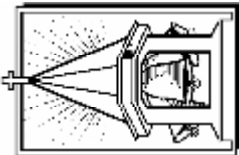


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First Baptist Church of
Chickasaw
"The Chimes"
92 Fifth Street
Chickasaw, AL 36611



Hours of Worship & Activities

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

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
Church Web Site fbcchickasaw.com



The Chimes

May, 2010



She spoiled me. No two ways about it, she just plain and simple spoiled me! So badly that when Aunt Gladas would come to our house, she would tease me by holding her nose and loudly proclaiming, "Lillian, that boy is so rotten I could smell him four blocks up the road." Aunt Gladas, of course, denying that she herself had any part in this spoiling.

She spoiled me. Like those times when I was in the third grade at Eight Mile School and would walk home to find along side my waiting snack, a bottled Coca Cola that she would have put in the ice tray compartment of our old GE refrigerator, timing it perfectly so that the Coke would be frozen just right like slush by the time I walked in the door.

Or those times she would convince Daddy to postpone my chores long enough for me to join Bobby Hendrix at the local swimming hole on Chickasabogue Creek for a couple of hours of swimming to negate the hot, humid South Alabama summer.

Or those times she stood up to Daddy (and our local Baptist Church), and won permission for my sister and me to go together to Johnson's Lake, convinced that mixed bathing would not anger Jehovah God enough to send her progeny from the cool waters of Johnson's Lake to the flaming inferno of hell.

Or those days when I was a teen-ager and I would wake every school morning with a fresh cup of Eight-O'Clock coffee sitting on my night stand, and my shirt and trousers to be worn that day freshly starched and ironed, laying across the foot of my bed.

And those ka-zillion times she told me how handsome a boy I was, and how smart I was, and how special I was, and how proud she and God were because I was such a good, obedient son. I'm telling you, this woman out-and-out spoiled me!

I grew up like so many, in an era where we tuned in WSOM Nashville, and the Grand Ole Opera, where Little Jimmy Dickens belted out "*I'm little but I'm loud, I'm poor but I'm proud...*" The Creel household lived that song. We were as poor as the proverbial church mouse, but we were fiercely proud. Not so proud, you understand, that we would refuse the hand-me-down clothes offered by wealthier relatives and neighbors. But she was too proud to let me wear those clothes dirty, or unpatched, or without the proper starching and ironing.

This woman not only spoiled me, but she made me believe I was absolutely the most special child on this earth. She convinced me that I was the brightest offspring of four generations of Creels. (Now there were a few Merchants who came close, but truly, none were my equal in her eyes!). She convinced me that Jehovah God Almighty, Yahweh Himself, had His strong right hand on me, and had chosen me from the minions of earth to be His special agent.

How could I possibly fail in life? Every course in school was a challenge to meet her belief that I already was the smartest child in the class, who could master any course of learning. How could I possibly go wrong morally? Every act of life, every behavior, every spoken word, was a challenge to meet her belief that I was the finest Christian son since the Apostle Paul. How could I possibly not be a Christian? Every day of my life is a challenge to meet the expectations of Jehovah God who personally selected me to be His agent on earth. I should rather die than tarnish her belief in me!

And on this Mother's Day, I miss her sorely! And I thank God, not only for the life of my own mother, but for every mother throughout the annals of time, who have inculcated morals and ethics and values into their children's lives by their simple, profound, genuine belief in them.

And I challenge every young mother today to emulate the motherhood of Lillian Creel, for as long as God gives us mothers of this class and caliber, this ole world will always have some measure of HOPE . . .

Dr. Creel

THE REASONABLENESS OF REGULAR SINGING, OR SINGING BY NOTE (1720)

My name is Rev. Thomas Symmes. I'm a young minister in colonial America, and I wrote the pamphlet (whose title is above) because I'm concerned about the singing of psalms in our churches. I think matters have deteriorated since the Pilgrims arrived here about a hundred years ago. Singing schools and singing books have been laid aside, and there is no way to learn except by hearing the tunes sung.

I'm Rev. John Tufts, and this is Rev. Thomas Walter. We are also young ministers in the Colonies, and we share your concern about congregational singing. In my publication, ***An Introduction to the Singing of Psalm Tunes*** (c.1726), I used the old "fasola" solmization method to teach what we call "regular singing" or singing by note, as opposed to singing by rote. Of course, with the lack of tune books, the people will usually sing only melodies familiar to them. But even if there were enough psalters, the inability of the people to read by note would still limit them to the tunes they know. What's your take in the matter, Rev. Walter?

I agree that there has been a decline in congregational singing. Because we lack tune books, and the people can't read music, we have to rely on the practice of "lining out." We appoint a deacon to read a line or two of the words, and then the congregation sings what has been read. Sometimes we appoint a song leader whose rendition of the music might fracture the melody and rhythm, and deaden the tempo. That's why I wrote ***The Grounds and Rules of Musick Explained*** (1721) to promote the ideas of music literacy. And you sir, are?

I am Dr. B, and as you can see, I am neither Reverend nor young, but would like to express my ideas about congregational singing. In the first place, I am honored to be with the leaders of the "Regular Singing" movement which took place in colonial times. Your attempts to improve psalm singing resulted in a renewed interest in music reading, and provided a strong impetus for singing schools, which would become a major force of music education in colonial America and continue in the Southern Harmony and Sacred harp traditions.

In the second place, I would invite you to glimpse down the corridors of time where your concern for music literacy has been shared by us at First Baptist, Chickasaw. For example, our gifted pianist and vocalist, Mary Couey, taught music fundamentals to our children, and M. David Jordan, Jr., our music intern and talented woodwind player, envisions the creation of instrumental ensembles and other music education activities.

Finally, even though we heartily endorse music literacy, I believe you would agree that much can be learned by rote, and that the message of the music is still open to those without knowledge of music grammar. But I also believe you would agree that the knowledge of music would enrich our experience of singing "with the spirit, and ...with the understanding also." (1 Cor. 14:15).

Dr. B

MEMORIALS

Gifts in memory of
Louella Ivey
were given by:
The Lamplighters
Elizabeth Lane
Robert Clark
Jerry and Barbara Pulliam

A gift to the Music Ministry
in memory of
Margaret Smith
was given by:
Patsy Holcome

THANK YOU

Dear Church Family,

Thank you for the lovely flowers. Louella loved Chickasaw First Baptist and we appreciate your demonstration of love as we celebrated her life. May her faithfulness to the Lord and His people inspire us all to follow her example. Thanks again. We love you.

Opal & Carrol Sullivan
Jolene Ivey

HONORARY GIFT

A gift in honor of
Dr. Kenneth Bergdolt
was given to the
University of Mobile
Scholarship Fund
by Mabry Harbin

Sunday School Attendance

3/28/10 - 04/25/10

	Average	
	<u>Enr.</u>	<u>Att.</u>
Sunday School	185	73

Notice

There will be no evening service
Sunday, May 9, 2010
HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

Calling All Youth

David Jordan requests any youth interested in a youth drama team to meet him in the Fellowship Hall at 5:00 pm, Sunday, May 2, 2010.

Coming Soon!

Children's Recorder Choir
directed by
David Jordan
During Children's Church
Sunday Mornings

Looking Ahead

Deep South Dulcimer Association
with our own Janet Gardner
and
the Jam'n Foks of Fairhope
in concert
June 6, 2010 - 3:00 pm
Fellowship Hall