




Grace Baptist Church is 
A Great Place To Grow in Christ
For the Entire Family

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| Sunday March 8, 2015 | |
| This Weeks Events | |
| Today: | DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME |
| 10:00AM: (Grange)— <i>Bible 101</i> —Pastor Coale | |
| 11:00AM: (Grange)— <i>We Will Not Serve Thy Gods</i> —Pastor Coale | |
| 11:00AM: (Grange)— <i>Jr. Church</i> —Pastor Saloum | |
| NOON: (Grange)— <i>SPAHGETTI FEED</i> —Dee Coale |  |
| 2:00PM: (Grange)— <i>BABY SHOWER for HEATHER PARIS</i> —Dee Parker | |
| 6:00PM: (Grange)— <i>Advanced Bible (How to Pray)</i> —Pastor Coale | |
| Upcoming Events | |
| April 5, 2015: | |
| 2:00PM: (Fir Lane)— <i>SHUT IN SAINTS</i> —Matthew Coale | |
| October 18, 2015: http://russells2mexico.com | |
| 10:00AM: (Grange)— <i>Missionary to Mexico</i> —Adam Russell Family | |
| 11:00AM: (Grange)— <i>Missionary to Mexico</i> —Adam Russell Family | |
| NOON: (Grange)— <i>Meet the Missionary POTLUCK</i> — | |



Honoring: HEATHER PARIS
 Where: Grace Baptist Church
 When: Sun, March 8, 2pm - 4pm
 Host: Dee Parker
 R.S.V.P.: Text: 360-490-7434
 Registered @ Babys-R-us & Target

VISION
 THE ONLY
 THING WORSE
 THAN LOSING
 YOUR EYE
 SIGHT IS LOS-
 ING YOUR VI-
 SION!
 (PROVERBS
 29:18)

Present Day Slavery

By Rev. Ron Coale, Pastor

...Continued from last week.

I appreciated the coincidence of making my first new suit of clothing out of my favorite color--blue. This very thought was overwhelming as I had began the day as a slave, the lowest of low, being sold on an auction block where, nobody wanted me. I was totally worthless. Now I was standing on the street, unshackled, clean with a new suit of clothes made in my very favorite color.

All of this was new to me. I still could not comprehend it. There was a tint of joy mixed with cautious apprehension as my appreciation for my owner grew.

"Have you eaten today?" he asked. I had not, but I hesitated to tell him so. He had already done so much for me and I didn't deserve any of it. How could I take him for granted? "Come on, you can tell me if you've eaten or not." he coaxed.

As was the custom of slaves, I dare not look him in the eyes. I safely stared at the ground when he addressed me. I stammered, not knowing how to answer him. His rugged hands touched me under the chin and raised my head up. "You can look me in the eyes."

Looking in his eyes, I could see something that I had not seen since I was a child. I first saw it from my mother. It was the look of deep compassion coupled with sincere concern. It was the look of someone who cared about me as a person and not an object. It enveloped a kind of friendship, but I could not accept that my master

could ever be my friend. Those eyes looked deep into my soul in such a way that I knew everything about me was revealed. It was as if my whole life was laid out before Him there on that street.

My life did not have much true joy in it. It was filled with pain and suffering; things that I did not want to share with anyone because I did not want to confront them again. There were things that I put in a hidden compartment of my mind because the only thing I could do to overcome them was to bury them deep into the compartment of distant memory. His gaze seemed to open up all of those hidden compartments of my life and not only see the pain, but experience it himself. I was not really sure, but I think I saw a tear well up in the corners of his eyes as he said, "come on, lets get you a meal."

Off we went down the street. Because he wanted to walk with me, it was impossible to walk three steps behind him. The slower he went, the slower I went until he beckoned me to walk with him. I was very uncomfortable with this because I knew people were looking at Him with disgust because of the way he treated me. their comments were not nice. They threw at him words that contained a terrible, hateful message. These were the kind of words I was accustomed to hearing, but he did not deserve anything like this. He was being punished for compassion and it made me feel defensive of him. I did not know this new master very well, but at least I knew I was His, and I didn't like what

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Robert and Sherah Trump Missionaries to Germany

Make ye mention to the nations. . . Jer. 4:16



February 2015

Dear saints of the Lord,

Thank you for all of your prayers concerning our visa situation. **Praise the Lord that our visas were extended!** At the end of the month, we received letters from the government informing us that our visas had been renewed, but we won't find out until the first week of March whether a one-year or two-year extension has been granted. Regardless, we are here to stay and will do what's needed to stay.

It seems everyone around Stuttgart has caught one or more Flu viruses within the last couple of months. February was our turn. My wife caught the Flu and I caught a milder form twice. We passed the month more or less nursing ourselves back to health.

On the brighter side, we did hold some English classes this month and are planning to meet up with a student named Leonore in the near future. **Pray especially for my wife's dealings with her.** We also had some newcomers to the class: Nhan, a sixteen-year-old Vietnamese kid, as well as Oscar, a Spanish man in his thirties. **We're praying to form relationships with these people and see them saved.**

Branko, a thirty-year-old Croatian who attends our English class, has recently lost the little work that he had and is searching for any possible alternative. He could only afford to live in a €250-a-month room and is also being forced to find another place to live. He's obviously in a bind, and we told him that we'd pray for work and another place to live. **I'm praying that the Lord would show Branko great grace in this situation and show him that prayer works. Thereby, I'm praying his heart would be that much more inclined toward God and therefore salvation.**

I was thrilled to hear a testimony from my wife this month after she visited the nursing home. She rehearsed to me in German what she had said to Frau B. about the differences between a Baptist church and the Roman Catholic Church, as well as other doctrinal points. Sherah's German is coming along well and she can handle herself in just about any situation, as well as witnessing situations.

I helped remodel the youth café in town this month and had some worthwhile conversations. Just when I think that things are getting a bit stagnant there, I have some good conversations and things get a little exciting. My persuasive abilities in German often get pushed to the limit when I'm at the café. Understand, the youth at the café are mostly Turkish-Muslim, and when one of them is engaged in a religious conversation, the rest of them drop what they're doing and join in. They haven't displayed any violent behavior, but they all get worked up at the same time and it's rough to hold, let alone gain any ground in a discussion.

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There are some calmer ones I've been able to talk to, away from the rest, but it is hard-going. **My prayer is that at least they have a better perception of Christians, after being cared for and treated well by them. They are nominal Muslims and I hope that when they get older, they won't buy into the orthodox view of Islam, but will be inclined to seek the truth and come to Jesus Christ.**

With legal matters behind us and spring quickly approaching, we're looking forward to warmer weather and new ministries. **Please pray for wisdom and the Lord's blessing, regarding the course, which we should take this year. Pray for open doors, as well.**

Thank you for your faithfulness in prayer and support of this ministry. We are not here without your generous help.

In Christ,
Robert and Sherah Trump (Psa. 45:1)

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they were doing to him.

We arrived at the boarding house with a following. The owners were not going to let me eat in the main dining hall because I was a slave. After some deliberation, we went into the back room where slaves could eat. He beckoned me to sit down, which I did. Then the biggest surprise of all was that he sat down at the table with me. The owners were trying to get him to go out into the main dining hall, but he would have none of it. "I eat with my friend", he said with a tone of finality. "Master, you don't have to do this," I said. "You've already done too much. There is no need to embarrass yourself so."

"It's okay. I want to be here with you."

"Master, I promise I will wait for you. I won't run off."

"I know you won't. But I want to eat with you. I want to know you better. What'll you have?"

"Whatever you want for me to eat

Master. It's not proper for me to choose for myself."

"Waiter! We'll take two of the finest steaks you have."

When the steaks came, I looked at it without knowing what to do. He showed me how to use the knife and fork and cut it. I had never been allowed to hold a knife before. It was the first time I had ever held the cool steel in my hand. No one had ever trusted me with a knife, especially one sharp enough to cut a steak. With a little difficulty I cut the meat and put it in my mouth. The sensations were so active I could only think they were going to collapse in a type of fatigue.

Today was a day of firsts. I had never tasted meat like this before. It was the best meal I had ever had. I enjoyed it so much that I almost forgot who I was. When it was time to leave, I quickly remembered my place. As we went outside in the streets, there were people waiting to persecute my master. They didn't like it that he ate

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with the slaves. They thought it showed a wrong message. They didn't want to be held to His standards. They wanted him to digress to their standards, but my master was courageous. He stood up to them all and did the right thing.

Following him to the end of the street, the crowd thinned. This is where it happened. At the end of the street, he turned to me and told me something I will never forget. He said, "I bought you so you will never have to be in bondage again. You are free to do as you please. Here are your papers. I love you and I am sorry that you ever had to be in bondage in the first place." I was stunned. Was I hearing correctly? Was I being set free? Did he really buy me, clean me, clothe me and feed me to set me free? I had long since lost hope of ever being free. It was so far out of reach that I had even refused to think about it. Now I was being set free by a master who loved me. I didn't really know him, and now he was setting me free.

I hardly realized he was shaking my hand in a gesture of departure. I was trying to come to grips with my thoughts. By the time I came to myself, he had already turned and was walking away. Again I didn't know what to do. I had no where to go. If I went back to the world, I would certainly be put in bondage again. I knew I didn't want that, but what could I do? I had never been faced with making so many choices. I knew I couldn't stand there forever. "Whatcha gonna do boy?", a burly man watching with amusement asked. I was being pushed. People were beginning to surround me. It

didn't take long for the world to catch up to me and press in. They were mocking, pushing and demeaning. There was nothing I could do about it. Hands were tearing at my new set of clothing. They wanted it for themselves. They wanted me to return to my hopeless, naked, enslaved position.

It came to mind suddenly. When I had no thought of what to do, I wanted to cry out for my master, but he had gone on. If I really wanted him to be my master, why had I not followed him? I was so infatuated with my freedom, that I forgot Him. Pushing through the crowd, I went after Him. After a short time, I caught up with him. I had never wanted someone to be my master before. I had always despised those who were proud of the title. But this time was different. I knew I wanted him to be my master. "Master," I cried. He turned to wait for me. "Can I come with you?", I asked.

"You don't need to. You're free now."

"I know. You gave me my papers."

"You can go anywhere you want to go."

"I know, but can I follow you? If it's okay with you, can I be your slave?"

"I didn't buy you because I wanted a slave. I bought you because I care."

"I know that now. But I want to be your slave. I want to follow you. I want you to be my master."

This is the attitude that a sinner

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PRAYER REQUESTS

| | | |
|------|---------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 607. | Pastor | Souls saved in Shelton. |
| 629. | Matt | Gregson Family Finances. |
| 680. | Matt | Savings Account (Building fund) to reach —(\$10,000). |
| 685. | Dee P. | Dee's brother Duane (a proud atheist) salvation. |
| 755. | Regina | Grace Baptist Church to grow in membership. |
| 763. | Sally | Brother Nathan called to preach. Strength & direction. |
| 775. | Sally | Mom (Charity) strength to finish nursing program. |
| 782. | Judy C. | Daughter Erin to find a good godly man to marry. |
| 796. | Regina | Strength for God's will in her life. |
| 803. | Dee P. | Improved church attendance for her family. |
| 822. | Regina | Personal Health. |
| 845. | Regina | John Berger (93) health/strength to continue preaching. |
| 849. | Sally | Jonny seeks God's will in making decisions for future. |
| 864. | Paula | Mom (Julie) battling 2nd round of cancer. |
| 865. | Dee P. | Son Joseph's health problems & depression. |
| 867. | Dee P. | Family members to read KJB daily. |
| 918. | Rich | Church finances |
| 955. | Lori S. | Son (Phil Gosline) has lymphoma |
| 959. | Matt | Nathan Harper has cancer |
| 969. | Rich | Wife to get diagnosis for what is causing migraines. |
| 971. | Sally | Robyn (Co-worker) having marriage problems. |
| 972. | Jeanine | Protection from Ebola for family workers in the health field. |
| 973. | Dee | Protection for Stephanie working as a nurse. |
| 975. | Dee P. | Brother-in-law George stage 4 terminal lung cancer |
| 976. | Dee P. | Our Christian men to grow as spiritual leaders in our homes, churches and communities. |
| 977. | Pastor | Regina's well being and comfort. |
| 978. | Pastor | Adrick's dad is dying. Strength, comfort and peace for family. |

What the Bible says about LOVE

- *2 Tim 1:7 For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*
- *1 John 5:3 For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous.*
- *Eph 4:2 With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love;*

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who has been saved by the Lord Jesus Christ should have. There should be a deep desire for devotion to their master. Under grace, He has put no requirements on the sinner. The Lord bought us, cleaned us, fed us and clothed us; then He set us free. We are free to do as we wish. We can run off back to the world; we can follow selfish ambitions; or we can follow the master, not because He demands us to do so, but because we appreciate what He did for us.

Many Christians today have it all wrong. They approach a relationship with Jesus because they are looking for what He can do for them. Like those who demanded food from Jesus were disappointed when He would not give it to them (John 6:34-66), Christians today fall away when God doesn't do exactly what they want. They are the master of the relationship instead of allowing Jesus to be the master. Yes, they may speak like He is the master, but their actions show a much different thing. They go to certain churches because they are looking for a certain: children's program, support group, bible study, activities for the family, marriage counseling, etc. They are what is commonly know as "church shop-

pers." They are looking for the perfect place where God can give them what they demand of Him. God may not ever give them what they want because it goes contrary to what He wants. He wants them to freely follow HIM!

Confused Christians have their masters. If they are not the vices of the day, they are the programs a church can offer. It is not the Creator. If He was their master, they would be willing to forego the pro-

grams and sit under good Godly preaching that would help them. Preaching that would show them where they are right as well as show them where they are wrong. They would not let personalities in the church dictate their attendance. They would not care if someone said something bad

about them or not. They would only care about following the Saviour who rightfully bought them, cleaned them up, clothed them, fed them and set them free. They would give up their freedom for a devoted life of following Him no matter how difficult it would be.

I would that every Christian reading this article would be able to say, "I am glad to be His happy slave." Why? Because He doesn't demand it.~



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