



THE BEACON BEAM

July 2026

How Psalm 113 Changed My Life

by Rosaria Butterfield

My introduction to Psalm 113 was when I sang it along with others in corporate worship. It was 21 years ago, and I was sporting a butch haircut and extra piercings in my right ear—because back in the day, left was right (straight) and right was wrong (gay). I stood in a pew in the Syracuse Reformed Presbyterian Church awkwardly seeking a God that I secretly hoped would accept me as I was. Floy Smith, the pastor's wife, stood at my side. Floy, a woman who could bridge worlds for me, brushed me with her shoulder before we started to sing. "God is making you His beautiful trophy, my dear," she whispered in my ear, the one with the extra piercings. Pastor Ken Smith told us to open our Psalters to Psalm 113A in *The Book of Psalms for Singing*.

I jumped in with mouth open wide.

But before I realized what was coming out of my mouth, I sang the last lines of the psalm and implicated myself into what I believed then was hateful patriarchy and institutionalized misogyny.

Like many things that have caught me in mid-leap, this psalm started out on what I perceived to be safe ground. A song of praise to a God who has to stoop to examine his creation: He lowers himself to examine the stars, the moon, and the sun. He makes no bones about his authority over creation, and then he makes dead bones live. He tells the mountains to stand, and they obey without backtalk. He even bends low enough to build up men and women, giving love to the loveless, dignity to the depraved, and family to the refugee. But the crescendo verse brought praise to a halt for me. I choked mid-verse:

*He the childless woman takes
and a joyful mother makes;
Keeping house she finds reward.
Praise Jehovah; praise the Lord!*

That psalm stuck with me like a bad toothache. Its outdated embrace of patriarchy was unthinkable! I had warred against patriarchy for decades. As the daughter of a feminist, I took up my destiny with pride. Even more than my lesbian identity, my feminist identity grounded me in everything that I valued. I wasn't a man-hater. I had women friends who were sexually partnered with men. I celebrated those male-female relationships that valued unity, interdependence, and service. And I deplored those male-female relationships that called for a woman's submission, even if voluntary. My feminist worldview/religion declared any male-female sexual relationship that rejected unity, interdependence, and service but approved of a wife's submission as foundational to rape culture. What God called good, I called rape.

The whole verse was unthinkable. "Keeping house she finds reward"! Absurd! How could anyone find reward in keeping house (aspiring to be a stay-at-home mother and wife)? Immediately, I jumped to the hope that this was just a bad translation or a vivid literary metaphor—one that needed some serious reining in. And so I asked the pastor's wife. And then I asked the elders' wives. And then I asked the other women in the church.

No one in my church apologized for this verse, and no one dismissed it as an over-extending metaphor.

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Gregory L. Phillips, *Minister of Music*

Sunday

Morning Worship....9:30 AM
Sunday School.....11:10 AM
Evening Worship.....6:00 PM

Wednesday

Prayer Meeting.....7:00 PM
IMPACT Clubs.....7:00 PM
Teen Ministry.....7:00 PM

Instead, Floy and the other women I asked told me that this line was both metaphor and material. It spoke of real women reflecting their relationship to Jesus by their resemblance to Jesus. And it gave a picture of God's compassion on the solitary. My sisters reminded me that Scripture interprets Scripture. The sense and purpose and beauty of this verse had to be read in the context of Genesis 1:27 and Genesis 3:16.

And so, with the help of older sisters in the Lord, I started to study these passages. I read Genesis 1:27 ("So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them"). I beheld the dignity of this verse: that both men and women derive their image from God, not from each other. I beheld how far short my own feminist worldview stood in relation to God's Word. The order of creation made the point: the sexes are equal in essence, and different in calling. Everything in my body and brain screamed: WRONG. Even so, a whisper in my heart craved covering by God and the covenant of church and family.

Then my sisters walked me through Genesis 3:16, God's curse on Eve: "To the woman he said, 'I will greatly multiply your sorrow and your conception. In pain you shall bring forth children. Your desire shall be for your husband, and he shall rule over you.'" This verse was not easy to untangle. It became easier when I read it next to the parallel verse in Genesis 4:7: "Sin lies at the door, and its desire is for you," God tells Cain. "But you should rule over it." The literary echoes exposed how sin distorted everything—including relationships between husbands and wives. That sin's entrance into the world produced a collision of wills within marriage is not some 1970s feminist rallying cry. It's a logical and obvious interpretation of what total depravity

reveals about my heart. The sin that Adam, our federal head, imputed to all would vex our will to do what God wants—both personally and relationally. And what does God want? He wants his first fruits—men and women—to cherish and triumph under his creation ordinance. Even as I railed against Psalm 113, some deep part of me recognized God's Word as good—truly, uniquely good. God's Word was real as rain. And his Word made clear that a wife's submission in the Lord to her godly husband is part of the creation order, like it or not. (And I didn't).

Psalm 113 did more than make me reflect on culture. It pressed me to see my lesbianism in the light of Scripture. To me, lesbianism was my identity and my preference. But lesbianism in light of Scripture is a rejection of men in general

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and the creation ordinance in particular. While meditating on Psalm 113, I considered how my indwelling sin of homosexuality was tightly woven into predispositions that, while not sinful in themselves, served me well as a lesbian. I exuded boldness and strength rather than gentleness and kindness. Christians are, of course, called to be bold and strong, but the ease with which I applied these attributes became something of a set-up for me, a set-up for sin and not submission. Again, sisters in the Lord were there at my side, reminding me that the fruit of the Spirit calls for "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness,

faithfulness, gentleness, self-control" (Gal. 5:22–23). I was starting to see that battling the indwelling sin of homosexuality required embracing God's intent for me to live out all of the attributes of the fruit of the Spirit, not just the ones that came easily to me. Godly womanhood started to appear not as a cookie-cutter recipe, but a particular application of God's grace to me, with the word of truth molding the clay of my heart.

And so it was that Psalm 113 changed my life. I looked into its mirror and I saw how short I had fallen from God's will.

But then a few years later, Psalm 113 changed my life again.

A few years after my conversion, the Lord had both changed the affections of my heart and beckoned me to embrace my role as a godly woman. And after I had poured out my heart to God, begging him to make me a godly woman, he gave me another desire: to be a godly wife to a godly husband, to submit to him as a helper to him in his work, and, if God willed, to be a mother to our children. Years fraught with strife and turmoil followed, and then I met Kent Butterfield. The Lord knitted our hearts together, and Kent proposed marriage.

Almost immediately, the world provided three divergent paths, three opposing life directions, and three mutually exclusive options that would unmistakably shape me. I could return to Syracuse University as a tenured professor of English. I could stay at Geneva College and apply for a position in administrative leadership. Or I could marry Kent Butterfield and become a church planter's wife.

The first path was familiar. The second path was recognizable. The third path was unimaginable.

Immediately, well-intended people—Christian brothers and sisters—started to

weigh in. How could a smart woman like me turn away from the work the Lord had already prepared for me? Isn't it sinful *not* to use my gifts? What about the books I would never (presumably) write? One brother asked, "Why can't you be a professor or dean or president and Kent be the stay-at-home dad?" Another sister put it, "Do you really need a PhD to changed diapers?"

The Lord led me to marry Kent and become a church planter's wife. Kent and I have now been married for 18 years. Kent's work moved from the church plant, to secular work, to the pastor of a small Reformed Presbyterian church. Unable to bear children of our own, the Lord allowed us to adopt four,

two out of foster care at the age of 17. Today, the ages of my children span 13 to 31. I spend my days teaching my two youngest children at home, being a helper to Kent, teaching high school English in my homeschool co-op, and taking care of my three-year-old grandson on weekends or whenever my son and daughter-in-law need me. God has also allowed me to write books and speak to a hostile culture about our powerful and gracious God. My hands and heart are full and overflowing.

Psalm 113 has carried me full circle. Twenty-one years ago, I railed against patriarchy, seeing submission of any kind as violence and a recipe for abuse. Today, I believe with all of my heart and

mind that the only safe place in the world for a woman is as a member of a Bible-believing church, protected and covered by God through the means of faithful elders and pastors and, if God wills, a godly husband. Unimaginable joy is at the center of God's will. Psalm 113 has been my good and faithful compass in a world filled with confusion about men, women, and family.

The inspired words of Psalm 113 are meant to be a comforting salve for the poor and barren with its call to praise the Lord in every and any circumstance. But for the unconverted, these words are folly and it completely wrecked me. And I can't praise God enough for that.

PITFALLS FOR A PURCHASED PEOPLE

by Bob LaTour

Satan is enticing Christians to soften up, lighten up and eventually give up their standards. He is the enemy of our souls, and, as an angel of light, he knows our weaknesses. Although he cannot take from us our salvation if we are truly in Christ, he can and will make us ineffective if we do not guard our hearts and our actions. He places subtle pitfalls in our path to seek to trick us, to trap us and to terminate the effectiveness of our testimony.

Pitfall: Failure to live up to the position that we have in Christ. I Peter 2:9a "But you are *a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, His own special people....*"

Pitfall: Failure to properly represent the Lord. I Peter 2:9b "...that you may *proclaim the praises* of Him who called you..." God's call to salvation should make believers ecstatic that we have been called to everlasting life with Christ.

Pitfall: Failure to enjoy an intimate relationship with Christ. I Peter 2:9c "...out of darkness into His marvelous light..." Darkness cannot exist in light. "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all."¹ In His grace, God has made believers *sons of Light* and our intimacy. I Thessalonians 5:5 "You are all sons of light and sons of the day. We are not of the night nor of darkness."

Pitfall: Failure to maintain a humble spirit. I Peter 1:10 "Who once were not a people but are now the people of God, who had not obtained mercy but now have obtained mercy." Obtained means "to gain or attain usually by planned action or

effort." The effort is all of God's grace. Ephesians 2:8-9 "For by grace you have been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, *lest anyone should boast.*" Proverbs 3:5-7 Trust in the LORD with all your heart, And *lean not on your own understanding*; In all your ways acknowledge Him, And He shall direct your paths. *Do not be wise in your own eyes*; Fear the LORD and depart from evil."

Pitfall: Failure to maintain a holy lifestyle. I Peter 1:11-12a "Beloved, I beg you as sojourners and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul, *having your conduct honorable among the Gentiles....*" The law of the flesh² is somewhat like the law of gravity in that both can be overcome by a power greater than them. —gravity by horsepower and the flesh by the indwelling Spirit. I Corinthians 10:13 "No temptation has overtaken you except such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not allow you to be tempted beyond what you are able, but with the temptation will also make the way of escape, that you may be able to bear it."

Pitfall: Failure to become an effective witness in the world. I Peter 1:12b "...That when they speak against you as evildoers, they may, *by your good works which they observe*, glorify God in the day of visitation: ("God's drawing near either for judgement for the unbeliever or mercy for the believer.")

¹ I John 1:5; ² Romans 7:25

READING FICTION MIGHT MAKE YOU A BETTER CHRISTIAN

by Hunter Strength

As a pastor, recommending quality books is a regular part of my life. While this ranks among my favorite things to do, there is one thing that concerns me: people don't read fiction. Hardly a week goes by that I recommend a work of fiction only to receive the reply, "Thanks, but I only read nonfiction," and I get it. For years, I was solely committed to reading nonfiction. Looking back, it seems that I had an unspoken assumption that nonfiction is for serious, godly people, while fiction is, at best, a harmless indulgence and, at worst, a waste of time. I mean, if a book isn't teaching doctrine, recounting history, or helping you with productivity, why bother reading it?

However, as I have grown as a reader, I am convinced that this assumption is both impoverishing and unbiblical. Christians should be a people who take fiction seriously—not because we need more entertainment, but because fiction is one of God's good gifts for forming Christian wisdom, empathy, and imagination.

Fiction Is Not Frivolous

Let's start with the first assumption: that fiction is just useless "made-up stuff." Indeed, fiction is not literal reportage, but that doesn't mean it can't be true. As C.S. Lewis famously said in his article *Myth Became Fact*, the gospel is the "true myth"—God's myth that entered history. In his article, Lewis seeks to remind us of the powerful way works of myth move the soul, how they transport us into the mind, the thoughts, the emotions, the soul of another person, and cause us to think about things in our own world. Capturing the powerful vehicle of myth, he, in turn, claims that the Gospel—that God has invaded human time and space as the God-man to live, die, and rise for us and our salvation — is powerful because it is a myth, a *true* myth.

As Christians who take the Scriptures seriously, there's one thing we can't deny: God gave us stories. When Jesus wanted to explain the kingdom of God, He didn't deliver a lecture; He told stories. The Good Samaritan, the prodigal son, the lost sheep—these were all "fictional" stories, but they revealed divine reality.

Fiction, at its best, does the same thing. It gives us a way to see the world as it really is—sometimes even more sharply than nonfiction. For instance, I knew that social media is brain rot; one can hardly go a day without hearing it. But when I read *Fahrenheit 451*, the fixation of Mildred Montag with her "family," the screens, grabbed me with a force that statistics couldn't. Myth and story steal past those watchful dragons of pride and resistance, letting truth pierce our hearts.

Fiction Trains the Christian Heart

Another reason Christians should read fiction is that it teaches us to love. C.S. Lewis was a known hater of the term "Christian literature," believing that it shouldn't be barred to an isolated corner, but should be among the category of "good literature," if it is indeed good. Of good literature, he said, "But in reading great literature I become a thousand men and yet remain

myself. Like the night sky in the Greek poem, I see with a myriad eyes, but it is still I who see. Here, as in worship, in love, in moral action, and in knowing, I transcend myself; and am never more myself than when I do."

As Christians, we are not called to be disassociated robots, but to be present, invested, and empathetic. The Apostle Paul calls us to "weep with those who weep" (Romans 12:15), but how can we do that if we cannot enter into someone else's joys and sorrows?

Fiction builds empathy by letting us live lives that are not our own. When we follow Gatsby through his relentless pursuit of power and prestige for the sake of a woman whose personality he largely invented, we are drawn into the tragedy of misplaced hope. We feel the ache of his longing, and we feel the sting of betrayal when his dream shatters because we too have constructed idealized versions of people, only to find them wanting. Fiction like this teaches us to grieve well, to face reality with honesty, and to grow in compassion toward those whose dreams have collapsed.

To be frank, the church needs this. If your reading diet is only polemics and theological treatises, you will speak like a computer with no soul. That may win you arguments, but it will not win you *people*.

Fiction Enlarges the Christian Mind

Finally, fiction is one of the best ways to stretch your intellect. Lewis wrote that reading old books gives you "more than one brain." Fiction does something similar. It immerses you in another world, another mind, another set of assumptions. You may not agree with everything you read (and you shouldn't), but you come away humbled, less convinced that your own era or experience is the measure of all things.

In his article *On the Reading of Old Books*, Lewis encourages us to read older works because, "People were no cleverer then than they are now; they made as many mistakes as we. But not the *same* mistakes. They will not flatter us in the errors we are already committing, and in their own errors, being now open and palpable, will not endanger us. To heads are better than one, not because either is infallible, but because they are unlikely to go wrong in the same direction" (Lewis, *God in the Dock*, 220).

This is crucial for discipleship. Christians who never step outside their own perspective risk becoming insular and brittle. But when we walk with Sam and Frodo across Mordor, or journey through life's final river with Christian and Hopeful, we are reminded that the human condition is vast and complicated, and God's grace must be, too.

So here is my plea: read some fiction this year. Read it not to escape the world but to see it more clearly. Read to grow in empathy, to stretch your imagination, to gain more than one brain. Open a novel, step into another life, and let truth slip past the watchful dragons guarding your heart. You might find, by the final page, that you love God and neighbor a little more.

On the Feminine Side

by Marti Barkman

Now several months into retirement from the interior design business, I'm surprised to find I haven't missed it for a moment! When contemplating retirement, I thought it would be hard to step away from what was an enjoyable career, but when Covid forced a significant slowdown, the thought of going back to that schedule was more disturbing than considering leaving it. Now, when driving past one of my old shopping haunts, I find it quite liberating to drive on by! Gone are the days of driving from Raleigh to High Point and beyond, and I'm free from the worst part of the job.. .paperwork! And it's kind of nice getting those Social Security checks in my account every month. And like all my retiree friends have expressed, I don't know how I found time to work before retirement. It is still the rare morning when I wake up to all options open for the day.

Is there anything I miss about working? It's trite, but I find it hard to keep track of the day of the week and dates of the month. When I was tied to my work calendar and schedule, I had no trouble remembering the date. Not now. But it's a small inconvenience, easily fixed if I can find my phone. How important is it to know what day it is? Quite so if we are to be where and when we are supposed to be. That's what makes clock and calendar so vital to the smooth running of our schedules. Think back to those days of Covid lockdown, when we were robbed of our normal schedules. One day melted into another with little distinction between the two. With our ability to meet for worship shortened dramatically, our Sundays, that day of new beginning became less defined and dangerously less important. If we weren't purposeful in treating it as the Lord's Day, it was easily lost in the other six days of the week. Aren't we grateful to have that behind us!

But think of a prisoner, not one in the prisons we see in our modern-day prisons, but one from times past, held in a dungeon and cut off from any contact with the outside world. No clock or calendar to keep track of their days, and for some, even deprived of the time-keeping properties of

the sun. Maybe you've read the account of some such prisoner who kept track of time by scratching with a stone a tally of his days on the rock walls of the dungeon. Such was the experience of the Apostle John who was imprisoned for his faith on the Isle of Patmos, now a lovely tourist destination, but in John's day, a desolate, windswept island where prisoners had to do for themselves whatever they could to stay alive. Scrounging for any scrap of food, taking shelter in caves, this island was where people were sent to die. One thing we know about John was that he kept track of the days. We know, because during his days on Patmos, John wrote of the vision that God gave him, the book called 'The Revelation of Jesus Christ' and he begins with "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day." Here in this place of utter desolation John kept track of the days. And on this first day of the week, the Lord's Day, John was worshipping the God who never forsakes His children and who never changes. We might find it strange for someone for whom every day was wretchedly the same as the days before, to be worshipping. But knowing this first day of a new week was the day belonging to his God and who invited John into his presence brought John to his knees in worship.

When we talk about the first day of the week, what comes to your mind? Think about the Lord's Day purposefully. Don't let the day slip away with no thought of the significance of what it is called: THE LORD'S DAY. He owns it. Give it to Him by rejoicing in His beauty with song, and in particular, turning your mind away from the thoughts that would crowd out the Word.

And one suggestion I would make: When you've listened to a sermon, ask this question: What would God have me do with what I've just heard? You might not know the answer to that question and if so, I suggest going to the text from the sermon and reading it in the context. If you come to the word 'Therefore...' you might find the answer.



WE SHALL SEE HIM

The Beatific Vision And The Light Of Tabor A Reformed Perspective for Hope and Glory

The Christian hope, in its highest expression, is nothing less than the vision of God. What theologians have long called the *beatific vision* is not a speculative curiosity, but the very consummation of redemption—the end toward which all grace tends and all providence moves. “Blessed are the pure in heart,” our Lord declares, “for they shall see God” (Matt. 5:8). This promise is not metaphor alone, nor is it exhausted by present spiritual perception. It points forward to a real, immediate, and transforming sight of God in glory, granted to the redeemed in the age to come.

From a Reformed perspective, this vision must be understood in a manner consistent with the whole counsel of God: God in His essence remains invisible and incomprehensible to creatures. As John Calvin carefully teaches, even in glory we do not comprehend God as He comprehends Himself. Yet this does not diminish the reality or fullness of the vision. Rather, it heightens its wonder. We shall truly see God, not by grasping His essence exhaustively, but by beholding Him as He freely gives Himself to be known in Christ, by the Spirit, in a manner suited to glorified creatures.

This is why Scripture consistently anchors our hope not in an abstract sight of deity, but in the face of Jesus Christ. “God... has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ” (2 Cor. 4:6). The beatific vision is Christological. It is not a departure from mediation, but its perfection. The same Christ who is now known by faith will then be known by sight. Faith shall give way to sight, not by abolishing Christ’s mediatorial role, but by bringing it to its appointed end: full, unveiled communion.

In this light, the event of the Transfiguration (what Eastern theology often calls the “Light of Tabor”) becomes pastorally rich for the Reformed believer. On that mountain, the disciples were granted a foretaste of Christ’s glory: His face shining like the sun, His garments radiant with uncreated brightness. This was not a different Christ, nor a temporary elevation into divinity, but a momentary unveiling of what was always true of Him as the eternal Son made flesh.

The value of this event lies not in constructing a separate theology of divine light as an independent experience, but

in recognizing it as a divinely given preview of the glory that belongs to Christ and, by union with Him, to His people. As Herman Bavinck observes, all true knowledge of God comes through His self-revelation, and that revelation reaches its fullness in the incarnate Word. The light seen on Tabor is not something we ascend to grasp, but something God reveals in Christ according to His gracious will.

Here is where the Reformed emphasis proves deeply pastoral. We do not seek ecstatic or extraordinary visions as the ground of assurance or communion. Rather, we are directed to the ordinary means of grace—Word, sacrament, and prayer—through which Christ truly communicates Himself to us now. Yet these means are not ends in themselves. They are instruments preparing us for glory, training our hearts to long for the day when the veil is removed.

Indeed, there is a present participation in this future vision, though by faith and not by sight. The apostle speaks of believers “beholding the glory of the Lord” and being “transformed into the same image from one degree of glory to another” (2 Cor. 3:18). This is a real, though partial, foretaste of the beatific vision. As we behold Christ in the gospel, the Spirit conforms us to His likeness. What we shall one day see fully, we now begin to see dimly, and in seeing, we are changed.

This transformation guards us from treating the beatific vision as a merely intellectual or visual experience. It is deeply moral and relational. To see God is to love Him perfectly; to love Him perfectly is to be made like Him. Holiness is not incidental to the vision, it is its necessary accompaniment. Thus the call to purity of heart is not a condition we fulfill in our own strength, but a work God accomplishes in us as He prepares us for Himself.

The “Light of Tabor,” then, may be received as a gracious signpost. It reminds us that the glory of Christ is not a distant abstraction, but a present reality veiled for a time. It assures us that the same Jesus who walked in humility now reigns in splendor, and that His glory is the inheritance of His people. But it also directs us away from seeking isolated

experiences of divine light, and toward a steadfast reliance on Christ as He is offered in the gospel.

In the end, the hope of the beatific vision is profoundly simple and profoundly deep: “We shall see Him as He is” (1 John 3:2). This sight will not dissolve our creatureliness, nor will it blur the distinction between Creator and creature. Rather, it will perfect our joy, satisfy our longing, and establish us forever in the love of God.

Until that day, the church lives between promise and fulfillment, walking by faith, nourished by grace, and sustained by the sure hope that the One we now know through a glass darkly will one day be seen face to face. And in that vision, every restless desire will find its rest, for God Himself will be our exceeding great reward



Holy Nobility

God has purchased us, His people, With the blood of our dear Lord, And made us a royal priesthood Through the merit He affords. Privileged people, holy nation, Come exalt our Great High Priest. E’er proclaim His wondrous glory In all things, greatest to least.

Once vile slaves to sinful passions, Helpless debtors to God’s Law, Blind to wrath and to salvation, We knew neither guilt nor awe. But the Father, rich in mercy, Gave us life and faith to see. Grace abounding, love unending, Christ’s atonement set us free.

Called into God’s marv’lous brightness, We are children of the day. He has led us out of darkness, To the Life, the Truth, the Way. Prince of Peace left heaven’s splendor To invade death’s dark domain! God the Son came down to rescue All who will confess His name.

Royal priesthood, e’er extol Him Through lives set apart for praise. Consecrated, blameless, holy, Let us joyful tribute raise. May His beauty be reflected In hearts filled with holy love. May Christ find us pure and blameless When He comes from heav’n above.



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Website: You may also access this medium through the "DONATE" tab on the Beacon website: beaconbaptist.com

The Beacon Broadcast

Monday thru Friday		Sunday	
WNAH 1360 AM (Nashville, TN)	2:00 p.m.	WCRU 960 AM (Charlotte, NC)	9:30 a.m.
WITA 1490 AM (Knoxville, TN)	9:30 a.m.	WBAG 1150 AM (Burlington, NC)	10:30 a.m.
WBAG 1150 AM (Burlington, NC)	12:15 p.m.	WTRU 830 AM (Winston-Salem, NC)	10:30 a.m.
WBAG 105.9 FM (Burlington, NC)	12:15 p.m.	WDRU 1030 AM (Raleigh, NC)	10:30 a.m.
WTRU 830 AM (Winston-Salem, NC)	2:00 p.m.	WLES 590 AM (Richmond, VA)	10:30 a.m.
WDZY 1290 AM (Richmond, VA)	6:15 a.m.	WGNQ mixlr.com/wgng-radio (M-F) 8:45-9 a.m. & 4:45-5:00 p.m. (Internet station based in Greenville/Washington, NC)	
WDZY 103.3 FM (Richmond, VA)	10:00 a.m.		
WSKY 1230 AM (Asheville, NC)	6:15 a.m.	Saturday WNAH 1360 AM (Nashville, TN)	
WYYC 1250 AM (York, PA)	10:00 a.m.		
WYYC 98.1 FM (York, PA)	7:15 a.m.		
Monday thru Sunday		2:00 p.m.	
WXTH-LP 101.7 FM (Richwood, WV)	5:00 p.m.		
	5:00 p.m.		
	10:05 a.m.		
	10:05 p.m.		

BEACON HIGHLIGHTS FOR JULY

Calendar

03-04	Independence Day <i>Church Office Closed</i>
05	Fellowship Meal
12	Lord's Table
13	Tri-State Particular Baptist Fellowship
14	Elders/Deacons Meeting
19	Members Meeting

Member Birthdays

02	Darryl McElhannon James Papaneri
03	Johnny Faust
04	Donnan Faucette Tommy Marley
06	Jonathan Freeman
12	Linda Zachary
13	Chris Wilburn
14	Jon Kucewicz
15	Hunter Strength
19	Little Norris
20	Kaitlyn Fannon
21	Bob Caldwell Bruce Councilman
23	Ryan Cardwell
26	Jacky Davis
27	Joan Zensen
28	Leann McElhannon
30	Jamie Beck
31	Mike Redd

Missionary Birthdays

07	Eunjoo Andersen Sarah Vahala*
08	David Andersen
09	Tim Bixby
12	Wanda Taylor
14	Armando Borsini
20	David Cassells Amy Jensen
25	Chris Hill

*Children of Missionaries

*We express our heartfelt
sympathy to the families of:*

Amy Hall
Katie Howell
Rachel Smith
Ron Young, Sr.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL. Beacon is hosting VBS this summer. We are diving into the nature of God for children ages 3-12. Join us Monday-Thursday, August 3-6 from 6-8:30 p.m. To register your child(ren) you may sign-up using the QR code or call the Church Office.



The Beacon Beam
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