

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PASTOR:

DEAR FRIENDS:

THE FIVE EXCUSES OF GOD

There are many beautiful examples, from the lives of Biblical characters, that one can relate. Moses, perhaps one of the greatest leaders of the Children of Israel, did many great things for God and Israel. However, it is not Moses' greatness I want to think about.

I want to look at five excuses Moses gave God when God called him to lead Israel out of Egypt. In this reflection, I will comment on whether or not Moses had valid reasons for his excuse or if he were only trying to avoid responsibility. I also want to think about this with an honest heart and ask myself, *'how many times have I made these same excuses to God.'*

The first excuse is found in Exodus 3:11, *"But Moses said to God, 'Who am I that I should go to Pharaoh and bring the Israelites out of Egypt'"* (NIV)? Perhaps this is a valid statement more than an excuse. Moses is revealing something about his heart attitude, and probably part of the reason God has chosen Moses. Moses is saying, I'm not qualified for this task, I cannot perform this task. But God assures him, *"I will be with you. And this will be the sign to you that it is I who have sent you: When you have brought the people out of Egypt, you will worship God on this mountain"* (3:12, NIV). I believe God is telling Moses that He will qualify him for the job He is asking Moses to perform. At this point, I have confidence that Moses is without excuse before God.

Before moving on, how many times has God called us to do something, and we have handed Him every excuse in the book not to do what He is asking because we feel we are unqualified? Seldom does God ask us to do what is comfortable, often God's call takes one outside one's comfort zone.

There is an old expression that states: "God does not call the qualified, rather, He qualifies the called." I believe God calls unqualified people so they will remain dependent on His ability.

The next excuse Moses makes is, *"Suppose I go to the Israelites and say to them, 'The God of your fathers has sent me to you,' and they ask me, 'What is his name?' Then what shall I tell them'"* (3:13, NIV)? God has already given Moses assurance that He is with him and guiding him. Is Moses trying to avoid responsibility? Moses continues with his third excuse, *"What if they do not believe me or listen to me and say, 'The Lord did not appear to you'"* (4:1, NIV)?

'Suppose they doubt me; suppose they do not believe me.' Moses was making me-centered excuses. We do this when we take our focus off God and His greatness. Remember, when God asks you to do something, and someone doubts, or does not believe He has sent you, that person is ultimately questioning God.

The fourth excuse is like the three before it, *"Pardon your servant, Lord. I have never been eloquent, neither in the past nor since you have spoken to your servant. I am slow of speech and tongue'"* (4:10, NIV). I love God's response to Moses, *"Who gave human beings their mouths? Who makes them deaf or mute? Who gives them sight or makes them blind? Is it not I, the Lord? Now go; I will help you speak and will teach you what to say"* (4:11-12, NIV). I am confident when God said He gave humans their mouths He was reassuring Moses that speech is not a problem.

The fifth excuse is the reveal of Moses' heart, and root reason for making excuses to beguine with, *"Pardon your servant, Lord. Please send someone else"* (4:13, NIV). He's not asking a question; he is making a statement. *'God I do not want to do what you are asking.'* It's almost as if he's saying to God, *'I do not care that my kinsmen are suffering, I am safe, and I am no longer burdened by their affliction—out of sight, out of mind.'*

How many times are we like Moses? *'I don't care that my fellow humans are suffering next door, in the next neighborhood, or across the way. I am safe and in my comfort zone.'* *'God send someone else.'* *'I do not want to get my hands dirty in the affairs of others; I do not want to get in the trenches and dig in the dirt.'* *'God send someone else.'* *'God I am comfortable.'* *'The people You want me to help are different from me.'* *'I could never effectively help—God send someone else.'*

I believe the majority of the time when we make these kinds of excuses to God; it reflects our desire of not wanting to do what God is asking. It is hard to give up the comfort of home and do something new, something you have never done before. It is not easy to lay the life you want aside and do the thing that God has placed in your heart. However, we will never know real joy and contentment until we step out in faith and do the things God has put on our heart to do. Like Moses, we will never know real success until we exercise God's ability and surrender our inability.

BLESSINGS, Chuck

SCHEDULE OF SUNDAY & WEEKLY SERVICES

- 10:00 am Sunday School
- 11:00 am Worship Service
Nursery and Junior Church

- 06th 6:30 pm Light Meal
7:30 pm Children's meeting
- 11th **NO** Elizabeth White Circle this month
7:00 pm Ministering Counsel
- 13th 6:30 pm Light meal
7:30 pm Monthly Meeting
- 15th **LAMPLIGHTER NEWS** is due – thank you
- 20th 6:30 pm Light Meal
7:30 pm Children's meeting
- 27th 6:30 pm Light meal
7:30 pm Children meeting
- 31st 7:00 pm Fifth Sunday Night Singspiration

BIRTHDAYS and ANNIVERSARIES

- 01st **JEFFREY & HEATHER WINSLOW**
Carey Guyer
- 06th Spencer Lee Thompson
- 10th Ricky Hebert
- 12th Kylli Lassiter
- 13th Matt Winslow, Mark Wampole
- 14th Donald Lamb, Joseph Williams Crain
Wilson Allen Crain
- 16th Billy Boblit
- 17th Marvin Riddick
- 18th **DAVID & JUDY JONES**
- 20th Scarlett Hope Lassiter
- 22nd John Ira Winslow
- 23rd Phillip Riddick, Dianne Darr
- 24th Cayce Copley
- 25th Emily Grace Lassiter
- 27th James O. White
- 28th Cristin H. Winslow
- 30th Kinley Harris
- 31st Alyssa Klinger

PRAYER REQUESTS; World leaders and those working to bring world peace. Our elders and leadership of our meeting, Baby Cash and family, Carolyn & Lester Baker, Judy W. Riddick, Chanelle Davis, Earline C. White, Patrick Bass, Herbert Williams, Baby Carter, Tony Key, Carlton Rountree, Jason Warren, Dale Hunter, Tanner Sprague (Billy & Janice Winslow's grandson), Lacy Bunch, Mike Goodwin, Cecil & Ann Brown (friends of Jacque in Kernersville), Melody L. White, Riki McGee, Garland Anderson, Lela Bundy, Iona Baker, Ralph Hartley, Peggy Wilcox (Richard's mother), Kathy Stallings, Jackie Wiley, Tommy Chappell, Kathy Turner, Reby Stallings, Linda Givens, Tommy Stallings, Jean Pressley (Sonya's mother), Leah Jonson, Conna Gessler, Alan Corprew, Aubrey Burgess, Sid Stallings, Robert Hall (cousin of Rose Riddick), Kay Boyce, Talynn Gurganus, Lois Faye, Paul White and family, Mary Frances Twiddy, Chad Winslow, Quincy Riddick, Lewis Stallings, Karen & Freddie Boblit, Beulah Phthisic, Faye Lassiter, Anna Wrae Smith, C. F. Stallings, Virginia Ripperger, Abby Baker, Anna Spivey, Carey Guyer and her best friend Erica, Bill Jones, the families of Stephanie Saunders, L.C. Proctor, Patricia Hunter, Lessie T. White, Polly Hollowell, Blanche Dillon, Madelyn Byrum, Thomas Rogerson (Brenda's uncle), and Marie Owens Anderson, our care-givers, youth, and missionaries. If you know of anyone who needs to be added to our prayer list, please contact Pastor Chuck or Catherine. Thank you.

(Unless we know their needs or you make us aware of their needs, after 30 days the name will rotate off).
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150th ANNIVERSARY HOMECOMING AUGUST 7 - RSVP NEEDED SOON:

Up River will hold a special day of praise and thanksgiving in observance of 150 years of worship and ministry “up the river” on Sunday, August 7. The day will begin with registration at 10:00 am. Sunday School will be laid down for this special day, and worship service will begin at 10:30 a.m. Worship will include a look back at our history, special recognitions, music, a message from our pastor, and, of course, a time of open worship. The Hospitality Committee is planning for lunch in the fellowship hall, after which we will gather back in the meetingroom for an afternoon program of music.

So that we can plan for this very special day, and provide plenty for all who come, please RSVP by July 24 to Lynwood Winslow at lcwiii@inteliport.com, 252-297-6532, or 1209 Belvidere Road, Belvidere, NC 27919.

Please mark your calendars, share this information with your family and others who have a tie to Up River, and plan to join us as we thank God for the opportunities to worship and serve He has provided in the past, and seek the leading of the Spirit in moving forward.

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VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL:

On June 20th, a beautiful Monday afternoon, people began gathering at Up River shortly after 4:30 in order to have our doors WIDE open for our scheduled VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL. When the appointed time came at 5:30, teachers, greeters, workers, Moms, Dads, and students had arrived. Tables were arranged and children were seated by classes ready for their meal before going to their appointed classes and activities. By the time registration had been completed, 46 students, and 25 teachers, assistants and helpers had arrived to learn about Jesus and His followers through the theme of **COW-A-BUNGA FARM!!!!**

Plans are for a more complete report on our VBS in the next LAMPLIGHTER.

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VAN/MINI-BUS SEARCH:

At the March Monthly Meeting , it was approved to begin searching for a van/Mini bus. At the April Monthly Meeting the committee of three asked for guidelines to begin their search. The Meeting approved \$15,000 for a down payment when a used vehicle is found that will fit the needs of our youth and aging members. Russell Lassiter, Mike White, and Jacque Pagels have begun the search. They will welcome comments and input from our congregation. Please be in prayer for God’s Guiding Hand to lead this committee in their search. Blessings & Peace to all.

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THE QUERIES: *Please take time to consider these thoughts and hopefully our meeting will grow both spiritually and numerically.*

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE: Do you make diligent effort to acquaint yourselves and those under your care with the spiritual needs of the world? Do you support by prayer and systematic giving those who are laboring to extend Christ’s kingdom? Do you use your spiritual gifts in serving humanity as God grants you light to see such service?

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*To each of you who contributed to this newsletter, **THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH.** If you would like to share in upcoming newsletters, please feel free to do so – just give me a call at 297-2485 or e-mail me at lcwjrr@inteliport.com. Also if you have a loved one or a friend whom you think would like to receive our newsletter – please let me know; or if you no longer wish to receive our newsletter, let me know. Thank you very much. Catherine G. Winslow*

Papa and Me in the Garden: A Memoir by Beth Sanders

"See ya in the funny paper!" Papa popped his cap on his head, leaned back and grinned, and was out the door. I liked calling my Daddy "Papa". One time I heard him call his Daddy "Papa", and I liked the way it sounded, so I asked if I could call him Papa. He had thought, and smiled, and nodded. So I called him Papa.

"Papa, wait for me!" I listened last night while Mama and Papa planned Saturday. They thought I wasn't paying attention, but I was. Today Papa planned to plow the garden, and I planned to ride the tractor and help. I spooned one last bite of grits into my mouth and fled through the utility room. My new flip flops flipped and flopped beads of early morning dew against my calves while I ran across the yard. The gate was still swinging when I cut through to the lot. My flip flops sent rooster tails of fine sand up into the air and up against my dew wet legs as I ran after Papa through the lot to the barn. I caught up with him in time to help push open the big barn door. It growled open even as Papa lifted up to ease the weight off the heavy hinges.

I took a big breath as we walked in. Cool and dim, I could smell the Timothy Hay I fed Princess, my pony. I could smell and hear her, too. I could smell the oil and grease of the tractor motors Papa fixed. I could smell the old wood of the barn and the dirt floor. It smelled good, like being with Papa. The old one-row Case tractor sat just inside the big door, right where Papa had worked on it last night. I know. I helped. I'm good at handing a wrench or a screwdriver or a hammer. Some of the other things, Papa just has to describe or point to, but I like to help. I grabbed the handle on the tractor fender and swung up into the seat. It bounced when I plopped down, and I helped it bounce more while Papa checked the water, gas, and oil. (Papa is very careful with his tractors.) I turned the steering wheel while I waited. It has a little knob that makes turning the steering wheel a lot of fun. (When I was little, a wasp stung my hand; it really hurt, and I cried. Papa drove the tractor around the yard and let me steer. I stopped crying. I think that was what he intended.) Finally, Papa swung up and I crawled over so he could sit down. Papa pushed the start button. The motor whirred and cranked. We were off!

Papa kept the plow under a little shed by the garden. I helped him back the tractor up to the tongue of the plow so we could hook up and yelled "STOP!" at just the right time. We both jumped down and I dropped the pin in when Papa got the plow tongue lined up with the tractor.

I knew Papa would not let me steer the first couple of up and downs because he needed to get the rows straight first. I waited to ask, "Can I drive?" until the third pass. I couldn't wait any longer.

"Sure," Papa replied. "Just be careful to stay straight." He smiled as his hand came off the steering wheel, and mine grabbed the knob. I drove the straight parts, and Papa drove the turn arounds. It was easy to see where we had plowed and where we had not plowed. It was almost like magic, the way the plow turned the fine, dry, pale top-soil into moist, black dirt. I liked the way it smelled, rich and full, so I took long, big breaths of the new-turned-dirt smell.

I think about all the tomato sandwiches we will eat in the summer and the jars of pickles I will help Mama put up. I think of all the beans we will pick and shell and freeze and the wonderful yellow squash and purple eggplant I will pick and Mama will fry. Grandmama will even cook some of her "simlins". That's squash cooked with sausage or bacon grease in the big black iron pot all morning. We wash 'em and fill the pot until the squash fall over the side. Sometimes we cut up an onion or some peppers with them. We stir a lot. At lunch time the pot will not even be half full. I don't know how they get so small, but Grandmama's simlins are GOOD! We finished plowing the garden together. It didn't take long.

Next came planting some of the seeds. Mama would come from the clothes line out to the garden to help. Mama would jab the hoe handle down into the soft soil, and I would drop in the seeds- three in each hole. Then Papa used another hoe to cover the seeds and tap down the earth. Mama would jab; I would drop- one, two, three; and Papa would cover and tap. Jab, drop- one, two, three, cover, tap. Jab, drop- one, two, three, cover, tap. The three of us beat a rhythm up and down the rows until Mama said we had planted enough beans. We would plant the other seeds later when it was their time to be planted.

Soon the plants would grow, soft and new and green. Then the vegetables would come. And the weeds. We could not use the tractor to get rid of the weeds; that would hurt the vegetables. Papa would get out the tiller to run down the middles between the rows. Most times he liked to do this early in the morning, but sometimes he'd wait until just before dark. I liked just before dark best. He would guide the tiller and walk along behind. I walked along behind him, careful to place my feet in his footprints. This might sound easy, but it was hard. Papa was tall. Really tall. And his legs were long, and his footprints were very far apart. I would stretch and jump from one large footprint to the next. Jump, catch my balance, jump, catch my balance, my left foot to his left footprint, my right foot to his right footprint, staying just far enough behind to not be in the way, but close enough to hear if Papa had something to say. We'd stay out until it was too dark to see, and Papa would have to put the tiller back in the barn. I'd help clean the tiller, and we'd put it up in the stall across from Princess' stall. We'd close up the barn, growling door and all, and walk back to the house through the dark, my hand in his.

Even though it's been a long time since I followed behind my Daddy in the garden, I still try to stay in my Papa's footprints. They continue to make me stretch, I continue to stay close enough to hear when he has something to say.



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2016 Friends Helping Friends Scholarship Recipients - \$1,000 Each



Kayla Parks / Daughter of Brian and Lisa Parks
GPA 4.66 / Rank 4th in Class
Plans to attend Southern Wesleyan University
Major: Biology Education

“One person who has greatly inspired me throughout my life is Lynette Baker. She not only has influenced my life on a school level, but also on a personal level. I was undecided on what career path I wanted to take until I took Biology under Mrs. Baker during my sophomore year. Mrs. Baker led me to fall in love with Biology. In addition, she helped to inspire me in my personal life as the leader of the FREED club which meets weekly for devotionals. Over the years, Mrs. Baker has helped me decide my career, educational path and has helped build my faith in Christ.”



Taylor Chappell / Daughter of James and Dorothy Chappell
GPA 4.75 / Rank 2nd in Class
Plans to attend East Carolina University
Major: MSA in Accounting

“My mother is my rock, no matter the circumstances. Her love and support have helped me through the hard times, while her push has driven me to meet and exceed the expectations of others and, most importantly, myself. As a child, she made it a goal to create a well-manned adolescent who knew when and where each action was acceptable. Our relationship is one many of my peers envy. Her parenting style may not be typical, but it has created an open and understanding atmosphere. Although I would say my mom is my best friend, I am well aware that she is my mother first.”

Scholarship Committee: Rose Riddick, Stan Winslow, Brenda Lassiter
Contributions to the Scholarship Fund can be mailed to Up River Friends and earmarked “Scholarship Fund”

QUERIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS:

(Prepared by New England Junior Yearly Meeting)

Do you try to feel and show friendliness toward people of other races and nations, who like ourselves are children of God?

**SUMMER
FRUIT
PIZZA**



Celebrate summer with this tasty dessert pizza, using your favorite summer fruits as the toppings.

What you need:

- 1 tube slice-and-bake sugar cookie dough
- Knife
- Round pizza pan
- 8 ounces cream cheese
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups sliced fruit
- Adult help

What you do:

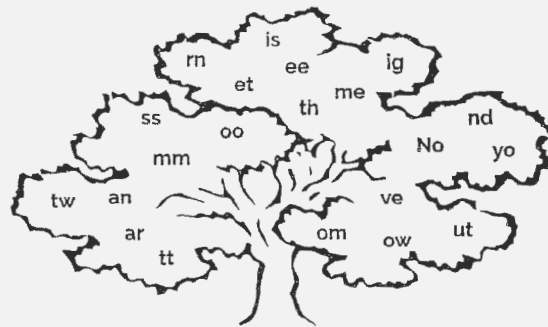
1. Cut the dough into slices 1/8-inch thick. Place slices on the pan, overlapping them slightly.
2. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 minutes. Let cool.
3. Combine softened cream cheese, sugar and vanilla, mixing well. Spread this "frosting" over the baked-cookie "crust."
4. Arrange fruit on top of the pizza.
5. Slice and enjoy!



Signs of summer

Jesus told his disciples that fig trees indicate when summer is approaching.

Directions: Complete the Bible verse below by placing the letter pairs from the tree into the correct blanks.

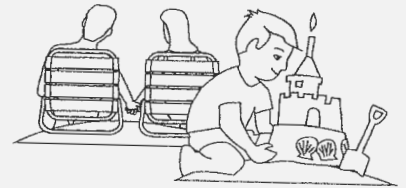


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Ma ___ hew 24:32, NIV

Answer: "Now learn this lesson from the fig tree: As soon as its twigs get tender and its leaves come out, you know that summer is near."
Matthew 24:32, NIV

He covers the sky with clouds; he supplies the earth with rain and makes grass grow on the hills.

PSALM 147:8, NIV



LAMPLIGHTER

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