

The Corona Chronicle.

Being Church in Partial lockdown.

Sunday April 18th

West Worthing Evangelical Church. Rugby Road

www.westworthingevangelical.co.uk



The Hot Water Bottle

A True Story By Helen Roseveare



One night, in Zaire, I had worked hard to help a mother in the labour ward; but in spite of all that we could do, she died leaving us with a tiny, premature baby and a crying, two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive. We had no incubator. We had no electricity to run an incubator, and no special feeding facilities. Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous draughts.

A student-midwife went for the box we had for such babies and for the cotton wool that the baby would be wrapped in. Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle. She came back shortly, in distress, to tell me that in filling the bottle, it had burst. Rubber perishes easily in tropical climates. "...and it is our last hot water bottle!" she exclaimed.

As in the West, it is no good crying over spilled milk; so, in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over a burst water bottle. They do not grow on trees, and there are no pharmacies down forest pathways. All right," I said, "Put the baby as near the fire as you safely can; sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from draughts. Your job is to keep the baby warm."

The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with many of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle. The baby could so easily die if it got chilled. I also told them about the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died.

During the prayer time, one ten-year-old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt consciousness of our African children. "Please, God," she prayed, "send us a water bottle. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, the baby'll be dead; so, please send it this afternoon." While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added by way of corollary, " ...And while You are about it, would You please send a dolly for the little girl so she'll know You really love her?" As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say, "Amen?" I just did not believe that God could do this. Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything: The Bible says so, but there are limits, aren't there?



The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending a parcel from the homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never, ever received a parcel from home. Anyway, if anyone did send a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? I lived on the equator!

Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door. By the time that I reached home, the car had gone, but there, on the veranda, was a large twenty-two pound parcel! I felt tears pricking my eyes. I could not open the parcel alone; so, I sent for the orphanage children. Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly. Excitement was mounting. Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box.

From the top, I lifted out brightly coloured, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then, there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children began to look a little bored. Next, came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas - - that would make a nice batch of buns for the weekend. As I put my hand in again, I felt the...could it really be? I grasped it, and pulled it out. Yes, "A brand-new rubber, hot water bottle!" I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could. Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, "If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly, too!" Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully dressed dolly. Her eyes shone: She had never doubted! Looking up at me, she asked, "Can I go over with you, Mummy, and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?"

That parcel had been on the way for five whole months, packed up by my former Sunday School class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator. One of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child -- five months earlier in answer to the believing prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it "That afternoon!"

Helen Roseveare a doctor missionary from England to Zaire, Africa, shared it in her testimony on a Wednesday night at Thomas Road Baptist Church.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.
(Isaiah 65v24)



Aug. 23, 1905

A QUESTION OF VESTED INTEREST

Vicar. 'Well, Gentlemen, what can I do for you?'

Spokesman. 'Please, Sir, we be a deputation from Farmers down Froglands Parish, to ask you to pray for fine weather for t'arvest.'

Vicar. 'Why don't you ask your own Vicar?'

Spokesman. 'Well, Sir, we reckon 'e be'unt much good for this 'ere. 'E do be that fond of Fishin'.'

Fill in the Blanks

Jesus took five loaves of bread and two fish and passed them out to five thousand people. What happened next? First fill in the blanks.

Baby cats are called 9 8 16 16 5 11 15.

A baby dog is a 13 17 13 13 20.

The opposite of front is 2 1 3 9.

The Mississippi is a 14 8 18 5 14.

There are curtains on the 19 8 11 4 12 19.

The cowboy 7 1 16 goes on your head.

The opposite of empty is 6 17 10 10.

Now write the numbered letters in the matching numbered spaces below.

1 10 10 1 16 5 1 11 4 19 5 14 5

6 8 10 10 5 4 1 11 4 16 7 5 20 16 12 12 9

17 13 19 7 1 16 19 1 15 10 5 6 16 12 18 5 14

12 6 16 7 5 2 14 12 9 5 11 13 8 5 3 5 15

16 19 5 10 18 5 2 1 15 9 5 16 15 6 17 10 10

Hymns, Prayers and Bible Reading.

For those unable to get to Church

Hymn

All Scriptures are given by the breath of God,
are inspired of God,
are the Word of the Lord;
all Scriptures are given by the breath of God,
and glorify His Name!

They can make you wise to a saving faith
in Jesus Christ the Lord;
they can make the man of God complete,
and are meant to be His sword!

2 So study to show yourself approved to God,
fit to use His Word,
fit to speak in His Name;
so study to show yourself approved to God,
a workman not ashamed.

They'll reprove, correct, and a training in
all righteous living afford;
they will yield up all that we need to know
of the teaching of the Lord!

3 All Scriptures are given by the breath of God,
are inspired of God,
are the Word of the Lord;
all Scriptures are given by the breath of God,
and glorify his Name!

Michael Baughen (born 1930)

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Bible Reading

2 Timothy 3v10-17

¹⁰ You, however, know all about my teaching, my way of life, my purpose, faith, patience, love, endurance, ¹¹ persecutions, sufferings—what kinds of things happened to me in Antioch, Iconium and Lystra, the persecutions I endured. Yet the Lord rescued me from all of them.

¹² In fact, everyone who wants to live a godly life in Christ Jesus will be persecuted, ¹³ while evildoers and impostors will go from bad to worse, deceiving and being deceived. ¹⁴ But as for you, continue in what you have learned and have become convinced of, because you know those from whom you learned it, ¹⁵ and how from infancy you have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise for salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. ¹⁶ All Scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting and training in righteousness, ¹⁷ so that the servant of God may be thoroughly equipped for every good work.

Prayers

from Hebrews 1

God who spoke to our ancestors through the Prophets many times and in many ways, in these last days has spoken to us by His Son, whom He appointed heir of all things, through whom He made the worlds:

The Son is the radiance of God's glory,
the likeness of God's being;
He sustains all things by His powerful word;
He achieved the forgiveness of sins
and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty in heaven.
Amen.

BLESSED Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning: Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

(BCP Collect Advent 2)