

We Are Fearfully and Wonderfully Made!

By Jan Cochrell, a member at Pleasant Hill Baptist, Smithville, Ohio

We all had our beginning
A miracle of God's design
A mother giving birth
at God's appointed time

A one of a kind life takes breath
on the day a child is born
Excitement, Potential, Anticipation
Like the sky in the early morn

What will this little one be like
She has her Father's eyes
Will she have a heart for God
as she grows in knowledge and size

Will she be content and thankful
for the way God formed her life
Will she give it back to God
in service and sacrifice

Tiny fingers and tiny toes
They don't form so perfect by chance
That newborn softness and special scent
God made in secret to enhance

A newborn is like a little sponge
that soaks up warmth and love
Everyday she is learning things
and is protected from above

We wonder at the challenge
This little life to mold
Lord help us to love wisely
this little one we hold

Independence happens
One step at a time
Going off to Nursery School
Earning that first dime

Choosing friends and hobbies
Sometimes getting hurt
Building traits of character
Learning to assert

Memorizing Bible verses
Thinking on what is true

Experiencing God's faithfulness
Claiming Salvation too

Will she struggle with doubting
or stay true to what she is taught
Choosing wisely and honest
in doing the things that she ought

God knew her before that moment
Each detail – He had a plan
He also promised a Savior
because He knew the heart of Man

A one of a kind Life takes breath
on the day that a life is saved
Excitement, Potential, Anticipation
Like the freeing of a slave

As children are so precious
So we are to God
He tracks our every milestone
and sees just where we have trod

He is a gentle Father
As He waits for us to choose
Will we spend our life on Self
or give to Him to use

He looks for traits of willingness
Compassion, Trust and Care
Then promises to go before us
and carry what we bear

As a mother loves her baby
How much more God cares, my friend
He wants not one to perish
So Jesus He chose to send

Have you become a Child of God
New birth to claim and Pray
So that others can see Jesus
in the things you do and say

With loving Will He parents us
And He knows what is best
Give your life to Him
and He will do the rest. ∞

Widows In Touch

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Across the Miles at Thanksgiving!



Thinking so many thoughts of you
From too many miles away—
Trusting the Lord to give you
A renewed sense of His presence
As well as other friends or family
With whom to share His praise!

Love, Pat Warren

Dear Father,

The lady reading this

has served you as a pastor's wife.

Help her live her life to the fullest.

Help her to shine in darkest places

and love where it is impossible to love.

Protect her at all times, lift her up

when she needs you the most.

Let her know that when

She walks with you;

She will always be safe.

Thank You for Your Promise,

"I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Amen!

With the Lord! Merle Brock



You and I lost a wonderful friend this past August, when Merle Brock went home to be with the Lord. As the wife of a former OARBC State Representative, she prayed for many of us—as well as remembered many of us with cards. Below is news included in the August issue of The Link.

“Beloved “First Lady” of Ohio, Merle Brock, wife of former Ohio State Representative, went home to be with the Lord on August 10, 2008, due to complications of chronic Guillain-Barre Syndrome. At her memorial service, “she being dead” yet spoke through her music. Friends walked in to a video of her playing the organ.

Several songs she had written were sung by the congregation and a quartet, one of whose members was her neighbor. She had authored the two songs they sang. Eldest grandson, Brian Brock, read her favorite psalm, 138. Daughter, Jan Brock, played her favorite song, “Why Has He Chosen Me.” Her five sons, Lynn, Gary, Kevin, Jeff, and Tim, joined Jan in singing, “Blessed Assurance,” the song they also sang at their father’s funeral 20 years ago. Son, Kevin, told of the many songs Merle had written and compiled in the song books she left as a lasting legacy for her children. Kevin classified the themes for these songs as *Praise*—for the Lord; *People*—to whom we pass our heritage; *Provision*—of God’s salvation in Christ; *Purpose*—serving the Lord; and *Perspective*—seeing life from God’s point of view. Kevin found these same themes in Psalm 138. Spontaneous singing of the Doxology concluded the service.” ∞

With the Lord! Margaret Canterbury

The funeral for Margaret was held at the Calvary Baptist Church in Lancaster, Ohio on Thursday, Nov. 13, 2008. She and her husband ministered in several of our OARBC churches before his passing. Margaret had been living with her son, Tim, who also resides in Lancaster, Ohio.

Jackie Eaton Praises the Lord!

We were missionaries with BMM 42 plus years when our ministry was finished and a pastor was on the field in Elkhart, Indiana in January 2005. At the end of February, we found out that Jerry had a malignant brain tumor and he went to be with the Lord just six weeks later, on March 24, 2005. Since I couldn't be in Church planting and Development anymore, I transferred to Bibles International a part of BMM and have just completed my 3rd year with them and my 44th year with BMM. The Lord has been good and taken care of me—but oh how I miss Jerry. What do people do without the Lord?

We ministered in Cleveland in the inner city for 13 years when we were first missionaries. I am interested in Ohio and know many and pray for the state. Have a Great Day!!

Jackie Eaton, Bibles International, BMM



Tribute to Mabel Strong! by Daughter, Polly Strong

Moms are made for giving. From the moment of conception a Mom pours herself into her child. Mom’s give of what they are and have.

Your giving has been so very special Mom, because, *YOU* are so special. Growing up as a little “tag along” on the farm in Tacoma, in the shadow of Mt. Rainier, you learned some wonderful things about resourcefulness, giving, and the joy of God’s creation. Through your “school chums” you learned the art of friendship. Then you accepted Christ as your personal Savior and learned the depths of the greatest relationship man can know.

Shortly after that you met and married Dad, and entered into the fun and responsibilities of marriage and children. You were always so faithful in the church. As you approached forty, you and Dad left the business world and moved from Washington State to New York to go to Bible school. It was then you learned new things about sacrifice. Over twenty years as a pastor’s wife in Ohio and ten more “retirement” years in various churches (Iowa, Indiana, and Florida) brought a wealth of experiences in ministry and service. Then you became a widow and learned new things about being alone and leaning on God while continuing ministry.

And all you have gained, you have passed on to us, your children, who also are learning and giving as we serve the Lord. You gave us loving hearts that care about people’s needs. Wasn’t it 90+ out-of-town guests we had the first year we lived in Ohio? Every-

one was welcome. We could always put another chair at the table and find a place for someone (or a whole family) to sleep. Now we kids are doing the same thing.

You gave us a love for cooking, keeping house, and being in the gardens with vegetables, fruits, flowers and berries to find in the woods. And you taught us about the God who made everything. I still think of the pansy faces as the children of the world.

You gave us a spirit of contentment in sacrifice, resourcefulness, independence and creativity and a love for books, games, music, and learning. We had so much fun together on trips to the mountain, digging clams on the beaches, rowing boats in the Sound, and so many other things.

You gave us a sense of economy – canning, sewing, looking for bargains, “making things do.” and a desire to give, first to God and His work. You still write your “missionary and ministry checks” faithfully every month.

You taught us to love the Lord and his Word. How many verses have we memorized together over the years?

You gave us a smile everyone loves, a smile that becomes more beautiful through the years.

You have given us a lot, Mom, and I think God is keeping you here so long because you have more to give! You are 98 years old! almost a century of living, but you are still *gaining and giving* and your smile is as beautiful as ever.

Thanks, Mom