THE BEACON BEAM

November 2026

BEACON BAPTIST CHURCH

STOP APOLOGIZING FOR GOD

by Tony Reinke

When I got my hands on the new ESV Reader's Bible, I opened first to Ezekiel. I'm not sure why, except I'd long neglected this book, and it seemed like a good one simply to read straight through, unhampered by headings and chapter and verse numbers.

When I came to the end of Ezekiel, I started over. And then I read it a third time.

Each time I was more struck by the rawness of the book. The prophetic books (like the prophets themselves) are jagged. Ezekiel is abrasive. The images of God are forceful, even when they are sometimes too incredible for the human imagination to picture. Some scenes seem like something out of a sci-fi movie. Other scenes are unvarnished street theater. At all times the book startles with symbolism and heartbroken laments, weighing the reader down under the weight of God's holy transcendence, almost to the point where we will shatter. And then, in the turn of a moment, God's steadfast love draws close and promises to dwell with his people, even to dwell *inside* his people.

I finish Ezekiel a third time, my mind still swirling, look over at my stack of new books fresh off the printing press from Christian publishers, page through a few of them, but nowhere find a glimpse of the God of Ezekiel I had only a moment beheld.

Except for one. There's one title that reads differently. *Yawning at Tigers: You Can't Tame God, So Stop Trying* is a book written by Drew Dyck, the managing editor of *Leadership Journal*. It's a book that reclaims the awesome God of Ezekiel.

Good — But Not Domesticated

As Dyck's title indicates, the living God of the universe is untamable. He's good, but he isn't safe. Try to subdue him, and you might lose an arm, or worse.

The living God of the Old Testament roars like a lion (Isaiah 31:4; Jeremiah 25:30; Hosea 11:10; Joel 3:16; Amos 1:2).

The living God of the New Testament is the Lion of Judah (Revelation 5:5).

As Michael Horton says, "Nobody today seems to think that God is *dangerous*. And that is itself a dangerous oversight."

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Gregory N. Barkman, *Senior Pastor*
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N. Hunter Strength, *Minister of Youth*
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

It's dangerous because before we yawn at God, we must first replace the majestic, holy, awesome Tiger of Scripture with a domesticated kitten, conformed to the standards of the world, measured by the yardstick of political correctness. Who wants a God who roars, who threatens, who judges? Why not rather fashion a god in our taste — a friendly god we can pet, leash, and export for popular appeal?

Yawn.

Perhaps it was the flavor of Ezekiel that prepared me for it, but *Yawning at Tigers* is exactly what the Christian publishing industry needs, a humble but prophetic book pointing out the folly of Christians who have grown bored with the god they invented — who displays no wrath, has lost its majestic holiness, would never call for blood, and who has been sanded over smooth — a god you'd never find in the pages of Ezekiel, a god perfectly tame and safe.

The Stakes

Dyck knows better. Our worship and our lives and our holiness and our joy demands that we worship a God we dare never trifle with. To know we are truly loved, Isaiah 6 must bring us down to the floor on our knees before the majesty of God.

"People only yawn at God because we have replaced the majestic Tiger of the Bible with a friendly god we can pet"

Dyck writes, "Here's the beautiful irony: making God strange actually enables us to know him more. Once we have marveled at his magnitude and mystery, we are able to achieve the deep intimacy that grows out of a true appreciation for who God is" (39).

He is not like us, and assuming he should be like us discloses our terrible ignorance (Psalm 50:21). "We are tempted to project our humanity onto God," Dyck explained in a recent interview. "We assume that God's wrath is akin to us throwing a childish fit. Of course, God's wrath, as explained in the Bible, is a perfect and holy wrath, different from our sinful anger as night is from day. So when God kills someone in the Bible, we can't accept that, because we imagine how wrong it would be for us to kill someone. But we fail to account for the fact that God has every right to take a life, because he gave it in the first place. As a culture we work hard to establish parity, equality among people, and that is very good, but then we project that toward the heavens and say: God, you have to play by the same rules we do."

He doesn't. God is God: he makes decisions on his own initiative and without explaining them all to us (Romans 9:20). When we confine God within parameters, we don't limit God, but we do undercut our own spiritual life and mission in five ways..

1. Boredom with God Will Cost Us Our Worship

The reality, the tragedy, is that we all yawn at God at some point in time. "Our spiritual lives just become sort of routine, lackadaisical, and we go through the motions," Dyck says. "We don't stop ever to think: 'The God we worship is the God of Isaiah 6, high and lifted up, the God before whom people fell as though dead.' We need to be reminded of the dramatic majesty of God so we do not get lackadaisical before this great and holy God.

"The cruel irony of choosing God's love over his holiness is that we end up losing both. If we are not talking about the great and majestic God "who dwells in unapproachable light," then his love loses meaning (1 Timothy 6:16). We need to maintain his holiness in order to truly appreciate the magnitude of his love." These knotted truths — God's holiness and his love — find their most profound union at the cross of our Savior.

Bottom line, if we lose the magnificence of God's holiness, we lose our worship.

2. Boredom with God Will Cost Us Our Purity

Once we yawn at the thrice holy Tiger, we're likely to embrace a squishy sex ethic. Apathy that shrugs at fornication or homosexual practice is a diss on God's glory. Without God's transcendent holiness, personal holiness gets fuzzy fast.

"If we don't see God as holy, if we only see him as loving and accepting, we will engage in all sorts of behaviors that we think we can get away with, because God is not really that serious about sin. He is more into acceptance and tolerating our behavior."

God's holy transcendence not only protects us from laziness in our ethics; it also empowers us for personal change. "I think a lot of people out there have tried a lot of different things to change themselves. They have consumed every self-help book that has come along to find the secret. They have prayed a formulaic prayer. Ultimately, of course, it doesn't work. What I would like to say to those people is: What if what's missing from your life are the deep things of

What if what's missing from your life are the deep things of God?

"What if only a ravishing vision of God's holiness and love will ultimately make the difference in your life?"

3. Boredom with God Will Cost Us Our Mission

The transcendence of God fuels our mission. This is right out of Isaiah 6, too. "Although initially Isaiah is overwhelmed and terrified and unable to even speak, he ends by saying, 'Here I am! Send me' (Isaiah 6:8). He has this new willingness to accomplish God's mission because he has seen a great and holy God. And I think it is the same with us. When we see God for who he really is, fulfilling his mission in the world is no longer a dreaded duty. It becomes a delight. We are energized to do his mission.

"As unpopular or uncomfortable as it might be to speak of a dangerous God, it is crucial we do so," he reiterates in the book. "Not only because we need an accurate view of God. And not merely because we wish to reap the incredible rewards promised to those who fear the Lord. Seeing God as dangerous is essential to how we live. As children of our Father in heaven, we, too, are called to be dangerous. I'm not talking about being violent or destructive. But like God, we should be dangerous to evil and injustice, a holy threat to anything that preys on the innocent, crushes the powerless, and enslaves people to sin" (60).

If our God is not dangerous, how will we prove dangerous to sin and evil? Our mission is at stake.

4. Boredom with God Will Cost Us Our Place in God's Global Work

Once our boredom with God costs us our worship and our missional energy, it will then cost us our place in God's global work. Knowing Dyck studies trends in the church, is he optimistic or pessimistic about whether the church in America can recover the transcendence of God?

"I would say I am not optimistic, but I am hopeful."

He explains why in three concurrent trends.

First, the bad news. In America, 34% of people under 30 now claim "no religion," a three-fold increase from just a few decades ago.

"If there is a silver lining, I think that we will see a smaller, more committed core of Christians emerging. We are seeing the death of nominalism, name-only-Christianity in North America. Being a Christian is just no longer what you do to be a good American. There's no social pressure to go to church. It is perfectly acceptable to mow the lawn and drink martinis instead. And so I think we are going to see a smaller, purer core."

He ends with the most encouraging trend. "In the global church we are seeing a fluorescence of faith that we haven't seen since the book of Acts. In China, some have predicted that within 20 years, 1-in-3 people could be Christians. In Africa, where 100 years ago 10% of Africans identified as Christians, today it's 54%. In South America, whole cities are being swept with revival. God is on the move. Jesus promised he would build his church, and the gates of hell wouldn't stand (Matthew 16:18). The 1990s marked the greatest gathering of people into the church in the history of the church."

When it comes to proclaiming God as he has revealed himself in Scripture, the American church may be getting left in the dust.

"People grow bored with the god they invent, a perfectly tame and safe god, a god you never find in Scripture."

5. Boredom with God Will Cost Us Our Relevance

Finally, as Dyck sees the fruit of gospel ministry internationally, and sees new opportunities around the globe and here at home, he is less interested in trying to correct the ceaseless stream of manufactured caricatures in domesticated gods being fashioned in America and Britain.

"I'm done apologizing for God," he says. "Every few months an atheist writes a book accusing God of being mean, and somehow simultaneously nonexistent. Then we spill gallons of ink in response trying to defend God's actions. I'm not trying to bash on apologists, because I think what they do is crucial. My beef is that after we get through explaining away every passage in the Bible where God seems mean, he comes off as hapless or misunderstood.

"I would rather just say: Hey, listen. God is dangerous. That is the way the Bible portrays him. You don't have to like it. You can deny his existence. You can pet him if you like — just don't expect your arm back. I'm done trying to explain

God's dangerous qualities away, beaauce some of it isn't explainable, and because at some level we must simply accept the way he has chosen to reveal himself."

The Relevance of Transcendence

Putting God behind the cage of political correctness isn't going to happen. The attempt itself will prove to be the death of our worship, our gospel, our mission, and our holiness. In the end we make ourselves trivial.

"I think in every heart there remains a deep-seated desire to stand in the presence of a holy and transcendent God," Dyck says. "People are thirsty for transcendence. They need to hear about a holy God. And even if they deny that they are sinful, I think deep down they know that they are — they know they need the grace and mercy of a holy God."

God is not a kitten. He's a tiger. He's good, but he's not tame. He is the God we find in Ezekiel. If we choose to live in denial, our worship will weaken, our standards of purity will diminish, our mission will skid to a halt, our message will be hollowed out, and our part in God's global work will become more and more trivial.

> *"In every heart remains a deep-seated desire to stand in the presence of a holy and transcendent God."*

Cultural irrelevance may not be the worst consequence of yawning at God, but it's certainly one of them.

Tony Reinke serves as Senior Teacher for Desiring God, host of the Ask Pastor John podcast, and author of Ask Pastor John: 750 Bible Answers to Life's Most Important Questions (2024). He and his wife live in Phoenix.

On the Feminine Side

by Marti Barkman

This account of Marie Cardwell's journey to faith in Christ takes me back to the beginning of our long friendship. In the early days, before seatbelt laws were instituted, Larry and Marie would often take me home if Greg needed to stay late at church. The Cardwells had a small car; Larry drove, I sat in the back seat, Marie in front with baby Mandy on her lap and Mandy cried. A LOT! I was not yet a mother, so Marie explained that Mandy cried because she was very tired but was fighting sleep. What an insurmountable difficulty, I thought. What in the world would one do with a baby who couldn't go to sleep?

Little did I know that the turmoil in Marie's heart was of such magnitude that all others must have paled in comparison. In time, Mandy grew into a lovely young woman and God found Marie.

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The Lord is infinitely creative in all He does, and while we all receive the same salvation, sovereignly given, but like any gift-giver, He makes distinctions in the timing and the wrapping of that gift. We may receive it as a youngster, at the nearness of death, or at any point of life as He chooses. The giftwrap, the circumstances, are all individual, proving that as in the varieties of ways He healed on earth, He is not limited to any one way of healing the soul.

I had very loving parents, both of whom grew up during the depression and had their lives marked by the loss of a father; for my mother it was her third birthday. For daddy, it was when he was 13 and quit school to help his mother raise 4 little sisters. Thus, I grew up with very old-fashioned values, especially personal responsibility, and I was protected from a lot by that and by the isolation of where we lived.

We were regular church attenders, and I can best describe it by saying that no one took a Bible to the church. It was legalistic in the proper understanding of the word: be good, do your best, and you will have eternal life. So, what is the point of the cross? I received my first Bible from the church when they were given to all the eighth graders. I knew I was a sinner, and I knew there was an answer in there somewhere, so I read it through and I continued to do so. I knew a lot about it, but
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all on the surface. I often hear those who are brought up in a gospel-preaching church say that they cannot understand why others do not believe. They do not understand the strength of the veil over the heart of the unbeliever. Unless the Lord takes that veil, there is no sight.

When I went to college, buses would come by and pick up anyone who wanted to go to church, and I always went. My favorite was the Presbyterian church, which had such a serious service, as well as a beautiful stained-glass window. If the gospel was preached, I didn't truly hear it because we do not hear until the Spirit works. A Catholic friend took me to a service, but she had forgotten when to kneel, sit, or stand. The message was just beginning to be in English, and that day all were urged to stay away from Protestants. That was the end of that.

Later Larry and I married and were members of a church of the same denomination I had grown up in. I was still unsatisfied, because the Lord was at work, and He has His own ways of getting you where He wants you to go. I fell into a clinical depression, and all day I sat and stared at the wall. You cannot know how awful that is. It is not being "blue" or having a bad day. It was as though I was shut into a box away from reality, a box that was transparent but isolating, with no joy, no peace, no God, all emptiness. I would rather have any serious disease you can imagine than ever going there again. It is probably the closest thing to hell on earth, and I can see how some commit suicide to escape.

But I had a 3-year-old and one a few months, and I was sure to keep them fed, clean, and safe. That was about it, but it kept me safe, the rest of the time staring at the wall. Larry would come home and say, "What's wrong?" My answer was always "nothing", and there was nothing. The doctor put me on medication, but I knew quickly that was not the answer and quit taking it. I told Larry, "If we could just find a good church." I told you the Lord has His ways, and He also has a sense of humor. Larry came home and told me we had been invited to Beacon Baptist Church. You have got to be kidding. I had never darkened the door of a Baptist church, for those people must be wrong, even arrogant, to think that they have their eternal destiny all wrapped up. But I had said we needed to find a church, so we'll go. Once.

This was the first Harvest Day in November 1973, and we went to the Sunday night service. I'm probably the only person who remembers the text–the wheat and the tares. I told you the Lord has a sense of humor. I knew that story, what the tares were (they are called darnel), why they were dangerous (poison), why you could not tell the difference until harvest time (wheat bends and darnel stands straight then), and so forth. But I didn't know the important parts, and that I was one of the tares.

My depression was such that I could not see color and everything to me was in shades of gray. During that service the Spirit did His work and touched me. I knew something happened, though I did not know what. Now I believe He regenerated me there; that is always His first work. He must change us before we respond, because otherwise we cannot. The confirmation to me was that when I went out that night, I could see color again. What was going on?

So we kept coming, as I tried to understand the mystery before me. Pastor and Marti began to come on Thursday night visitation, Thursday after Thursday. I'm sure Marti could have found many things at home to do, but they were so faithful. Pastor had to explain the entire Bible to me, to make sense of all the stories I knew, to explain to me the sacrifices, and the cross. What was that all about? I am so grateful that they did not give up.

Though I think I was given new life that first night, my salvation story came by degrees, like the blind man Jesus healed who first saw trees walking, for we must confess with the mouth and believe in the heart. So having had the spiritual journey that I did, I wanted to give a confident assent to the gospel. My barrier then was the inerrancy of Scripture. That is another whole story, but the Lord met that need too, and I'm confident that few others have the same exact road to that understanding. Again, the Lord, all His work, and all His variety.

As it developed, I was baptized, (in a Baptist church!) at Wicker Street on the first anniversary of Beacon in May 1974. The Lord has given me such a love for the Word, as I'm sure He has done for you, and I just cannot get enough of it. I love to hear it preached, to read it, and to study it. And He's not done! In His grace He is making me what I am not. He has promised to change me into what I ought to be, and He will finish the work. Praise be to God for His great mercy!



ESCALATOR ESCAPADE

by Greg Barkman

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, and so did I. I tumbled down an escalator recently, with minimal injury, by the mercy of God. I hope my guardian angel gets extra duty pay, for he certainly deserves it. He maintained close watch and provided timely intervention. Since then, almost every conversation includes questions about this incident. It seems that many of you want more details. I deeply appreciate your concern and will gladly attempt to alleviate your worries.

THE OCCASION. Marti and I designated our September step-down week to visit Bethany and family in Maine. Because Maine is a long way from North Carolina, driving is out of the question if we don't want to spend nearly half our time on the road and return utterly exhausted. Instead, we fly to Boston, pick up a rental car, and complete the journey to Maine. We've followed this pattern more than a dozen times and it continues to work well for us.

And so it was that on Thursday, September 24, we rolled out of bed at 3:45 to begin our journey to the airport. We arrived at RDU with ample time to check-in, pass through Security, eat breakfast, and board our flight, arriving at Boston Logan around 9:00 a.m. After retrieving our luggage, we boarded a shuttle bus to the Avis desk and were soon on the road in a roomy Hyundai Tucson SUV that delivered an astonishing 38 mpg. We stopped for a delicious Popeye's Chicken lunch, arriving in Belfast, Maine, around 3:00 p.m. After solving a minor check-in snafu, we settled into our Airbnb for a short rest before driving about fifteen miles to the Allgrove farm for supper.

Our accommodation was a lovely, newly renovated and nicely furnished apartment with a full kitchen, spacious living room, cozy bedroom, with an updated bathroom. Located above Darby's restaurant in Downtown, Belfast, it required climbing a steep flight of stairs. That would have been a problem a few weeks ago, but since my recovery from hip replacement was proceeding nicely, we welcomed the imposed exercise. We added frequent walks through city center and along the harbor through Front Street Ship Works. Every day rewarded us with delightful new sights of fishing vessels and yachts, great and small, receiving maintenance before winter sets in. Understandably, most people prefer not to remain in Maine during Winter. We pronounced our downtown home for the week perfect in every way and hope it may be available again next year.

THE ALLGROVES. Warren, Bethany, and their three growing boys, Warren, Jr., age 16, William, 13, and Wyatt, 8, are thriving. Farm life produces a healthy diet and abundant exercise. Home-school classical education is developing strong minds, and their involvement with a thriving, Word-centered church, coupled with excellent Christian training in the home is producing spiritually minded young men. We could not be more pleased!

PASTOR FRIENDS. Having become acquainted with several pastors in the area, I enjoy fellowshipping with as many as schedules allow. This year, I was able to lunch with Draa Mackey, pastor of Bayshore Baptist Church in Lincolnville, and Matt Koons, pastor of Cornerstone Baptist in Camden.

TIME TO GO. Time flew quickly by, and we reluctantly loaded the car and headed home. Our evening flight allowed extra time to explore the slower but more scenic Highway One down the coast to Kittery, where we picked up Interstate 95 through a small stretch of New Hampshire before reaching Massachusetts and eventually Boston. Along the way we marveled at brilliant fall foliage, frequent glimpses of the ocean, and a seemingly endless array of towns, mostly small, with quaint New England homes and shops.

THE BIG EVENT. Arriving at Logan airport, we returned the car, boarded the shuttle to Terminal A, and pulled our three pieces of wheeled luggage into the ground floor. Check-in was one flight above, so we weighed our options. Arriving the week before, we took the elevator since it's challenging to maneuver luggage on an escalator. As we stood inside the terminal, we could see that the elevators were far away, but there was an escalator just twenty-five feet from where we stood. "Let's take the escalator," I said. "We can avoid the long walk which will require another long walk to the Delta desk when we reach the second floor. I'll take two suitcases, and you can take one." Bad decision in retrospect, but it seemed sensible at the time.

Marti went ahead and handled her suitcase and two small carry-ons like a pro. I came close behind with two suitcases plus one carry-on. Everything progressed smoothly until I had almost reached the top. I really don't know what happened. Did I trip on the wheels of a suitcase? Did I stumble on a step? Whatever it was, I began to fall backwards and tumbled down as the escalator moved up, each step silently rising, locking tiny teeth into the step ahead, only to have the step behind repeat the process. Fortunately, there was no one behind me or I would have wiped out somebody with potentially disastrous results. I twisted this way and that until I reached bottom. A Massachusetts State Trooper on security duty witnessed my tumble and hurried over to help. As he lifted me to my feet, I could see the two suitcases I had been managing plopped at Marti's feet on the floor above. She thought I had a stroke or a heart-attack and was desperate to get down to help. The polite trooper looked me over and saw that I was bleeding from an abrasion on my head. "I'm going to call the medics," he said. "No need," I replied, "I'm alright." "Regulations require it," he said, so it was no surprise when three medics showed up to check me out. They placed bandages over the cuts bleeding slowly on my right arm. "Are you on a blood thinner?" one of them asked. "Yes," I replied. "Do you want to go to the hospital," another inquired. "Absolutely not," I declared. After a bit more analysis, they concluded that I was sufficiently stable to proceed. Returning home revealed several sizeable bruises, and my left ankle was badly swollen. Predictably, I was sore for two or three days but thankful to confirm no serious injuries. My recently replaced right hip did not hurt and evidenced no damage apart from a big bruise. It was Dr. Jim Orrick, our Fall Bible Conference speaker who said, "It's really amazing for a man of your age to take a fall like that with no injuries." (Thanks for the reminder, Jim, but I had to agree.) The Lord was exceedingly kind to me.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED? There are several lessons that could be drawn from this episode. The first is a reminder of the power of God to turn potential disaster into nothing more than an interesting story. That's not the first time I have benefited from such divine power, but it's encouraging to experience it again. I was also reminded that it's not usually wise to employ short-cuts. How much better to have walked the distance to the elevators than to tumble down an escalator. This is a good reminder for life and for ministry. How many of us have chosen the easier path only to find that compromise produced significant problems. As a pastor, God continues to teach me to avoid short-cuts. They may produce greater visible results in the short term but will dilute the power of God's Word and the blessing of the Holy Spirit over the long haul. Better to take the "long cut" of steady, faithful Bible preaching week after week, than to launch elaborate programs designed to attract people, only to have those same people disappear to the next exciting entertainment in another church. Doing God's work in God's way will secure God's approval and will produce spiritual health and greater divine blessing in the long run. How I thank God for His mercy and patience with me.

"Doing God's work in God's way will secure God's approval and will produce spiritual health and greater divine blessing in the long run."

BEACON BAPTIST CHURCH

The Beacon Broadcast

Monday thru Friday

WNAH 1360 AM (Nashville, TN)	2:00 p.m.
WITA 1490 AM (Knoxville, TN)	9:30 a.m.
WBAG 1150 AM (Burlington, NC)	12:15 p.m.
WBAG 105.9 FM (Burlington, NC)	12:15 p.m.
WTRU 830 AM (Winston-Salem, NC)	2:00 p.m.
WDZY 1290 AM (Richmond, VA)	6:15 a.m.
	10:00 a.m.
WDZY 103.3 FM (Richmond, VA)	6:15 a.m.
	10:00 a.m.
WSKY 1230 AM (Asheville, NC)	7:15 a.m.
WYYC 1250 AM (York, PA)	5:00 p.m.
WYYC 98.1 FM (York, PA)	5:00 p.m.

Monday thru Sunday

WXTH-LP 101.7 FM (Richwood, WV)	10:05 a.m.
	10:05 p.m.

Sunday

WCRU 960 AM (Charlotte, NC)	9:30 a.m.
WBAG 1150 AM (Burlington, NC)	10:30 a.m.
WTRU 830 AM (Winston-Salem, NC)	10:30 a.m.
WDRU 1030 AM (Raleigh, NC)	10:30 a.m.
WLES 590 AM (Richmond, VA)	10:30 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)

Saturday

WNAH 1360 AM (Nashville, TN)	2:00 p.m.

BEACON HIGHLIGHTS FOR NOVEMBER

Calendar

03	Coffee N'Courage
07	Fall Festival
10	Coffee N'Courage
	Deacon/Elders Meeting
14	Movie Night
15	Members Meeting
17	Coffee N'Courage
19	Silver Saints
24	Thanksgiving Praise Service
25-27	Church Closed

Member Birthdays

01	Carol Shaw
09	Jane Faucette
10	Duane Burns
13	Rebecca Griffin
	Laura Warner
18	Mary Speight
21	Sue Vestal
22	Joey Beck
25	Debra Ingle
	Ann Whittington
27	Dwayne Craig
29	Clara Driver
	Todd Wilson

Missionary Birthdays

07	Trisha Gudeman
09	Ruth Bixby
	Melanie Webster
10	Sillas Campos
26	Becca Jensen*
30	Wanger Campos
	Micah Gudeman*

*Children of Missionaries

Welcome to our new members:

Jordan and Rachel Edwards

LIVESTREAM SERVICES
beaconbaptist.com or sermonaudio.com

Sunday Morning Worship	9:30
Evening Worship	6:00

We express our heartfel sympathies to the families of:

Ann Griffin

Text: Text BEACONGIFT to 73256 followed by your desired amount. After this is done, you will receive a link where you may enter the rest of your information.

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

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