



We Seek to Better Understand
the Teachings of Jesus—
and Live those Teachings.

THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

www.fbfirst.org

P. O. Box 116, Fort Branch, IN 47648
Phone: (812) 753-4424
Fax: (812) 768-6441

Blythe Chapel **Fort Branch First**
8141 S. 450 W. **100 W. Vine St.**
Owensville, IN **Fort Branch, IN**

melissa@fbfirst.org

Office Hours

Tuesday - Thursday, 9:00 am– 2:00 pm
Closed Monday and Friday

Rev. John Baylor, Jr., Pastor
john@fbfirst.org
Parsonage: (812) 615-0053

Melissa Foster, Administrative Assistant
melissa@fbfirst.org

Margie Beal,
Preschool Director @ First

Rexanne Robicheaux,
Director of Music Ministries @ First
rexanne@fbfirst.org

Derek Robicheaux, Custodian @ First

Zella Frey, Custodian @ Blythe

Lynn Prieshoff,
Director of Music Ministries @ Blythe

WELCOME

Whoever you are,
and wherever you find yourself
on the journey of faith, you are
welcome to this church as you
are
to receive the riches of
God's grace...

The Way...

The earliest Christians were called *The People of the Way*.
This weekly publication is provided to show
how our congregations are living *The Way* today.

1st Sunday in Lent February 21, 2021

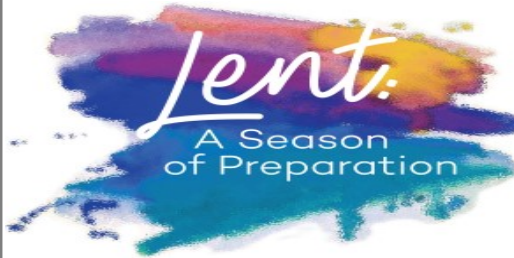


Most fasting involves temporarily giving up something you enjoy. When you long for a cookie or a favorite show, you instead turn your attention to God, reorienting yourself to his best.

Catherine Marshall, in *A Closer Walk* presents a different approach she calls fasting from "criticalness." God dealt with her judgmental spirit by prompting her to spend 24 hours without criticizing anyone about anything. At first, Marshall felt rather empty when she didn't engage in a heated political debate. But friends and family didn't seem to miss her comments. Plus, God replaced the energy she'd spent attempting to correct others with energy and creativity to positively influence them.

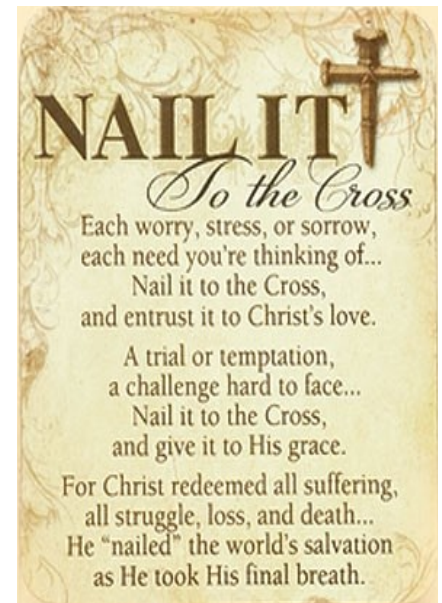
A critical spirit can make us lose perspective, joy and even relationships. It also can prevent the good work God wants to achieve through us. Consider what could happen as a result of your own "criticalness fast." Pray for God to do the correcting while you focus on building up others.

—Janna Firestone



In a 2012 interview with NPR, author Anne Lamott shared: "I've heard people say that God is the gift of desperation, and there's a lot to be said for having really reached a bottom where you've run out of anymore good ideas, or plans for everybody else's behavior; or how to save and fix and rescue; or just get out of a huge mess, possibly of your own creation. And when you're done, you may take a long, quavering breath and say, 'Help.'"

Amid the pandemic and life's other, more typical trials of life, have you found a silver lining — a gift that has arisen out of your desperation? Sometimes we're more open to God during times of struggle than when all flows smoothly. As long as we think our ideas and plans for ourselves and our loved ones are pretty good, we don't feel we need a Savior. But when life is so challenging that we call to God for help, "the gift of [that] desperation" is finding that God's loving arms have embraced and strengthened us all along.



LOVE *in Action*

June Regenhold, hip fracture
healing & recovery
807 E Ullen Street
Fort Branch, IN 47648



A quick update on Hearts for Haiti. I will be going with 3 others April 18. I have shipped 100 boxes with Midwest Distribution. If Ft. Branch First wants to participate in "Undie Sunday" or other ways, that will be great. I did purchase \$200 worth of children's underwear and have them in the shipment. Children's, women (size 5,6,7, few 8), men (sizes 28 to 32).

Dr. Bruce McIntosh will be teaching "Helping Babies Breathe" to the rural birth attendants

Four mobile medical clinics are planned (more if funded) Phil Cauthen will be making his first mission trip to Haiti (Darla Lewis family)

We need to work on a blind lady's house (\$1,000)

School tuition is needed (\$2,000) (2021-2022 year due in Aug)

Pews for Gobin can be sponsored at \$100 each

Of course, the daily requests for help.

We usually purchase \$1,000 of beans, rice, cooking oil, spaghetti, etc for distribution by us or the pastor after we leave

As you can see, the needs are many! Thank you to all who want to participate.

I am praying for a successful trip!
Deb



Fort Branch First UMC
Attn: Paul
PO Box 116
Fort Branch, IN 47648



Blythe Chapel UMC
8141 S 450 W
Owensville, IN 47665

**Methodist
Mountain Mission
Truck**



will pick up all donations placed in the church garage prior to

Tuesday, February 23rd



Pull the plug on classrooms, social media, web meetings and isolation this summer, and **plug into** faith, friends, and fun!

We are **amped** to share that church camp is back for 2021! COVID is obviously still a thing, so we're going to make some necessary adjustments. Grab a friend and make plans now to join us this summer for an **electrifying** camp experience!

Camp prices have been subsidized this year, making it that much more affordable, and [scholarships](#) are available. For schedules and pricing, visit impact2818.org/camps. Registration opens February 5!

Camp and That Thing Registration 2021

Registration opens February 5. That Thing Groups may register at 9am Eastern on February 19. Please check back January 29, 2021 for more details. Many churches are still navigating their own operational policies and financial concerns and we want to help everyone have an equal opportunity to plan for the summer.

Scholarship Processing Opens Monday, February 1, 2021

Many families and churches have been hit hard by the economic impact of COVID-19. Please, [apply for scholarships](#) early to ensure that camp is accessible for your family.



Fort Branch First UMC
P. O. Box 116
Fort Branch, IN 47648

Deliver to:

CCLI #2446518
Streaming License # 20701562

CALENDAR

THIS WEEK

† Indicates location is Blythe Chapel
Ω Indicates location is First UMC

This Sunday: Lent week 1

9:00am *Worship online*

Monday: ~ Office Closed ~

Tuesday:

6:30pm *Joint SPRC*

Wednesday:

9:00am *The Lord's
Pantry is open to
all Haubstadt &
Fort Branch Residents*

Thursday:

Friday: ~ Office Closed ~

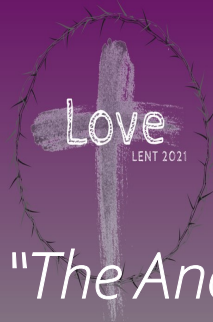
Saturday:

Next Sunday: Lent week 2

9:00am *Worship online*



Next Sunday Worship:



with all your
MIND | HEART | SOUL

"The Anointed"

John 11:45-57



MESSAGE "The Plot"

John 11:45-57

Our Father

Who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever.

Amen



Worship

FROM HOME

Don't have a Facebook account?

<https://www.facebook.com/pg/FortBranchFUMC/posts/>

John 11:45-57

The Plot to Kill Jesus

⁴⁵ Many of the people who were with Mary believed in Jesus when they saw this happen. ⁴⁶ But some went to the Pharisees and told them what Jesus had done. ⁴⁷ Then the leading priests and Pharisees called the high council together. “What are we going to do?” they asked each other. “This man certainly performs many miraculous signs. ⁴⁸ If we allow him to go on like this, soon everyone will believe in him. Then the Roman army will come and destroy both our Temple and our nation.”

⁴⁹ Caiaphas, who was high priest at that time, said, “You don’t know what you’re talking about! ⁵⁰ You don’t realize that it’s better for you that one man should die for the people than for the whole nation to be destroyed.”

⁵¹ He did not say this on his own; as high priest at that time he was led to prophesy that Jesus would die for the entire nation. ⁵² And not only for that nation, but to bring together and unite all the children of God scattered around the world.

⁵³ So from that time on, the Jewish leaders began to plot Jesus’ death. ⁵⁴ As a result, Jesus stopped his public ministry among the people and left Jerusalem. He went to a place near the wilderness, to the village of Ephraim, and stayed there with his disciples.

⁵⁵ It was now almost time for the Jewish Passover celebration, and many people from all over the country arrived in Jerusalem several days early so they could go through the purification ceremony before Passover began. ⁵⁶ They kept looking for Jesus, but as they stood around in the Temple, they said to each other, “What do you think? He won’t come for Passover, will he?” ⁵⁷ Meanwhile, the leading priests and Pharisees had publicly ordered that anyone seeing Jesus must report it immediately so they could arrest him.

RESPONSE: The Word of God, for the people of God.

Thanks be to God!



Prayer REQUESTS

Prayer Requests —last names are printed for individuals requesting prayer for themselves or with explicitly given permission.

Jane Marginet, Marty Marginet, Joann Davis Fitch, Mark Dillion, Jake Prieshoff, Lynn Prieshoff, Richard & Betty Michel, Becca Manolov, Carla Jackson, Kyle Stone, Deven Pohl, Julia Gentry, Joyce Kruse, Lucile Johnson, Poppy Petry, Judy Basham, Thomas Brown, Wayne Anderson, Connie Collins, Linda McKimmy, Bruce Rostron, Brooks Boger, June Regenhold



We want to give God the Glory for the many blessings in our lives. Let's share these moments with praise!

Show me, Jesus how to take up my cross—to give of myself wholeheartedly for others— and follow you.

Let's Celebrate

*Nathan Hargiss ~ 14th
Alexander Hargiss ~ 15th
David Lewis ~ 17th
Steven Schleter ~ 17th
Shelby Baylor ~ 19th
Lauren Foster ~ 20th
Linda Russell ~ 20th
Madison Marginet ~ 22nd
Riley Bryant ~ 23rd
Katie Smith ~ 27th
Stuart & Krissie Michel ~ 27th*

Listening Guide
“The Plot”
February 21, 2021

Scripture: John 11:45-57

How did raising Lazarus from the dead cost Jesus His life?

It Created _____ **(vs. 45-48)**

It Created Ruling _____ **(vs. 49-52)**

It Created the _____ **(vs. 53-57)**

Personal Application: There was a plot to kill Jesus. Do you think you would've believed Jesus or the religious elite of the day? What evidence from your life do you have to support your answer?

LENT
PRAY + REPENT + FAST

The Room

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room.

There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endless in either direction, had very different headings. As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I have liked." I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was.

This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird "Books I Have Read," "Lies I Have Told," "Comfort I have Given," "Jokes I Have Laughed at ." Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've yelled at my brothers." Others I couldn't laugh at: "Things I Have Done in My Anger", "Things I Have Muttered Under My Breath at My Parents." I never ceased to be surprised by the contents.

Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived. Could it be possible that I had the time in my years to fill each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.

When I pulled out the file marked "TV Shows I have Watched," I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of shows but more by the vast time I knew that file represented.

When I came to a file marked "Lustful Thoughts," I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me. One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it.

Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh.

And then I saw it...the title bore "People I Have Shared the Gospel With." The handle was brighter than those around it, seemed newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand.

And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that they hurt. They started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears; I saw Him. No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own.

He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did He have to read every one? Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me.

Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no," as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, and so alive. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side.

He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished." I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written.