

# Announcements!

Weekly Bible Study We invite each of you to attend the mid-week Bible Study, held upstairs each Tuesday evening beginning at 6 pm. We encourage you to attend these vital and exciting studies!

Children's Church Children's Church is available upstairs on the 2nd-5th Sundays starting at 11:00 am. Ages 2-10 are welcome to attend. Please sign your children in and out. A snack is served. Please pick up your children promptly after services. ALL DONATIONS ARE WELCOMED. If you are interested in serving in Children's Church, please see Sarita Agee.

## Words of Wisdom: Sandpiper...

She was building a sandcastle or something and looked up, her eyes as blue as the sea. "Hello," she said. I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child. "I'm building," she said.

"I see that. What is it?" I asked, not caring.

"Oh, I don't know, I just like the feel of sand." That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes. A sandpiper glided by.

"That's a joy," the child said.

"It's a what?"

"It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy."

The bird went gliding down the beach. "Good-bye joy," I muttered to myself, "Hello pain," and turned to walk on. I was depressed; my life seemed completely out of balance.

"What's your name?" She wouldn't give up.

"Ruth," I answered. "I'm Ruth Peterson."

"Mine's Wendy... I'm six."

"Hi, Wendy." She giggled.

"You're funny," she said. In spite of my gloom I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me. "Come again, Mrs. P," she called. "We'll have another happy day."

The days and weeks that followed belong to others: a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, and an ailing mother. The sun was shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwasher. "I need a sandpiper," I said to myself, gathering up my coat. The ever changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly, but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed. I had forgotten the child and was startled when she appeared.

"Hello, Mrs. P," she said. "Do you want to play?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance.

"I don't know, you say."

"How about charades?" I asked sarcastically.

The tinkling laughter burst forth again. "I don't know what that is."

"Then let's just walk."

Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"Over there," She pointed toward a row of summer cottages.

Strange, I thought, in winter. "Where do you go to school?"

"I don't go to school. Mommy says we're on vacation."

She chattered "little girl" talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day. Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed.

Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home. "Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today."

She seemed unusually pale and out of breath. "Why?" she asked.

I turned to her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" and thought, my God, why was I saying this to a little child?

"Oh," she said quietly, "Then this is a bad day."

"Yes, and yesterday and the day before and oh, go away!"

"Did it hurt?"

"Did what hurt?" I was exasperated with her, with myself.

"When she died?"

"Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, ashamed and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn looking young woman with honey colored hair opened the door.

"Hello," I said. "I'm Ruth Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Peterson, please come in. Wendy talked of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please, accept my apologies."

"Not at all. She's a delightful child," I said, suddenly realizing that I meant it. "Where is she?"

"Wendy died last week, Mrs. Peterson. She had leukemia. Maybe she didn't tell you." Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. My breath caught. "She loved this beach; so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly..." her voice faltered. "She left something for you ... if only I can't find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?"

I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something, anything, to say to this lovely young woman. She handed me a smeared envelope, with MRS. P printed in bold, childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues: a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird. Underneath was carefully printed: A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY. Tears welled up in my eyes, and a heart that had almost forgotten to love opened wide. I took Wendy's mother in my arms. "I'm so sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," I muttered over and over, and we wept together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words one for each year of her life that speak to me of harmony, courage, undemanding love. A gift from a child with sea blue eyes and hair the color of sand who taught me the gift of love.

The above is a true story sent out by Ruth Peterson. It serves as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living and life and each other.



Welcome to the  
**Everlasting Covenant Church**



Psalm 69:30  
I will praise the name of God with a song,  
and will magnify him with thanksgiving

600 Robert Jemison Road; Birmingham, Alabama 35209-3008

Telephone: (205) 942-2252

Web Site: <http://eccweb.org> E-Mail: [Info@eccweb.org](mailto:Info@eccweb.org)

Follow Us:  "The Everlasting Covenant Church", Birmingham, AL  
 "THE\_ECC2015"

**Eric R. Agee, Jr., Pastor**

March 10, 2019

## Vision Statement:



Enhancing Our Knowledge of Jesus Christ,  
Empowering All Believers for Ministry, and  
Encouraging Continuous Dedication to the Lord.

# Order of Services

*Fellowship | Refreshments – 9:30 a.m.*

*Sunday School – 10:00 a.m.*

*Morning Worship Services – 11:00 a.m.*

*Announcements & Recognition of Visitors*

*Call to Worship: Scripture Reading & Prayer*

*Tithes and Offerings; Prayer of Thanksgiving*

*Praise and Worship Selections*

*Sermon*

*Invitation to Christ*

*Benediction*

## *Blessings...*

Taken from <https://www.gotquestions.org/blessing-Bible.html>

A blessing, according to Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, is “the act or words of one that blesses,” or “a thing conducive to happiness or welfare.” In the Bible, there are several words that are usually translated as “blessing” or “bless.” The Hebrew word most often translated “bless” is barak, which can mean to praise, congratulate, or salute, and is even used to mean a curse. Genesis 1:22 is the first occurrence, when God blessed the sea creatures and birds, telling them to be fruitful and multiply in the earth. Likewise, in verse 28, God gave the similar blessing to Adam and Eve, adding that they were to exercise dominion over creation. When God called Abram to go to the Promised Land (Genesis 12:1-3), He promised to bless him, make his name great, and through him, to bless all the families of the earth. The blessings here are plainly associated with happiness and welfare, both for Abram and others. In Genesis 22:16-18, God again blesses Abram, and adds that blessing is due to his obedience to God's commands.

God is not the only one who pronounces blessings. When Rebekah left her family to become Isaac's wife (Genesis 24:60), her family blessed her by saying “may you increase to thousands upon thousands; may your offspring possess the gates of their enemies.” When Isaac was ready to die, he pronounced this blessing on his son, Jacob: “May God give you of heaven's dew and of earth's richness— an abundance of grain and new wine. May nations serve you and peoples bow down to you. Be lord over your brothers, and may the sons of your mother bow down to you. May those who curse you be cursed and those who bless you be blessed” (Genesis 27:28-29).

Another Hebrew word for blessing is esher, which is also translated as happiness. Job 5:17 declares “Blessed is the man whom God corrects; so do not despise the discipline of the Almighty.” This blessing is connected to the knowledge that God is at work to direct us in the right path. God's chastisement is actually a display of His love for us, like a parent who disciplines a child who plays in the middle of the street. Psalm 1:1-3 carries that theme further when it states, “Blessed is the man who does not walk in the counsel of the wicked or stand in the way of sinners or sit in the seat of mockers. But his delight is in the law of the LORD, and on his law he meditates day and night. He is like a tree planted by streams of water, which yields its fruit in season and whose leaf does not wither. Whatever he does prospers.” The book of Psalms is full of references to this kind of happy blessing for those who love and fear the Lord God.

# Sermon Notes

Scripture: \_\_\_\_\_

Subject: \_\_\_\_\_

Notes: \_\_\_\_\_

*Enhancing Our Knowledge of Jesus  
Christ of Jesus  
Empowering All Believers for Ministry  
Encouraging Continuous Dedication to the Lord to the*