

Young at Heart

WHBC-YAH.Blogspot.com

OCTOBER

SEPTEMBER LUNCHEON

Our September luncheon featured an old favorite team for our luncheons. **Spittin' Image joined us to entertain** with their music and knee slapping comedy.

It was also our joy to honor Janice Bowersox for her 15 years of service as our chief cook and one of the helpers before that. Janice, you are a treasure, thank you for your service. Lisa is replacing Jan as chief cook.

OCTOBER 12 LUNCHEON

Our October luncheon will feature a fantastic Tenor/Baritone soloist, Burt Kettinger. We had him here in 2008 and our group loved him. Burt sings a lot of our old gospel favorites and may even sing something not so familiar.



Burt is often featured on the WMBI Radio Program, "Songs in the Night".

If you are interested in receiving a **double dose of Burt's music**, you should also join us for our Sunday evening Worship Service here at Washington Heights. This will be Sunday, October 10, 2010 at 6PM. Burt will perform a mini concert that evening.

Who Are We?

"Young at Heart" is the Senior Adult Ministry of Washington Heights Baptist Church.

Roger Jensen is the Pastor of Senior Adult Ministries. Our goal is to provide opportunities for meaningful fellowship in a Christian environment.

Washington Heights Baptist Church
5650 Far Hills Avenue
Dayton, Ohio 45429

Phone: (937)434-4676

AUG./SEPTEMBER DAY TRIP

We had our August Day Trip late (Sept. 2) and normally we don't have a day trip in September because it would conflict with our annual long trip. However, we found a great venue at the Bearcreek Farms theater with entertainment by the Brett Family. We had a sold-out trip and everyone really enjoyed their music and dancing.



OCTOBER 26 DAY TRIP



This month we will go to Hawthorne Hill (home of the Wright Brothers) and to Carillon Park where you can see a replica of the Wright Brothers bicycle shop and also their early airplane. Of course you will also be free to roam through any of the other exhibits, if you wish. We will have a nice luncheon in Culp's on the park property.

FALL TRIP

As we write this we have a nice group of us visiting Cape Code and the Plymouth Landing along with Martha's Vineyard. I also plan to post photos and a travelogue of our trip on the YAH Blog. Check it out!

WHAT'S COMING UP?

November 2010

Luncheon (Nov 9)

Last year we brought in another new performer for our YAH group that I believe everyone really enjoyed. Gary Lare is a Ventriloquist who provided a really enjoyable and fun program.

Day Trip (Nov 16)

This month we will do one that I haven't done before but I know many of you have done this trip with Sherm Bowser and enjoyed the experience. So, we thought it is time to revisit Columbus and see the Governors Mansion. Perhaps we can even have lunch with the governor. I'm teasing, of course!

December 2010

Luncheon (Dec 14)

We will have a great time together celebrating the "true meaning" of Christmas with plenty of special music. We have other special things planned for you, too. You will not want to miss our December program.

Day Trip (Dec. 17)

Of course, December for YAH will be all about Christmas, so why should our day trip be any different? We will enjoy a great program at La Comedia with a great meal. Be sure to reserve your seats early for this one. We will require payment before accepting any reservations because they require full payment before the program.

Find more photos and video content on our Blog.
<http://WHBC-YAH.Blogspot.com>

When God Sighed

by Max Lucado

Two days ago I read a word in the Bible that has since taken up residence in my heart.

To be honest, I didn't quite know what to do with it. It's only one word, and not a very big one at that. When I ran across the word, (which, by the way, is exactly what happened; I was running through the passage and this word came out of nowhere and bounced me like a speed bump) I **didn't know what to do with it. I didn't have any hook to hang it on or category to file it under.**

It was an enigmatic word in an enigmatic passage. But now, forty-eight hours later, I have found a place for it, a place all its own. My, what a **word it is. Don't read it unless you don't mind changing your mind, because this little word might move your spiritual furniture around a bit.**

Look at the passage with me.

Then Jesus left the vicinity of Tyre and went through Sidon, down to the Sea of Galilee and into the region of the Decapolis. There some people brought a man to him who was deaf and could hardly talk, and they begged him to place his hand on the man.

After he took him aside, away from the crowd, Jesus put his fingers into **the man's ears. Then he spit and touched the man's tongue. He looked up to heaven and with a deep sigh said to him, "Ephphatha!"** (which means, "Be opened!"). **At this, the man's ears were opened, his tongue was loosened and he began to speak plainly.** (Mark 7: 31-35)

Quite a passage, isn't it?

Jesus is presented with a man who is deaf and has a speech impediment. Perhaps he stammered. Maybe he spoke with a lisp. Perhaps, because of his deafness, he never learned to articulate words properly.

Jesus, refusing to exploit the situation, took the man aside. He looked him in the face. Knowing it would be useless to talk, he explained what he was about to do through gestures. He **spat and touched the man's tongue,**

telling him that whatever restricted his speech was about to be removed. He touched his ears. They, for the first time, were about to hear.

But before the man said a word or heard a sound, Jesus did something I never would have anticipated.

He sighed.

I might have expected a clap or a **song or a prayer. Even a "Hallelujah!"** or a brief lesson might have been appropriate. But the Son of God did none of these. Instead, he paused, looked into heaven, and sighed. From the depths of his being came a rush of emotion that said more than words.

Sigh. The word seemed out of place.

I'd never thought of God as one who sighs. I'd thought of God as one who commands. I'd thought of God as one who weeps. I'd thought of God as one who called forth the dead with a command or created the universe with a word ... but a God who sighs?

Perhaps this phrase caught my eye because I do my share of sighing.

I sighed yesterday when I visited a lady whose invalid husband had **deteriorated so much he didn't recognize me.** He thought I was trying to sell him something.

I sighed when the dirty-faced, scantily dressed, six-year-old girl in the grocery store asked me for some change.

And I sighed today listening to a **husband tell how his wife won't forgive him.**

No doubt you've done your share of sighing.

If you have teenagers, you've probably sighed. If you've tried to resist temptation, you've probably sighed. If you've had your motives questioned or your best acts of love rejected, you have been forced to take a deep breath and let escape a painful sigh.

I realize there exists a sigh of relief, a sigh of expectancy, and even a **sigh of joy. But that isn't the sigh described in Mark 7.** The sigh described is a hybrid of frustration and sadness.

It lies somewhere between a fit of anger and a burst of tears.

The apostle Paul spoke of this sighing. Twice he said that Christians will sigh as long as we are on earth and long for heaven. The creation sighs as if she were giving birth. Even the Spirit sighs as he interprets our prayers. (Romans 8: 22-27)

All these sighs come from the same anxiety; a recognition of pain that was never intended, or of hope deferred.

Man was not created to be separated from his creator; hence he sighs, longing for home. The creation was never intended to be inhabited by evil; hence she sighs, yearning for the Garden. And conversations with God were never intended to depend on a translator; hence the Spirit groans on our behalf, looking to a day when humans will see God face to face.

And when Jesus looked into the eyes of **Satan's victim, the only appropriate thing to do was sigh. "It was never intended to be this way," the sigh said. "Your ears weren't made to be deaf, your tongue wasn't made to stumble."** The imbalance of it all caused the Master to languish.

So, I found a place for the word. You might think it strange, but I placed it beside the word *comfort*, for in an **indirect way, God's pain is our comfort.**

And in the agony of Jesus lies our hope. Had he not sighed, had he not felt the burden for what was not intended, we would be in a pitiful condition. Had he simply chalked it all up to the inevitable or washed his hands of the whole stinking mess, what hope would we have?

But he didn't. That holy sigh assures us that God still groans for his people. He groans for the day when all sighs will cease, when what was intended to be will be.

From God Came Near: Chronicles of the Christ
Copyright (Thomas Nelson, 1999)
Max Lucado

