

PASTOR OGLETHORPE

God scratches where the world itches. *(Pause.)* The Apostle Paul wrote to Timothy about folks afflicted with itching ears, and I believe . . . *(He must confess.)* I do not know where they got off to. I purely do not. I directed them down to the Eat'n'Run over an hour ago, and they simply have not come back. The Eat'n'Run is usually true to its name. But I'm confident they'll be here any minute, so I'll press on and take this opportunity to welcome each and every one of you to the first-ever Saturday Night Sing at Mount Pleasant Baptist Church. I recall Job 35:10 – But none saith, Where is God my maker, who give song in the night. Amen. A special greeting to all you folks from the Antioch, Free Will, and Fire-Baptized Holiness. The doors of Mount Pleasant swing on open hinges. And I am surprised and delighted to see Miss Maude and Miss Myrtle in the Amen Corner. These dear ladies had some strong reservations about guitars and fiddles in the church, but I see you've had a change of heart. *(They haven't.)* I have not been this excited since I received the conviction to preach. I think it's a true sign of the modern times when we can gather together on a Saturday night, and I can look out on all the menfolk and see nothing but shirtsleeves! Not a suit coat in sight. When I received the call to this church after Preacher Dryman passed away – Does it seem like a year already? – I said to myself, Mervin, what can you bring the good folks at Mount Pleasant? *(PASTOR OGLETHORPE strolls away from the pulpit.)* And I studied on it, and the answer was progress. Here we are just two years shy of 1940, and look what God has wrought! Every time I look up at that electrical light bulb, I thank God – and the generous contributions of Miss Maude and Miss Myrtle – for progress. Us Baptists are pushing on into the modern world. You all look so good sitting out there, I think I'll take the liberty myself. It's hot *(PASTOR OGLETHORPE removes his coat. He places the coat on a pew and returns to the pulpit.)* You know, I wouldn't even know about the Sanders family at all if my car ran right. True story. I was on my way back from visiting my Mama and Daddy a couple of Saturdays ago – Oh, Mama told me to think you so much for your prayers on her cyst. She called me on the telephone Tuesday night to say it just fell off in her hand. Praise the Lord – So, I'm on Highway 11 towards Siler City when all of a sudden steam starts rolling up from under my hood. But as the Lord would have it, Mr. Sanders runs a filling station along that very piece of road. And I'm predicting God was at the wheel when he turned me into the Sanders place.