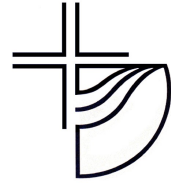


News from the Brick

Nettle Creek Church of the Brethren
5352 N. Brick Church Road
Hagerstown, IN 47346

Established 1820



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Eloise Beeson, Secretary
Sunday School: 9:00 a.m.
Worship: 10:00 a.m.

August
2004

*Continuing the Work of Jesus.
Peacefully. Simply. Together.*

Carol's Comments

"Throw Jonah Over"

Jonah 2: 1-9 (NIV) *From inside the fish Jonah prayed to the Lord his God. He said: "In my distress I called to the Lord, and he answered me. From the depths of the grave I called for help, and you listened to my cry. You hurled me into the deep, into the very heart of the seas, and the currents swirled about me; all your waves and breakers swept over me. I said, 'I have been banished from your sight; yet I will look again toward your holy temple.' The engulfing waters threatened me, the deep surrounded me; seaweed was wrapped around my head. To the roots of the mountains I sank down; the earth beneath barred me in forever. But you brought my life up from the pit, O lord my God. "When my life was ebbing away, I remembered you, Lord and my prayer rose to you, to your holy temple. "Those who cling to worthless idols forfeit the grace that could be theirs. But I, with a song of thanksgiving, will sacrifice to you. What I have vowed I will make good. Salvation comes from the Lord."*



The beginning of June we took a vacation to Onekama, Michigan. We were going fishing with two of our sons, Philip and Paul. Staying with a friend we had tried to make arrangements for a boat and motor ahead of time. Though Onekama is located on the lake, there were no boat or motor rentals. That was our first difficulty. But graciously my friend, who is a pastor, had a parishioner who had found us a boat at the local Mennonite camp that they were willing to let us rent for the week. We still needed a motor. They had a motor, but it wasn't working, and unfortunately they were not able to get it running. So we decided to row out into the lake. That was slow going and after one particular day of rowing for an hour against the wind to get back to shore, my guys were all ready to scout out for a motor somewhere.

We located an old motor at a propeller shop. Notice I said propeller. This is not the place to look for a motor. We bought it and thought we were set to speed out farther into the lake. Wrong. The motor would cut out at low speeds. If we could get it running at the higher speed we were ok. But every time we tried to slow down the motor would die. After pulling and pulling to start the motor umpteen times and the "guys" developing sore arms, we decided to see about getting the motor fixed. We found a marina in a nearby town that worked on it right away. No luck. It was an old motor. Since the propeller shop said they would hold our check till the end of the week to see if we wanted to keep the motor, we decided to take the motor back. Everyone we encountered was very friendly and helpful. That was a blessing. But still no motor.

The fellow at the marina knew our plight and said he was going to look at a boat and motor that evening and would be willing to rent us the motor for the remaining time at Onekama. We were able to pick up the motor the next day for our last couple of days of vacation. It was great speeding across the water.

We had been fishing in between these setbacks and the guys caught fish. Me? Well, I could fish in the very same spot and no fish would bite on my hook. I told my sons that I gave all my fishing genes to them and that's why I couldn't catch fish. I stayed back on shore one day to spend with my friend. The guys were off to