

Bits of Home Chat: Hi to each of you, and may you be found at peace with you God. We were at a house yesterday just after the home-going of our two daughter-in-laws' mother. Our hearts felt so heavy for the families and yet there was such a peace for all. The mourning of a godly family is so different from the mourning of an ungodly family who have no hope of eternal life. But nonetheless, there was pain of separation and sorrow for all the days she languished. Her daughters are exhausted. /// Carl is stronger this year than last year. He is able to do more in the line of outside work and maintenance of the tractor. He is also able to spend more time in the office. We are thanking the Lord for this. We also thank you for all your prayers and notes of care. They continue to bless our hearts and our lives!/// This month has been strange, with heat that is more like summer, and with cold spells like winter. We also realized that there are hardly any April showers that bring May flowers! We believe that the apple tree may be ruined for the year because it budded early during summery spells in February, followed by cold, frosty spells even into April. Carl also noted that the grapevines were bleeding. He trimmed half of them before we left for Florida and the other half when we came home. The ones done since we came home did not surprise us, but to have the ones bleeding that were done in early January, now that's downright strange! We see these things along with the tornadoes, tsunamis, floods, earthquakes and such as warnings to man from God, but we see man still largely ignoring God; how sad! On the other hand, we Christians can turn to God more so, and we can serve Him more fully. We encourage you to draw ever closer to God. We are doing that here.///Carl is correcting your lessons while I write this. He is so organized and methodical that it puts your Bible studies from here in good stead, most of the time! I usually have him listen to the Bits of Home chat as I read it aloud to catch mistakes, so he is connected. If there are lots of lessons in, I correct them as he records what came in and what needs to go out on your envelopes for that week's work. After the lessons are all cared for and sealed in the new out-going bin, he records the week's work in a data base./// Here's a heads-up; Carl's birthday is June 14th, Flag day. He jokes about how many people put out flags to cheer for his birthdays. I shall try not to let him read this so if any of you want to send him a card or a note, it will surprise him. He will be 76 this year.///I am going to close for now and see if I can find a picture, poem, or something special for you. Bye for now! From Carl and Kay Earley

Memory Verse: Psalm 116:15 Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

Verses to Ponder: I Thessalonians 4

This is the story behind the hymn, Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

John Fawcett was born into a poor family in Yorkshire, England, and was orphaned at age 12. To survive, he accepted a lengthy apprenticeship to a tailor. Then, while still in his teens, he heard the great George Whitfield preach and became a Christian.

While serving his apprenticeship, Fawcett became active in a Baptist church and was often asked to speak. Then at age 25 (and newly married) he was invited to serve as pastor of a small church at Wainsgate. The poor people of that little village were able to pay very little, and much of Fawcett's pay came as potatoes and other produce. Once his wife, Mary, began having children, they found it difficult to survive.

Then Fawcett learned that the pastor of a large Baptist church in London was retiring, and he let the church know that he would be interested in serving them. They called him to be their pastor at a much larger salary, so John and Mary packed their household and prepared to move. But then, as the story is told, Mary told John that she didn't think that she could leave these people whom they had both learned to love – and John allowed that he shared her sentiment – so the two of them unpacked the wagon and let the London church know that they wouldn't be coming.

Then Fawcett, who wrote a number of hymns during his lifetime, wrote this hymn, "Blest Be the Tie," to convey his sentiments and those of his wife to the poor people among whom they had chosen to live. Fawcett served that little church for the rest of his life – 54 years in all.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT

JOHANN G. NAGELI



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;



The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And of-ten for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain. A-MEN.