



The

Welcome Times

Easter 2017



The Auction

A wealthy man and his son loved to collect rare works of art. Their collection had everything, from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire such beautiful works of art.

A conflict broke out and the son went to war. He died in battle rescuing another soldier. The father was notified and grieved deeply for his only son.

About a month later, just before Christmas, there was a knock at the door. A young man stood with a large package in his hands. He said, "Sir, you don't know me, but I am the soldier for whom your son gave his life. He saved many lives that day and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart - he died instantly. He often talked about you and your love for art."

The young man held out the package. "I know this isn't much. I'm not a great artist, but I think your son would have wanted you to have this."

The father opened the package. It was a portrait of his son, painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured his personality. The father was so drawn to the warmth of the eyes that his own eyes welled up with tears.

He thanked the young man and offered to pay him for the picture. "Oh, no sir, I could never repay what your son did for me. It's a gift."

The father hung the portrait over his mantle. Every time visitors came to his home, he took them to see the portrait of his son before he showed them any of the other great works he had collected.

The man died a few months later and there was to be a great auction of his paintings.

Many influential people gathered, excited over seeing the great paintings and having an opportunity to purchase something from the collection.



On the platform sat the painting of the son. The auctioneer pounded his gavel.

"We will start the bidding with this picture of the son. Who will bid for this picture?"...

continued on page 5

We're here...



Here for you 

COMING SOON

Lookout for what's happening at MBC

Village May Day Art Exhibition



Saturday 6th May from 12.00-5.00pm.
Display of work by local artists.
Refreshments. Admission Free

Village Well Dressing

Same weekend a 'Well' display on the church patio at the top of the steps.

Flower Festival

Saturday and Sunday 10th/11th June.
Enjoy displays by local arrangers on the theme 'Musicals'. Showtime tea and songs from 4pm on Saturday.

Church opening times:
Saturday 10am-5pm
Sunday 1pm-4pm



Open Air Service



Sunday July 16th at 2.30pm –
Milford Play Park on the A6.
12.30pm Bring and share lunch at
MBC then over to the service.

Vintage Tea

Wednesday 4th October
2.30pm-4.30pm
Back to the 50's with film clips,
quiz, entertainment and afternoon tea.



A warm welcome is always waiting
if you want to give us a try and
join us on a Sunday.
Go to our website for service details



A Hit for Website Hits

The MBC website is proving very popular for such a small village.

4000 pages are viewed on average each month. The most popular months are December when over 8000 pages are viewed. Viewings are increasing with February hitting over 10000.

As well as making sure the homepage always has up to date Sunday Service details on, there are news items from the church as well as from around the world and short video clips of people sharing their experiences about faith, suffering and life.

A Welcome Extension to the Welcome Times

We are pleased to announce that the Welcome Times will continue for another year.
If you have any suggestions about what you'd like to see or read in future additions, let us know.



Here for you 

Here for You

We all go through tough times - loneliness, illness or loss.
If you would like one of us to visit, even simply to chat, then get in touch.

Contact one of our pastoral team on:
01773 822370.





Hairdressers don't exist!

A man went to have his hair cut and beard trimmed. As the hairdresser began to work, they started to talk about a wide range of subjects. When they eventually touched on the subject of God, the hairdresser said: "I don't believe that God exists."

"Why do you say that?" asked the customer.

"Well, you just have to go out in the street to realise that God doesn't exist.

Happily trimming the head in front of him, he went on to explain, "Tell me, if God exists, would there be so many sick people? Would there be abandoned children?

If God existed, there would be neither suffering nor pain. I can't imagine a loving God who would allow all of these things."

The customer thought for a moment, but didn't respond because he didn't want to start an argument.

His hair and beard done the customer left the shop. As he stepped out of the door, he saw a man with long, stringy hair and an untrimmed beard. He looked dirty and unkempt. The customer turned back and entered the shop again and said to the hairdresser:

"You know what? Hairdressers don't exist!"

"How can you say that?" asked the surprised stylist. "I am here. I'm a hairdresser and I just worked on you!"

"No!" the customer exclaimed. "Hairdressers don't exist because if they did, there would be no people with dirty long hair and untrimmed beards, like that man outside.

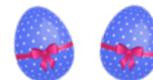
"Ah, but hairdressers do exist! That's what happens when people don't come to me."

"Exactly," replied the customer, "and that's what people need to do with God."

-Unknown-



Nah we weren't made. We evolved from valves, transistors and Bakelite switches.



Easter at Milford Baptist

Palm Sunday

Morning Praise

(With communion)

9th April | 10.30am

Milford Baptist Church

Hosanna



The story below is an illustration to help us understand some of the great promises of the Bible that can go beyond our thinking. For example, the promise which tells us that one day all our tears will be wiped away and there won't be such things as death, or grief or crying or pain, is great to look forward to, but sometimes hard to fully understand. The writer of this story may just help to capture Heaven's reality in a down to earth way?

The Invisible Letter

Sally jumped up as soon as she saw the surgeon come out of the operating room.

She said: "How is my little boy? Is he going to be all right? When can I see him?"

The surgeon said, "I'm sorry. We did all we could, but your boy didn't make it."

In that devastating moment Sally cried out, "Why do little children get cancer? Doesn't God care anymore? Where were you, God, when my son needed you?"

The surgeon asked, "Would you like some time alone with your son? One of the nurses will come along shortly and in a little while he'll be taken to the university." Sally asked the nurse to stay with her while she said goodbye to her son.

She ran her fingers lovingly through his thick red curly hair. "Would you like a lock of his hair?" the nurse asked. Sally nodded.

The nurse cut a lock of the boy's hair, put it in a bag and handed it to Sally who said, "It was Jimmy's idea to donate his body to the university for research.

He said it might help somebody else. "I said no at first, but Jimmy said, "Mum, I won't be using it after I die. Maybe it will help some other little boy spend one more day with his mum." She went on, "My Jimmy had a heart of gold. Always thinking of someone else. Always wanting to help others if he could."

Sally walked out of the children's hospital for the last time. She had spent most of the last six months there. Placing the bag with Jimmy's belongings on the seat beside her in the car she started the difficult drive home. It was even harder to enter the empty house.

She carried Jimmy's belongings and the bag with the lock of his hair, to her son's room. She started placing the model cars and other personal things back in his room exactly where he had always kept them. She lay down across his bed and, hugging his pillow, cried herself to sleep.

It was around midnight when Sally awoke. Lying beside her on the bed was a folded letter.

The letter said:

"Dear Mum, I know you're going to miss me; don't think that I will ever forget you, or stop loving you, just 'cause I'm not around to say *I love you*. I will always love you, Mum, even more with each day. Someday we will see each other again. Until then, if you want to adopt a little boy so you won't be so lonely, that's okay with me. He can have my room and stuff to play with. But, if you decide to get a girl instead, she probably wouldn't like the same things us

boys do so, I guess, you'll have to buy her other stuff."

"Don't be sad thinking about me. This really is a neat place. Grandma and Grandpa met me as soon as I got here and showed me around, but it will take a long time to see everything. The angels are so cool. And, you know what? Jesus doesn't look like any of His pictures. Yet, when I saw Him, I knew it was Him straightaway. Jesus himself took me to see GOD! And guess what, Mum? I got to sit on God's knee and talk to Him, like I was somebody important. That's when I told Him that I wanted to

write you a letter, to tell you goodbye and everything. But I sort of knew that wasn't allowed.

"Well, y'know what Mum? God handed me some paper and His own personal pen to write you this letter. I think Gabriel is the name of the angel who's going to deliver

it.

God said for me to give you the answer to one of the questions you asked Him - 'Where was He when I needed him?' God said He was in the same place with me, as when His son Jesus was on the cross. He was right there, as He always is, with all His children.

"Oh, by the way, Mum, no one else can see what I've written except you. To everyone else this is just a blank piece of paper. Isn't that cool?"

I have to give God His pen back now. He needs it to write some more names in the Book of Life. Tonight I get to sit at the table with Jesus for supper. I'm sure the food will be great.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. I don't hurt anymore. The cancer is all gone. I'm glad because I couldn't stand that pain anymore ... and God couldn't stand to see me hurt so much, either. That's when He sent an Angel to come get me. The Angel said I was *Special Delivery!* How about that?"

Signed with Love,

God, Jesus & Me

Anonymous



The Auction (continued from page 1)

There was silence.

Then, a voice in the back of the room shouted, "We want to see the famous paintings. Skip this one."

But the auctioneer persisted. "Will somebody bid for this painting? Who will start the bidding? £100, £200?"

Another voice said angrily, "We didn't come to see this painting. We came to see the Van Gogh's, the Rembrandts. Get on with the real art!"

But still the auctioneer continued. "The son! The son! Who'll take the son?"

Finally, a voice came from the very back of the room. It was the long-time gardener of the man and his son. "I'll give £10 for the painting." Being a poor man, it was all he could afford.

"We have £10. Who will bid £20?"

"Give it to him for £10. Let's see the masters."

"£10 is the bid. Won't someone bid £20?"

The crowd was becoming angry. They didn't want the picture of the son. They wanted the more valuable investments for their collections.

The auctioneer pounded the gavel. "Going once, twice, SOLD for £10!"

A man sitting on the second row shouted, "Now let's get on with the collection!"

The auctioneer laid down his gavel. "The auction is over."

"What about the paintings?"

"I am sorry. When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation in the will. I was not allowed to reveal that stipulation until this time. Only the painting of the son would be auctioned. Whoever bought that painting would inherit the entire estate, including the paintings."

The man who takes the son gets everything!"

Author unknown

Where's The Body?

As His disciples, we believed that He was the Messiah who had come to establish His Kingdom. He loved us, gave us peace, assurance, joy. But we watched as the sadistic Roman soldiers played humiliating games with Him, inflicting torture and pain then cruelly crucifying Him.

Why did He die? He was a good man; we loved and trusted Him. Walking with Him, we felt that we were with God. Then our hopes and dreams finally fragmented as on the cross, we saw Him bow His head and with a decisive cry, breath left His body.

They took His lifeless corpse and buried it in a cave. We mourned, sobbed and were heartbroken. Now, even worse, the cave was empty, His body gone ... where's the body?

Confused and guilty - we had abandoned Him while He was alive and now couldn't even care for His body after His death. We were afraid so we bolted the door; meeting together as we had done with Him, the One Who was called Jesus, Saviour. What had happened?

Suddenly, there He was. One moment we were on our own - then He was standing with us. He greeted us, told us not to be afraid, said we could touch Him, we even watched Him eat a piece of fish ... He was alive!

He was there, flesh and blood; talking, encouraging, explaining why He had to die and why God the Father miraculously brought Him back to life. He showed us the far-reaching consequences of His death and resurrection for us and for all people.

Days later, after He had gone back into heaven, we understood. No longer feeling guilty for our sin and rebellion, we knew God's forgiveness, realising that was why Jesus died; He took our punishment, in our place, so we might be reconciled with God.

And we knew that we would see our Lord Jesus Christ once again when, as King, He returns to earth to fully establish His Kingdom - we can't wait!

Ron Brickman

*For God so loved the
world that he
gave his one
and only Son,
that whoever
believes in him
shall not perish
but have eternal life.*

John 3.16



Love Yourself

Discipline! Remember that word? Memories of school days - an earful for this, detention for that, you may even remember the cane and the slipper - ouch!

Hmm, such past pictures and I'm not sure I'm much liking the D word! But discipline is a terrific tool in our toolkit and the magic mirror in our makeup bag.

Discipline, as per school days, which is imposed on us, can be important. Laws protect us from another's selfishness or an individual's unkindness. But dog poo on the pavement, litter on the roadside, fraud on the internet, theft or an assault show us that fines or prison is not enough to make people do it right.

There is only one type of discipline that works best and it's the one we impose on ourselves. If you want to enjoy life more fully you'll do discipline.

A disciplined person has more self-respect and values themselves more than someone who lives through unstructured, undisciplined, indulgent hours every day.

Rules may focus my attention, laws tell me what I can't do, fines may stop my convenience at the expense of someone else's inconvenience, but the only thing that really makes the difference, improves me, transforms me and is more effective than someone

If Children Live with...

Criticism they learn to **condemn**
Hostility they learn to **fight**
Fear they learn to be **apprehensive**
Pity they learn to feel **sorry for themselves**
Ridicule they learn to be **shy**
Jealousy they learn to feel **envy**
Shame they learn to feel **guilty**
Tolerance they learn to be **patient**
Encouragement they learn to be **confident**
Praise they learn to **appreciate**
Acceptance they learn to **love**
Fairness they learn **justice**
Security they learn to have **faith**
Sharing they learn **generosity**
Kindness & Consideration they learn **respect**
Approval they learn to **like themselves**
Acceptance & Friendliness they learn to.....
Find love in the world

Children Learn What They Live by Dorothy Law Nolt

Easter at Milford Baptist

Good Friday

- the hope of Easter begins -

Friday 14th April
 10.30am-11.15am
 Milford Baptist Church

*This is how much God loved the world :
 He gave his Son, his one and only Son*

else telling me - is me telling me!

At first it can be tough. If you've had a lifetime of enjoying cream cakes or bacon rolls with your elevenses, you will know what it feels like to give up the habit, but for those who stick at it you go on to enjoy that 'YEESSS' feeling and the better things that come along.

Discipline is the entrance to enjoyment, not a dungeon of dread.

Hug discipline as something that is going to improve your day, improve your fun and improve how you feel about yourself. Discipline isn't a devil but a delight that will transform your life and help you climb to new highs of achievement. Love life, love discipline, love yourself.

Robin Fugill



Musicians

Wanted:
 piano or keyboard players
 to join our team to play on a Sunday

Interested?
 Contact: Robin 07941 615183 or email:
 thefuges53@yahoo.com
 Need to be in sympathy with the ethos of the church
 and enjoy Christian music

The Parable of the Butterfly



As a butterfly soared overhead, one caterpillar said to the other, "You'll never get me up in one of those things."

Yet for every caterpillar the time comes when the urge to eat and grow subsides and he instinctively begins to form a chrysalis around himself. The chrysalis hardens and you'd think for all the world that the caterpillar is dead.

But one spring morning the life inside the chrysalis begins to writhe, the top cracks open, and a beautifully formed butterfly emerges. For hours it will stand stretching and drying its wings, moving them slowly up and down, up and down. And then, before you know it, the butterfly glides aloft, effortlessly riding the currents of the air, landing on flower after gorgeous flower, as if to show off its vivid colours to the bright blossoms.

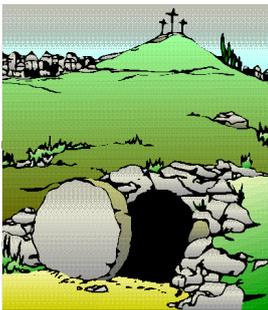


Somehow, the miracle of the butterfly never loses its fascination for us. Is the butterfly a living parable of the promise of resurrection?

On Easter morning the disciples saw Jesus' grave clothes lying on the cold slab still wrapped around the corpse. Only the corpse was gone, much like an empty chrysalis deserted by a butterfly that has left to soar free.

"He is risen as He said," an angel told the incredulous disciples. Later that day he appeared to the disciples, and then, over the course of the next few weeks, to as many as five hundred people at one time. Even "Doubting Thomas" didn't doubt for long and knew Jesus really had risen from the dead.

A few weeks ago I lost a friend who was very dear to me. Where she had been so full of life, now her body lay still, composed ever-so-carefully by the



morticians. I looked at her and thought about my own mortality. One day I too, like her, may fight a losing battle with pain and die.

What do we Christians say in the face of death? There are many mysteries. But two things we know for sure. First, death is an enemy. We need to be rid of any sentimentality that says death is anything other than an insult!

But second, and more important, Jesus' resurrection from the grave is God's proof to us that death is not the end. The empty tomb and Jesus'

Spirit within us testify that Easter morning is God's triumph over death. Jesus promised, God will raise from the dead those who believe in His Son.

Why do Christians gather on Easter morning? To show off their fine clothes or give a ritual tip of the hat to religion? God forbid! Rather we gather to celebrate Jesus' victory over death itself. For since He is our Lord and our Saviour, His victory is our victory. In celebrating His resurrection we celebrate our own assurance of ultimate triumph over death.

Join us this Easter as we celebrate Life!

Maybe if you look closely, as you walk to church on Easter morning, you might even see a butterfly land on to a flower.

Dr. Ralph F. Wilson

Easter at Milford Baptist

Easter Sunday

Morning Praise

16th April | 10.30am
Milford Baptist Church



Background4Christian.com

REVERENDFUN.COM COPYRIGHT BIBLE GATEWAY



DAD, I NEED YOUR HELP TO FIND OUT WHERE IT TALKS ABOUT THE EASTER BUNNY IN THE BIBLE

04-13-2006

Is the Packaging Important?

A young man was getting ready to graduate from college. For many months he had admired a beautiful sports car in a dealer's showroom, and knowing his father could well afford it, he told him that was all he wanted.

As Graduation Day approached, the young man waited with excitement that his father had bought the car. Finally, on the morning of his graduation, his father called him into his study and told him how proud he was to have such a fine son. He told him how much he loved him then handed his son a beautiful wrapped gift box.

Curious, but somewhat disappointed, the young man opened the box and found a lovely, leather-bound Bible, with the young man's name embossed in gold. Angrily, he raised his voice to his father and said, "With all your money you give me a Bible?" Then he stormed out of the house, leaving the Bible on his father's desk.

Many years passed and the young man was very successful in business. He had a beautiful home and a wonderful family, but realising his father was very old, he thought that after all these years it was time to make things up and go to see him. He had not seen him since that graduation day.

Before he could make the arrangements, the telephone rang telling him his father had passed away and had bequeathed all of his possessions to his son. He needed to come home immediately and take care of things.

As he arrived at his father's house, sudden sadness and regret filled his heart. He began to search through his father's important papers and saw the Bible, the gift his father had given him, still in its box, just as he had left it years ago.

With tears in his eyes, he opened the book and began to turn the pages.

As he was reading, a car key dropped from the back of the Bible. It had a tag with the dealer's name, the same dealer who had the sports car he had desired so long ago. On the tag was the date of his graduation, and the words... "PAID IN FULL".

How many times do we miss blessings because they are not packaged as we expect?

Do not spoil what you have by desiring what you have not.

Author unknown

The secret of being
Happy
is accepting where
you are in life and
making the most
out of everyday.



HAPPY EASTER

at Milford Baptist

Sunday	9 th	April	Palm Sunday	10.30am
Friday	14 th	April	Good Friday	10.30am
Sunday	16 th	April	Easter Sunday	10.30am

Here for you 