



Special points of interest:

- Guest speakers a-coming
- Fridays in January—6.00 pm eats 'n' a movie
- Plant-based cooking, Feb. 8 5.30 pm
- Church board, Feb 13, 6.30 pm

January 2018

Ring in the New Year

By Geraldine Genstler

Back in 1993 our member, Bob Avery, donated a 3-octave set of Mallmark bass handbells (along with accessory tables, table pads, music stands, etc.) to the Corvallis Seventh-day Adventist Church, in honor of his mother, Iva Elizabeth (Mickey). Till her death in 1991, Mickey loved her family, her church and *music*. The Corvallis Church has made limited use of the bells and so...

The Avery family recently requested that the bells be transferred to the Albany Seventh-Day Adventist Church. Over Thanksgiving weekend, the bells arrived in Albany—thanks to Kong Avery. In mid-December, the tables and some of the additional accessories arrived. The table skirts still lurk in some closet in Corvallis, but that didn't prevent the bells debut!

The bells debuted in our church during the December 23rd "It's All About Jesus" program, when the bells rang an arrangement of The First Noel and Pachelbel's Canon. It was arranged by Sharon Turner and played by Ashleigh Avery, Daniel Mills, Geraldine Genstler and Sharon Turner.

The Avery Family would like to see our church start a Bell Choir. Sharon Turner has agreed to help us get started. Sharon directed a Bell choir for 2 1/2 years. She has been directing Choirchime groups for about 25 years. (The instruments Geraldine usually plays are called Choirchimes.) Sharon claims that while a musical background is desirable for bell ringers, it is not necessary. She suggests that if a person can count to 4 while rubbing his tummy and patting his head—he can play the bells. So, give yourself the "test", then let me know if you want to join the choir.

***NOTE:** Our Bells debut was done with solo ringing technique—which is much more difficult than normal bell ringing technique. Don't be afraid to try—YOU CAN do it!

If you have an interest in playing in our bell choir and can commit to regular practice and performances, please let Geraldine know: Text [\(541\) 926-5424](tel:5419265424) or [Email grgenstler@gmail.com](mailto:grgenstler@gmail.com) are preferred, but you can also call [\(541\) 926-5424](tel:5419265424).

Don't be shy!

Stretch yourself a bit!



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How to Change Others

For the pastor's message this month I chose a favorite Ellen White quote. The principle found in this gem is equally applicable to many other issues in the church:

A Work of the Heart.--There are many who try to correct the life of others by attacking what they consider are wrong habits. They go to those whom they think are in error, and point out their defects. They say, "You don't dress as you should." They try to pick off the ornaments, or whatever seems offensive, but they do not seek to fasten the mind to the truth. Those who seek to correct others should present the attractions of Jesus. They should talk of His love and compassion, present His example and sacrifice, reveal His Spirit, and they need not touch the subject of dress at all. There is no need to make the dress question the main point of your religion. There is something richer to speak of. Talk of Christ, and when the heart is converted, everything that is out of harmony with the Word of God will drop off. It is only labor in vain to pick leaves off a living tree. The leaves will reappear. The ax must be laid at the root of the tree, and then the leaves will fall off, never to return. (Evangelism, p. 272)

In order to teach men and women the worthlessness of earthly things, you must lead them to the living Fountain, and get them to drink of Christ, until their hearts are filled with the love of God, and Christ is in them, a well of water springing up into everlasting life.-- *Signs of the Times*, July 1, 1889.

God needs loving and lovable Christians, not church police. Its all about Jesus. It is Him and only Him!



January Birthdays

	Paul Genstler Jr	17 Russell Apt
	10 Gloria Owen	Angie Conroy
	11 Joy Miller	19 Elizabeth Behrmann
1 Curtis Miller	12 Darrell Genstler	20 Lenora Clewell
Denise Cashen	Sean Mills	25 Benjamin Carpenter
2 Tom Avery	13 Wes Rich	27 Faye Stitzel
5 Judith Rose	14 Marlee Severance	28 Steve Behrmann
Parnell Person	15 Stephanie Behrmann	31 Pam Luna

A Letter from Barnabas

To the Saints of Albany, peace be unto you in the name of our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

A classmate of mine, from those years long ago at Walla Walla College, Don Jacobson, has written a book titled *Okay, All Together now . . . Simple Strategies To Help Transform Your Church into a House Of Prayer*. It has been a soul-stirring good read for me. I would now write to you some powerful thoughts that can enable our church into being a House of Prayer for All People who come to worship with us.

Posted in our church are bulletins that say:

If you came to church today for something you have not found yet, please ask someone to pray with you.

And **Houses
Of
Prayer
Everywhere**

Jacobson, in chapter 2 of his book, tells of the Welsh Revival in the very early 1900's. The Welsh Revival was the largest Christian revival in Wales during the 20th century. While by no means the best known of revivals, it was one of the most dramatic in terms of its effect on the population, and triggered revivals in several other countries. "The movement kept the churches of Wales filled for many years to come,

seats being placed in the aisles in Mount Pleasant Baptist Church in Swansea for twenty years or so, for example. Meanwhile, the Awakening swept the rest of Britain, Scandinavia, parts of Europe, North America, the mission fields of India and the Orient, Africa and Latin America."

One noteworthy vignette was "A truck driver was approaching the church with a load of meat. So strong was the Spirit's presence that by the time he could see the church he had tears rolling down his cheeks. He would explain, 'I couldn't help it; the Spirit of God was all around.'"

O Saint of Albany, have you ever been in a prayer meeting in which you truly felt the Spirit of God was there in such a powerful way? I am not referring to an emotional experience, but a genuine cry from the heart, that when we should come together to worship with our fellow Saints, God's presence will be so real, so vivid, so palpable that we stand in awe before Him, and hear His voice, sense His guidance, knowing He hears our praise.

Hear, now, this Pentecostal experience from Wales: "The role of the police changed from hauling drunks into jail to helping get cars into and out of the parking lot." O!

that our church in Albany would have that happen. Another happening in Wales: A bus arrived one evening and it was discovered that the youngsters had been singing, but before they arrived at the church a spirit of repentance had already broken out." O! that the children of our Albany Church would experience that.

In 1855 Ellen White described an event in Topsham, Maine: "Twenty-eight were present; all took part in the meeting . . . the power of God came upon us like a mighty, rushing wind. All arose and praised God with a loud voice . . . It was a triumphal time. All were strengthened and refreshed. I never witness such a powerful time before."

This godly lady wrote in her diary, four years later, of an event in Kalamazoo, Michigan: "In the eve the church followed the example of their Lord and washed one another's feet, and then partook of the Lord's Supper. There was rejoicing and weeping in that house. The place was awful, and yet glorious, on account of the presence of the Lord."

O! Saints of Albany, may we have that Pentecostal experience. O Lord Je-

Editor's Note



In God's eyes, every sin is a first-time offence.

Wherever our confessed sins disappear to, they are erased from the readable heavenly records—they are covered in the drenching of Jesus' blood. Whether they end up somewhere below the Marianna Trench, in the separation of east from west—yep, that's a mind-blower—or blasted into the stratosphere, there is no record of them in the heavenly realm. In our minds, yes, we will continue to keep score of our own sins, as well as those we think we observe, or for which we give forgiveness, but as far as Jesus is concerned, they are gone, to be remembered no more.

Thus, when we approach the throne of grace in our confessional, knowing that this is

the 489th time we have come before our Savior to confess our prideful sins, WE are aware that we are approaching that magic number of 490. Jesus, however, has no such recollection. The previous 488 times have been blotted out with His blood, and are remembered no more. Each time we sincerely confess a sin to Jesus, it is a first-time offence in His eyes, and He is faithful to forgive us our sins...every first time.

Here is an area where we truly need the mind of Christ; we need to get to the place in our relationship with Him that we trust Him when he says He doesn't remember those sins, and that He is faithful to forgive the currently confessed topic of con-

versation. The Divine heart keeps no count, as there is nothing to count! The human heart keeps deep-sea diving to dredge up the other 488 times that this sin has been a topic of communication between the human and the Divine, thus adding to our anguish. (The devil likes that—making us feel unworthy and unacceptable). We need to throw away our diving equipment, or our rockets, and trust in our Savior; the One that we cannot weary. The One Who died because He loved you and me, and there is nothing we can do to change that.



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**I'll tell you of a better plan,
You'll find it works full well,
Just try your defects to cure
Before of others' tell.**

**And though I sometimes hope to be
Nor worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of my neighbors go.**

**Then let us all—should we commence
To slander friend and foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember, curses, like chickens,
Return to roost at home,
So don't speak of others' faults
Until we've none of our own.**

-Author Unknown, 1928

Be Careful What You Say

**In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better you commence at home
And from that point begin.**

Prayers Requested

Karen Hyder
Church leaders
Comfort for the family of
Irmgard Hooper

Praises Offered

Safe travels and opportunity for witness for Ben Carpenter

The Continuing Adventures of Ernest Clark

It was 6 am., December 4, 1901 and Charles Roberts had just brought in the third armload of wood for the big potbelly stove in the parlor.

‘There,’ he thought, ‘that should keep us warm today; don’t want our wedding guests to be cold. Oh, I still have to bring in wood for the kitchen range. Malinda wouldn’t want to run out of wood while baking the wedding cake. No! they baked it yesterday. I wonder what is going on; it’s so quiet in the kitchen. Oh, they must be getting an early start, Pearl has been so worried about the wedding. I better get the milking done and let the ladies worry about the wedding.’

“Mother; are you sure your wedding dress will fit me? I want this wedding to be perfect.”

“Don’t worry, Pearl, everything will be just fine.”

“What about the refreshments for the guests?”

“Stop worrying; everything has been taken care of, and don’t forget, the Clarks are bringing over several gallons of their fresh cider for drinks.”

“Oh, mother; I feel like I’m losing my mind.”

Meanwhile Ernie had started the milking at his place. The forty acres he

had rented had a nice small house on it and the barn was too small but it was a start. Pearl had already put up new curtains in the house and found a kitchen range and bed for them. ‘I wonder if Pearl will be happy living with me? She is such a sweetheart, I’m not going to let her down. I intend to be a good husband!’ Ernie mused.

It is now 2:30 pm. Ernie had a roaring fire in the kitchen range and had just removed the last pail of



water from the range, pouring it into the galvanized tub sitting in the middle of the kitchen floor. The warm water felt so good on his feet as he stepped into the tub.

‘I hope I can get all of the cow smell off of me, I don’t want to offend my new bride. What is it going to be like to be a married man? And will I be a good father.’ Ernie continued his musing, and was startled

by a knock at the door.

“Ernie! Why is the door locked?” Pearl exclaimed. “You have never locked the door before.”

“Don’t come in!” Ernie shouted, “I’m taking a bath.”

“Oh, come on Ernie, you’re going to have to get used to it.”

‘Pearl was such a tease,’ he thought.

“Ernie, it’s cold out here; don’t forget I have a key!” Pearl called.

It is now 4:00 p.m., and all the guests are assembled in the Roberts’ parlor. Ernest Thomas Clark was dressed in his new suit, white shirt and tie; his big sister, Myrtle, was playing the wedding march. Pearl walked into the parlor looking so beautiful.

“Dearly beloved,” Pastor Brown began, “we are gathered here in the presence of the Lord to unite these two young people in holy matrimony! Ernest Thomas Clark, do you take Pearl Stella Roberts as your lawful wedded wife to have and to hold through sickness and in health, til death do you part?”

Ernie could hardly speak. He cleared his throat; “I—I—I do!”

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Top 5 Reasons Why Adventist Churches Don't Thrive

by Marcos Torres, originally posted online to The Haystack

I've been an Adventist my whole life.

I love this church. I love our energy. I love our history. I love our theology. But one thing that I really struggle with is our lack of cultural relevance at the local church level.

Today I want to share the top five reasons why Adventist churches don't thrive. While the list may differ from church to church, the points below are the most common trends I have seen.

1) Adventist churches do not thrive because they do not have a story.

I have been a pastor for a few

years now and I've discovered a common theme at each and every Adventist Church that I have worked at: none of them have a story. I'm not speaking theologically of course, but practically. When I visit the members, including the leaders, and ask them "why does this particular church exist?" everyone has a different answer. One person might say "we exist because we were here to reach this community" and another person on the same exact leadership team will say "we are here to glorify God" and then another person, once again in the same exact lead-

ership team, will add something along the lines of "we are here to proclaim the three angels messages". So in the span of three conversations among one single leadership team and one local church I have three different stories. There is no single, unified story that that church is telling.

As a preacher I have a simple rule: if I can't summarize my entire sermon into one sentence then I don't know what I'm saying and if I don't know what I'm saying nobody will know what I'm saying. I think

Reasons # 2-5 will follow in subsequent editions.