

The Cross In My Pocket

I carry a cross in my pocket
A simple reminder to me
Of the fact that I am a Christian
No matter where I may be.

This little cross is not magic
Nor is it a good luck charm
It isn't meant to protect me
From every physical harm.

It's not for identification
For all the world to see
It's simply an understanding
Between my Savior and me.

When I put my hand in my pocket
To bring out a coin or key
The cross is there to remind me
Of the price He paid for me.

It reminds me, too, to be thankful
For my blessings day by day
And to strive to serve Him better
In all that I do and say.

It's also a daily reminder
Of the peace and comfort I share
With all who know my Master
And give themselves to His care.

So I carry a cross in my pocket
Reminding no one but me
That Jesus Christ is Lord of my life
If only I'll let Him be.



March Birthdays

- 05 Brenda Vincent
- 10 Chris Conner
- 11 Seretha Pittman
- 13 David Bullock
- 15 Michelle Pratt
- 16 Kenny Jenkins
- 17 Joni Wright
- 19 Marion Wood
- 21 Tina Sledge
- 28 Patty Kuroski
- 29 Brenda Hoggard
- 31 Parker McKeel

March Anniversaries

- 09 Jim & Barbara Carter
- 11 Jim & Betty Wallace
- 17 Don & Patsy Cook
- 18 Jimmy & Linda Evans

Call, text, or email Linda Moore
252-678-2124 or cbcrrsec@gmail.com
to correct an error in your birthday
or anniversary date.



IF YOU *confess*
WITH YOUR MOUTH
THAT JESUS IS LORD
AND *believe* IN YOUR HEART
THAT GOD RAISED HIM
FROM THE DEAD,
YOU WILL BE *saved*.

ROMANS 10:9

Pastor Garrett's Thoughts

“The heart of man plans his way, but the LORD establishes his steps.”

-Proverbs 16:9

Every good Christian knows that God is ultimately in control, or at the very least they would say they know that. Of course, when it comes down to brass tacks, we might find that although good Christians may know this truth, it is awfully hard to live by. That has been the case for my own walk in the faith many times. Thankfully, the Lord brings me back to that truth every time. This is a story of how He did it one of those times.

I joined the Army in January of 2013 after having a steak dinner with an Army recruiter who had been called to our house for my sister who was in the middle of her mid-life crisis at the age of 17. My joining was a spontaneous, but sincerely zealous effort to go where I felt that there was a great need for the Gospel. I saw the Army as a mission field, and I wanted to serve in that mission field. Upon joining I experienced the big pull of military culture to always be a better and more “high-speed” soldier. Go to Airborne, or go be a Ranger, and of course the big one: go be a Green Beret. Well, every high-speed journey started with Airborne, and so I volunteered because I desperately, desperately wanted to be high-speed. I convinced myself that doing that was what it would take to ‘become all things to all men’ to my fellow soldiers, just like the Apostle Paul. That wasn’t so true, but I didn’t want to acknowledge it...

I was rejected the first time I volunteered for Airborne... and the second time, but the third time was the charm! Seven years after I had joined the Army, I was finally getting a chance to go. The day I got to Fort Benning to train I was over the moon. Ground week went by without a hitch, as did tower week (though I busted my tailbone pretty good during tower week which made me wonder why God made a tailbone at all).

Then came jump week when we finally got to jump out of a perfectly good aircraft for the first time. Seven years and it was really happening. I was ecstatic... I also hadn’t spoken a word to God in the 2 weeks of training prior.

I didn’t pray before the jumps either, though I thought a lot of God and death as we stood up and hooked up. I didn’t think much of anything as I was falling; I was just enjoying the view. Here is where God stepped in with such wonderful “severe grace,” as I call it. Severe because it hurt, grace because, well, you’ll see... As I was falling during these jumps, I hit the ground hard and broke my left leg. I hadn’t completed all five jumps, though, and wasn’t going to let some bum leg keep me down so I hobbled off the drop zone and tried to jump again. I was denied, of course, and something hit me at that very moment.

In all of my years of military experience trying to get to Airborne I had never, not once, asked if God wanted me there. I was too caught up in making it all make sense to ever ask if it was His plan for me. He showed me, with that severe grace I mentioned earlier, that I was less focused on Him than on myself. I had turned the mission field into a playground. I am thankful for that moment I hit the ground, because without it I wouldn’t be here at Calvary, wouldn’t have my son, probably wouldn’t be seeking after the Lord earnestly... I am thankful for His severe grace in establishing my steps.

-Pastor Garrett
“Pro Deo
et Sua Patria.”



Week of Prayer for North American Missions

March 3 - 10, 2024



He said to them, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to all creation.

Mark 16:15

Calvary's Annie Armstrong Easter Offering Goal: \$10,000.00

Thank you to all of our Senior Saints that volunteered to be a **Partner In Christ!**

Carolyn Carter, Butch & Pat Coons,
Wilbert Dahlem, Bruce & Freddi Davis,
Tim & Sheila Davis, Frank & Vicky Derzis,
Glenn & Leslie Ezzelle, Jeff & Sallie Faison,
Buddy Farrell, Roy & Louise Flagg, Susan Gums,
Sandra Inge, Wanda Matthews, Linda Moore,
Bobby Norwood, Annette Ricks, Carolyn Shelton,
Celeste Simmons, George & Evelyn Smiley,
David Stephens, Wilma White

Your time spent praying for your youth partner will be a blessing to them.

Brighten their day by sending a card!

Marlene Goodall - Seaton Chesterfield,
1000 Twinridge Lane, Richmond, VA 23235

Katherine Faison & Frances Brabble - Liberty
Commons, 101 Carolina Avenue, Weldon, NC 27890

Anna Wayne Tritt & Shirley Flinchum - Signature
Care, 305 E 14th Street, Roanoke Rapids, NC 27870

Claire Gay - Carolina Rest Home, 1361 Carolina Rest
Home Road, Roanoke Rapids, NC 27870

The Dash Between

I knelt there at the headstone
of one I love and cried.
Name, with dates of birth and death
were perfectly inscribed.

I pondered these two dates
and how little they both mean,
when compared to the tiny dash
that lies there in between.

The dash serves as an emblem
of our time here on the earth,
and although small, it stands for all
our years of life, and worth.

And our worth will be determined
by how we live each day.
We can fill our dash with goodness,
or waste our life away.

To ourselves, as well as others,
let's be honest, kind and true,
and every day, live the way
we know God wants us to.

May we look for opportunities
to do a worthy deed,
and reach out with compassion
to those who are in need.

For if our hearts are full of love
throughout our journey here,
we'll be loved by all who knew us
and our memory they'll hold dear.

And when we die, these memories
will bring grateful, loving tears,
to all whose lives were touched
by the dash between our years.

- Ron Tranmer -
Shared by Maxine Stutmann



Daylight Saving Time Starts

March 10, 2024

Remember to set your
clocks **ahead** one hour
Saturday night or Sunday
morning the weekend of
March 11.

The Empty Egg by Ida Mae Kempel

Shared by Brenda Jenkins

Jeremy was born with a twisted body and a slow mind. At the age of 12 he was still in second grade, seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him. He would squirm in his seat, drool, and make grunting noises. At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly, as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain. Most of the time, however, Jeremy just irritated his teacher. One day she called his parents and asked them to come in for a consultation. As the Forresters entered the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a five year gap between his age and that of the other students." Mrs. Forrester cried softly into a tissue, while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here." Doris sat for a long time after they had left, staring at the snow outside the window. Its coldness seemed to seep into her soul. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness. But it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach, and Jeremy was a distraction. Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write. Why waste any more time trying? As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. Here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared to that poor family, she thought. Lord, please help me to be more patient with Jeremy. From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares. Then one day, he limped to her desk, dragging his bad leg behind him. "I love you, Miss Miller," he exclaimed, loud enough for the whole class to hear. The other students snickered, and Doris' face burned red. She stammered, "Wh-why that's very nice, Jeremy. N-now please take your seat." Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter. Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg. "Now," she said to them, "I want you to take this home and bring it back tomorrow with something inside that shows new life. Do you understand?" "Yes, Miss Miller," the children responded enthusiastically-all except for Jeremy.

He listened intently. His eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises. Had he understood what she had said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment? Perhaps she should call his parents and explain the project to them. That evening, Doris' kitchen sink stopped up. She called the landlord and waited an hour for him to come by and unclog it. After that, she still had to shop for groceries, iron a blouse, and prepare a vocabulary test for the next day. She completely forgot about phoning Jeremy's parents. The next morning, 19 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. After they completed their math lesson, it was time to open the eggs. In the first egg, Doris found a flower. "Oh yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life," she said. "When plants peek through the ground, we know that spring is here." A small girl in the first row waved her arm. "That's my egg, Miss Miller," she called out. The next egg contained a plastic butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that's new life, too." Little Judy smiled proudly and said, "Miss Miller, that one is mine." Next, Doris found a rock with moss on it. She explained that moss, too, showed life. Billy spoke up from the back of the classroom, "My daddy helped me," he beamed. Then Doris opened the fourth egg. She gasped. The egg was empty. Surely it must be Jeremy's she thought, and of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had not forgotten to phone his parents. Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another. Suddenly, Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?" Flustered, Doris replied, "But Jeremy, your egg is empty." He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too." Time stopped. When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb was empty?" "Oh, yes," Jeremy said, "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then His Father raised Him up." The recess bell rang. While the children excitedly ran out to the schoolyard, Doris cried. The cold inside her melted completely away. Three months later, Jeremy died. Those who paid their respects at the mortuary were surprised to see 19 eggs on top of his casket..... all of them empty.

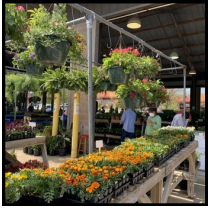
Ramblings of the Ole Man

I'm sharing this story because I think it's funny, but it is also true about a person that was an intricate part of my childhood. Some of you that knew my family probably remember that I had a step-dad before Bo Smiley named Bernard Wathall. He married my Mom when I was about 12 or 13 years old. He had a grown son named Bernard Jr when all of us came to be a family. Now Bernard Jr had a love for the West Virginia mountains, and from time to time he would disappear and be gone for months at a time. When he would come back he would have that hard brogue that anyone that has ever spent anytime in West Virginia know that the people there have. So, with him being one that smoked cigars that made it all the more interesting to me. I loved to hear him talk and then to top it off he took a liking to me. We spent a lot of time fishing the river when he was home. Now, this story is about one of those times — He and I were contemplating our next fishing trip on the river and we were trying to decide what bait we were going to use. Being somewhat lazy and broke, or at least I was, we decided that since there were so many June bugs that year that we'd load up and catfish with them. So, here we go catching June bugs and putting them in what looked to be like Pringle cans and our cricket bucket, with a piece made to fit across the top to hold them in. When we thought we had enough to catch all the catfish we wanted (and we had big aspirations), we loaded up our bikes. I had the rod and reels and bucket, and because he was riding his sister's bike with a basket on it he had all the bait. As always we would stop at Mr Tripp's store on 5th Street and get some refreshments to take with us. Right here, I want to tell you all this was back in the early 70's and times were different. If my Mama had known this took place it would have been the end of the fishing trips! So, as you read this story you will know why it has never been told before and I have sat on this all of my life. He got me a 16 once Pepsi cola and because he was grown he got himself an adult beverage with foam on top. To clear his name, he never once offered me any of these or allowed me to partake of any, so a Pepsi or a RC cola was my drink and a honeybun to eat was fine with me. I was happy and he was happy, maybe too happy this day for I don't know how many he'd had before we left, but I would say he was joyful.

Now for all who know about the tailrace know that the easiest way to get there was to go down a dirt road off to the side of the graveyard. It was a hard red clay road that as far as I was concerned had been packed down since the time of dinosaurs, and pavement had nothing on this road. It was a slight down grade once you got started and it progressed more as you went on. As you got about half way the road made a slight left hand turn and then a right. You would pick up a considerable amount of speed if you were not paying attention. A 4 to 5 inch deep trench cut right in the middle of the road by rain would catch you off guard if you weren't paying attention. Like I said, we on our way to do some big catfishing and we were both just talking away as we made our way down the road. Now, right here is where the excitement began! Everything was going fine. I was in the lead and he was just behind me enjoying his beverage when we came up on the S turn. I heard him holler something and as I turned to look he sailed by me. Before I could remind him of the trench he had already dropped off in with both wheels and it was come on lets go! His feet flew off the pedal, and he kind a looked like a bull rider only he won't on no bull. Both feet were in the air with one hand on the handlebars, and the other in the air holding his beverage, all the while steadily picking up more speed. And then it happened! The front wheel twisted all at once, and up in the air, head over heels, Bernard Jr went!! The bike was bouncing and the bait was flying. You ain't never seen such a cloud of June bugs in all your life. My Pepsi was broken all over the road and I never did find the honeybun. But— may I say Bernard Jr landed on his behind on that hard dirt road and he never spilled not one drop of his beverage. We sat in the middle of that old dirt road and laughed until we cried. Well, that broke up that fishing trip. We straightened out the front tire on his bike and we pushed the bikes home, all the while laughing at ourselves. That was the last time I remember seeing and spending time with him. He went back to the mountains and as far as I know that's where he died. Every time I ride by that old dirt road, I think of Bernard Jr and that magnificent ride he took on that old bicycle.

-----**Ramblings of the ole man Robert Matthews**

The Chowan University Senior Fest was canceled!



Farmers Market & Shopping
at Hamrick's Tuesday, March 19
leave at 8:30am - Dutch Treat
Lunch at Farmers Market
25 can go on the bus
Car drivers and riders welcome!
Sign up on the bulletin board.

Rudy Theatre Easter Jubilee

& Lunch at Robbin's Nest

Thursday, April 4

\$40.00 for ticket and lunch

We only have 25 tickets.

A waiting list will be available for anyone that may would like to take the place of someone that can not go. Sign up on the bulletin board.



EASTER SUNDAY

MARCH 31, 10 AM WORSHIP SERVICE

ON CALVARY'S LAWN - BRING A CHAIR



Save the Dates! Watch for Details

& Sign Up Forms

on the Senior Saints Bulletin Board!

Tues., May 7 - North Roanoke Baptist Association
Senior Adult Luncheon

Thurs., May 23 - Lunch & Bingo

Thurs., June 6 - Senior Saints Fish Fry

The Good News Gospel Group will be providing
entertainment during the Fish Fry Supper.

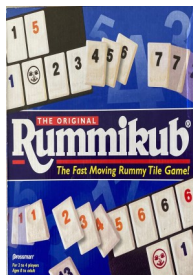
Many more exciting events have been planned for later.

Everyone is invited to

Game Time

Every 2nd & 4th Wednesday
(Dates: March 13 & 27)

at 1 p.m. in the Social Room



2024 OCC Shoebbox Ministry Meeting

Tues., Mar. 5, 6:30 p.m.
Upstairs at Church

Everyone is invited to attend
the meetings.

March Collection

Items for Boys Ages 2 to 4
or anything you happen to find on sale!



Check the Senior Saints' bulletin board in the back hall for information and sign up forms.

It is very important that you sign up for events so proper preparations can be made. A waiting list will be available if we have to limit reservations. You will be moved to the regular list if space becomes available.

Calvary's Senior Saints Council Carolyn Carter, Richard & Barbara Coburn,
Robie & Brenda Vincent & Senior Saints Co-Directors: Linda Moore - 678-2124 & Lou Smith - 536-9404

Please call or text us if you need our assistance or prayers.