



September 2020

Footprints

"A Call For Patience"



Conrad Sharps

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A dilapidated train on a branch line was creeping slowly through the countryside when it suddenly came to a stop. One of the few passengers that day was a salesman riding the line for the first time. Somewhat impatient, the salesman asked the conductor why they'd stopped. The conductor said, "Nothing to worry about sir, there's just a cow on the tracks."

In about five minutes the train got underway again, but after chugging along for only a mile or two it once again ground to a halt. "Just a temporary delay," the conductor said. "We'll be on our way shortly." But the exasperated salesman replied, "What is it now? Did we catch up to the cow again?"

In these days of continued disruption in the normal course of our lives, due to Covid 19, patience has become a discipline we should contemplate. Patience is probably one of the more difficult lessons we ever learn, probably because such a large portion of our lives is given over to waiting. Every day is filled with its fair share of waiting. We wait for the mail, the delivery truck, the repair technician. We wait for the appointment, the test results, the diagnosis. We wait for someone to return our call, for the plane to arrive or the train to pass.

Yet for all the waiting we do, we're still not very good at it. We don't like to wait and we're not very patient when life seems out of control.

Scripture would remind us, however, that Jesus wanted his disciples to be people who can patiently wait upon God: people who will allow God to lead them. People who will allow God to be God and act out his loving concern for humanity with his future in mind, and not our own.

When we find ourselves losing our patience in these difficult days, let us turn to God and trust him to give us the insight and understanding we need to affirm the ultimate victory, won on our behalf, in Jesus Christ. All we must do is trust and obey.

"This calls for patient endurance on the part of the saints who obey God's commandments and remain faithful to Jesus." (Revelation 14:12)

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Chapel Anniversary Rescheduled

October 2020 is a special month for the Amelia Plantation Chapel. It marks the thirtieth anniversary of the completion and dedication of the beautiful Chapel sanctuary. Plans had been made to celebrate this milestone in a meaningful way, with a special worship service and a fellowship luncheon in the newly remodeled Ocean Club.

Then Covid19 struck and forced us to change our personal lives, our Chapel life and our planned celebration activities. We can all understand why the October 2020 celebration can't happen, but the celebration is not canceled — just postponed. We want you to look forward to a new date in early 2021 which will be announced once we know when our worship services will resume.

The year-long emphasis on the early days and the history of the Chapel and its members began last September with Groundbreaking Sunday. The unique ceremony and commingling soils from our many previous churches was meant to symbolize the diversity of backgrounds represented in our inter-denominational church, the oneness of the desire to serve and worship God and to honor that same soil commingling done 30 years ago..

During the past year, each issue of Footprints has featured either profiles of some of the founders of the Chapel or a special architectural element of the building, and the plan is to continue this emphasis through 2020.

A memory book of photographs, reminiscences, newspaper articles, etc. will be on display when worship services resume and we can gather in Fellowship Hall for coffee. Do you have additional artifacts and memories to share? We welcome whatever you can share of our Chapel history; please submit everything to the Chapel office.

Our Pastors, Conrad and Don, the Governing Board, and the hard-working committee regret the postponement of our celebration but are anticipating a festive occasion in early 2021. We know you will be more than ready to be together for the Chapel worship service and the Ocean Club luncheon festivities that afternoon.

We miss you!

Sandy Sproat & Judy Pillans

Co-Chairs, Chapel's 30th Anniversary Celebrations

I Wear the Armor of God



feet fitted with the readiness that comes from the gospel of peace.”

These are powerful words! I prefer to speak them out loud each day remembering God “spoke” the world into existence. Sometimes I’m standing in the surf as I lift my prayer up to God. Passers-by may wonder what I’m mumbling as they walk past me. So far, no one has stopped to ask. I’d gladly tell them that I was having a little talk with God.

As adults, most of us have an understanding about the symbolism used in this scripture and visualize ourselves wearing it as we read or recite the verses. But have any of you ever met a seven year old boy who recites Ephesians 6:11? Well, let me share a personal story with you.

My son brought his little boys down to the beach to spend time with their Grandmama. Me. We spent hours creating Sand Art—a starfish, a crab, a seahorse, a turtle and lots of lopsided sandcastles. You will recall the tropical storm, Isaias, that blew through our North Florida beaches briefly the first of August, remaining long enough to stir the ocean water into some good-size waves. Thankfully, it occurred on the last day of their visit.

That afternoon my son asked Max, the seven year old, to stay in the shallow area with me while he swam further out. The waves had become bigger and more powerful suddenly and too rough for that little guy to tackle. Or so we thought. Suddenly, he charged full speed ahead through the water toward his Daddy, despite my yelling, “Stay with Grandmama! Max!” It was futile. I could not catch up with him.

As my heart raced in fear watching the water level rise to his neck, his Daddy rushed through the strong currents and grabbed his hand in what felt like the nick of time to me. But, Max was not fazed at all. No fear whatsoever. When we were back on the sand, my son told me what he said to him as he took hold of his little hand: “I wear the armor of God, Daddy. I crashed through those waves.”

Out of the mouths of babes!!! Faith and trust in its purest form!!! Needless to say, I am reminded every time I quote those words now what it truly means to put on the armor of God in everyday life through the witness of a small boy’s unwavering belief that he would reach his father’s loving, outstretched hand.

Ephesians 6:10-11 *Finally, be strong in the Lord and in His mighty power. Put on the full armor of God, so that you can make your stand against the devil’s schemes.*



Jennifer St. Clair

We Christians are very familiar with Paul’s letter to the Ephesians where he encourages believers to “*put on the full armor of God so that you can take your stand against the devil’s schemes.*” I cannot imagine starting my day without including this scripture in my morning prayer followed by “*the belt of truth buckled around my waist and the breastplate of righteousness in place and with my*

We're All In This Together, Separately

Remember the song that went: "Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you got; Til it's gone." Who would have thought we would be missing each other so much?

We know the church is a place where we can come together and worship as a body of believers, to study the word of God and love our neighbors in need throughout the region and the world. But who knew just how important that Chapel connection was to us as individuals, how much it was a part of our lives, until it was taken away?



Lee Mulder

Remember the old normal? Greetings at the front door? Smiles in the pews? Greeting one another exuberantly? Joyfully? Catching up with each others' lives from week to week, diligently praying for one another? And the music – the choirs, the cantatas, the soloists that touch our souls. And of course fellowship time. Remember the concern hearing someone's name on the prayer list and then the joy of seeing them show up at church in a week or two? Remember the passage of time as shown to us by watching children grow up in the church? We may know them as infants or toddlers or teens and we see them blossom over time into strong, capable adults? We miss the greeters, the ushers, the music provided by such talented people, and the service with a weekly reminder that we are sinners but we are saved. And, of course, the message which often elicits laughter or challenges to our faith or lessons we need to get through another week.

It just isn't the same on Livestream or Zoom. A Bible study has different interaction when the class is squares on a screen. Board meetings or committee meetings may be shorter on-line but they lack the joyful banter, praying while holding hands, the body language around the room. Relationship suffers when you can't just pop into the church office to say hi to Beth or wave to Conrad in his office.

The magnitude of this sad state of affairs worldwide is unimaginable. It has never happened before. So here is my wish, my prediction, my prophecy: Once the population is vaccinated and the disease is conquered, people will RUSH back to church in reunion. The joy will be stronger, the smiles wider, the hugs harder, the handshakes longer and the commitment to serve the Lord, Jesus Christ more determined than ever before.

Therefore, let us be patient and not lose hope. Just as we look forward to the day when we meet our Savior face to face with immeasurable gratitude, let us look forward to the day when we can again come together to worship God together, in person, however long that takes.

The Nest Fundraising Banquet

The Nest, A Women's Center's 4th Annual Fundraising Banquet with Silent Auction has been rescheduled to Thursday, September 17. It will be held at Old Plank Road Baptist Church in Jacksonville with doors opening at 5 pm for the Silent Auction and the Dinner and program begin at 6:30 pm. The Nest is a not-for-profit ministry dedicated to helping anyone touched by an unplanned pregnancy, and to help encourage them to make life-affirming choices.

This year's theme, Perfect Vision 20/20: Life Matters, is based off the verse Job 12:10 "In His hands is the life of every creature and the breath of all mankind." The speaker is David Gibbs, III. Mr. Gibbs serves as President and General Counsel for the National Center for Life and Liberty and is truly knowledgeable regarding the "battle for Life" taking place in our current day culture.

Three tables have been sponsored for Chapel members and there is no cost to attend. Please contact Sally Ericksen at (904) 775-5122 or Marjie Meder at (904) 955-4975 to hold your reservation. All are welcome and Covid-19 precautions will be observed!



Sally Ericksen

You'll Never Walk Alone

By Bill Hilles



**When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm is a golden sky
And the sweet, silver song of a lark**

I believe there has never been a time when this uplifting song is so needed as now. Most of us will recall these stirring words from Carousel when Richard Rogers and Oscar Hammerstein mesmerized us with the need for courage to face life's trials. Though this was on stage, the characters and music were real. Our "storms" of life may be short-lived as we hold onto our faith in our Lord above, and our dreams may

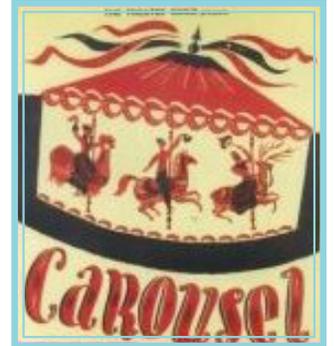
be tossed and blown but we continue to have hope in our hearts, that we will never walk alone.

We may see in our minds footprints in the sand at one of our beaches. Then, and at other times in our lives, we may have questioned footprints near the surf. Was it just a dream? Was he really walking with the Lord? Were there actually two sets of footprints? He looked back and sometimes he saw just a single pair. He asked the Lord in prayer about this

and the reply was Precious child, I love you and will never leave you; during your times of trial and suffering and when you note just a single set of footprints. . . that was when I carried you.



**Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone,**



Walk in The Light

By Janet McGugan

Help me to walk in the light of your holy presence this day. Please shine your light on me and in me and surround me with your glory light. Help me to live this day by the power of your resurrected life, by the power of your Holy Spirit.

Help me to live in your Holy Spirit and to flow in your Holy Spirit. Help me to travel in the center of your perfect will and purpose saying only those

words you would have me say, doing only those things you would have me do and being that person you created me to be.

May you be the source of my all, all of my thoughts, words, actions, reactions, all that I am in one with you and your love.



Social Distancing the Easy Way

Recently, a friend invited me to come along for a walk through the historic Bosque Bello Cemetery in Fernandina Beach, near my home. A cemetery, particularly an old one, can be a great place to enjoy a quiet walk and encounter few people without worry about social distancing. The visit triggered memories for me and reminded me how much I enjoy the peace and comfort of these memorial parks.



Katherine Hoehn

My interest in cemeteries goes back to when I was about six years old, when we visited Franklin Cemetery where Daniel Boone is buried. He was one of my heroes. My little brother and I were running around the cemetery, probably being a bit disrespectful of the solemnity of the setting, playing hide and go seek behind tombstones. I found myself suddenly alone, parents some distance away and brother presumably crouched behind a nearby marker, when I stepped atop a grassy mound. I saw a wispy figure with its arm extended forward, palm perpendicular to the ground, silently saying “stop.” I froze then shivered, as if someone had swiped a feather across the back of my neck. Something odd had happened but I did not understand it. I told my parents I thought Daniel Boone had visited me; they paid no attention and I never spoke of it again. Since that time, I have been curious about cemeteries and have been far more respectful.

One of my favorites is Congressional Cemetery, located in the Capitol Hill area of Washington, D.C. Among other notable monuments and markers, it is home to 171 cenotaphs (empty tombs), monuments to Members of Congress who died in office during the early years of our nation.

Congressional Cemetery established a K9 Corps, or Cemetery Dogs, that allows owners, by membership, to walk their dogs off-leash through the 35-acre grounds. Members pay fees that help support cemetery upkeep and agree to contribute to the beautification of the grounds. It was a smart decision that helped the nonprofit’s budget and brought it much-deserved attention and gave city dogs a place to stretch their legs.

A cemetery walk can be an opportunity to ponder, undisturbed, to reflect, remember, or even search for clues. Occasionally there are benches or shady spots where you can stop and rest, or spend time honoring those spirits that surround you.

Bosque Bello and other cemeteries offer insight into local and national history, reflected in family groupings, service records, and messages engraved on the stones. I find it comforting and I read the names out loud. Much as when we speak names of those in need of prayer, during church services, it is a way to honor individuals who have passed and maybe awakens a spirit or two. The graves watched over by lambs are often those of infants or very young children; theirs are names I always speak.

There is a national cemetery registry where you can search for gravesites. It is especially helpful in genealogical research to confirm birth and death dates and even spelling of names. Those who died in service to our country deserve particular attention.

Since the experience in the cemetery with Daniel Boone, I have not had another spirit encounter. I know I might again someday, and I will give it no reason to be annoyed with me. In the meantime, and especially during this isolating time, I will walk among the stones, read the names aloud, thank those who died in service, and honor the families represented there.

It is rare to encounter others in a cemetery walk, and there is no need for a mask. Now is a good time for a cemetery walk. Social distancing is not an issue.



Bosque Bello
By Katherine Hoehn

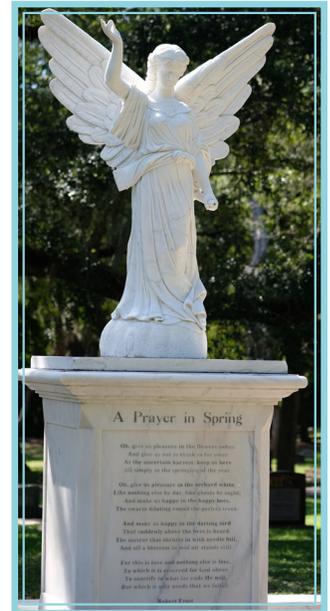
Live oaks bow down in honor
Of those who have passed and
Whose memories are etched in stone
And become the spirits who inhabit the quiet space.

The dog statue stands ready
To serve its master, also departed.
In heaven they take endless effortless walks,
While those left behind still labor in their steps

Family and local history abounds, along with records
Of lives lived fully or taken too young.
Single stones in family plots were the first to go,
Temporarily alone while waiting for the others.

Grasshoppers and lizards climb the headstones,
Lizards having taken the lookout perches as their own.
Oblivious to the humans lying below who do not threaten
The creatures who keep them company.

A shady bench beacons visitors
Who rest a while, or meditate.
Tree roots upend headstones and create
An uneven path while slowly taking back the land.



Racism And Antisemitism

By Joe Marasco



Do you believe that evil exists? There are no better examples of evil in today's world than racism and antisemitism. Both have stained world civilization for centuries. The roots of racism in the US were in black slavery. Unfortunately, this was not just a US phenomenon; slavery existed for many years and still exists today in some parts of the world. In fact, slaveowners throughout world history and still today come in all skin colors- white, black, yellow and brown as does the skin color of slaves.

Interestingly, despite the many gains in race relations in the US since the courageous stand of Martin Luther King and others more than 50 years ago, racism is still in the forefront of our national conversation today. Dr. King's peaceful protests addressed constitutional issues but his strategies were motivated by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Opposition to these peaceful marches became violent, but the message was a non-violent one. It is noteworthy that none of the marches led by Dr. King were at night; all were in the light of day and did not lead to hijacking of his message by violent protesters as is the case today with protests held after dark.

Political and intellectual solutions to racism have resulted in various laws and regulations to address correction, but guess what?; racism still exists! The attempts of universities and corporations to schedule classes for white people to feel guilty about their racial attitudes and mend their ways will not solve the problem. Racism is not a brain thing; it is a heart thing. Oswald Chambers said it best: "When a man's heart is right with God the mysterious utterances of the Bible are spirit and life to him. Spiritual truth is discernible only to a pure heart, not to a keen intellect. It is not a question of profundity of intellect, but of purity of heart.

We are convicted by the gospel of Jesus Christ to love our neighbor be his or her skin black, white, brown, yellow or whatever hue it might be. We also are convicted to love all people—rich, poor, clean, dirty, smelly, smart, dumb, arrogant, timid, honest, dishonest, Republican or Democrat, etc. We have a right to dislike what people do as Jesus demonstrated with his repudiation of the money changers in the temple but not to hate them. Hate is antithetical to Jesus' message, but sadly pervades much of our public discourse today.

Antisemitism baffles me. As an ethnic group, Jews have contributed greatly to Western Society in many ways, but especially in culture and the arts. Hitler picked up on Margaret Sanger's eugenic efforts toward blacks and applied it to Jews with monstrous consequences. He needed a scapegoat and found it in the Jews as many other dictators have done throughout history. I went to high school in a predominantly Jewish community in Pittsburgh. It was the highlight of my life. I made many close Jewish friends whose Jewishness enriched my life. Remember dear Christian friends, we may not be ethnic Jews but as Christians, we are spiritual Jews!

Matthew 7: 1-5 has helped to guide my faith journey for many years. When I was a medical officer in the Navy, the following words were on a plaque on my desk: "*Why do you see the speck that is in your brother's eye, but do not notice the log that is in your own eye?*" Jesus said in Matthew 7:1 "*Judge not, that you be not judged.*" Humility is at the heart of loving people of all races. Jesus said in Matthew 18: 3-4: "*I tell you the truth, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Therefore, whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.*" God's grace and love enfolds us every day whether we deserve it or not. If God treats us so lovingly, we can do no less than to love all people

Due to Covid-19 all upcoming events are still canceled. We will keep everyone updated on all Chapel events by our email blasts. If you are not signed up to receive our email blasts please email our Communications Manager, Kayla Murray at kayla@ameliachapel.com. Thank you for your patience during this time. We look forward to getting back to normal and seeing everyone soon!