

Bermudian Church of the Brethren

WEDNESDAY's WORD – a midweek thought from Pastor Larry M. Dentler

to share a word of inspiration ... encouragement ... challenge ... a smile ... in the middle of your week

January 24 in the year of our Lord 2018 - #725

The Table

There is in the Bermudian Church a small well-crafted wooden table. It was built by Brother Roy King (Lois Breneman's father / Pauline King's husband). Roy was an excellent craftsman ... a true woodworking master ... and invested a lot of time and skill in repairs and maintenance around the church. He was a fine gentleman, a true brother in Christ ... I miss him still. Roy built the little wooden table for a very specific need. It was designed and built to fit exactly in the crook of the stairway just inside the main (side) entrance off the parking lot on the lower level. As I remember it being explained to me, "*The ladies needed a place to set their purses while they hung up their coats on the coat rack.*" Like most flat surfaces around the church the little table has a strange way of collecting miscellaneous stuff that accumulates.

I like the table. And occasionally I will borrow it for other church uses. It works well as a table in sermon-in-drama moments. And on Bread & Cup Communion Sundays I take the table to the worship center area and it becomes our Communion Table holding the Communion trays & baskets. I could use one of our small folding tables for that task. But I like the wooden table and feel that it presents a nicer appearance for our Communion. I believe we should always do our best for the Lord, so the choice between a plastic folding table and the wooden table is simply a choice I make. It's simple. Most folks probably wouldn't even notice. But I notice. And so I choose to carry Roy's wooden table upstairs and to place the plastic folding table in its place downstairs by the coat rack for the day. Call me "weird" but I can see Roy smiling.

And when we are through with it the wooden table goes back downstairs to its intended location to collect purses, coupons for Kathryn, returned dishes & containers from meals that have been provided post-surgery and miscellaneous stuff.

Last Saturday, late afternoon, moving the table from the worship area back to its home was on my list of last things to care for before Sunday.

- Sermon finished – check
- PowerPoints completed and loaded into sanctuary computer – check
- go over song in case Sister Julie is not able to sing – check
- Scripture verse chosen, printed, placed in Sunday School space for Pastor's Roundtable Sunday School class – check
- Prayer list updated, printed, copy to worship leader podium, copy by Card Ministry Station, copies in Prayer Room – check
- Check candle on worship center – check
- My folder with announcements, prayer list, outline ready – check
- Bible marked with Scripture reading – check
- Practice sermon in sanctuary – check
- Move wooden table back downstairs - ??????????????????????

Wait a minute? The table wasn't there on the platform. I assumed that this meant someone had moved it back downstairs already. Went to check ... nope. Went back upstairs to check all around the sanctuary ... had it been set someplace? Here? There? Nope. For the next hour I scoured the church. Every nook & cranny! Every classroom and space! Every possible place where someone might have placed the table by mistake. Up the stairs. Down the stairs. Multiple times. I even checked back in the old downstairs restroom and stinky storage areas. The table was no where to be found. Could it have been carried to The Gathering Place? So I went over to our multipurpose building. Checked the main hall, both storage rooms, the kitchen, the utility room ... no table. Finally out of places to look, I prepared to leave ... quite perplexed. Where was Roy's table?

The next morning when I arrived at church I was busy as usual with last minute details and welcoming folks. I was in the downstairs entrance way when I heard Joel Stern & Butch Warren's voices. I turned and they were carrying Roy's table ... out of the elevator! They were laughing, explaining how someone had gone to use the elevator and found it full of table ... Roy's table. My laughing response was, "*Somebody is messing with me!!! (Sandy H.???)*" The only place that I hadn't looked in the entire church property was inside the elevator!

We've just been through the season of Christmas and then Epiphany that remembers the visit of the Wise Men. Evil, crazy old Herod's words to the Magi are prophetic ... and instructional to us!

"Go and search diligently for the child, and when you have found him bring me word, that I too may come and worship him." Matthew 2:8 RSV

How diligent is your search for Jesus. To know Him more? To know His Word more? To understand His teachings more deeply? To follow Him more obediently? We can be very diligent about things that we are really interested in. We leave no stone unturned. Are we as diligent in our search for Jesus? And here is Good News! Jesus doesn't play "hide and seek." If we are diligent in seeking our relationship with Him ... we will find it!

"Seek the Lord while He may be found; call on Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake their ways and the unrighteous their thoughts. Let them turn to the Lord, and He will have mercy on them, and to our God, for He will freely pardon." Isaiah 55:6-7 NIV

"The one who searches will find." Matthew 7:8 NIRV

"You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart." Jeremiah 29:13 NIV

Dear one...the Lord won't hide from you! The Lord's wisdom and truth, His guidance and discernment won't be hidden in an elevator where you can't find it! He desires to reveal Himself to you! He longs for relationship with you! His heart desires His Word to be clear to you! He is not hard to find, nor is His Word hard to understand. Search diligently dear friend, for the one who searches will find!

Found it! Pastor Larry <><