



# HIGH TIDINGS Online

FIRSTBAPTISTROCKPORT.ORG SEPTEMBER 2009

FIRST BAPTIST  
CHURCH  
OF ROCKPORT

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GOD'S FAMILY CLASS	1
PASTOR'S MESSAGE	2
LECTIONARY	3
MAINT. POLICY	3
GOD'S FAMILY (CONT)	4
GOD'S FAMILY (CONT)	5
BAPTISM CHARGE	6
FAITH STATEMENTS	7
RECALLED TO LIFE	8-11
CALENDAR	12
ABOUT OUR CHURCH	12



## The Story of God's Family Class

by Program Founder Kay Bannon

As we recognize and celebrate the 20th anniversary of God's Family Class at First Baptist Church, Rockport, the class wants to thank our congregation and pastors for their constant love and support.

How did our class begin? It was a slow process, a small ember of thought and prayer that the Lord kept fanning, ensuring that it stayed alive. Over a period of several years, I began to recognize that our population with special needs often did not have a church family...were often unchurched. Why was this? The spiritual needs of the students that I had worked with in the Gloucester Public School were as important as my own needs. It was when I met and worked with folks at the American Baptist Church's New Day program at Grotonwood Camp that it all came into focus. I traveled back and forth from Rockport to Grotonwood regularly with Bob Markham and learned a great deal about the new ABC residential program for adults with special needs. As it so happened, over the years my Gordon College students and I had been spending weekends at Grotonwood Camp, allowing a Gordon student to be paired up with an adult with special needs for the entire weekend.



The Lord used all of these people and experiences to get me to finally say, ok, let's try to do it! Pastor Bob was all for starting a Sunday school for the folks...but, having no families in our church with this need, where would we get our members? Families I had worked with were still in my heart, so I began phoning folks...mostly families from within the Gloucester Schools. I knew ARC personnel, being on their Human Rights Committee. So I had names and numbers and began my calls. As I explained the class we hoped to start, reactions were varied.

One mother said, "You'll only do social events,

Cont. on pg 4

**From the Pastor:**

September 2009

The last few months have been an exciting time at the First Baptist Church of Rockport. The church community has worked together to do the work of the church in several different spheres:

This can be evidenced in the deacon's work to refine our missions/outreach focus (Open Door Food Pantry, Vision New England, Partners in Development, ABC World Missions). The newly formed Wednesday Morning Prayer has been a refreshing time to be focused and renewed by God in the middle of the week.



The opportunity to recently celebrate several baptisms was another joyous example of God's work and transformation within the individual Christian. The new curriculum being used in the Adult Sunday School has served to remind us of our place within the global and historic Church while continuing to ask how we are to follow Christ in the present. The newly formed Middle School and High School groups are also serving to reach out to a key need within our church and community.

While there are several new things happening at the church, there are also ministries and outlets that continue to minister and celebrate many years of service within the Church body! As highlighted in this edition of the *High Tidings*, this fall marks the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of God's Family! The Vocal and Bell Choirs have again begun their weekly practices and ministry within the weekly worship service. Several have volunteered to work together to teach or help within the Children's Sunday School Program (utilizing curriculum

from David C. Cook Publishing). In all of these opportunities and endeavors it is truly exciting to see God working.

Throughout the August and September Sunday Services we spent six Sundays reflecting on Paul's letter to the church in Ephesus. We were reminded throughout this great letter of the way in which the church finds reconciliation from sin and new life in Christ and that as a result of this the church is called to imitate God, in part by being melodiously thankful, by transformed speech and actions, by seeking wisdom in Christ and putting on the full Armor of God. As we go forward as a church all of these activities and ministries have the potential to aid us in this call to be imitators of God, in Christ. As the fall season approaches may we rejoice in the many ways God has blessed us while pressing forward in the mission to which we have been called!

Matt Wigton

**Pastor's Fall Office Hours**

Monday 7:00 -11:30 am

Tuesday 7:00 -11:30 am and 6:30 -7:30 pm

Wednesday 1:00-3:00

And by appointment!

Pastor's New E-Mail: [MattWigton@FirstBaptistRockport.Org](mailto:MattWigton@FirstBaptistRockport.Org)

Parsonage Phone: 978-546-2036

## Lectionary Readings and Sermon Titles

Page 3

(Sermon Focus Reading Indicated in Bold)

Date	Old Testament	New Testament	Sermon Title
4-Oct	Psalms 26	<b>Hebrews 1:1-4</b>	The Ordinance of Communion
11-Oct	Psalms 22: 1-15	<b>Mark 10:35-45</b>	Mistaken Priorities
18-Oct	Psalms 104:1-9	<b>Hebrews 5:1-10</b>	The Superior Priest
25-Oct	Job 42:1-6	<b>Hebrews 7:23-38</b>	Our Protestant Heritage
1-Nov	Isaiah 25:6-9	<b>John 11:32-44</b>	Jesus Raises Lazarus
8-Nov	<b>Ruth 4:13-17</b>	Hebrews 9:24-28	What does the book of Ruth have to do with 2009?
15-Nov	I Samuel 2:1-10	<b>Hebrews 10:19-25</b>	The Confession of the Faith & The Meeting of the Faithful
22-Nov	Psalms 132:1-13 <b>Revelation 1:4-8</b>		Thankfulness in Times of Challenge
29-Nov	<b>Jeremiah 33:14-16</b> I Thessalonians 3:9-13 Jesus in the Old Testament ~~~~~		

### Policy for Church Maintenance

The Boards of Deacons and Stewards have adopted the following new policy to clarify matters pertaining to work on the church building. It will be presented at the Thirdly Business Meeting.

#### CONTRACT FOR SERVICES

*It is the responsibility of the Stewards to contract for services relating to the physical aspects of the church. For work estimated to be over \$10,000, every effort will be made to elicit three or more bids from available and reliable contractors. Work estimated to be less than \$10,000 will be dispensed at the discretion of the Stewards.*

*The Stewards have the option NOT to select the lowest bid because of other factors such as variances in quality of work and specified materials, contractor references regarding reliability, etc.*

*The church leadership believes the membership should give freely of their talents to provide support to the church; therefore, members of the church will not be considered as eligible contractors.*





right? You surely won't try to teach the Bible!" I answered, "Actually, we will study Bible stories, learn new songs, and try to apply God's word to our lives."

Another mother said, "Do you have to be verbal to join the class?" I answered, "Nonverbal is fine! There are so many ways to communicate...we'll find a way!"

One older brother was suspicious: "What's your doctrine? What do you want to teach? Why are you doing this?" My main answer, besides assuring them that we would rely on the Bible and its basic teachings was, "Come and see."

Another parent was overjoyed..."My other two sons have Sunday school and all kinds of programs, but there is nothing in our church for Ray. He would love to come!"

Well, we got started and class began to blossom as several congregational members stepped forward to help. Nancy Pallazola was among the originals and continues as a cornerstone of the class today. Joining us in those early years were Elaine Starrett, Peggy Russell, Jane Remick, Gail and Phil Zeman. Victor Pallazola, DeAnne Peterson and June Carlson came to do special projects with us. More recently Mary Rees and Janet O'Donnell joined the teaching group add

ing valuable support to our ministry. Actually, each member of the class is a teacher and student at the same time as we learn and help one another. Over the years, we have had many Gordon College students participating in our class and fulfilling field requirements for one of their college classes at the same time. All of us quickly realized that you do not have to be a trained teacher to contribute to our class. Primary requirement: a love of God and a love of people. Some of us felt better teaching with a curriculum in hand, so we tried that. At other times, I wrote the lessons based on the lectionary that our pastor would use in the church service or adapted lessons used in the regular Sunday school classes. At

other times, we used the parables as a basis for our lessons; sometimes we used curriculum designed for our folks or adapted materials from the Internet.

Sometimes, the group homes would tell us special problems that the folks were experiencing, and we'd focus lesson time in that area. We did need to be organized and have activities at hand. In our present space, there is little room to move around, but ideally, our students love to act out roles in Bible stories.

We would bring parables to life by activities such as portraying the Good Samaritan in action and dress; becoming shepherds in the field as they heard the good news of the birth of the Christ child; or by walking along the road to Emmaus with Jesus. We memorize the Lord's Prayer, the 23rd Psalm, the Apostle's Creed and other key concepts. We sing and sign songs and Bible verses.



Challenges: we tried to foster understanding and acceptance initially by having an awareness program that allowed understanding of special needs from first-hand experiences. We also encouraged our congregation to get to know each of us at coffee hour and informal gatherings. Gradually, everyone became known and loved by the congregation. When “Don” for whom exactness is very important, corrects our pastor for an omission, we all nod and agree! For example, a few Sundays ago, Matt, our pastor, announced for the closing hymn, let’s stand and sing “When We will all Meet”. No one was surprised to hear “Don’s” loud addition “AGAIN”.

An unexpected challenge came from a pastor on the New Day board who was the parent of two children with downs syndrome and very much of an advocate. He thought we should not start a separate class, but that integration and inclusion should be our goal. I agreed, but knew that the challenges facing our adult population were different from those of younger children. We would find all the ways possible to bring about inclusion within the framework of our class.

We needed to know medical constraints, such as diabetes and no sugar products or allergies such as chocolate. We needed to keep communication open with our congregation and address challenges as they happened. Communication with our group homes remains an important factor

You can see that the class is very important to all of us at Rockport Baptist. We have all learned a great deal...probably I have learned the most. The lessons have come from our class members, fellow teachers and our congregation. When I see our members being baptized in the ocean...one of whom generally would not tolerate cold water and who asked to ‘go under’ one more time, I marvel at God’s grace. This member’s mother later reported to me about the wonderful change she had seen in her son since his baptism. When I heard that story, or hear our “nonverbal” member saying, “Matthew, Mark, Luke and John”....or another seemingly nonverbal member reciting the 23rd Psalm...all I can say is:

**To God be the glory!**



## Believer's Baptism

Three worshipers celebrated Believer's Baptism at Old Garden Beach, on a beautiful summer Sunday at the end of August. Pastor Matt prayed with each candidate and ascertained the will of each person in taking this significant step in their faith journey. The Baptism Charge (see below) was read at the ceremony and each candidate responded 'I do'. Their statements of faith are printed to the right.

### Baptism Charge

(Adopted in part from the Book of Common Prayer)

#### Baptismal Covenant:

Leader: Do you believe in the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit?

**Candidate: I do**



Leader: Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins through Jesus, who died and rose on the third day?

**Candidate: I do**

Leader: Will you continue in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers?

**Candidate: I will, with God's help.**

Leader: Will you persevere in resisting evil, and, whenever you fall into sin, repent and return to the Lord?

**Candidate: I will, with God's help.**

Leader: Will you proclaim by word and example the Good News of God in Christ?

**Candidate: I will, with God's help.**

Leader: Will you seek and serve Christ in all persons, loving your neighbor as yourself?

**Candidate: I will, with God's help.**

Leader: Congregation, will you actively seek to love, encourage and guide these brothers and sister in their life as they seek to follow Christ?

**Congregation: We will, with God's help.**





## Statements of Faith by Christians Baptized in August

### From Arianna:

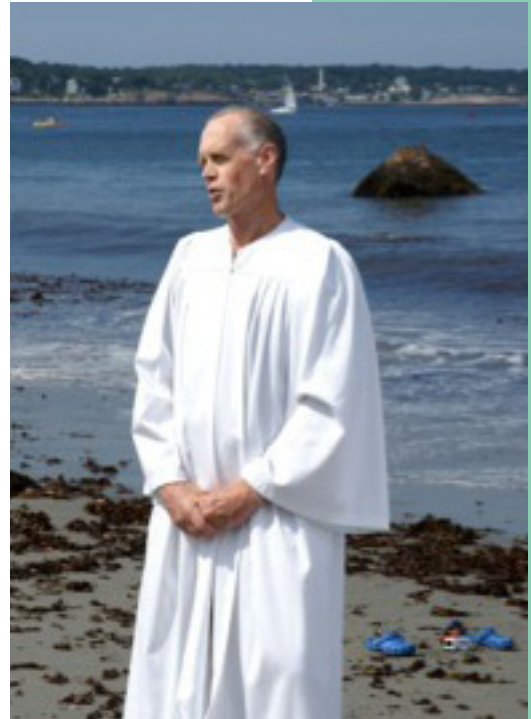
"I want to be baptized because I want to follow Christ and baptism is one way to follow Christ."

### From Chris:

"I did things my way for a long time and it didn't work. I was wrong. I know that following Jesus will make my life better."

### From Jim:

"A famous poet who for a time lived here on Cape Ann and wrote about those rocks offshore – the Dry Salvages – once said, "Life is a journey in which we return to where we started and know the place for the first time. In my own journey, I have fallen from the path I started on – the path of Jesus – so many times and, thinking I could find my own way, have wandered down dark alleys and along rocky trails leading nowhere. But always, sometimes faintly, sometimes more strongly, I could hear footsteps behind me, patiently waiting, patiently following and a voice calling. At last, desperate, in prayer, I have turned toward the sound of those steps. I have turned to face the one waiting, the one following, and answered his call. And so today, feeling only gratitude for his wonderful love and sacrifice for me and all beings, I place my faith in Jesus, beg his forgiveness for my sins and pledge to follow him the rest of my life."



# Recalled to Life

By Patricia Anders

For some reason, this was the first time he stopped to think about what he was doing. What was it that steered him toward that café each week—that got him out of bed, showered and dressed by 6:00 am? Sure, the breakfasts were good and inexpensive, but that wasn't reason enough. He looked up at the bright sun directly in his eyes as it rose higher over the Atlantic seemingly with each step he took down the quiet street. He pushed up his baseball cap to relish the comforting warmth of the sun and breathed in deep the refreshing air that reeked magnificently of fish, salt and even a hint of diesel fuel from boats in the harbor.

He passed a man about his age walking a golden retriever and bid him good morning. Everyone said good morning out here. That was something new to him—that and the fact that he was out walking at all. In Los Angeles, he didn't do much of that. For one, it wasn't safe, but there really wasn't anywhere to walk. People out here seemed to think of Southern California as a laidback friendly place, when it was really a chaotic concrete, strip-mall sprawl of frenetic energy and spinning wheels—both on and off the congested freeways. Perhaps it was because he was retired, but life here felt slower, more deliberate. There was plenty of open green space, woods, salt marshes and coastline, not to mention the quaint New England towns and coastal villages. He liked the idea of living in Rockport the moment he saw it in a photograph his daughter had sent to him: the harbor with the granite-block wharfs, small fishing boats, colorful lobster buoys and, of course, the famous red wooden building that seemed to be in every picture. There was a sense of community here and of belonging to the past that he had missed growing up in L.A. He took another deep breath of the delicious air and walked the remaining few steps to the café.

They had just opened and he was the first customer of the day. He sat down at their table by the window with the view of the harbor and looked at the menu. The girl beamed a bright good morning and brought him his heavy white ceramic mug of black, steaming coffee. She scampered off as an elderly couple came in and sat down at another table by the window. He listened to the pleasantries they exchanged, enjoying that rare moment that comes to us all every once in awhile that says, "God is in his heaven and all is right with the world."

He took a careful sip of the piping hot coffee and wondered how long he'd been coming here now. Must be getting close to seven months—that's about how long they'd been having these weekly breakfasts together anyway. He first saw her about a year ago. He'd been in town for about six months when his daughter said to him, "Dad, you've really got to get on with your life. Mom wouldn't want you to sit around brooding. You're only sixty-seven! You're too young to give up! You've got to get out and meet people! It's a wonderful community—you're sure to meet some nice folks around here. Go to the bookstore, check out the free concerts, have fun!" He had gone to the bookstore, mostly because he had to see a place that called itself "Toad Hall." He found himself in there often; and in a day of superstore book chains, Toad Hall was like visiting an old friend.

After his wife died, he hadn't been able to do much reading. Maybe an occasional magazine and newspaper, but the literature—the novels, the poetry—all sat forlornly collecting dust crammed in his home library. He now thought this rather strange as books—especially the classics—had always brought comfort to him. Maybe it was because she had shared his love of literature that made him stop. She was no longer there to talk to about it. It wasn't until he had moved out here and had finally opened his boxes of books that the spark was rekindled. It was Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*. He had casually opened up the well-worn volume to the familiar first page:

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the season of Light, it was season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going to Heaven, we are all going direct the other way.

...books--  
especially the  
classics--had al-  
ways brought  
comfort to him.



It was the subtitle glaring at him, however, that aroused something he'd thought gone forever. It stated simply, "Book the First—Recalled to Life." Devouring the words like a starved man, he came to a halt at the peculiar dialogue that resonated within the cell of his self-imprisonment:

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

The front door opened again, pulling his thoughts back to the present. He only then noticed that the girl had refilled his mug. He looked at his watch: it was after 8:30. She should have been here by now.

They had come together by chance—a glance had brought them together. For months, on the middle day of the week, he and she had sat at separate tables; and then one day they came together to have their coffee and breakfast at a shared table, which now had become a weekly event—of course, always on Wednesdays.

He had discovered from her that she volunteered in the office of the Baptist church on Wednesdays and gave herself this weekly treat of breakfast out before heading over there at 9:00. Before they had begun sitting together, she would sit reading the newspaper or sometimes a novel or poetry or sometimes her Bible. Well, the Bible was always there with her. He later found out that she had a women's study lunch group at the church on Wednesdays. It was a support group for widows. She occasionally talked about this and the struggles the women had—finances or dealing with house repairs or problems with children or grandchildren, but mostly grappling with perpetual grief and loneliness. He was surprised how honest she was about it and how she could talk so freely about her loss. For a long time, he figured that if he didn't talk about his own bereavement, then maybe he would eventually forget—but that never happened and after a few months of talking with her, he began to discuss his own grief; and as he talked about it, he felt surprisingly lighter, as if a sack of coals had been on his back and the coals were finally slipping out a rip at the bottom, one by one, until he felt he could stand up straight again. She also seemed to smile more than she had before and there was now a twinkle in her keen blue eyes that hadn't been there; in fact, her whole face was brighter and she looked ten years younger in merely a few weeks.

"I'm so sorry I'm late!"

She startled him out of his thoughts and seemed like a ghost appearing so abruptly next to the table. He jumped up immediately.

"I'm very sorry I'm so late, but my sister called from Florida and I couldn't get off the phone—well, not without hurting the poor dear's feelings. Haven't you had your breakfast yet? Oh my, you shouldn't have waited for me! Thank you—you're such the gentleman—but

I'm afraid I can't stay. I'll be late to the church if I stop for breakfast now. I'm just going to grab a muffin and take it with me. I'll be extra early next week—I promise!"

For some reason he felt himself stumbling for words. "Of course, yes, it's no problem. To be honest, I had lost track of time!" Why did he suddenly feel awkward?

She smiled and glanced out the window. "Yes, it is a beautiful spot, isn't it? Very easy to get lost in one's thoughts. Well, I hope they were happy ones! But now, I really must dash.

**Well, the Bible was always there with her.**

I'm so sorry!"

He returned her smile and nodded as he watched her head over to the bakery counter near the front door. A few moments later, she had something in a bag and was gone. He only then realized that he was still standing and felt rather foolish. He sat down and looked around, but no one had seemed to notice. Just then over the restaurant's music system, he heard—as if for the first time—the familiar opening orchestral notes of what had been one of his favorite Louis Armstrong songs, and then he heard Satchmo's distinctive voice, deep and gravelly but somehow comforting:

*I see trees of green, red roses too; I see them bloom for me and you,  
and I think to myself, what a wonderful world!*

*I see skies of blue and clouds of white,  
the bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,  
and I think to myself, what a wonderful world!*

###

He wasn't sure what time she finished at the church, so he sat on the park bench shortly after lunch thinking he might see her come out. The breeze was chilly, but the sun felt sufficiently warm on this spring day. He glanced over at the bright yellow daffodils and the red tulips and then up at the drooping pink blossoms of the tree next to him.

Why was he here, waiting for her? If she saw him, what would he say? Well, it was a public park with nice views of the harbor and ocean, and it was amusing to watch people walking along Mount Pleasant Street. But she was sharp. She'd see right through him. For some reason, however, he didn't seem to mind. He glanced down at the book on his lap but didn't feel much like reading. It had been a long hard winter and he couldn't concentrate on the words.

"Well, hello you!"

He looked up to see her standing right in front of him, the usual smile on her face. "Enjoying this beautiful day I see," she said. "Good for you!"

He stood up, fumbling to pull off his baseball cap and inadvertently dropping his paperback to the grass. Before he could move, she bent down and picked it up. He was impressed with her agility. "Ah," she said, "the new Pulitzer Prize winner! Do you like it?"

Again, he found himself stumbling for words, like an awkward school boy. He hadn't been this nervous around a woman for a long time—a very long time. "Haven't really been able to make much headway I'm afraid. The weather's too nice for any serious concentration."

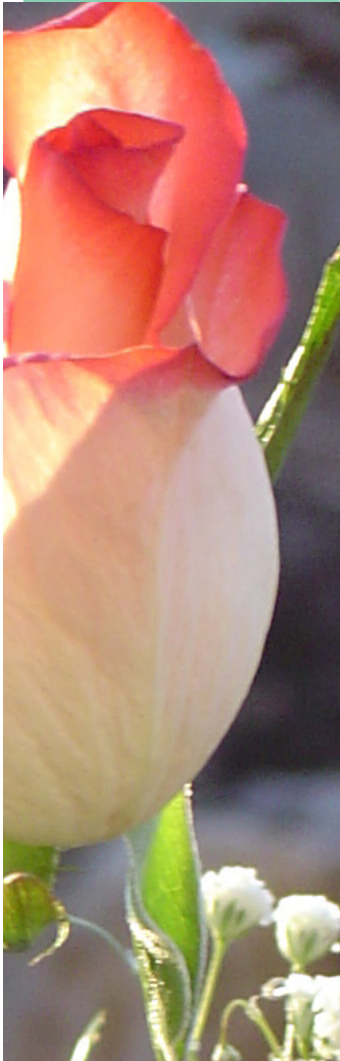
"Yes, it is too beautiful out for reading, especially sitting here with all these lovely flowers to look at." She handed the book back to him, glanced up at the sun and took a deep breath complete with a sigh of contentment. "Would you like to take a walk? I wouldn't mind some company on my way home. It isn't far; just up the street on Atlantic. I have a lovely view of the harbor on my little deck. Perhaps you'd like a cup of tea? I'm afraid I don't keep any coffee about the place."

He smiled at her. "I couldn't think of a nicer way to spend an afternoon."

"Wonderful!" She took his arm and began walking.

Surprised, but only momentarily, he replaced his cap and tucked the book under his left arm. He found himself walking taller. He didn't know if it was because her posture was so erect and he felt as if he had been slouching, or maybe there was another reason for it. It was the same feeling he'd had with the lessening sack of coals. All of a sudden, he noticed the sack was gone, completely gone. *I see trees of green, red roses too....*

She was talking but it was hard to listen—he enjoyed the sound of her voice and was submerged in the cadence of it, the individual words lost yet somehow richer, like poetry in



another language. He felt almost overjoyed as they turned left down Atlantic Avenue toward her house.

*Recalled to life.*

Was it possible to be happy again—to find love once more?

She turned up a short driveway at a charming bungalow and walked him to a side door. The house was just as delightful inside. He followed her into the bright clean kitchen where she busied herself putting on the teakettle and getting out cookies that she had made in anticipation of a visit from grandchildren the next day. Everything about this house said “Home.”

They sat out on her small deck looking over a springtime garden chockfull of daffodils, crocus, tulips of various bright colors, pink and white flowering trees and a bit of vibrant green grass surrounded by a low white picket fence. The Garden of Eden couldn’t have been much lovelier or perfect. After all, what did “paradise” mean except an enclosed park? He glanced over at her and noticed she was looking intently at him, as if trying to read his thoughts. He suddenly felt like the crippled beggar in ancient Jerusalem who sat the Temple gate called Beautiful, hoping for a mere handout but instead being offered his life back again—*authentic* life.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I’m afraid I’ve been jabbering on here and haven’t let you get a word in edgewise! Do forgive me.”

Before he realized what he was doing, he reached across the little table and took her hand. It was softer than he’d imagined. She looked up at him with surprise but said nothing.

He realized she was waiting for him to say something, but he couldn’t think clearly and all he could say was “Thank you.”

She smiled, still holding his hand, and gently asked, “Whatever for?”

He paused another moment and said, “For being kind. For...for easing me out of my shell. It’s been difficult, but you know all about that.”

“Yes,” she said quietly, “I know all about that.”

“These past few months have felt like a sort of resurrection. I thought I had buried myself as well back in that cemetery in California, but you’ve managed somehow to help me dig out. When I thought I’d never feel anything again but grief, I actually find myself happier than I have been in a long time.”

Tears formed in her eyes and she put her other hand on top of the one he was holding. “I thought maybe you had grown tired of meeting an old lady like me week after week in that little café.”

He shook his head. “I see no ‘old lady’—only a beautiful woman who gives herself to anyone who has need. In fact, at the risk of sounding corny, you’ve taught me what beauty is: breakfast and coffee shared by friends who want nothing more than to enjoy each other’s company.”

She seemed almost embarrassed. “So, you’d still like to meet on Wednesdays?”

He held her hand tighter and said with a passion he didn’t realize he had, “Wednesday has been the only day I’ve been alive. I want to feel that way every day from now on.”

She looked down at their hands for a long moment and then back up at him. The smile she gave told him everything he wanted to know.

**Patricia Anders (MA, MFA, Chapman University) is managing editor of Modern Reformation magazine and is an instructor of Christianity, Character and Culture at Gordon College. This story first appeared in the inaugural issue of *Kalos*, a creative arts publication of the faculty, staff, students, and spouses of Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary.**

**After all, what did “paradise” mean except an enclosed park.**

**...what beauty is: breakfast and coffee shared by friends**



**Boston Area Directions**

Take Rte. 93 North from Boston to Rte. 95 North. Follow Rte. 95 toward Gloucester. Route number changes to Rte. 128. Continue to end of Rte. 128 and turn left at traffic light at Eastern Ave. in Gloucester. Proceed on same street to Rockport. The Church is at the end of Broadway in Rockport on the right.



High Tidings Online is published by the First Baptist Church of Rockport, and is edited by Gail Zeman and friends. Email: [newsletter@firstbaptistrockport.org](mailto:newsletter@firstbaptistrockport.org)

We are an American Baptist Church. Visitors are expected and welcomed.

**Calendar and Events**

For full church calendar, see CALENDAR tab on website.

Sundays: Sunday School (all classes)	9:15AM
Worship	10:30 AM
Fellowship	11:30 AM
Mondays: Choirs rehearse	7:00 PM
Wednesdays: Morning Prayer	6:30 AM
Bible Study	9:30 AM
Fridays: Middle School Group	6:30 PM
Alternate Tuesdays: Bible Study	7:30 PM

Communion is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month.

Sunday, Sept. 27 Thirdly Business Mtg	11:45 AM
Baptism (Old Garden)	2:30 PM
Saturday, October 3 Work Day	9:00 AM
Sunday, Oct. 4 God's Family Celebr.	11:30 AM
Sunday, Oct. 11 Den Mar Nursing Home	3:30 PM
Fri-Sat, Oct. 16-17 Harvest Festival	All Day
Thursday, Nov. 26	Thanksgiving
Sunday, Nov. 29	Advent Begins
Den Mar Nursing Home	3:30 PM

Return Address:  
First Baptist Church, Rockport  
c/o Zeman  
3 Penzance Road  
Rockport, MA 01966