

Second Quarter Events

April 6th – Heart to Heart @ 6 pm



Will have breakfast and fill plastic eggs with candy for Saturday.

April 8th – Easter Brunch – 10 am to noon for ages 3 to 12 years of age – come join the fun!

April 7th – Good Friday

April 9th – Easter Day



May 4th – No Heart to Heart meeting

May 4th – National Day of Prayer Service at the church
Food served 6pm to 7pm with the service at 7pm – open to all!



May 13th – All Daughter's Banquet @ 5 pm

June 1st – Heart to Heart @ 6 pm

Pregnancy Solutions baby shower



June 25th – Ice Cream Social @ 5 pm

Food and corn hole – fun for all!



Last Quarter news...

New Member to TBC

January 22 – Cindy Wiley

Last Quarter news... (cont.)

Baptism's

January 8 – Eric Poston

March 5 – Jonathan Moledor

Emily Hart

Danielle Shreffler

We ran this request for volunteers last quarter but didn't get much of a response. But now that we finally have regular toddlers and babies in our Nursery I and Nursery II, we need to reactivate a rotating team of nursery workers like we had before Covid. We also have children not just on Sunday morning but on Wednesday night as well. Our old normal was to have a team of two adult ladies' team up to work in the nursery during the Sunday morning 10:30 am service and the same on Wednesday night. There are young ladies that volunteer their help to keep up with the active little ones. The Sunday morning 9:45 Sunday School session is already covered. If we get enough ladies to work, it will only mean working the nursery about once per month. If you are willing to work there, find a friend to partner with and let LeuAnna Taylor (330-815-1842) or Audrey Rodgers know. We would like to get this scheduled and in place very soon. So, think about it and please volunteer your time.

*Please note – Peggy Somosko's new phone #330-354-3788

Mom For Every Day

She suffered through pain to give me birth,
A Mom is never really given her worth.
As a toddler, she was there to bandage my knees,
She taught us to say “thank you and please.”

She saw us through illness like measles and mumps,
And helped to heal all our bruises and bumps.
She helped us with homework when we were in school,
And our Mom, well, she was nobody’s fool.

So, on Mother’s Day, you should be given your praise,
You were chosen to have five children to raise!
I’m sure there were days, you were unsure what to do,
You were ready to pull your hair out, and maybe ours too!

Yet, the love you showed, it could not compare,
No one else could take your place, you’re so very rare.
You and Dad shared time with us, and did it willingly,
With your arms open wide, to give a hug to me!

Written by Darlene Greenwood

Pistachio Cake

By Connie Hoover

| | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1 Yellow or White cake mix | 1 cup oil (I use Crisco) |
| 1 pkg instant pistachio pudding | 3 eggs |
| ½ cup chopped nuts (walnuts or pecans) | 1 cup club soda |

Mix ingredients above together for 4 minutes then bake at 350 degrees.
Bake for 45-55 minutes in either a Bundt or 9 x 13 sheet pan.

Icing:

1 large box dream whip – 2 envelopes
1 pkg pistachio pudding
1 ½ cups cold milk

Blend then ice cake. Store in refrigerator.



From Heart to Heart Ladies Ministries Cookbook

*The earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof; the world,
and they that dwell therein.*

Psalm 24:1

As I sit on my porch, the world according to the morning paper lying heavy on my lap, grim news fills me with a sense of doom. The world, I think, is spinning out of control. *Lord, where is the hope?*

Across my long porch, a male finch perches on the edge of a hanging fern, warbling his heart out. His tune, I think, also carries news. Grabbing my binoculars, I look inside the fern at the tiny nest cradling three pale blue eggs. The eggs have somehow survived cat-stalking, storms, and at least one bird of prey. My newspaper slips to the floor. Through my lenses, I watch the plain brown female pecking at the eggs. They’re hatching!

I wait awhile, then I creep closer, climb on a railing, and angle the binoculars to peek inside. The hatchlings are twined together, the size of a nickel, naked, helpless, and mud brown. They cannot feed themselves and, left alone, their shallow, exuberant breathing would soon cease. But their parents are hovering nearby to nurture their brood, so they can grow up and fly and sing their song and propagate their species all over again.

Here, in this little backyard miracle, I see the hand that holds the world. An event too small, too ordinary to make the morning paper. But, light as a feather, soft as a whisper, its good news lands in my soul. God is in control.

*Creator God, thank You for the works of Your hand that cry
out the awesome truth of Your care for me.*

Shari Smyth
Daily Guideposts 365 Spirit-Lifting
Devotions for Women



Songs We Love

Well known singer/song writer Bill Gaither was born in Alexandria, Indiana in 1936. He graduated from college in 1959 and took a job teaching English. He eventually married his sweetheart, Gloria, in 1962 and I'm sure most of you know the rest of their story. While they were dating, Bill took Gloria to meet his grandmother, who was affectionately known as "Mom" Hartwell. Gloria said, "I loved her from the start." Gloria beautifully tells the story and inspiration behind the song "The Longer I Serve Him," in one of her books. Bill's grandmother was an inspiration to all that knew and loved her, not just her family. "Mom" suffered a stroke and her health quickly declined. Sitting by her bedside, listening as she sang songs about her precious Jesus, Bill asked her "has it been worth it, serving Jesus all these years?" She looked at him with that Irish twinkle in her brown eyes and said, "Billy, the longer I serve him the sweeter he grows." Gloria said it wasn't long after that she slipped out of their arms and into the arms of Jesus. Mom Hartwell was a sweet, warm, well liked and most of all, a Godly woman. Bill said it will always be her "last will and testament, it was all she had to leave us, but we knew we inherited great wealth."

Knowing the Lord for nearly 60 years, I too can say, the longer I serve Him the sweeter He grows.

The Longer I Serve Him

Since I started for the kingdom,
since my life he controls,
since I gave my heart to Jesus,
the longer I serve Him,
the sweeter He grows.

Every need he is supplying,
plenteous grace he bestows,
every day my way gets brighter,
the longer I serve Him,
the sweeter He grows.

The longer I serve Him,
the sweeter He grows,

the more that I love Him,
more love He bestows;
Each day is like heaven,
my heart overflows,
the longer I serve Him,
the sweeter he grows.

Submitted by Peggy Somosko

Paula Deen's Cottage Potatoes

By Liz Goff



3 large potatoes
½ stick butter
1 cup cottage cheese
½ onion (diced)
Salt to taste
Paprika

Scrub potatoes, slice them and put in a pot with water. Boil until tender, drain and mash with 2 tablespoons butter. Add cottage cheese, onion and salt. Stir mixture gently. Put in a greased casserole dish. Dot with remaining butter and sprinkle with paprika. Bake uncovered for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

One Rainy Day



Three kids met with a mud hole
One wet and rainy day.
And naturally they had to jump
Right into it and play.

Before their play was over,
They were soaked from sock to soul.
In fact each and every one of them
Was wetter than the hole.

Marcia Krugh Leaser
Submitted by Brenda Angelo

Bubba's BBQ

Each Friday night after work, Bubba would fire up his outdoor grill and cook venison steak. But all of Bubba's neighbors were Catholic, and since it was Lent, they were forbidden from eating red meat on Friday.

The delicious aroma from the grilled venison steaks was causing such a problem for the Catholic faithful that they finally talked to their priest.

The priest came to visit Bubba and suggested that he become a Catholic.

After several classes and much study, Bubba attended Mass. The priest sprinkled holy water over him and said, "You were born a Baptist and raised as a Baptist, but now you are Catholic."

Bubba's neighbors were greatly relieved, until Friday night arrived, and the wonderful aroma of grilled venison filled the neighborhood. The priest was called immediately by the neighbors.

As the priest rushed into Bubba's yard, clutching a rosary and prepared to scold him, he stopped and watched in amazement.

There stood Bubba, clutching a small bottle of holy water, which he carefully sprinkled over the grilling meat while chanting, "You wuz born a deer, you wuz raised a deer, but now you are a catfish."



~Author Unknown
Submitted by Laura Riggs

Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

~Philippians 4:11

Speaking to Encourage

Abraham Lincoln tops the polls as the most popular US president of all time. His troubled presidency came at the culmination of a lifelong struggle with depression, a nervous breakdown, and neighbors who were known to set suicide watches over him in his youth.

So how did he do it? The night he was assassinated, Lincoln's pockets were stuffed with newspaper clippings that praised him, his leadership, and the positive impact he was having.

We all need encouragement. The author of Hebrews says in 10:23-25, "Let us hold unswervingly to the hope we profess, for he who promised is faithful. Consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds, not giving up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another – and all the more as you see the Day approaching.

Ephesians 4:29 says, "Do not let any unwholesome talk come out of your mouths, but only what is helpful for building others up according to their needs, that it may benefit those who listen." Image what could happen if we were able to live up to that in our homes, churches, and communities?

Don't go it alone. Hebrews 10:25 warns us not to give up meeting together. Jesus didn't go it alone. He gathered a group of people to share life and ministry with, and He asked His closest friends to watch and pray with Him when He needed it most. If Jesus sought out that kind of support, we should as well!

Let's be intentional about encouraging one another as we walk this journey together, so no one has to go it alone.

Jenny Rae Armstrong
From *Words Matter*
Our Daily Bread Ministries

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above. . .

~James 1:17

Marcie's Book Corner

Fields of Grace: sharing faith from the horse farm by Cara Whitney

Hi ladies, I do believe there should be a “spring” in our step this time of year, get it? Every spring brings memories of my grandma Yarian. She loved birds and the two huge trees in her front yard became a haven for all of them! In fact, when I would wake up, and the window was open, I felt like I was in a treehouse, and I could watch the birds as they sang beautiful tunes and fluttered about making their nests. Grandma always said, “you know it’s spring when you see your first robin.” We would sit on her porch swing, and she would tell me all the names of the different birds, while we watched hopefully to see our first robin. What sweet memories!

Spring is the perfect season to read Fields of grace: sharing faith from the horse farm, by Cara Whitney. If you love horses, even the cover will warm your heart. However, the message of this book isn’t about horses! Romans 6:4, says, Therefore, we are buried with him by baptism into death, that like, as Christ was raised up from the dead, by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. Spring reminds me of new life when my crocuses and daffodils poke their heads out of the dry deadness of winter, and look bright green with life, even if they get hit with a blast of snow!

The author, having not been raised in church herself, shares her engaging story of finding that new life in Christ, in a most delightful, easy read way. She says, “I gave Him my heart, and He gave me a heart for the lost. Christ’s love is much too great to be contained in a single heart. “

As followers of Jesus, we know the Great Commission in Matthew 28:18–20. Every convicting thought, fear, doubt, anxiety, or question you and I have ever struggled with about witnessing, Cara has some story, insight and Scripture that we can probably identify with, and relate to in some way.

We have all experienced amazing success that puts us on the mountaintop or miserable failures on our part that make us question whether God was smart to choose us to share His wonderful plan of salvation.

The author says, “God uses imperfect people to reach other imperfect people!”

Even her chapter titles are mysteriously intriguing: Just Leave the Light On, The Cone of Shame and Calves in Jackets. Cara’s simple heartfelt prayers take you to a place of humility before our loving God.

Spring is a perfect time for a fresh commitment to share Jesus’ love with others, whether friends, family, or perfect strangers. After reading her book, you will want to “spring” into action! (Sorry, can’t help myself) 😊

Enjoy reading Fields of Grace, and then share it with someone else; maybe an animal lover, photography lover, spiritual seekers interested in a gentle approach to learning about God or fans of Cara’s husband “Larry, the cable guy,” whose testimony she shares as well.

Praying new believers will spring up all around each one of us!

Marcie Robinson

Fields of Grace: sharing faith from the horse farm by Cara Whitney; Thomas Nelson publishers, (c) 2021;

This book is not currently available through the public libraries. I purchased my book at christianbookbag.com for \$6.29. Available in e-book format from kindle.com or any Internet site.

For the Kids . . .

The Cul-de-Sac Kids is a lighthearted chapter-book series for young readers written by the talented Beverly Lewis. Each book centers on the often-humorous escapades of these endearing neighborhood friends as they learn together the value of friendship, teamwork, and faith. The individual stories are short, making them perfect for building confidence. These are an enjoyable read for both parents and kids. Each volume in the series contains 5 to 6 stories. Volume One includes The Double Dabble Surprise, The Chicken Pox Panic, The Crazy Christmas Angel Mystery, No Grown-Ups Allowed, Frog Power, and The Mystery of Case D. Luc.



Slightly Used Pots

But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we are the work of thy hand.

~Isaiah 64:8

What do you see when you look in the mirror? Once you get past the idea that you're getting older and you're working harder than ever to stay in shape, then you need to look further. You need to wait there long enough to see the "you" that God sees. You need to see the one the Lord loves and nurtures. You are being molded, shaped, and smoothed a bit more every day by His almighty, loving hands. You are becoming all that He meant for you to become. You are beautiful clay in the hands of a master Potter.

As you look again then, you should see one of the most beautiful creations on earth. You should see a unique person, with a heart shaped and molded to do wonderful things for your Father in heaven. The Potter is proud of you.



Karen Moore
3-Minute Devotions for a Heart-Shaped Life

A Favorite Recipe

And whoever gives to one of these little ones even a cup of cold water because he is a disciple, truly, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward.

~Matthew 10:42

Take a cup of kindness
mix it well with love,
Add a lot of patience
and faith in God above.
Sprinkle very generously
with joy and thanks and cheer –
And you'll have lots of "angel food"
to feast on all the year.

Master, permit me to live my life in a manner that is more like a recipe for a well-blended, sweetly flavored, light and airy angel food cake, rather than a mixture of cement which is thoroughly mixed up and permanently set.

Helen Steiner Rice
Reflections

Easter Joy

By Mary Crowell

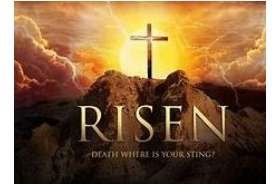
The garden listened in the stillness
Where bloomed the lilies pearled with dew;
The eastern sky glowed softly bright
As fragrantly the zephyrs blew.

Suddenly the dawn was startled
By an earthquake's mighty roar.
And an angel's hands were moving
The stone before the door.

He is not here! He is risen!
Sweetest music to their ears.
The women hastened with the message
That had scattered all their fears.

And the glad words still are sounding,
Wafted on joy's golden wings. . .
Christ is risen! He is living!
Through all time the echo rings.

Submitted by Brenda Angelo



Making Disciples

Go ye therefore, and teach (make disciples of) all nations. . .

~Matthew 28:19

Have you ever pondered the mandate in Matthew's Gospel to go into the entire world and preach the Gospel? Ever feel like you're not doing your part? God calls us to be witnesses where we are – to bloom where we're planted. Imagine the joy of leading a neighbor or a friend to the Lord. So, instead of fretting over not doing enough, delight in the fact that you are useable. . . right where you are.

Daily Little Blessings for Women

When Fools Rush In

Wise sayings about the foolish.

- A fool will be a servant to the wise. Proverbs 11:29
- A fool exposes his folly. Proverbs 4:16
- It's better to meet a bear robbed of her cubs than one. Proverbs 17:12
- To have one for a son brings grief. Proverbs 17:21
- When one speaks a proverb, it's like a lame man's legs that just hang there. Proverbs 26:7
- A fool shows everyone how stupid he is. Ecclesiastes 10:3
- A fool delights in airing his own opinions. Proverbs 18:2
- A fool repeats his foolishness like a dog returns to his vomit. Proverbs 26:11

Fun Facts About the Bible You Never Knew

Robyn Martins



I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. ~Psalms 130:5

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.

~Romans 12:10

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint – some of them are so hard to live with . . . Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy . . . Thou knowest I want a few friends at the end, Lord.

Anonymous

Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me.

~Micah 7:7

I believe in the sun, even when it is not shining.
I believe in love, even when feeling it not.
I believe in God, even when He is silent.

(Written on the wall in a war prison)

The Donor

My grown daughter, Sara, and I were very good friends. She lived with her family in a nearby town which allowed us to see each other very often. In between visits we wrote or talked on the phone.

When she called me, she always said, "Hi, Mom, it's me," and I'd say, "Hi, Me, how are you today?" She often signed her letters simply, "Me." Sometimes I'd call her "Me" just to tease.

Then my poor Sara died suddenly, without warning, from a brain hemorrhage. Needless to say, I was devastated! There can be no worse pain for a parent than to lose a beloved child. It took all my considerable faith to keep going.

We decided to donate her organs so at least that much good could come from an otherwise tragic situation. In due time, I heard from the Organ Retrieval Group telling me where all her organs went. No names were mentioned, of course.

About one year later, I received a beautiful letter from a young man who received her pancreas and kidney. What a difference it made in his life! Praise God! And since he couldn't use his own name, guess how he signed his letter: "Me!"

My cup runneth over.

Mary M Jelinek
Chicken Soup for the Soul (4th Course)

Hope

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

~Jeremiah 17:7

To have a positive attitude and a faith you must have hope. Hope is defined as “a feeling that what is wanted will happen, trust, reliance, to want and expect, to go on hoping though it seems baseless.” Hope is like putting money away for a rainy day while hoping it never rains.

When I was in high school it was a common practice for young ladies to start a hope chest. The idea was to gather items for setting up housekeeping when you left home to get married or just live independently. I had one. By the time I moved out on my own, I had most of the basics and some extras. I had pots, pans, dishes, silverware, glassware, linens, and homemade items I made myself like afghans, and doilies (those were still popular at that time), and odds and ends of other items. An actual chest wasn't required. I just kept it all in boxes under my bed and in the bottom of my closet. It made moving out on my own so much easier and less expense having already gathered the essentials of what I would need to set up housekeeping for the first time. For some young ladies the idea was to have basics to start housekeeping with a new husband but mine was just to be independent and on my own. At that time, I had no expectations and wasn't even hoping for a husband anytime soon. I liked being on my own. In the process of slowly gathering the things I thought I would need to fulfill my desire to live independently, hope is what made it doable and so rewarding when it came about.

Recently the Christian radio station I listen to, 95.5 the Fish from Cleveland, had a “Day of Hope” fund raiser hosted for the charity Food For the Poor. They do this a couple of times each year. This is a charity that I love to support myself. They do awesome work in Latin America and the Caribbean Islands to help feed the poor and in spreading the gospel through using local churches and ministries. To help bring listeners an awareness of how desperate the need for food is in these areas, they tell stories and play some interviews of actual people that have been helped by the FFP. One story about broke my

heart. It was about a single mother, a widow, that would start a pot of boiling water for their meal even when she didn't have anything to put in the pot but water. When asked why she did that, she said she wanted her children to see the steam and have hope that there was food in the pot and not just the water. She felt that the need for hope was as important as was food.

We all need hope. Parents have hopes for their children. Children have hopes for an education, a job, a car, a favorite toy or game, maybe a bike. But in the bigger scheme of life a greater and best hope would be in God - having that hope for today, tomorrow and our future which doesn't end with death. Our trust and hope go beyond the grave to a better “life” in heaven with our Father. But He gives us hope every day to be strong in our faith. Psalms 31:24 says, “Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.” Our God isn't a someday God but a 24/7 God who is with us always, even the bad times. Romans 5:3-4 says, “we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.” What God allows to come our way, He will be with us through it to the other side. He is our Hope! According to Romans 15:4, the Bible, and the words in it were written to teach us “that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.” When Jesus arose to heaven after the crucifixion, He told the disciples He would leave a Comforter for us – the Holy Ghost that lives in each of His believers. Also, in Romans 15 in verse 13 we learn, “Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.” God left us with the tools we need to fill us with hope – His Word, the Holy Ghost, and His promises that He would be with us personally always. It's up to us to accept these and put our faith and hope in Him.

LeuAnna Taylor

For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

~Romans 8:24-25