful service, so please attend if you can!

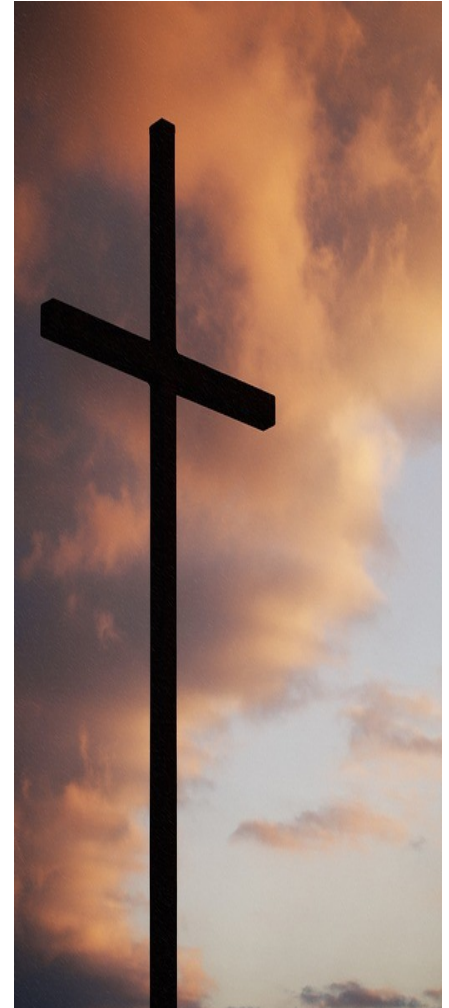
MARCH 2018

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
25	26	27	28	1	2	3
<p><i>Easter Choir Practice on Sundays, 9 am in the Choir Room. If you like to sing, please join the choir! Practice on March 11th, 18th, and 25th</i></p>				Bible Study 6:00 pm		<p>Church Break-fast 8:00 am</p> <p>COUNCIL 9:00 am</p>
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
<p>Communion Sunday</p> <p>EMT Meeting after Worship Service</p>	Scouts 6 pm	Bible Study 10:00 am	Deacon Ministry Team Meeting 6:00 pm	Bible Study 6:00 pm		<p>Spring clocks forward 1 hour or you'll be late to church!</p>
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
<p>Daylight Saving Time Begins 2 am</p> <p>Choir 9 am</p>	Scouts 6 pm	Bible Study 10:00 am	Martha Circle 6:30 pm	Bible Study 6:00 pm		
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Choir 9 am	Scouts 6 pm	Bible Study 10:00 am	Family Night Potluck 6:30 pm	Bible Study 6:00 pm		
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
<p>Palm Sunday Brunch after Worship Svc</p> <p>West Area Palm Sunday Svc, 1st Baptist, Battle Creek</p>	Scouts 6 pm	Bible Study 10:00 am		Bible Study 6:00 pm	<p>GOOD FRIDAY</p> <p>Service 6:30 pm</p>	<p>Tomorrow is EASTER!</p>



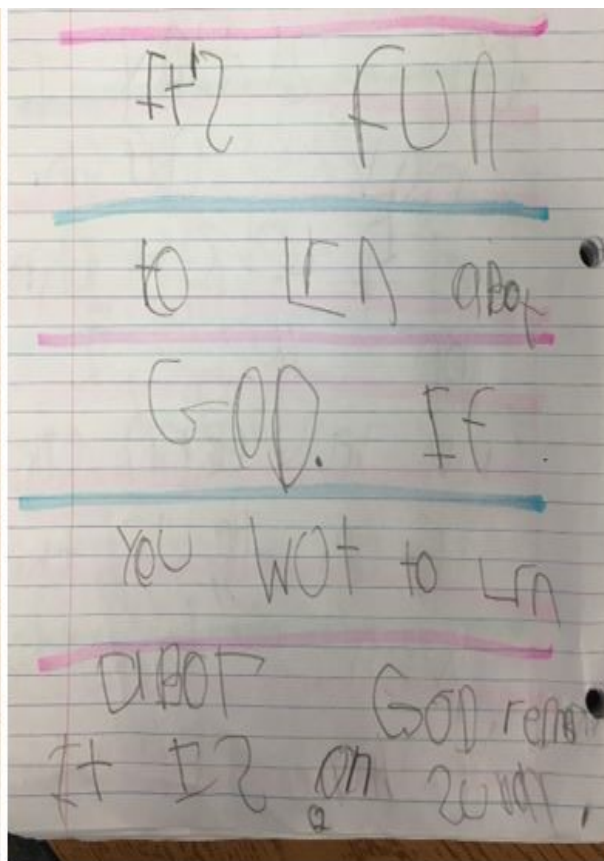
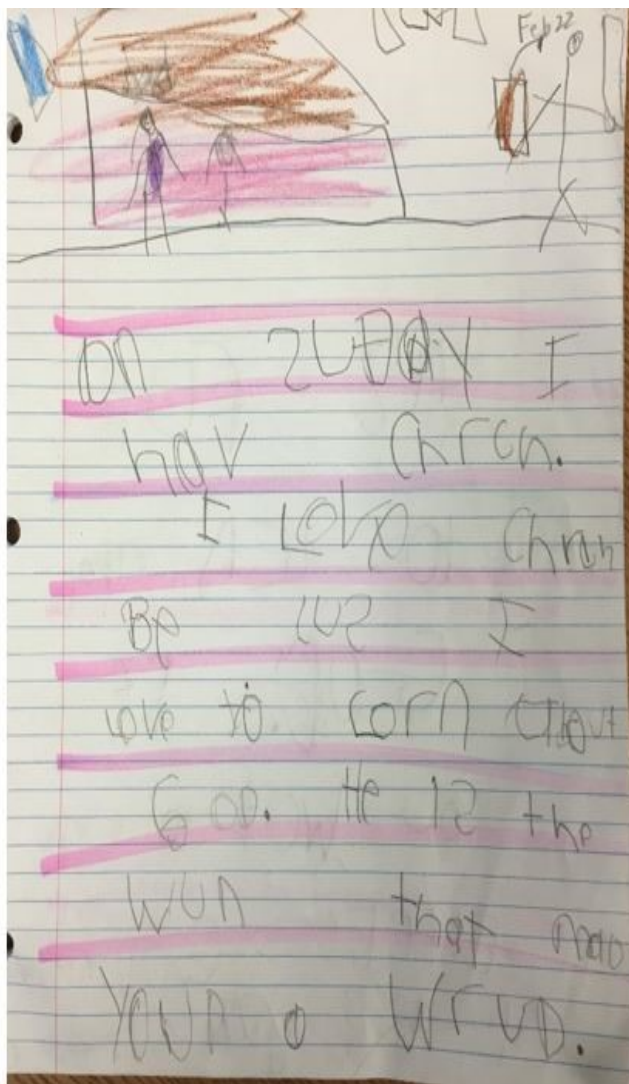
Mar 1 Tommy Burke
 Mar 3 Derek Holtz
 Mar 4 Chris (Chip) MacCrossen
 Mar 4 Garrett Skinner
 Mar 9 Brian Markos
 Mar 9 Ron Chisholm
 Mar 9 Monica Entsminger
 Mar 10 Barb Griffin-Hart
 Mar 11 Ruth St. John
 Mar 13 Martin Coats
 Mar 13 Lucas Finch
 Mar 13 Bill Westphal
 Mar 15 Joanne Henley
 Mar 15 Vi Halder
 Mar 18 Pam Kirkland
 Mar 20 Deborah Beltz
 Mar 21 Mike Halverson
 Mar 22 Cassidy Perkins
 Mar 22 Danny Sommers
 Mar 27 Sarah (Frey) Collins
 Mar 29 Hainsley Casey
 Mar 29 McKenzie Babcock
 Mar 30 Jody Davis

Apr 1 Emily Biljum
 Apr 4 Alicia Beck
 Apr 5 Gary Heidrich
 Apr 6 Zane Allen Ivey
 Apr 7 Kevin Smith
 Apr 9 Emily Holtz
 Apr 10 Jenny Markos
 Apr 11 Jase Casey
 Apr 11 Shannon Kraft
 Apr 12 Eric Schlee
 Apr 12 Patty Lutz
 Apr 13 Lindsey Casey
 Apr 13 Ruth Paschen
 Apr 13 Irene Raabe
 Apr 14 Charity Gary
 Apr 14 Reed Goodman
 Apr 16 Darlene Anthony
 Apr 19 Don St. John
 Apr 24 Stacey Goodman
 Apr 24 Hasley Moore
 Apr 24 Scotie Wood
 Apr 27 Albert Anthony
 Apr 27 Nathan Tuttle
 Apr 28 Linda Schlee
 Apr 29 Jeannette Glen
 Apr 30 Katie (Anthony) Rogers

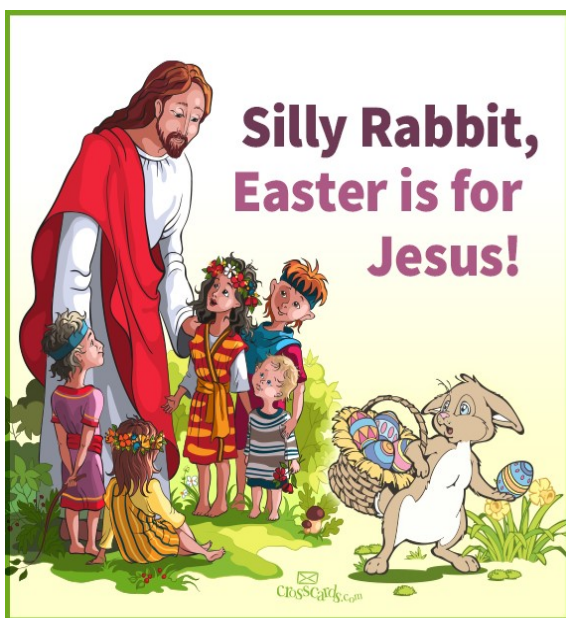


Mar 8 Albert & Margie Cole
 Mar 24 Bill & Laurann Frey
 Apr 4 Rick & Dawn Frey
 Apr 5 Roger & Joy Sommers

**Because He lives, I can face tomorrow,
 Because He lives, all fear is gone;
 Because I know He holds the future,
 And life is worth the living,
 Just because He lives!**



On Sunday, I have church. I love church because I love to learn about God. He is the One that made your world. It's fun to learn about God. If you want to learn about God, remember it is on Sunday. ~ Harlynn Casey



Our Spring Youth Day will be Saturday, April 14th. There will be pizza & games, so mark your calendar! More information in the April Messenger!



A Broken Chrysalis

by Dr. Ralph F. Wilson

It's truly amazing what a girl will do for love. My wife, Jean, and I lived next door to each other for ten years before we were married. My sophomore interest in high school biology had sparked a live caterpillar collection. Their home was a shoe box, covered with screen wire. When I went on vacation, Jean fed them faithfully with leaves from her willow tree. She hated it.

Finally the caterpillars stopped their incessant crawling and chewing, attached their tails firmly to a stick and lay still, sheathed with a shiny leather-like case. For weeks they seemed to be dead, unmoving in their tiny gray wrappings. I removed the screen and waited.

One by one, the gray cases began to twist and turn violently, and suddenly split open. A beautiful butterfly emerged. It stood for hours gently moving its wings, pumping fluids into them to extend them fully. Then the butterfly soared gracefully away on the breezes of summer, leaving nothing behind but a broken chrysalis to indicate its former bondage.

The chrysalis and butterfly suggest the empty grave clothes of our risen Lord. When Peter and John heard the news that the Lord's body was gone from the garden tomb, they ran all the way from their lodging. Peter entered the tomb and "he saw the strips of linen lying there, as well as the burial cloth that had been around Jesus' head. The cloth was folded up by itself, separate from the linen" (John 20:6-7, NIV). The grave clothes once wrapped continuously around the body now lay collapsed, mute testimony that the corpse they had once shrouded had now emerged in life.

The bondage of death is broken. Christ is risen! We can face tomorrow with the assurance that Jesus is in fact alive to help us, to guide us, to give us hope for the future. And since He is living, our problems are not insolvable. The broken chrysalis of His grave clothes proclaims that Christ is Victor even over death. Because He lives, nothing is impossible.



Save the Dates! Lifetouch will be at the Church on May 22-23, 2018 to take pictures for a Photo Church Directory! Those having their pictures taken will receive a free 8x10 picture. You will also be able to order additional prints. You can even invite family & friends to have their picture taken! More information will be in the April Messenger!

Ceresco Baptist Church
230 C Drive North
Ceresco, MI 49033
269.964.9669
Pastor Gary Schooler
517-990-5883

Flower Sign-Up for March:

4th—OPEN
11th—Henley
18th—Sommers
25th—OPEN / Palm Sunday / Easter Lilies

Fellowship Sunday Refreshments:

March—None
(Palm Sunday Brunch instead)
April—Joanne/Mary/Sharon

Greeter Schedule
Nobody is signed up!



In the USA, at 2 a.m. on 11 March 2018,
clocks will be forwarded one hour,
marking the beginning of Daylight Saving Time