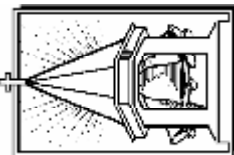


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First Baptist Church of  
Chickasaw  
"The Chimes"  
92 Fifth Street  
Chickasaw, AL 36611



## Hours of Worship & Activities

<b>Sunday</b>	
9:30 AM	Sunday School
10:45 AM	Morning Worship
4:45 PM	Choir Practice
6:00 PM	Evening Worship
<b>Tuesday</b>	
9:30 AM	Nursing Home Visitation
12:00 PM	Fun & Fellowship/Gym
<b>Wednesday</b>	
6:00 PM	Prayer Meeting
6:00 PM	Team Kids
<b>Thursday</b>	
12:00 PM	Fun & Fellowship/Gym

## Other Opportunities for Service

**Brotherhood** - Meets at 7 a.m. the 4th Sunday of each month in the Fellowship Hall.

**Church Supper** - 4th Wednesday of each month in the Fellowship Hall at 5:00 p.m. Bring a covered dish.

**WMU** - Meets the 1st Wednesday of each month at 10:00 a.m. in the Fellowship Hall. Lunch immediately following the meeting.

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

Pastor: Dr. Henry Creel                      Cell 251-209-7136  
E-mail:    [h55digger@bellsouth.net](mailto:h55digger@bellsouth.net)

Minister of Music Dr. Ken Bergdolt                      251-447-0661  
Church Office    251-452-0222  
Church Fax    251-452-0280  
Church E-mail:    [firstbaptistc359@bellsouth.net](mailto:firstbaptistc359@bellsouth.net)  
Church Web Site    [fbcchickasaw.com](http://fbcchickasaw.com)



# The Chimes

## June 2010



I am one of those now rare individuals who was born at home, rather than in a hospital. All my adult life he told me that when I was a mere thirty minutes old, he spooned a teaspoon of cooled-down, black Eight O'Clock coffee into me. My mother substantiated this information. Thus I readily gave him credit for my caffeine addiction. I know for a fact that he helped me increase and continue my addiction, for I remember that part vividly. Here is how it happened:

He always rose early in the mornings, usually just a little before or right at first light. He would fill this old pot with water and put it on the stove to boil. Then he would measure a healthy portion of fresh-ground Eight O'Clock Dark Roast coffee grounds into the center part of that old faithful, three-part drip-a-lator coffee pot. Finally, he would assemble the whole pot and wait for the water to boil. When it reached a rolling boil, he would pour the boiling water into the top of that old pot and wait patiently until every last drop had made its way through the Eight O'Clock grounds.

Usually, that first waft of unmistakable aroma drifting into my bedroom awakened me like an alarm clock. I would hop out of bed and join him at the kitchen table, where he would have both our cups filled. Acquiescing to mother's demands, he initially added a healthy portion of cream and sugar to the Eight O'Clock in my cup. He drank his black and unsweetened, just like it came out of the pot.

I wanted to emulate him so badly in those days that I finally succeeded in getting him to agree to a secret, clandestine pact between us, whereby I could drink my coffee black just like his (without mother knowing about it, of course!). We drank our Eight O'Clock each morning, serenaded by a faithful mocking bird just outside our kitchen window.

In retrospect, this caffeine addiction was probably the worse habit he taught me. You see, he became a Christian during those early coffee drinking days of my young life. Then he taught me many good habits. Like studying my Bible, praying every day, and attending Myers Memorial Baptist Church every time the doors opened. I still wanted to emulate him very badly, so I learned.

Yet somehow we grew apart later in life. It started sometime following my high school graduation. One reason was because he was such a hard taskmaster. I hated it then of course. Only now can I fully appreciate the work ethic he taught me. Another big reason for us drifting apart was money. He could squeeze a nickel until the buffalo would scream. "Tight-fisted" doesn't even begin to describe him! In proper social settings, he called himself "frugal." I always interpreted this for folks, telling them what he meant was "parsimonious." In lower social settings, he called himself "thrifty." Again I would interpret and tell folks what he meant was "cheap!"

There were other reasons we drifted apart. For example, I, having graduated high school, and having experienced the world, courtesy of Uncle Sam and the U.S. Army, simply knew so

**Continued >>**

much more than he did. I was sophisticated, debonair, and hip. He was ignorant, set in his ways, and just too old-fashioned. As the years rolled by, however, he seemed to grow quite a bit smarter. As a matter of fact, by the time he died in 1986, he had gotten so smart that I considered him a very wise man!

And on this Father's Day, I miss him terribly. Many are the times I wish I could drive to Kushla and seek his counsel about tough decisions that have to be made. And I am sad that his two grandsons do not have his wisdom to draw from. (Grandchildren are supposed to have grandparents to give them advice, because Momma and Daddy still don't know very much!)

And on this Father's Day, I renew my vow to watch my diet, exercise more, work less, and sleep longer. And I pray to my God that He might grant me life long enough to learn some amount of wisdom, whereby I can teach my grandchildren how to drink black Eight O'Clock coffee, listen to Mockingbirds, plant Black-eyed Susans, learn Greek, raise tomatoes, and read good books, beginning with the Bible, of course.

Happy Father's Day, Dad!

Dr. Creel

**Thank You**

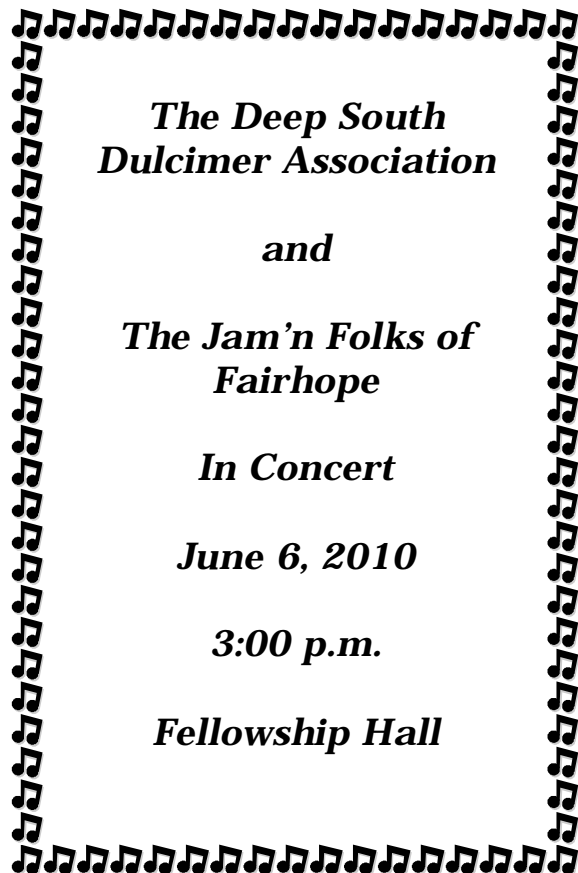
Dear Church Family,  
Thank you for your prayers, calls,  
cards and concern for us during  
the illness and death of my husband,  
Myles Hamilton.

With Christian Love,  
Jean S. Hamilton and Family

**Memorials**

A gift in memory of  
Myles Hamilton  
was given by  
Adult 2 Sunday School Class  
\*\*\*\*\*

Gifts in memory of  
Bill Roan  
were given by:  
Adult 2 Sunday School Department  
Jerry and Barbara Pulliam



**The Deep South  
Dulcimer Association**

and

**The Jam'n Folks of  
Fairhope**

**In Concert**

**June 6, 2010**

**3:00 p.m.**

**Fellowship Hall**

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WHITE AND THE SACRED HARP (1844)**

**DR. B:** I can't believe it! I have met so many people in *The Chimes* important to the development of sacred music, and here is Benjamin Franklin White (1800-1879), one of the compilers of *The Sacred Harp*. Your oblong, shape-note tunebook has enjoyed wide-spread popularity, and is still in use today.

**WHITE:** I'm pleased to be included in *The Chimes*, and introduced to the good people at First Baptist, Chickasaw. I was born in South Carolina, the youngest of fourteen children. Around 1840, I moved to Harris County, Georgia and, despite only three months of formal schooling, became editor of *The Organ*, a newspaper where some of my music was first published.

My younger partner, Elijah J. King, and I were both Baptists, and singing school teachers. We compiled *The Sacred Harp*, and sent it to Philadelphia in 1844 to be printed.

**DR. B:** I know the book was widely used, and became the official tunebook of a number of singing conventions. As I mentioned in *The May Chimes*, the "Regular Singing" movement of the 1700s, was intended to improve congregational singing through music reading. And it gave rise to an interest in singing schools and tunebooks, which, of course, created a good market for *The Sacred Harp*.

**WHITE:** One purpose of our book was to teach music reading. Its first section was devoted to the rudiments of music. We used the "fasola", shape-note method, to simplify music reading. We even provided a few friendly observations to correct errors in practicing vocal music. For example, it is not necessary that good singers should sing very loud, and words should be properly pronounced, and not torn to pieces between the teeth, nor forced through the nose.

Following the first section on rudiments, we had about 400 pages of psalm and hymn tunes, and odes and anthems well suited to churches of every denomination, to singing schools and to private societies.

**DR. B:** And some of those tunes from *The Sacred Harp* are still to be found in our hymnal today, among which are *Amazing Grace*, *How Firm a Foundation*, *On Jordan's Stormy Banks*, and *Brethren, We Have Met to Worship*. We are truly thankful for your part in passing this rich heritage on to us.