



THE PEW REVIEW

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH CALAIS, ME 04619

FEBRUARY 2013

GREAT TRUTHS THAT ADULTS HAVE LEARNED:

Raising teenagers is like nailing jello to a tree.

Wrinkles don't hurt.

Families are like fudge...mostly sweet with a few nuts.

Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held it's ground.

Laughing is good exercise. It's like jogging on the inside.

Old age is when you choose you cereal for the fiber, not the toy.



EXCUSES!

God calls Jeremiah to do a prophetic calling, and Jeremiah isn't too excited about the offer. He throws up an excuse: I am too young for this," he says. Our excuse might be just the opposite: "I'm too old for this." Here's the thing: If God asks us to do something, we can assume we're able to do it.

But we make excuses not only to avoid God's call but also to explain our disobedience. The Bible is full of people who made excuses for their bad behavior.

~ADAM disobeyed God and then said, "The woman whom you gave to be with me, she gave me fruit from the tree, and I ate."

~EVE excuses her disobedience by saying, "The serpent tricked me, and I ate."

~MOSES, when God wanted him to lead Israel: "Who am I that I should go to the Pharaoh, and bring the Israelites out of Egypt?" "O my Lord, I

have never been eloquent."

~AARON, after constructing the golden calf: "You know the people, that they are bent on evil. They said to me, 'Make us gods, who shall go before us'...I threw the gold into the fire and out came this calf."

~THE 10 SPIES for not entering the Promised Land: "The land...is a land that devours its inhabitants; and all the people that we saw in it are of great size...and to ourselves we seem like grasshoppers, and so we seemed to them."

There are many more examples, but I don't have space here to include them. What we want to remember is that, if God is putting something on our hears, God has confidence that we're the people for the job.

It's better to own up to our failures, confess our sins and move forward.



In This House

We do second chances

We do grace

We do mistakes

We do real

We do I'm sorry's

We do loud really well

We do hugs

We do love

WORRYING does not take away tomorrow's TROUBLES, it takes away today's PEACE.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER



You know it's a cold day when your

teeth start chattering and they're still on the

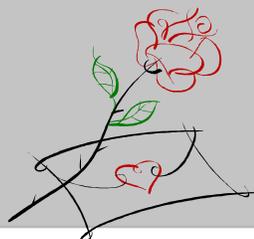


Don't wait until it's too late to tell

someone how much you love them and how much you care about them, because when they're gone, no matter how loud you shout and cry, they won't hear you anymore.

There are two kinds of Christians:

Those who complain because God put thorns on the roses, and those who praise Him for putting roses among the



THE CHURCH MOUSE (by Maudie)

"MAUDIE!" "MAUDIEEEEE!"
Oh, Lord, my headaches, what is that mouse yelling about?

"Maxi, please, give me time to get there. What is the matter?"

"Look, just look. What do you see?"

"Well, truthfully, I don't see a thing. What am I suppose to see?"

Maxi whirled around, her tiny paws pointing to each nook and cranny near the kitchen refrigerator. "You see exactly what I'm seeing, NOTHING!"

Now I am completely confused and scratching my head....nothing to see, so why the commotion?

"Oh, Maxi, I can't believe it. Someone has come into this kitchen and completely

cleaned it out. There is not a crumb to be found or a dust ball on the floor. Who is responsible for this? No dust to freshen the nest; no crumbs to fill my belly. Who would do this to us?"

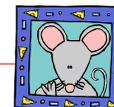
At that point, I did begin to take notice. She was right, there was not a thing to be seen. Our meager supply chain had "dried up." And, Maxi, was right, who would do this to us.

"Let's see, Maxi, who do we know that would have access to our supplies? Who is interested in this room? Want to play detective and figure this out?"

"I don't need to play detective, I know who did this. It was thhhhat lady, thhhhat woman, the one who

works in the office. I dare to bet she had something to do with this. Why I have a good mind to go in there and give her a piece of my mind. And, maybe take a bite or two from her candy. Yah, that's what I should do."

"No, Maxi, I don't think it was her. The other day when I peeked out from behind the fridge here, there were 3 or 4 sets of feet I didn't recognize. I think someone is just taking a new interest in keeping things clean and put away. I don't think they even thought about us being here. And, it was probably a good thing to be done. We all have to declutter and clean now and then. Just wait, Josiah will leave something for us. He's always



THIS 'N THAT

The flu bug is certainly making his rounds. So many of our loved ones are sick. Pray that everyone feels better soon.

COLD You can see the vapors of all the chimneys in the area. It looks pretty but only an indication of how cold it

really is out there. Bundle up when you go outside. Even better, stay in.

Nice to have Issie back in action. She has been very sick. She is now well enough to "take charge" of the concerts again.

Had a nice note from

Bruce and Evelyn Howland. They are doing well although Bruce has got a cold. You, two, are very much missed here.

Thank you to a special pair, Ron & Ginny Bubak. They might not live here but they're always willing to help whenever the needs arise.

THIS 'N THAT (CONT'D)

Christmas day.

Prayers going out to Millie Burgess. Millie has been a patient at EMMC. Get well soon.

It was great seeing the college kids home. Most have returned to their classes now. Nothing nicer than to see these beautiful young people sitting with their families.

Sorry to report that Lorraine Flood (Carole Smith's mom) is a patient at EMMC with the flu and pneumonia. Get well soon, Lorraine.

When I started this newsletter, the temp was below zero. As I finish it, it is 50 degrees outside....very windy with rain.

The community of Calais was saddened on Monday to learn of the death of Michael Milburn.

Mike was the former police chief . A man respected by all. Rest in Peace, Chief.

Please note to two poems that Pastor Matt wrote for the boys. God has blessed us with a wonderful family, These two boys are, no doubt, a handful but loved by each of us.

Ruth MacKechnie is suffering with this terrible flu bug. She is staying with her brother Dale in Pembroke while she recuperates. When Ruth isn't here we also miss Verna & Don MacKechnie as she is their driver. Get well soon, Ruth.

The Sunday School classes recently made valentines to send out to our old friends and families. Look for them in your mailbox. This is just a simple way of saying, "You are missed and we love you."

Anything you would like to see or submit to this newsletter? Let me know, I need all the help I can get.

Cake in a Cup



Ingredients:

1 box angel food cake mix

1 box any other kind of cake mix

Empty both mixes into a large zip lock bag, seal, and shake well.

Put 1/3 cup of mix in a large mug. (seal the bag and save for future use.)

Recipe

Add 3 Tablespoons water

Mix

Cook in microwave for one minute.

Enjoy!!!!!!

Top with ice cream, Whipped cream, toffee chips, or any of your favorite sprinkles.

Poem for Josiah

"Hey, babe!" a voice calls out to me
When I have entered through the door.
It's not my wife who speaks, I know,
For I've been hailed this way before.

Josiah rushes to the hall
And stands there with a beaming grin.
"I have surprises for you, Dad!"
He grabs my hand and pulls me in.

Imagined cookies on a plate—
They are the best I've ever had.
Not solitude nor thousand books
Can rival joy of being "Dad."



Then I become a daddy sheep,
And he will be my "little lamb,"
Soon Rachel has been sheepified;
The "littlest sheep," of course, is Sam.

Our family bleats in unison,
And then we've all been changed to cats,
Then pigs, then mice, then Barney's friends,
With not a moment to relax.

Our furniture becomes a gym
For tumbling and for "lady moves,"
Our floor is a disaster zone
Of books and toys and socks and shoes.

We chase and laugh and scold and cry
Until the day is wearing on,
And Dad and Mom exhausted wish
To have their boys abed and gone.

A year of toddler frenzy here
Has taught us patience, brought us joy;
Rich in headaches, but laughter too:
We've grown the better for this boy.

This is the power of our son,
The way that he this house enchants:
Extravert Mom for silence longs;
Introvert Dad is taught to dance.

We love his fearsome brightness, yes,
And in his tantrums and in rest;
We love him, for he is our own,
With all the strength of tenderness.



THE FOLLOWING
SWEETHEARTS WERE
BORN IN FEBRUARY

- Feb. 1 Joe McAdams
Melissa Huang
- Feb. 2 Joyce Matthews
Alena Marshall
- Feb. 3 Lydia Cropley
- Feb. 4 Bruce Howland
Frenchie Michaud
- Feb. 8 Jeff Francis
- Feb. 13 Kay Urquhart
- Feb. 14 George Stevens
- Feb. 6 Denis Lovely
Andrea Holmes
- Feb. 17 Pastor David Beal
- Feb. 19 Ethel Fitzpatrick
- Feb. 20 Amanda Fowler
- Feb. 26 Flo Russell
Mary McAdams
Jeremy McAdams
Kathleen Caso
- Feb. 27 Norma Shattuck



**BROTHERS & SISTERS
FOR MISSIONS**

Just a reminder that our next meeting is on February 12. Bring a FUNNY valentine to share. You may sign your name on the inside, but do not write on the envelope. Thank you.

COMMITTEES/BOARDS

Be sure to remind your new chairpersons of the Executive Board on Feb. 10. An election of officers will be held.

Poem for Sam

Sam is a man of fierce desires;
We've learned that lesson well by now.
He has his loves emblazoned full
In every cry and on his brow.

Sam loves his Mama, that comes first,
Adoring her maternal charms;
Such love, though, comes at quite a price,
For she must bear him in her arms.



And Sam is no light load to bear,
Which brings me to his second love:
Sam, gastronomic devotee
For any food ever thought of—

(Excepting vegetables, of course)
But give him bread or cheese or meat,
Give dishes savory or sweet,
Then, holy cow! can this kid eat!

Sam loves me, too, I know he does;
With many smiles for dear old Dad.
He loves to sit and read with me;
I love to hold him in my lap.

And Sam loves cats, but, sad to tell,
The feeling is not mutual.
He loves cars, too, and trains and trucks,
Until of play he's had his fill.

He loves to glare at those around
Who lavish him with coos and sighs;
But they get death-stares dealt to them
From sternly disapproving eyes.

And one more thing, before I close
This record of his loves intense—
Josiah he does well adore,
In tumbling play of raucous friends.

Perhaps Sam loves so fiercely now
Because his heart has labored hard
In womb and life, in tears and bliss,
Beneath the glory love of God.

So now a final word is meet,
To match his loves with one of ours:
We love this boy, we love our Sam,
In all our parts and all our pow'rs.

We are, each of us, angels with only one wing, and we can only fly by embracing one another.



All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt.