

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Alec and Tammy Harrison visited with us recently
- Alec presented the church with a copy of the translated Xavante Bible
- This was one of their last stops before returning to Brazil

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The Harrisons Paid Us A Visit

Alec and Tammy Harrison visited us recently and gave us an update to their work among the Indian groups that they are working with in South America. Alec presented Phil with a copy of the translated Xavante Indian Bible.

Alec spoke in Sunday School to the men's class, and then he and Tammy both spoke during the morning worship.

They had been in the United States to put their youngest child in college, and now they have an empty nest at their home.

Tammy related to the congregation how there have been times when they felt in fear for their personal safety while ministering to the Xavantes.

This was one of their last stops before returning to Brazil. They were leaving shortly after their visit here.

At the close of morning worship, Phil asked everyone to come forward and lay hands upon them and pray for their safety and for the success of their ministry.

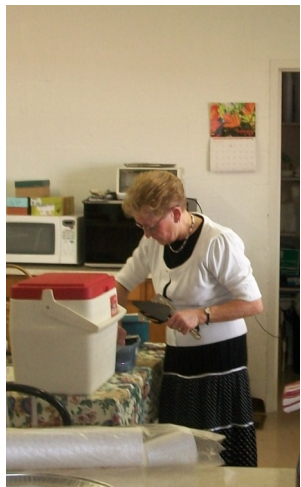
Please remember to keep them and their family in your prayers. We always enjoy having them with us when they are home on furlough.



The Church Held a Fellowship Dinner on September 16



Phil and Jim put table cloths on the dessert table.



Above left: Karin helps prepare the dinner in the kitchen. Above center: Louise, Mrs. DeRosset, Jo Alice, the Herrons, and the Traylors in foreground. Below right: Ethan tried out all the chairs. Below left: Melinda and Conrad Herron.



There was plenty of food as usual.



Our Bryan visitors were welcomed

Phil's Corner— Sing a New Song

It's kinda funny in a sad sort of way, that so many church squabbles are over the style of music used in worship. Some people insist on the old-time hymns that have served the church so well for centuries; while others prefer more contemporary, up-to-date music in today's style complete with electrically amplified instruments and a team of "worship leaders" reading the words projected off the wall.

This is how someone has described the difference in musical styles:

An old farmer went to the city one weekend and attended the big city church. He came home and his wife asked him how it was.

"Well," said the farmer, "it was good. They did something different, however. They sang praise choruses instead of hymns."

"Praise choruses," said his wife, "what are those?"

"Oh, they're ok. They're sort of like hymns, only different," said the farmer.

"Well, what's the difference?" asked his wife.

The farmer said, "Well, it's like this – If I were to say to you, 'Martha, the cows are in the corn,' well that would be a hymn. If, on the other hand, I were to say to you,

Martha, Martha, Martha, Oh Martha, MARTHA, MARTHA, the cows, the big cows, the brown cows, the black cows, the white cows, the black and white cows, the COWS, COWS, COWS are in the corn, are in the corn, are in the corn, are in the corn, the CORN, CORN, CORN,' and then if I were to repeat the whole thing two or three times, well that would be a praise chorus."

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...

A young, new Christian decided to visit a small church. He came home and his wife asked him how it was.

"Well," said the young man, "It was good. They did something different, however. They sang hymns instead of regular songs."

"Hymns," said his wife. "What are those?"

"Oh, they're ok. They're sort of like regular songs, only different," said the young man.

"Well, what's the difference?" asked his wife.

The young man said, "Well, it's like this – If I were to say to you, 'Martha, the cows are in the corn,' well that would be a regular song. If, on the other hand, I were to say to you,

'Oh Martha, dear Martha, hear thou my cry;
Incline thine ear to the words of my mouth.
Turn thou thy whole wondrous ear by and by
To the righteous, inimitable, glorious truth.
For the way of the animals who can explain?
There in their heads is no shadow of sense;
Hearkenest they in God's sun or His rain,
Unless from the mild, tempting corn they are fenced.

Yea those cows in glad bovine, rebellious delight,
Have broke free their shackles, their warm pens eschewed.
Then goaded by minions of darkness and night,
They all my mild Chilliwick sweet corn have chewed.
So look to that bright shining day by and by,
Where all foul corruptions of earth are reborn;
Where no vicious animal makes my soul cry,

And I no longer see those foul cows in the corn.' Then, if I were to do only verses one, three and four and do a key change on the last verse, well that would be a hymn."

Now that you know the difference, you'll understand why our church has consciously chosen to carry on with the traditional hymns. We could all agree with this ten-point critique of "the new music:"

1. It's too new, like an unknown language.
2. It's not as melodious as the more established style.
3. There are so many new songs that it is impossible to learn them all.
4. This new music creates disturbances and causes people to act in an indecent and disorderly manner.
5. It places too much emphasis on instrumental music rather than on godly lyrics.
6. The lyrics are often worldly, even blasphemous.
7. It is not needed, since preceding generations have gone to heaven without it.
8. It is a contrivance to get money.
9. It monopolizes the Christians' time and encourages them to stay out late.
10. These new musicians are young upstarts, and some of them are lewd and loose persons.

The problem is, I've tricked you. Those ten points come from a statement published in 1723, slamming the new music of that day, which is the music we have in our hymnbooks – the songs we consider old and traditional! So, it really is a matter of perspective, isn't it?

People can worship God with any style of music, with any beat, and with any instruments. I believe the Lord likes the variety, and perhaps we should, too. I imagine saints from every tribe and people and language surrounding God's throne in heaven praising Him, and we'll be doing so with all the variety of instruments and styles there ever have been. It will be a joyful noise! Our church services today are just practice for the real concert yet to come. So let's be sure we're singing from the heart, to please Him, not to show off to our fellow pew-sitters.

The advice of John Wesley, from the new hymnbook he had just published in 1761, is still timely for us:

1. Learn these tunes before you learn any others; afterwards learn as many as you please.
2. Sing them exactly as they are printed here, without altering or mending them at all; and if you have learned to sing them otherwise, unlearn it as soon as you can.
3. Sing all. See that you join with the congregation as frequently as you can. Let not a slight degree of weakness or weariness hinder you. If it is a cross to you, take it up and you will find a



**Our Financially
Supported Missionaries**

Dave & Ninette Cox
Joyce DeRosset
Fred & Grace Ely
Bob & Carol Evaul
Alec & Tammy Harrison
Dick & Sara Hart
Hazel Neddo

Our Prayer Supported Missionaries

Bud & Lolly Fritz
Mark & Candy Garrett
Ken Hood
David & Marcia Jones
Reginald Lisemby

September Anniversaries

1 — David and Ninette Cox
15 — Mark and Karen Kirby

September Nursery Schedule

September 16—Raymond Weaver and Karen Kirby
September 23—Linda Lane and Jim Dvorak
September 30—Betty Ray and Shari Dvorak

September Birthdays

13—Madison Borders

20—Louise Emmott

29—Caitlynn Bishop

Prayer Requests and News

Mark and Selina Patterson and Luke and Levi are settled in a new apartment in China. I am sure that they appreciate emails and letters from their friends here.

Nathan Weaver is being moved to a new cell as he takes a course that he needs in order to be paroled. Continue to remember him in your prayers. Pray that he will get a cell mate that will be compatible and can share some common values.

David Lane's foot is continuing to heal and he hopes to be out of the cast soon.

Rosie DeRosset had gall bladder surgery last week. Please keep her in your prayers.

Continue to remember Chris Coulter in your prayers as she deals with her physical problems.

Jim and Shari were gone for two Sundays. We are glad that they are back with us now.

Prayer is requested for the Brackett family as Patty continues her battle against cancer. Keep Steve (husband), Anna, Anita, and Steve, Jr. in your prayers. On Sunday afternoon September 16, Lake Drive Baptist Church held a community wide prayer service for Patty and her family.

The church is looking into a replacement for the heating and air unit in the ladies' Sunday School classroom. It has gotten so loud that it is hard to conduct class with it turned on.

Amanda Writesman just returned from a trip to Hawaii to do a photo shoot there. She was gone for a week and had a great time in Hawaii.

Derek and Liz Reid visited with us on Sunday, September 16 as they passed through the area on their way to Fort Bragg, North Carolina where Derek will be stationed for one year. Liz will soon be working on her student teaching in order to complete her degree requirements at Bryan.

Three Bryan students visited with us on Sunday and ate dinner with us after morning worship. We hope that they will continue to come to our church. It is always nice to have Bryan's young people attend our church.

Introducing Miss Frankie Eldridge—Curtis Coulter

For those in the congregation who never had the pleasure of knowing Miss Frankie Eldridge, you have missed something! As people would say, she was a real character. Miss Frankie attended our church for over 80 years before moving to Florida in her last years on earth.

Frankie came from a family of several brothers and sisters, and they lived in the big white house at the corner of Leggett Road and Railroad Street. Her mother had boarders there (including W.H. List each spring before peach season started and the family returned from Miami), and she and her sister Thelma lived there until the 1970's when Miss Frankie moved to Florida.

The first thing that anyone will remember about Miss Frankie would be the hats she wore. If there was an outlandish, unique hat that she could find, she wore it to church. Big old feathers and all kinds of other fashionable garb made its way into church on Sunday mornings.

Miss Frankie was very short, and when driving a car, her head would be barely visible, and she usually sat on a book or blanket in order to be able to see out. When meeting her on the road, all you usually saw were fingers on the steering wheel and possibly her eyes and the top of her head. Not only that, but in 1961 she bought an enormous Lincoln Continental...baby blue, and that just added to the drama...or the comedy for that matter. And not only that, but she drove very slowly. Now, Miss Frankie worked in the court house in Chattanooga, and at that time there was only the two-lane Highway 27 to commute to town. Many times in the late afternoon when shift traffic was coming north, an enormous string of cars would be backed up behind a great, big Lincoln Continental driven by Miss Frankie. She was oblivious to the fact that she sometimes had traffic backed up for half a mile.

Frankie was a staunch FDR Democrat, and I can remember at several church dinners at McDonald Farm that she and Mr. Roy McDonald had some very intense discussions Republican vs. Democrat. She never backed down...and Mr. Roy did not either.

Miss Frankie always had a white picket fence around her yard...the same feature that the house had since it was built by Thomas Price about 1885. She had a big double gate that she opened to get the big Lincoln in the driveway. One day she started to turn in the driveway with the battleship she was driving, and she hit the gate post. Backing up she tried it again with the same result. She gave another blow to the gate. By this time she was cross ways of the road and had traffic stopped. She got out of the car and went to her neighbor Foster Pendergrass's house and knocked on the door. Totally frustrated with the situation, she said, "Foster, dahling, will you be a deah and go over there and get that Lincoln in my driveway." (I cannot quote what she actually said.) Foster put that barge in the driveway more than once.

Miss Frankie at one time was having a running gun battle feud with her next door neighbor named Emma Kate. One day as my brother Roger (who was about twelve years old at the time) was getting ready to mow Emma Kate's yard (he mowed both of them), Miss Frankie came out the back of the house and said, "Roger dahling, how much does Emma Kate

pay you to mow her yard?"

Roger replied, "Two dollars."

Miss Frankie shot right back, "Well, I'll give you five dollars not to mow it!"

If there was ever a person who was wholeheartedly for the community of Sale Creek and especially the school, it was Frankie Eldridge. She was in the third graduating class of Sale Creek High School in 1913, and she was proud of it, and she was proud to be from Sale Creek. In 1962 there was a movement afoot to close Sale Creek High School and move the students to Soddy Daisy High School. The community was in an uproar as has never been seen before or after. At one of the school board meetings, Miss Frankie rose from her seat and addressed the board. Everyone in county government knew Miss Frank from her position of prominence in the court house. I can still remember the picture in the paper of Miss Frank with one of her unique hats on and a long, long cash register tape that she was reading from that had the total amount of land tax revenue generated from the community of Sale Creek. Only Miss Frankie could have thought to do that or would have had the access to the records that Frankie had. Sale Creek High School is still in business, thanks in large part to Frankie Eldridge.

Miss Frankie and her sister, Thelma (Miss Themie) helped an untold multitude of Sale Creek residents get jobs to go to school or support their families. She was never above dialing a company in Chattanooga and securing work for young and old alike...if she liked you and felt that you were a good, dependable worker.

To say that Miss Frankie was eccentric in ways would have been an understatement. She was unabashed by just about any situation as proven by something that happened one morning at the post office. My father was working the mail that morning and saw Miss Frankie coming across the railroad track in her night gown and house slippers. She came to the back door of the post office and trilled, "Yooohoo, Pig dahling, can you come out heah?"

My father went to the back door of the office and asked her what she needed. She said, "I have got the zipper hung in the back and I can't get out of it. Help me get out of this gown."

As she turned around, my father got a glimpse of the magnitude of the problem. Miss Frank's unmentionables were caught in the zipper. Very uneasily, my father said, "Miss Frank, I hate to tell you this, but your underwear is hung in your zipper and I don't think I should try to get it out."

Unflustered at all, Miss Frank fired back, "Now look heah, Piggy dahling, I have to go to Chattanooga later this morning with Gertie and Allene. Get your knife out and cut me out of these things."

Surgery was performed on the back of the night gown the length of the back, and the last that was seen of Miss Frankie, she was hurrying back across the railroad to her home holding the back of her night gown to keep it closed.

Miss Frankie Eldridge...a person that everyone should have known.

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September Newsletter

blessing. [I notice with dismay that several of you don't sing along with us. I don't know why. Please do join with us and sing, even if you sing badly. What, would you rather sing a praise chorus?]

4. Sing lustily, and with a good courage. Beware of singing as if you were half dead, or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, nor more ashamed of it being heard, than when you sing the songs of Satan.

5. Sing modestly. Do not bawl, as to be heard above, or distinct from, the rest of the congregation, that you may not destroy the harmony; but strive to unite your voices together, so as to make one clear melodious sound.

6. Sing in time. Whatever time is sung, be sure to keep with it. Do not run before, nor stay behind it; but attend closely to the leading voices, and move therewith as exactly as you can. And take care you sing not too slow. This drawling way naturally steals on all who are lazy; and it is high time to drive it out from among us, and sing all our tunes just as quick as we did at first.

7. Above all, sing spiritually. Have an eye to God in every word you sing. Aim at pleasing Him more than yourself, or any other creature. In order to do this, attend strictly to the sense of what you sing, and see that your heart is not carried away with the sound, but offered to God continually; so shall your singing be such as the Lord will approve of here, and reward when He cometh in the clouds of heaven.

