



Beverly Heights  
Presbyterian  
Church

# scattered seeds.

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

November 2020

ROBERT W. GIBSON, Minister  
206 Inglewood Drive  
Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

TEMPORARY QUARTERS  
Edwin Markham School  
Crescent Drive

Beverly Heights  
United Presbyterian Church  
Washington and Rockwood Roads

April 4, 1929

Dear Friends:

You are cordially invited to be present at the first Church Service of the new Beverly Heights United Presbyterian Church. This will be held at the Edwin Markham School - our temporary quarters - at eleven o'clock, April seventh. All arrangements have been made for a history making hour. Special music, familiar psalms and hymns, an appropriate sermon from the text "Where abidest thou?" John 1:38, will make this a memorable occasion.

For seven weeks we have met regularly for Bible School at ten o'clock. This will of course be continued. The response which the pastor has received, from visits in the homes of the community, has been very encouraging. Everything points toward a big opening day. In this we want you to share. Feel free to bring your friends.

Sincerely yours,

*Robert W. Gibson*

*We have been  
doing this ever  
since, from one  
generation to  
the next!*

# LEGACY & AFFECTION

by Nate Derlin

**“For God is my witness, how I yearn for you all with the affection of Christ Jesus. And it is my prayer that your love may abound more and more, with knowledge and all discernment, so that you may approve what is excellent, and so be pure and blameless for the day of Christ, filled with the fruit of righteousness that comes through Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God.” (Philippians 1:8-11 ESV)**

I’ve never owned a piece of heirloom quality furniture, but I know what one looks like.

Years ago, my family was visiting the Carnegie Museum of History in Oakland when I stopped to look at the iconic and “magnificent” Morris chair by Gustav Stickley.

That’s what the museum guide kept telling me. “Isn’t it magnificent?” she would say. “The quality is just magnificent!”

While my eye was drawn to the chair, it was not because of its magnificence. Rather, I had seen one just like it at Jason Wolling’s house which he had built, back when he was honing his skills as a cabinet maker.

There was no denying the quality of the chair, both at the museum and at Jason’s house. They were heirloom pieces that could be passed down and enjoyed from generation to generation.

Heirloom quality furniture is a little like legacies. They are bestowed generationally by families or communities.

But what makes them last? It’s not the material that creates quality but the manner in which legacies are made.

Legacies are built with affection, dedication and love. When you love something, you pour yourself into it. You pay close attention to it. You work hard to see it come to life. Craftsmen give more than just sweat to a project. They sacrifice a bit of themselves. They give away their hearts.

It’s costly love but, in the end, worth it. When the building is finished, the object stands alive and well, ready to be received and lovingly passed on.



The Apostle Paul presumably knew nothing about building furniture but he surely knew how to build the church. In Philippians, we see that he gives his heart to the church and through him the heart of Jesus.

The sacrificial love of Jesus through Paul’s affection animates the church. It creates a legacy that is pure and blameless and passed on until the day of Christ.

The right love directed toward the right things makes them alive, permanent and valuable. This is how legacies are born.

Conversely, the wrong love directed toward wrong things is what causes forfeiture.

C.S. Lewis describes a chilling example of this in “The Great Divorce” when he introduces us to the character of Pam. In the story, Pam reaches the gates of heaven but is disappointed to find she is met by her brother Reginald and not her beloved lost son, Michael.

**The right love directed toward the right things makes them alive, permanent and valuable. This is how legacies are born.**

We soon learn that Pam loves Michael but her love is neither sacrificial (other directed) nor rightly placed (God above Michael). Pam loves Michael more than God. The love she has is really love of self.

Frustrated with waiting and resistant to God’s ordering of her affection, Pam finally exclaims:

“Give me my boy. Do you hear? I don’t care about all your rules and regulations. I don’t believe in a God who keeps mother and son apart. I believe in a God of Love. No one has a right to come between me and my son. Not even God. Tell Him that to His face. I want my boy, and I mean to have him. He is mine, do you understand? Mine, mine, mine, forever and ever.”

Pam refuses to learn the way of divine affection and, therefore, cannot inherit a legacy or the heavenly life that God has for her. She instead forfeits and loses everything.

Beverly Heights Church, too, contains a legacy. I love this legacy, as I know you do.

It is a legacy built by God’s love for us and our love for God. But if a day ever comes when our affections become misplaced and obscure God, then on that day we as a church will risk forfeiture.

That is why it is my prayer that our love for God may abound more and more, with knowledge and discernment, so that we may “approve what is excellent,” as is said in Philippians. Christ is always the right, appropriate and transcendent object of our affection.



# THE SACRED ACT OF SINGING CHURCH MUSIC

by Bette Thomson

My earliest memories are of my mother singing to me.

Evidently, I started singing early – I am told I sang “Silent Night” at my grandmother’s church when I was 3. I was surrounded by vocal music growing up. My mother and grandmother used their mellow alto voices to delight my sisters and me.

Hymns and nursery rhymes were mixed with the songs popular in the 1940s, so I grew up singing. We had no piano so I learned to sing by listening to my mother and from hearing hymns at church.

I sang in the choir in high school. When we were 15 my friend and I were recruited for the choir at church. We thought it was great fun! I couldn’t read music, but I had a “good ear” and learned quickly. I discovered that I enjoyed singing the anthems more than just listening to them while I was in that choir.

I have sung in many choirs since then – good ones and some not so good – but I have always been blessed by the time spent rehearsing and singing.

Beautiful melodies with words of praise and thanks to God fill the soul and make the spirit soar!

I have always loved rehearsals. I get to sing those beautiful anthems many times, not just once. I will miss that most as I retire after 61 years of choral singing.

To me, singing in a choir is not a performance. It is a gift of worship to God and, hopefully, facilitates corporate worship.

My best choir experiences came from having a director who loves the Lord first and then the mechanics of singing.

Beverly Heights has been blessed to have had two such talented and godly directors in the recent past. I will always be grateful for the quality of music and the fellowship of the choir members that Mary Wolling and Elissa Winkler have fostered.

Our choir works together, laughs together and prays together. I am truly thankful for the opportunity I had to be part of that group.

**My best choir experiences came from having a director who loves the Lord first and then the mechanics of singing.**

As I look back at the influence of choral music on my life, I can’t help but wonder what my grandmother would think of the long line of singers she inspired.

From my mother, to me – I sang with my grandmother in her choir once – and on to my son Scott, and my daughter Heather (who sang many times at Beverly Heights).

And now to my grandchildren Matthew – a future Pavarotti singing in the children’s choir at his church – and Bethany, who sings in our choir. What a joy it was to sit beside Bethany and sing together. It was a wonderful way to end my choir days!

Thanks be to God for the gift of music and to the generations of church choirs who join in the long legacy of sacred music that influences our worship today.

Graduation Vesper Service, April 19, 1959.





# HERE I AM! SEND ME.

by Carl Templin

One of the things that has exemplified Beverly Heights Church, in contrast to so many other congregations, has been its members' steadfast commitment to missions and the outstanding contributions of its lay leaders to the task of reaching the world for Jesus Christ.

We have been blessed by lay leaders who have kept mission challenges at the forefront of our congregation's vision. This legacy has been animated on three crucial levels, with far-reaching consequences throughout our dedicated history.

## The legacy of faithful prayer.

Although there have been scores of individuals and groups committed to the prayer support of mission activities and Beverly Heights-connected missionaries, a person who made the greatest impact on the life of our family while we were in Ethiopia was Helen Burch.

Before I departed for my volunteer year among the Anyuua people in 1958, Helen made a commitment to pray for me EVERY DAY. As I sought God's guidance concerning my future vocation, I was constantly aware of her holding me up before the Lord throughout that life-changing academic year.

I was especially blessed by Helen's faithfulness when I suffered a skull fracture while making bricks, which resulted in facial paralysis and an Addis Ababa hospital stay for a month.

The way in which the Lord watched over my needs at that time took away any anxiety about returning with Pat and our children. Helen gave assurance of her daily prayers for all of us during the decade in which we lived in Ethiopia. This was especially comforting when the communist revolution began in 1974.

There is no greater blessing for mission workers than the assurance of prayer.

## The legacy of lay leadership skills.

Throughout its history, Beverly Heights has had members who were some of the most significant professionals in Pittsburgh medicine, academia and commerce, and they brought their skills into leadership positions as deacons and elders, including service heading our Missions Committee.

In our growing-up years, Pat and I were blessed by the vision and oversight of leaders like Joe Keaney Jr., Bob Munn, Neal Heylmun, Dr. Bob Struck, Dr. Warfield Garson and Maynard Wright.

These servants of Christ were instrumental in encouraging the 40 young members who went into pastoral or mission careers during Beverly Heights' first half-century. In addition, they sought to dedicate 50% of the church's budget to mission activities and endeavors.

Although unable to reach this ultimate goal, they did achieve a 30% budget level for mission, which was an amazing achievement.

## The legacy of sacrifice.

In 1949, I was a sixth-grade confirmand. The sixth-grade boys' Sunday school teacher was Mrs. Jewell, but our confirmation classes were held on Sunday mornings.

Because of her loving commitment to us and to our Christian nurturing, she provided an additional evening class for us at her lovely home, complete with a hot fudge sundae at the end of each lesson. That was a real treat so soon after the deprivations of World War II – and, sadly, was my main reason for attending! The Lord hadn't yet taken up residence in my heart.

Her husband, Mr. James Jewell, was a leader of Pittsburgh's business community. A senior executive of Westinghouse

Electric, he was a quiet, humble man deeply-committed to the Lord Jesus Christ, with a sacrificial heart for global missions.

After Dr. Don McClure, my mentor, came to Beverly Heights to seek funds for the Anyuak project, Mr. and Mrs. Jewell underwrote the support for Rev. and Mrs. Niles Reimer to join the staff there. The Reimers stayed in Ethiopia for 60 years in evangelist/pastor training, and were the major contributors in translating the Bible into the Anyuak language.

The entire Jewell family also participated directly in overseas mission service. Dr. Jim Jewell, a gifted surgeon and son of Mr. and Mrs. Jewell, spent 1965 volunteering at the Pokwo health clinic among the Anyuua while the regular mission physician was on furlough. He was joined by his lovely wife, Ellie, and their children.

Dr. Jim's parents came for a visit during this time. We had the blessed opportunity to host the entire Jewell clan while we did language training in Addis Ababa.

As many in our congregation are aware, Dr. Jim and Ellie served in medical missions in Zambia for many years following their U.S. professional retirement, with financial support for their work coming from – where else? – Beverly Heights, Dr. Jim's home church.

Few churches – if any – could match the mission legacy of these wonderful past members of Beverly Heights.

Fortunately, our congregation is still composed of servants of Christ with these same high qualities of faithfulness in prayer, talented leadership skills, and sacrifice.

May the Lord continue to bless us with a willingness to animate this holy legacy in our generation and beyond.



Carl and Pat Templin on their wedding day at Beverly Heights, June 30, 1962.



# CHRIST'S LEGACY: PASS IT ON

by Rick Welling

It used to be the practice in Mt. Lebanon High School for graduating seniors to bequeath something to underclassmen.

Sometimes it was an athletic jersey, a seat in the stadium stands or a rickety stool in the physics lab. It was a fun tradition in which my three kids participated.

At the time, we owned a big, green 1976 Buick Regal that I bought from a former Beverly Heights member, Ted Satzger. It was ugly and huge but Jason drove it to school in his senior year.

As graduation approached, his legacy gift to Zachary was the big green boat. And, when it was his turn the following year, Zach bequeathed it to Becca. She wanted nothing to do with it!

If anyone understands the concept of legacy, it is the Christian, for we are the beneficiaries of legacies both good and bad.

The imputation of the guilt of Adam's sin in the garden is never referred to as his legacy, but it is. So are its results on our human nature: pride, self-centeredness, anger, lust, disobedience and so forth.

As his children in the flesh we have inherited Adam's sin nature and, along with it, alienation from God, and separation from the very source of real life.

Alternatively, the Apostle Paul contrasts the sin-legacy of Adam with the life-legacy of our Lord Jesus:

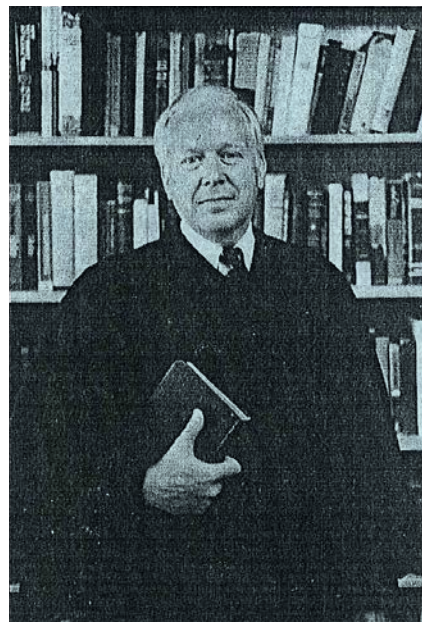
"For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. 15. 22). The great gift Christ has secured, and bequeathed to us, is variously referred to as salvation, redemption, life to the full and eternal life.

In practical terms, His divine legacy is forgiveness; intimacy with God; the Spirit's indwelling; removal of the fear of death; and eternal presence with God in the new heavens and new earth.

His legacy to us, therefore, is hope.

And what will we do with that legacy? Like all beneficiaries of legacy, we have a responsibility to protect it, enhance it and pass it on.

Some will receive that legacy with joy, as Zach did with the great, green beast. Others, like Becca, will want nothing to do with it. But it is ours to receive, ours to enjoy, ours to protect and ours to pass on. And that will be our legacy to the world.



# WHAT JIMMY TAUGHT ME

by Mary Welling

From time to time when I reflect on my 50 years in education, an 8-year-old student comes to mind.

Jimmy was a third grader whose life was filled with hard things. I often wonder where he is and what he's doing.

He loved school as it was a respite and escape from his home life. He was the son of alcoholic parents who did not take care of him or his other siblings.

Jimmy was often left alone to watch his brothers and sisters. He fed them breakfast every morning, among other responsibilities that fell to him as the oldest child. Then he made his way to the Highlands School in Danvers, Mass., where I was the music teacher.

He was known by all his teachers as the boy with the dirty neck, disheveled hair and soiled white dress shirt which he wore everyday. He never had a lunch, but fortunately, through the school lunch program, he was provided what may have been his best meal of the day.

He did have behavior problems and was often the brunt of abuse on the playground, as he tried to make his way in this hostile world.

Jimmy needed an advocate, but most often what he got was a frustrated and unsympathetic teacher who couldn't see beyond his rough appearance and bad behavior.

Noticing his love of singing and everything musical, I approached the principal about giving him extra lessons after school which she granted.

We started with piano and recorder which he embraced with gusto. I jumped on his love of learning to play these instruments and his joy in discovering what he could do. He was highly motivated to perform and was looking for my praise.



This was my first year of teaching. I was young and green, but the Lord taught me something important through that little boy which stayed with me through all my years of teaching and leadership. He taught me about *compassion* for "the least of these."

Compassion for every child – and recognition of the unique circumstances which they bring to the learning environment – is vital.

This boy needed special treatment. There was nothing easy about his life. But he was always ready for his music lesson. It was his special time when someone treated him with respect and love.

Sometimes I would find him in the auditorium before school started, practicing on the piano, oblivious to his surroundings.

And what was the outcome? As he began to make progress on the piano, his countenance brightened.

I don't know what became of Jimmy. I lost track of him after grade school, and it has been 50 years.

However, giving him a love of learning and a chance to succeed was what I could do. It taught me a lifelong lesson and gave me the opportunity to serve a little boy who needed compassion.

Compassion has been a constant in my ministry to children in New Song Choir, First Song Choir, tone chimes, Sunday school and Youth Club. Can Christ use me to pass on this legacy to children at Beverly Heights so they remember they were treated differently here? He can, making me one who is a letter from Christ written with the Spirit's pen.

Now, as I think of him today, 50 years later, I pray for Jimmy. This may be the greatest part of the continuing legacy I give.

This, an intangible legacy for him and a lifetime lesson for me. Compassion and prayer ... the greatest of legacies any teacher could give to her students, forming all of my teaching since.



# ALOE FOR THE SOUL

by Beverley Barron

A thriving aloe plant sits on my kitchen windowsill. It is special to me for two reasons.

First, I've been able to keep it alive – a rare feat in the Barron household. But more importantly, it is a reminder of a sweet relationship in my early years as a Sunday school teacher at Beverly Heights. It was given to me by a student more than 30 years ago.

Bob and I were recent Grove City College graduates then, newly married, new believers and new members of Beverly Heights when Sunday school superintendent Maynard Wright suggested we teach a children's class. We were given third graders.

We sat around a table nearly the size of the room. That year we learned teaching Sunday school was more than stories, songs and scripture. It was also about relationships.

About five years later, after becoming a mom to two beautiful girls, I returned to Sunday school again. This time, teachers were asked to make a three-year commitment, modeled after Jesus' three years of ministry.

Sondra Furedy and I took on a Kindergarten class, made more special by the presence of our own two kindergarteners, her daughter Emily and my daughter Amy. What a joy to work together as we partnered to lead this sweet class teaching stories, songs and scriptures, and growing relationships.

It was in the first year of teaching this class that I received my treasured aloe plant. I have nurtured it through some bad years, and times when I nearly lost it due to my neglect. It reminds me of my own faith journey and how God has brought me through difficult years and has healed my hurts, the same way the aloe plant heals

an occasional burn in the kitchen.

Sondra and I stayed together, watching our next daughters, her Eliza and my Kimberly, come through our class.

I returned to Sunday school several years later, this time teaching fifth grade, where relationships are even more significant to these kids who were approaching their teen years.

Over the years there have been so many opportunities for children's ministry at Beverly Heights. I've experienced Vacation Bible School, Kingdom Korner, the preschool, Children's Church, Wednesday Night Heights and Kid's Club, and I have loved them all.

In each of them, I've had a burden for building relationships. I want the children to know I care about them. They

are important to me, to the Beverly Heights family, and to the kingdom of God. As a teacher, parent and now grandparent to seven – four out of town and three here who attend Beverly Heights – I so appreciate the commitment of our church to its children and their worth.

Curriculums change, teaching methods change, children change but the Word of God never changes. Neither, it seems, does the importance of building relationships through children's ministry at Beverly Heights.

This has always been a part of our family's experience at Beverly Heights, and it is a joy to watch and participate as this legacy continues. Much as my aloe plant has continued to thrive all these many years.



Amy Barron, right, Bev and Bob's daughter, receives instruction in carpentry from Rick Wolling.





# PRESCHOOL MEMORIES

by Louise O'Boyle

"Hi, Mrs. O'Boyle!?"

How many times have I heard that greeting.

Turning, I see someone – it could be a child, an adolescent or a woman or man – I recognize from the past. Sometimes, it is the long ago past!

What past, you ask? Well, my 25-plus years' past as a teacher in the Beverly Heights Christian Preschool.

These encounters happen in the supermarket, in restaurants, the library and often along the sidewalk of my neighborhood. One that sticks out in my mind is a woman who I recognized as the mother of a student of mine from many years ago.

After establishing our names and that I still teach at Beverly Heights, the conversations usually begin with me asking, "How old is Ethan – in this case – now?" Then, I inwardly cringe as I await the awful truth of how quickly time passes.

The odd truth is that I usually remember the names of my students from long ago better than the names of children I taught more recently. And Ethan is one of those children. His mother and I stopped and chatted for 15 minutes about what he's up to and how he is doing now.

She smiled and remembered with joy the years that her son attended our preschool. I remembered her son. I cared about her son. And her beliefs from years ago were reaffirmed: the teachers of Beverly Heights REALLY did care about and love her little boy!

I have had many similar encounters. I have also continued to "bump" into my past kiddos all over. Sometimes, I do not recognize the past students all

grown up. Boys change so much during adolescence. But, if they are with their families, I usually know the parents. The kids also seem truly happy to see me again and to share what they are doing now.

What does this say about our church in the community? Many of the families that enroll children in the preschool do not attend our church.

After much research, these parents prayerfully decide to enroll their child in our preschool. This is a huge step for any parent – especially a Christian parent who wants the attitude and aroma of Christ to permeate their child's first school experience.

These parents have put their trust in us and for the most part, I believe we have not disappointed them. So, when they see any of their past BH teachers, the happy faces abound as they relive (if only for a few minutes) the old times

from half a lifetime ago!

These days, things are a bit different at our preschool. If you happen to be in the parking lot as the children are coming to preschool this year, you will see Mrs. Karen Sourbeer greeting every family and individual child as they come to school.

A line of cars delivers the children to us and Mrs. Sourbeer rushes to open each car door and say to each child, "We are so happy to see you today!" To every single child. And the best part of it is, that she really, really means it.

And that's the legacy of our preschool. It's a legacy which not only permeates the air of the preschool, but rushes out into the neighborhoods surrounding our church! To God be the glory!





# A WALKING LEGACY: MARILYN MEEK

by Tom O'Boyle

*Some people are institutions all by themselves. Marilyn Meek is one of those. It has been rumored that before she retired, she was the one actually running the church, and there are some who claim she secretly continues to do so.*

Many folks in our midst qualify as “legacy” members of our church. But who better to sit down with, and get perspective on this subject, than Marilyn Meek?

She’s been attending Beverly Heights for 45 years. She was employed by the church for about 25. And she’s been a forceful and influential presence here, according to the comments above from Bob Thomson’s story in the September issue of our newsletter.

As the photos on the opposite page attest, Marilyn has many faces.

There’s the mischievous Marilyn who stands next to Braveheart warriors and Dale Earnhardt race cars. There’s the tender Marilyn who befriends young kids, as she did when my daughter Erin was an intern many summers ago. There’s the inquisitive Marilyn who rummages through old boxes to sleuth out our church’s past, as we did two summers ago.

And there’s also the perceptive Marilyn whose observations provide context for understanding how our church has changed over time.

She is a fierce advocate of the pastor she worked for as his administrative

assistant – Rick Wolling – as well as of his successor, pastor Nate, with whom she served on staff.

Raised Episcopal in Kalamazoo, Mich., Marilyn lived in upstate New York and Oklahoma before moving to Vermont Drive in Mt. Lebanon in 1970. When her husband – a field agent for the FBI – abruptly quit the marriage two years

## She recalls how the Lord led her to Beverly Heights, through divine providence.

later, she then raised three adolescent children alone: Micki Cantine, sister Debbie and brother Temple.

It was not an easy time. She recalls how the Lord led her to Beverly Heights, through divine providence.

She was attending a Baptist church in South Park but praying for God to lead her to a more invigorating environment. She didn’t know Beverly Heights even existed. Then, one day, while driving along Washington Road, she stopped at a red light on Crestvue Manor Drive. She

looked out the passenger-side window and saw the church.

“I felt God say to me, ‘This is the place,’” she recalls. “It wasn’t my choice. It was God’s choice.”

At first, however, she felt God may have made a mistake. Beverly Heights was not a friendly church in 1975 when she first visited. It was a classic Presbyterian place then, she says – the so-called “frozen chosen,” who didn’t readily embrace newcomers or new ideas.

But with the arrival of Senior Pastor David Dorst in 1979, then Rick Wolling in 1985, Beverly Heights became far more welcoming.

Marilyn began working for the church about a year after Rick arrived. She sat outside his office. Those first few years were difficult, she recalls. But in the second half or so of his 33-year pastorate, he flourished. She thinks his early obstacles made him more compassionate.

Marilyn has endured a lot of tragedy in her life: when both a son- and daughter-in-law died, when close friend Randy Duncan passed, when her marriage dissolved.

But pain is the schoolhouse of God.

“Every bit of pain we go through, He has a purpose if we’re willing to learn from it,” she says. “The things that I feared the most, that I had to go through, were in the end the greatest of blessings.”





# BETWEEN | SUNDAYS

BY RICK WOLLING

## WHAT WILL YOUR LEGACY BE?

It's 2:55 p.m. on no particular Saturday afternoon and I'm working through my final checklist.

- Bulletin – check!
- Rings – check!
- Book of Common Worship – got it!
- Groom in a sweat – of course!

All is ready. Here we go!

As I reach with one hand to open the door to the sanctuary, my other hand instinctively pats my right trouser pocket. It's there. Now I'm all set.

"Let's have a wedding" is my final word as we bound into the nave to the swells of Pachelbel's "Canon in D."

It was my mentor who warned me to never conduct a wedding without the contents of my right trouser pocket. And so, when I found a small box of the capsules among the other outdated civil defense supplies stored in the basement of my little church in Oklahoma, I grabbed them.

Little did I know then that I would ultimately officiate over 200 ceremonies in my career. Nor did I expect that my inventory of six smelling-salts capsules would eventually dwindle to one.

But that one lasted for more than a decade which allowed me to bequeath it to my successor Nate at the time of my retirement. When we commiserated recently at a wedding reception we both attended, he confirmed that he had it with him – still in his pocket, keeping the tradition alive, prepared for the unexpected.

Typically, when we think of legacy, a thing of value that we pass off or leave behind for the benefit of others, our thoughts turn to money (legacy givers), service (legacy volunteers) or leadership (legacy leaders). In my current work as a board member of two Christian ministries, I regularly observe and celebrate all three types of legacies. In most organizations, 20% of the people shoulder 80% of the load and

Christian ministries and churches are no different. They need legacy givers, leaders and volunteers. Over the years Beverly Heights has had its share of those who left behind wonderful gifts of financial wealth, unequaled participation and strong ministerial leadership that has inspired the succeeding generation long after their donors are gone.

Throughout my 35-year tenure at Beverly Heights, I have heard about two legacy members who continue to inspire me and others in our congregation.



*Fortunately, no fainting capsules were needed during the Lucas-Barron wedding on July 1, 2006.*

Margaret Coltman was the mother of Sally Coltman Livingstone who, along with her husband Greg, has served the kingdom of God for well over 60 years as a missionary to the Muslim world. Margaret was a legacy women's ministry leader and Bible study volunteer. The gift she gave was a burden for the lost and a love for the Bible that continues to impact people today.

Vic Hanson is another. Long before men's small groups became a fixture of church ministry, Vic gathered men together to study the Bible. From time to time I hear someone express deep appreciation for Vic's solid preparation and helpful explanation of the scriptures.

I met neither Margaret nor Vic. They both went to be with the Lord before I came to Beverly Heights. But that I can speak of them in terms of their wonderful contribution long after they passed away is testimony to the legacy they left to our congregation.

The gift I gave to Pastor Nate of one old smelling salts capsule in no way qualifies as a "legacy." But it does serve to raise the question: what will each of us leave behind for the benefit of those yet to come to Beverly Heights? Beyond the whiff of ammonia to revive a fainting flower girl or groomsman on a hot Saturday afternoon, I hope that mine will be the sweet "aroma of Christ" (2 Cor. 2: 15-15) that lingers long after I am gone.

What will your legacy be?

*Rick Wolling is pastor emeritus of Beverly Heights Church.*