

HAZEL LEAF

Hazelwood Baptist Church

265 Hazelwood Avenue

www.hazbap.org

Waynesville, NC 28786

"To express the love of God through worship, caring, sharing, and reaching out to others with the good news of Jesus Christ."

May 2025

"The Door to a Mother's Heart"

***The door that leads to a Mother's heart
is always open wide,
And in her heart is a special place
where peace and love abide.
There is no lock on a Mother's heart,
Her children freely go,
For a pat on the cheek, or a comforting word,
or something they want to know.
Through years of work and prayers she's learned,
Her wise and tender art,
For the nearest thing to the love of God,
Is the love of a Mother's heart.
There's a special place within my heart
That you alone can fill,
Because I love you very much,
and because I always will***

Margaret Westlake

**This was a poem that my Grandmother wrote,
and is very special to me and I wanted
to share this for Mothers' Day.**

Carolyn Gratton

MAY BIRTHDAYS

5. Curtis Moody
6. Erin Hightower
10. Brenda Beck
12. Cal Grantham
15. Gary Smith
16. Joyce Ingle, Carolyn Kirkham
21. Gail P. Moody
23. Jerry Harverson, David Hendrix
24. Ashley Hyatt
27. Bobbie Jean McClure
28. Hannah Cook, Patricia Lintner, Christy Tyler
30. Chuck Beemer

SYMPATHY IS EXTENDED TO . . .

- . . . Shirley & Chuck Beemer in the passing of Shirley's sister, Linda Rabern in Douglasville, Georgia.
- . . . Tami Manning, Tara Gibson and Todd Manning in the passing of their brother, Troy Manning.
- . . . Liz & Roger Schultz in the passing of Liz's brother, Luther Howard in Texas.

MEMORIALS

Hazelwood Baptist Church has given gifts to the Benevolent Fund in memory Luther Howard, Troy Manning and Linda Rabern.

OUR CHURCH'S GIVING RECORD BUDGET RECEIPTS FOR MARCH – \$11,687.00

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

- Congratulations to Mike & Missy Gentry who will be celebrating their 20th Wedding Anniversary on May 14.
- Congratulations to Lamond & Vicki Crumpler who will be celebrating their 3rd Wedding Anniversary on May 21.
- Congratulations to Matthew & Kendra Ruff who will be celebrating their 2nd Wedding Anniversary on May 27.

5 Reasons God Might Send an Angel

1. **To give a message from God** – There are many examples in the Bible of when God sends an angel to give a specific message to an individual or people. In Genesis 18, God sent three men, messengers, to Abraham and Sarah to tell them that she would bear a son. He sent an angel to Sarah's servant Hagar in the desert, as she fled in Genesis 16, to give hope that she was not forgotten.

2. **To protect us** – Many times God sends angels to protect, guard, and fight for us. God tells us in Psalm 91 that He would give angels charge concerning us to guard us in all our ways.

God sent an angel to Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel 6:22 says that he shut the mouth of the lions so that no harm came to him who was found blameless before God.

3. **To serve believers** – God sends angels to minister to those who hurt or need strength.

After Jesus spent 40 days in the wilderness and stood strong against the temptations of the devil, Matthew 4:11 says, "Then the devil left him, and behold, angels, came and were ministering to him."

4. **To execute God's judgment** – Angels can be used by God to punish sin and to bring his judgment.

In Revelation, we see specific times that God will give angels the charge to execute his judgment. Revelation 12:7-9 tells us, "Now war arose in heaven, Michael and his angels fighting against the dragon. And the dragon and his angels fought back, but he was defeated, and there was no longer any place for them in heaven. And the great dragon was thrown down, that ancient serpent, who is called the devil and Satan, the deceiver of the whole world—he was thrown down to the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him."

5. **To give praise and worship to God** – Angels are mighty beings of praise and worship unto God.

THANK YOU

Thank you, church family, for all of your prayers, cards, phone calls, gifts and visits. They really meant a lot to me. I love everyone.

Gail P. Moody

Announcing the arrival of
Daniel James (D.J.) Brennan
to Angel Abercrombie-Cabe and Daniel Brennan on April 21st. He weighed 5 lbs. 3 ozs. and was 18 in. long. He will stay in the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit at Mission Hospital a little while longer.

Fred Rogers on a Grandfather's Love

In this story from September 1980, television's "Mr. Rogers" shares the story of the man who helped him believe in himself.

The rain beat relentlessly against the windshield as we sped down the highway to Mercer, Pennsylvania. Mother sat next to me in the front seat. Since leaving from Pittsburgh nearly an hour ago, we had barely said a word.

It was 1952, and Ding-Dong was dying.

Ding-Dong was my grandfather, Fred Brooks McFeely, my mother's father - and one of my best friends for as long as I could remember.

He earned his nickname years ago one sunny afternoon when he plunked me down on his sturdy lap to teach me the old nursery rhyme. "Ding Dong Dell." The name stuck.

I was grown up now, two years out of college and working in New York for NBC television. Just yesterday Mother had telephoned me at work with the news of Ding-Dong's illness. Well into his 80s, he'd been in a nursing home for several years. In recent months, however, his condition had worsened.

"The doctors say it's just plain old age," Mother had explained to me quietly. "They say he's fading fast." There was a long pause. "Do you think you could come home, Fred? I think we should visit him as soon as possible."

I made plans to fly from New York to Pittsburgh that evening.

In one sense, it was good to get out of the city. Lately it seemed that nothing had been going right. When I first graduated from college and arrived at NBC, I was a starry-eyed idealist—bursting with enthusiasm for the potential I felt that television held not only for entertaining, but for helping people.

I was particularly interested in children's programming. But these were the early days of television and there didn't seem to be much interest in such things.

So my goals seemed to be shifting - and this bothered me. I really didn't know where I was going, or why. My self-confidence had sunk to near-zero. And never had I felt so far away from God.

I'd taken to stopping by St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue for morning prayer before going to work. Mostly, I prayed for guidance. But I was still uncertain and confused...

"Fred," my mother interrupted my thoughts as our car continued on the wet highway. "He might not know you."

"What?" I asked.

"Your grandfather," she answered. "He's all mixed-up. He doesn't know what day it is. Sometimes he doesn't even know where he is."

I felt my throat tighten. Poor Ding-Dong.

"But he is happy," Mother went on. "And he loves to watch television."

"He does?"

"Yes, he loves to watch TV - especially *The Kate Smith Hour*. He knows that's one of the shows you work on. And from what I gather, he's forever telling everyone in the home about his grandson in New York City. He's so proud of you, Fred. You're special to him. You always have been, you know."

I nodded silently.

Listening to the rhythmic sound of the windshield wipers, I let my thoughts travel back to childhood ...

As a youngster, there was nothing I liked better than Sunday afternoons at Ding-Dong's rambling farm in western Pennsylvania. Surrounded by miles of winding stone walls, the rustic house and red brick barn provided endless hours of fun and discovery for a city kid like myself.

I was used to neat-as-a-pin parlors with porcelain figures that seemed to whisper, "Not to be touched!" - to clean, starched shirts and neatly combed hair warning, "Not to be mussed!" - and to the inevitable wagging of an adult's "Don't do that, you might hurt yourself!" finger.

I could still remember vividly one afternoon when I was eight years old. Since my very first visit to the farm, I'd wanted more than anything to be allowed to climb the network of stone walls surrounding the property.

My parents would never approve. The walls were old; some stones were missing, others loose and crumbling.

Still, my yearning to scramble across those walls the way I'd watched other boys do grew so strong that finally, one spring afternoon, I summoned all my courage and entered the drawing room where the adults had gathered after Sunday dinner.

All were chatting softly, sipping cups of tea and coffee. I cleared my throat. No one seemed to notice me.

"Hey," I said hesitantly.

Everyone noticed me.

"I, uh - I wanna climb the stone walls," I said. "Can I climb the stone walls?"

Instantly a chorus went up from the women in the room.

"Heavens, no!" they cried in dismay. "You'll hurt yourself!"

I wasn't really disappointed. The response was just as I'd expected. But before I could leave the room, I was stopped by Ding-Dong's booming voice.

"Now hold on just a minute," I heard him say. "So the boy wants to climb the stone walls? *Then let the boy climb the walls!* He has to learn to do things for himself.

"Now scoot on out of here," he said to me with a wink. "And come see me when you get back."

"Yes, sir." I stammered, my heart pounding with excitement.

For the next two and a half hours I climbed those old walls - skinned my knee, tore my pants, and had the time of my life. Later, when I met with Ding-Dong to tell him about my adventures, I never forgot what he said.

"Fred," he grinned, "you made this day a special day, just by being yourself. Always remember, there's just one person in this whole world like you - and I like you just the way you are."

I wondered now if he ever knew how important that day - and his words - had been to me. I wondered if there was any way I could ever repay him...

The rain was letting up as we drove in the main drive to the neat clapboard cottage where Ding-Dong stayed. A white-uniformed nurse answered the door. "Mr. McFeely's had a nice day," she said as she let us in. "He's watching TV now. Kate Smith's show is on. It's his favorite program."

"Ding-Dong?" I said, peering into the dimly lit room. He was sitting in a chair next to the bed.

"Ding-Dong?" I hardly recognized him. He was so tiny, so frail and bent. He lifted his head.

"Hello," he said, extending a feeble hand. "Hello, young man. Have a seat." He motioned to a nearby chair.

"Have a seat," he repeated, "and watch this show with me. This is Kate Smith. This is a fine show."

I sat in the chair and watched the program. When the commercial came on, Ding-Dong said, "You know, young man, this television's a mighty great invention, I've got a grandson in New York, and he told me all about it. He's something, that boy. And he's going to do great things in television. Yes, he is."

Ding-Dong was smiling, his blue eyes twinkling ever so faintly.

"Yes," he went on, "I've got quite a grandson. Would you like to meet him?"

It was obvious Ding-Dong didn't recognize me. But that was all right with me. Wherever in time or place Ding-Dong was in his weary old mind, I just wanted to let him be. All I could hear were his own words echoing in my head:

There's just one person in the whole world like you. And I like you just the way you are.

"That's some grandson you've got," I said. "You know, I believe he is going to try to do good things in television. He sure cares a lot about you. You've helped him understand some of the most important things in life."

Ding-Dong smiled and nodded. He seemed very happy, but he was tired. He asked to be put to bed. The nurse helped him up from his chair. Mother and I tucked him in. We chatted a bit more and then sat quietly until he fell asleep.

On the way home, we were silent. But I felt strangely happy inside - somehow peaceful. Something very special had happened that afternoon. In a very personal way, God had answered my prayers.

I was beginning to understand what it was He wanted me to do with my television career: He wanted me to offer children the same kind of reassurance, encouragement and sense of self-worth that Ding-Dong had given me.

I didn't know exactly how or when the right opportunities would arise, but I felt confident now that I would be ready to meet them.

A few weeks later, I received an invitation to leave New York and join a small educational television station in Pittsburgh that was looking for a person to develop new programming.

I jumped at the chance. And it was from those small beginnings - hand-built sets, props and puppets - that the themes and characters that now populate *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* evolved.

That was 26 years ago. Today, through the wonder of television, *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* is visited each day by millions of children throughout America and other lands.

There have been changes over the years; characters and special guests to the Neighborhood come and go. But one thing - my message to the children at the close of every show - remains the same.

"There's just one person in the whole world like you," the kids can count on hearing me say. "And people can like you just the way you are."

Ding-Dong, I know, would agree.

Welcome to Holland

I am often asked to describe the experience of raising a child with a disability -- to try to help people who have not shared the unique experience to understand it, to imagine how it would feel. It's like this.

When you're going to have a baby, it's like planning a fabulous vacation trip -- to Italy. You buy a bunch of guidebooks and make your wonderful plans. The Coliseum. Michelangelo's "David." The gondolas in Venice. You may learn some handy phrases in Italian. It's all very exciting.

After months of eager anticipation, the day finally arrives. You pack your bags and off you go. Several hours later, the plane lands. The flight attendant comes and says, "Welcome to Holland." "Holland!" you say. "What do you mean, Holland? I signed up for Italy! I'm supposed to be in Italy. All my life I've dreamed of going to Italy." But there's been a change in the flight plan. They've landed in Holland, and there you must stay.

The important thing is that they haven't taken you to a horrible, disgusting, filthy place full of pestilence, famine and disease. It's just a different place. So you must go out and buy new guidebooks. You must learn a whole new language. And you will meet a whole new group of people you would never have met. It's just a different place. It's slower-paced than Italy, less flashy than Italy. But after you've been there for a while and you catch your breath, you look around, and you begin to notice that Holland has windmills, Holland has tulips, Holland even has Rembrandts.

But everyone you know is busy coming and going from Italy, and they're all bragging about what a wonderful time they had there. And for the rest of your life you will say, "Yes, that's where I was supposed to go. That's what I had planned." And the pain of that will never, ever, ever go away, because the loss of that dream is a very significant loss. But if you spend your life mourning the fact that you didn't get to Italy, you may never be free to enjoy the very special, the very lovely things about Holland.

- Written by Emily Perl Kingsley -

The Fire

An article in National Geographic several years ago provided a penetrating picture of God's wings. After a forest fire in Yellowstone National Park, forest rangers began their trek up a mountain to assess the inferno's damage. One ranger found a bird literally petrified in ashes, perched statuesquely on the ground at the base of a tree.

Somewhat sickened by the eerie sight, he knocked over the bird with a stick. When he struck it, three tiny chicks scurried from under their dead mother's wings.

The loving mother, keenly aware of impending disaster, had carried her offspring to the base of the tree and had gathered them under her wings, instinctively knowing that the toxic smoke would rise.

She could have flown to safety but had refused to abandon her babies. When the blaze had arrived and the heat had singed her small body, the mother remained steadfast. She had been willing to die so those under the cover of her wings would live.

He will cover you with his feathers, and under his wings you will find refuge; his faithfulness will be your shield and rampart.

Psalm 91:4 (NIV)

Although things are not perfect
Because of trial or pain
Continue in thanksgiving
Do not begin to blame
Even when the times are hard
Fierce winds are bound to blow
God is forever able
Hold on to what you know
Imagine life without His love
Joy would cease to be
Keep thanking Him for all the things
Love imparts to thee
Move out of "Camp Complaining"
No weapon that is known
On earth can yield the power
Praise can do alone
Quit looking at the future
Redeem the time at hand
Start every day with worship
To "thank" is a command
Until we see Him coming
Victorious in the sky
We'll run the race with gratitude
Xalting God most high
Yes, there'll be good times and yes some will be bad, but...
Zion waits in glory...where none are ever sad!

Highlights from Beyond “The Three Steps”

*“This is the day the Lord has made,
let us rejoice and be glad in it!” Psalm 118:24*

Happy Mother’s Day to all our wonderful HBC Mothers!!

Every May, we celebrate Mother’s Day! This article is in honor of my precious Mama who taught me about Jesus. More importantly, she lived a life exemplifying Jesus every day of her life.... in the good times, as well as in the terrible, unfair, hard, and unbearable times! My sweet Mama lived such a life! It was through those really hard times that she truly taught me how to live the Christian life. No matter what she was going through... even to her last day suffering on this earth... she always smiled her sweet smile, and she said, “Thank you, Jesus!,” and “God is good!” I could see what she was going through physically, mentally, and emotionally, and yet Mama always praised the Lord no matter what. She never became bitter – she praised and glorified the Lord because she understood the meaning of her favorite Bible verse, Philippians 4:13, “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.” She didn’t just quote it; she lived it every day! Thank you, Thank you, Mama! You still are my inspiration and my example! I love you Mama with all my heart! Best friends forever and ever and ever! I can’t wait to see you again, soon! Happy Mother’s Day in Heaven Mama!!!



So many in our church family are going through trials, experiencing poor and declining health, facing uncertain times and hard decisions, suffering through grief, and pain, and on and on.... My heart is truly broken for you; I love you and I am consistently praying for you as you go through these difficult times. As I studied my devotion, “*Victory Through Suffering: The True Meaning of Philippians 4:13*” by Benjamin L. Merkle, I decided to share parts of it with you. I pray that it will encourage you to keep pressing on because...

You can do all things through Christ who gives you the strength!

“During the time that Paul wrote Philippians 4:13, he is under house arrest, probably in Rome during the reign of Nero, awaiting trial before the Roman Emperor. He was there because he was preaching the gospel. As he

writes, he recognizes that death may be the end point of his imprisonment because the emperor Nero was known to be hostile to Christians. It is precisely in this context that Paul writes that he learned the secret of being content. He realized that contentment is not directly related to one’s environment or situation.

Our circumstances are constantly changing, but God never changes. Paul was at peace with his circumstances because he didn’t rest his hope on them, but on God. That Paul was able to rejoice while in prison is nothing short of a miraculous gift given supernaturally by the Holy Spirit.

What exactly does Paul mean when he says “I can do all things”? Paul is not saying that he can do all things through Christ, but rather that he can prevail or have the victory over any circumstance by relying on Christ and his strength.

What then does Paul mean by “all things”? Certainly, this cannot mean that Paul thought he could do anything through Christ’s power, because the preceding verses (11–12) clarify that he learned to be content “in any and every circumstance.” When Paul writes “all things,” he is specifically referring to all those situations or circumstances he faces—some of them good and some of the extremely difficult.

How was Paul able to be content in whatever situation he was in? Paul’s victory didn’t come through his strength. His secret was HE didn’t do it, but CHRIST did it through him—which means it’s a secret available to all believers. Paul’s victory came through his union with Christ.

The spirit of Christ who dwells in believers empowers us to be victorious even in the midst of trials. In summary, this verse can be translated or paraphrased this way: “I can have the victory (prevail) over any circumstance (situation) through my union with Christ who continually strengthens me.”

Philippians 4:13 is not primarily about the great accomplishments we attempt, such as winning a sporting event or reaching that next milestone in our lives. Those perspectives would only apply to us in a few circumstances—when we decide to really step out in faith and rely on God’s strength to accomplish some big future plan.

But what about the here and now? All of us are in a situation that’s difficult, faith-testing, and overwhelming (if we’re not now, we soon will be). It might be health issues, difficulties at

work, trouble with a rebellious child, relationship issues in your family, financial stress, or a multitude of other things. It's in those situations that this verse is meant to speak to us.

It's humbling because it reminds us that we are not in control. God is. Paul was simply preaching the gospel as God called him to do and he finds himself in prison. It is humbling to recognize that things will happen to us beyond our control. Christ is the One who strengthens us in the face of both difficulties and blessings, and Christ is the One who receives the glory.

Philippians 4:13 isn't just for Christian superheroes. It's for every child of God in every situation in life, especially the tough ones. No trial or tragedy is too hard to face, not if you have Jesus. "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

Please join me in praying this prayer everyday:

Lord, thank you for your promise in Philippians 4:13. Help me to rely on your strength and not my own. Give me the courage to face challenges with your peace and contentment. Show me how to seek your strength in every situation and to trust in your guidance.

Lord, help me to live in a way that honors your name and shows others the power of your presence. Thank you, Jesus. In your precious and holy name I pray. Amen

"THANK YOU" to everyone who had a part in our Easter Cantata, **"ALL THE PRAISE,"** - our dedicated and faithful choir family, our special soloists and quartet, Mark, our wonderful narrator, and our amazing Audio-Visual Ministry Team! I love and appreciate each one of you so very much! Because of Jesus' death, burial, and resurrection we have a reason to celebrate not only at Easter, but every day into eternity! Jesus is worthy of all the honor, and all the glory, and **"ALL THE PRAISE"** - forevermore!

I am truly thankful for each of you - my wonderful church family! Thank you for the wonderful privilege of serving as the Minister of Music and Worship at Hazelwood Baptist Church! I pray for you daily and truly appreciate your prayers for my family and for me! I am always available, so please feel free to contact me any time!

I love and appreciate each one of you so very, very much!

In *HIS* Service,

Denise

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Cell: 828-550-7408

Soli Deo Gloria

"To The Glory of God Alone!"

THANK YOU

Dear Church,

The staff and volunteers at LifeWorks want to thank you for your very generous donation for the Let's Get Real event. A portion of the donation was used to sponsor two tables with your name.

Your love and support for this ministry is helping us reach women in the community who are ready for a life change and a future with Jesus Christ.

The Lord bless you!

LifeWorks Family

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Ephesians 5:20

Birds Set Free

A.J. Gordon was the great Baptist pastor of the Clarendon Church in Boston, Massachusetts. One day he met a young boy in front of the sanctuary carrying a rusty cage in which several birds fluttered nervously. Gordon inquired, "Son, where did you get those birds?" The boy replied, "I trapped them out in the field." "What are you going to do with them?" "I'm going to play with them, and then I guess I'll just feed them to an old cat we have at home." When Gordon offered to buy them, the lad exclaimed, "Mister, you don't want them, they're just little old wild birds and can't sing very well." Gordon replied, "I'll give you \$2 for the cage and the birds." "Okay, it's a deal, but you're making a bad bargain." The exchange was made and the boy went away whistling, happy with his shiny coins. Gordon walked around to the back of the church property, opened the door of the small wire coop, and let the struggling creatures soar into the blue. The next Sunday he took the empty cage into the pulpit and used it to illustrate his sermon about Christ's coming to seek and to save the lost—paying for them with His own precious blood. "That boy told me the birds were not songsters," said Gordon, "but when I released them and they winged their way heavenward, it seemed to me they were singing, 'Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed!'"