

Glorious Hope Slavná naděje

Vol. 31 N° 3
May-June 2005

Ročník 31, číslo 3
Květen-červen 2005

Cti otce svého i matku
(Efez. 6,2)
Cti si otce a matku
(Efez. 6,2)
Honor your father and mother
(Ephes. 6:2)

Děti, poslouchejte své rodiče v Pánu
(Efez. 6,1)
Deti, poslúchajte rodičov v Pánovi
(Efez. 6,1)
Children, obey your parents in the Lord
(Ephes. 6:1)

Otcové, nedrážděte své děti ke vzdoru
(Efez. 6,4)
Otcovia, nedráždite svoje deti
(Efez. 6,4)
Fathers, do not exasperate your children
(Ephes. 6:4)

Nechte děti a nebraňte jim jíti ke mně
(Mat. 19,14)

Nechajte deti a nebraňte im prichádzať ku mne
(Mat. 19,14)

Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them
(Matt. 19:14)

Convention Mission Statement

The Czechoslovak Baptist Convention of USA and Canada exists 1) to assist in extending the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in lands of central and eastern Europe, particularly the Czech and Slovak Republics; 2) to support the work of Baptists and other evangelical churches in North America that minister to persons of Czech and Slovak descent, and 3) to provide a Christian context for worship, fellowship, teaching, and appreciation of heritage among those in the United States and Canada who bear interest in the nationalities we represent.

Misijsní poslání konvence

Československá baptistická konvence Spojených států a Kanady byla ustanovena za účelem: 1) napomáhat v šíření evangelia našeho Pána Ježíše Krista v zemích střední a východní Evropy, zvláště v České a Slovenské republice; 2) podporovat práci baptistů a jiných evangelikálních církví v severní Americe, které slouží českým a slovenským potomkům; 3) předložit formu bohoslužby, obecnství a učení, vážit si dědictví těch, ve Spojených státech a v Kanadě, kterým leží na srdci národy, které reprezentujeme.

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Glorious Hope / Slavná naděje

May-June 2005, Vol. 31, N° 3
(USPS 009334), ISSN 0700-5202
Published Bi-Monthly by
The Czechoslovak Baptist Convention
of USA and Canada
Periodical postage paid in Philippi, WV.
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Glorious Hope / Slavná naděje
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www.ab.edu/czslbaptconv
Next issue deadline - June 15, 2005

Editorial



Driving along through the countryside, I notice nature awaking all around me. Spring is here! In a valley streaming with budding trees, a carpet is woven, pieced together by myriad shades of green. At the wooden bridge by the river, there should be a heron. She always stood, unmoving in the water every day, as if she wanted to wish a good morning to all who passed by. Her silhouette completed the morning spectacle, which

never failed to dazzle with its multitude of colours and their many hues. Often an enveloping fog, which the sun's rays would try to dissipate in those morning hours, bore testimony to peace and stability. The heron has appeared only once this year. I look for her every morning—will she appear today perhaps?

Trees have started budding. Nature has put on a new robe. The heron has not yet returned. Instead, a hawk greeted me one morning, sitting on a half-dead tree. Springtime begins with Easter celebrations, continues through Mother's Day, almost immediately followed by Father's Day, and ends with the Sunday School Picnic. Then comes Convention and by then summer is in full swing. This is how I notice the passing of days and months, which seem to be getting shorter and shorter....

Life is built upon the culmination of insignificant everyday happenings. How an individual perceives these experiences depends

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Projiždím krajinou a těším se z probouzející se přírody. Jaro je tu! V údolí říčky pučící stromy vytváří vlnící se koberec, poskládaný z několika různých odstínů zeleně. U mostu přes říčku, by měla být volavka. Stávala nehnutě ve vodě každý den, jakoby chtěla popřát dobré ráno. Její silueta doplňovala ranní obrázek, který překvapoval rozmanitostí barev a jejich odstínů. Mnohdy zahalena mlhou, kterou se sluneční paprsky právě pokoušely nadzvednout, svědčila a pokoji a stálosti. Letos se objevila teprve jednou. Vyhližím ji každé ráno—bude tam nebo nebude?

Stromy začínají rozkvétat. Příroda si oblékla nové roucho. Volavka se zatím nevrátila. Místo ní mne jednoho rána pozdravilo káně, sedící na polouschlém stromě. Jaro začíná velikonoce, pokračuje Dnem matek, za kterým přispěchá Den otců a končí piknikem nedělní školy. Potom přichází konvence a to už je léto v plném proudu. Takto vnímám plynoucí dny a měsíce, které se zdají být čím dál kratšími....

Život se skládá z drobných událostí všedních dnů. Záleží na přístupu jednotlivce, jak jednotlivé události prožívá. Jsou lidé, kteří si z ničeho nic moc nedělají (berou všechno na lehkou váhu). Jiní jsou i v té největší pohodě nespokojeni (nikdo se jim nezavděčí). Další skupinu tvoří lidé, kteří žijí pro druhé. Jsou to ti, kteří pochopili, v čem spočívá příklad Pána Ježíše Krista. Tito lidé začínají den se

Pokračování na straně 65



Covers: Corel photo—Trees in spring
Photos: Vlast Pojman, John Jeren, Jr.,
George Sommer, Miroslav Babel



The Power of God: Its Intensifying Strength

Dr. Rev. Robert Dvorak

Isaiah 40:28–31



There are at least four stages in life through which most human life normally passes. The first is childhood. We begin our journey weak and vulnerable. First hours, weeks and months outside the womb are hard and threatening, would be all but impossible, were it not for the faithful, loving care of parents.

What were you able to do for yourself in those days but scream “bloody murder”? Thank goodness none of us remembers that part of individual history. Any major bump that might be quite sustainable five, ten, or twenty years later could, in infancy, finish the child off.

Parallel with this weakness, however, the power to get one’s way begins to develop, almost from the earliest moments of emerging into a world of sights, sounds, and hard realities. The process refines itself as childhood years accumulate. To get one’s way—to get fixed up, comfortable, and taken care of—baby yowls. Then everybody in the room rushes to attend to its needs, and everyone has her or his own idea about what to do. And baby likes that very much!

The second stage is youth, with manhood or womanhood just around the corner and with the gaining of at least some power to prove self, to show off and dazzle others with growing physical power, beauty, and grace.

Yet at the same time this season of life is characterized by huge uncertainty of self. How easily the ego and id bruise with not quite enough history or maturity to cope exactly. More seasoning needed, more time and experience. They’ll get there, these young adults; their day is coming. But not yet! To get one’s way—to get fixed, comfortable, and taken care of—one must do a lot of pretending, flexing of muscles, and hoping that nobody will call the bluff. The power is not yet in hand.

The third stage is “Prime.” O, Lord God, at precisely what moment does that arrive? When is it that wits are finally under control, the economic house in order, and a place and position under the sun secured so that others will take admiring note, perhaps feel a tinge of envy? Now the body and the mind are working to the max, and best of all, in sync with each other.

When, exactly, does that happen? When does one come to the top of his or her game with power to live harmoniously in the circumstances that life has dished up? It is supposed to be at prime! But like the Federal Reserve Bank rate with which this stage of life shares its name, prime keeps dodging around. Up and down it goes. It’s a yo-yo. Lo here, no there.

Real power for real life. Maybe there is a day in the span of one’s time on earth when it comes. But how come I cannot identify when it happened for me, now that I am sure that time is well past? Or why am I unable to feel convinced it will ever take place, now that I suspect the whole idea has little more substance to it than Don Quixote’s pursuit of windmills? To get one’s way—to get fixed, comfortable, or taken care of—it takes another lifetime to figure out what went wrong in this

one. It takes another whole run at things to correct the heavy baggage of imbecile mistakes and stupid choices already packed into the “prime” we’ve been searching to find here.

The fourth stage is (I’m sorry) decline. Who even talks about power at this point anymore? One already knows that if personal power ever did exist, it contained little more than surface depth. Having arrived at this stage in the journey, a



person now understands with some poignancy the witness in the same 40th chapter of Isaiah from which the text of this sermon comes, in verses 6–8a:

A voice says, “Cry out!” And I said, “What shall I cry?” All people are grass, their constancy is like the flower of the field. The grass withers, the flower fades, when the breath of the Lord blows upon it; surely the people are grass. The grass withers, the flower fades....

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Remembering the Mystics of The Rev. Florian Manas

He remembers very distinctly that it was a cold rainy Sunday night, January 24, 1937, when he walked down the aisle and knelt down at the altar of the downtown Cleveland Rescue Mission. As a lad of fifteen he was making the greatest decision he had ever made in his life, and that of course was receiving Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. He was making this decision because he saw the change in the life of his friend, Paul Figuly, who one week earlier had made the same decision at the City Mission. Figuly's witness was so forceful that Florian Manas could hardly wait to go to the City Mission the following Sunday to commit his life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

He really had not gone to any great depths of sin, but he was nevertheless a lost sinner and needed Christ.

He did have the good fortune of having loving, godly parents, a special caring sister, a Czechoslovak Baptist Church to attend, and a grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Vanek, who was very active in the Czechoslovak Baptist Convention. Outwardly, Manas was very religious. He attended Sunday school, the morning service, the evening service, and Wednesday evening prayer meeting. He remembers when he was

twelve years old going forward to indicate his desire to be baptized and become a member of the local church. Unfortunately, no one took the time to clearly explain to him God's plan of salvation or to tell him the true meaning of believer's baptism. He literally thought that the waters of baptism would wash away his sins. Needless to say, he went into the waters of baptism a dry sinner and came up a wet sinner with no real assurance of salvation.

He could see through the following years that God was preparing him. The Lord brought Clifton Gregory to the church through marriage to a member of our church, Angie Santner. Cliff was Sunday school superintendent and teacher of the young people's class. He was admired for his clean-cut



life and for the active Christian service he and Angie gave to the local City Mission. He remembers one Sunday morning a delegation of young people visited from Detroit, Michigan. When asked to bring greetings from their church, they gave thrilling, radiant testimonies of the joy they had experienced in knowing Christ as their personal Savior. Within his heart, Manas said, "I wish I had what they had." He also noticed the change in his sister, Martha, and her girlfriend, Mary Figuly, after they started attending the City Mission. Thus, his heart was prepared when Paul Figuly told him of his conversion and invited him to attend the Mission so he too could be changed.

And changed he was. He got up off his knees knowing for the first time that God forgave his sins and gave him eternal life. He remembers going home that night singing over and over again, "I have the joy, joy, joy, joy, down in my heart." It was real to him now.

The days and months that followed were exciting. During the following month his close friends made the same decision...the Rev. Daniel Widlicka, Dr. John Michael, and the late Rev. Daniel Chipka. During those beginning days he could not get enough of the Word and hearing the gospel.



He faithfully attended the special Tuesday night Bible studies at the City Mission. Speakers included outstanding men like Dr. M.R. DeHaan, Dr. A.I. Brown, Dr. Walter Wilson and Roy L. Brown.

The Rev. Charles Bohatec was the local church pastor. It

was a bilingual church with the messages Sunday morning being half in English and half in the Czechoslovak language. The Rev. Bohatec always had interesting stories to illustrate his sermons. He loved young people, and he showed it. He had a zeal for souls and for serving Christ, and it rubbed off on Florian Manas. He somehow could not find enough things to do for the Lord. He remembers passing out gospel tracts in front of the City Mission inviting men to come in. He took part in street meetings, park meetings, witnessing in hospitals, jails, workhouse and in the flats among the Gypsies.

He remembers vividly the Czechoslovak Baptist Convention he had the privilege of attending in 1939 held in the Lawndale Baptist Church in Chicago, Illinois. His two buddies, John Michael and Dan Widlicka, and he made the trip by car. John secured permission from his dad to use the family Model A Ford. He allowed John to take the car with the promise that he would not exceed the speed of thirty miles per hour. John agreed, and so the three men made the twelve- to fourteen-hour trip to Chicago. What a convention that was, enjoying the beautiful youth choir, hearing thrilling testimonies, hearing great messages and meeting many outstanding ministers and Christian workers. Manas was really impressed with the work being done with the youth by Roy Oestreicher and his assistant, Earl Grothkob. He came home from that convention excited and challenged to see something happen with the youth of his home church. Things did begin to happen. Interesting meetings were planned, and the youth group grew to over one hundred. A gospel team and park ministry were developed as was mass tract distribution. It was at this time that Dan Chipka and Florian Manas had the privilege of organizing a city-wide youth rally called "Cleveland Christian Youth." This was a forerunner of Youth For Christ. During this period Manas was also taking evening classes at the Cleveland Baptist Bible Institute.

Uncle Sam beckoned, and Manas spent the next few years in the United States Army during World War II, serving in the European theater of operations. After the war he had the opportunity of spending one month in Czechoslovakia, visiting at least twenty-eight different cities and localities and meeting with the people who loved the Lord. It was an exciting time, especially in the small Slovak villages, where special services would be held so he could share his testimony with them. In Praha he met up with the Rev. Charles Bohatec and Andrew Tell, who were just arriving for a missionary visit.

Returning from the armed services, he married Mildred Rishaw, a girl from the Cleveland Czechoslovak Baptist Church. Then off to Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina, for further Bible training. Upon graduation he accepted a call to become the pastor of Hatch Hollow Baptist Church in Union City, Pennsylvania. The next few years were wonderful years with some of the most beautiful people Manas had ever met. They were patient with their new pastor and wife. This being the first time Manas had ever pastored, he of course made every mistake in the book. The people were

loving and kind. While serving the church in Hatch Hollow he also became Director of Erie Youth for Christ.

He next accepted a call to Cleveland, Ohio, to become Executive Director of Greater Cleveland Youth for Christ. In this capacity he served for the next eighteen years, seeing thousands of teenagers make decisions for Christ. During this time three boys and one girl were born into the Manas family. All became members of the Cleveland Czechoslovak Baptist Church, which was renamed Scranton Road Baptist Church. The pastor was the Rev. Andrew Kmetko.

Before completing his work with Youth for Christ Florian Manas had the privilege of traveling to South America on two different occasions to hold crusades in Brazil and Venezuela.

After YFC he started a Christian film library and a large Christian book center in the heart of downtown Cleveland, and operated it for some twenty years.

In 1976, at the age of fifty-one, Millie, his wife, died of cancer. They had been happily married for almost thirty years. They had many plans for the future, but God had His plan. Manas still had three children living with him and so accepted a position as Minister of Youth at Parma Heights Baptist Church. This position later developed into the position he now has, Minister of Pastoral Care and Minister to the Senior Adults. It was also during these days that he got interested in the work of the Czechoslovak Baptist Convention and served on the executive board.

About four years later, he met and married a young lady by the name of Barbara Dempsey, who had also lost her husband to cancer. Since then they have been active as a team, ministering to the needs of senior adults in their church, in apartments, in hospitals, and in retirement and nursing homes.

They have watched in amazement as they witnessed the growth in this ministry among the elders. Starting with a handful they now minister to over four hundred. Barbara and Florian thank the Lord for the opportunity of still being used of the Lord. What an exciting life to know Christ as personal Savior and let Him lead in His wonderful way!



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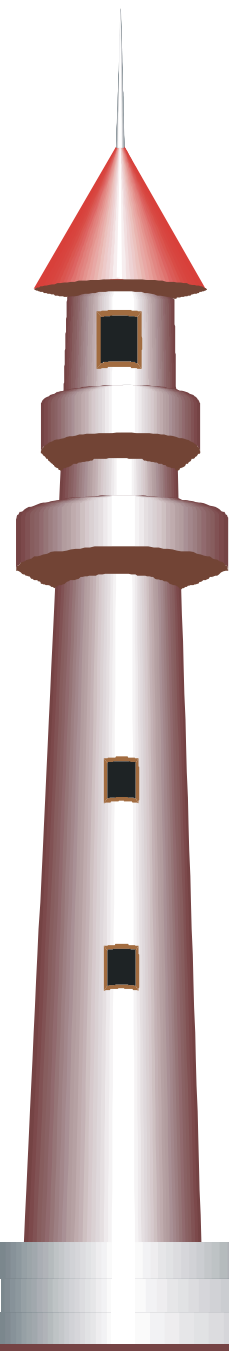


The Observation Tower

"Things" in Life

Rev. John E. Karenko

Luke 12:15



Jesus warned, "Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things he possesses."

Honestly, I must admit that I have not fully complied with Jesus' warning and have accumulated a bunch of stuff. A moving van will be needed to cart my "treasures on earth" to the dump to make my condo saleable after my demise!

You won't believe the amazing clutter of things I've collected. I'm surprised my condo hasn't sunk into the ground from the junk (extra and useful things) that I've amassed over the years.

My Grandpa Bill had twelve sons. If they were living today, I think I have enough suits, shoes, shirts, socks, sweaters, and other supplies to outfit that whole bunch in style and still have enough left to fill a U-haul to follow my casket to the cemetery! I have a garage full of tools, screws, bolts, nails, nuts, and empty boxes.

I've given books away to family, church libraries, young preachers, and church members. I have over a thousand books in eight bookcases in three rooms of my condo. You wouldn't believe the number of cassettes, tapes, VCRs, CDs, sermons, and notebooks I've saved. My condo is swamped with reams of paper, over fifty new pens and pencils, clips, and office supplies. I have a typewriter,

word processor, and computer. I'm ready for an earthquake, flood, or tornado. My "hotel" has extra blankets, sheets, pillows, towels, washcloths, and soap to put up a bunch of relatives or friends who might visit me!

I have a few "rainy day" bonds, but the weather report is drought, 2 Chronicles 7:13, "When I shut up heaven and there is no rain...among My people."

The insurance companies call them "acts of God," when storms, tornadoes, hurricanes, floods, drought, earthquakes, and accidents strike us. God speaks trying to attract our attention, but the desires for other things (Mark 4:19) fool us into the stupidity of accumulating many things to depend on. But we'll have to leave them all behind when God closes the book called *This Was Your Life!* We need to evaluate our lives and take remedial action while we still have time.

It surely is not wise to come to the end of our lives as a certain rich man did that Christ called a fool, because his plans for a beautiful future of luxury and leisure were thwarted by his untimely death: "...This night your soul will be required of you; then whose will these things be which you have provided? So is he who has treasure for himself [on earth], and is not rich toward God" (Luke 12:20,21).

Does your confession read like mine? Or are you laying up for yourself treasures in heaven (Matt. 6:20, 21)? What will we have there?

□

Then also does the truth of Ecclesiastes, Chapter 2, come roaring through:

What do mortals get from all the toil and strain with which they toil under the sun? For all their days are full of pain, and their work is a vexation; even at night their minds do not rest.

And—I hated all my toil in which I had toiled under the sun, seeing that I must leave it to those who come after me—and who knows whether they will be wise or foolish? Yet they will be master of all for which I toiled and used my wisdom under the sun.

All this is speaking of mirage, unprofitability, abridgements, gross exaggeration of what seems so terribly important to the “natural man.”

This particular season, decline or the waning years, is ushered right out of sight of societal culture these days. A sign may just as well be placed above their heads: “They belonged to another time.” To get one’s way—be fixed, comfortable, or taken care of—may well require leaving one’s future and long-term welfare in the hands of others.

There you have them. Four stages, four dances with that most seductive partner, Power. By all measurement, the whole experience does not end well. For in the end, one is left without power in the lungs. When this point is reached, then it is required of each one of us to hand back every vestige of whatever small power we may ever have exerted. It’s all over. Mr. Rockefeller occupies space not substantially grander than that of a dead vagrant.

Personally, I would like to organize things differently and to end the story otherwise. But I do not run the universe. The One who does has let old Job give the ultimate summation: Naked came I from my mother’s womb and naked I shall be making my way back to mother earth.

Is that all there is to things?

Of course not. I am a minister of the gospel, you know. Of course this is not all, but it is real. And unless you make your peace with your creaturely circumstances, you will never catch on to “the rest of the story,” no matter how long you live in the church or how hard you try to believe.

So here is what comes first in terms of reconstruction: acceptance of this, that in this life you have only what is per-

mitted to you, no more. That would be such things as the relatively brief borrowing of time, improvement upon some raw potential planted in your genes, and a demand that we shall finally be required to give up everything at a moment’s notice. There are other things allowed too: use for a while of an earth created by no human hand, consumption of goods and services in whose production none of us had more than the minutest participation, and a migration of life that goes the way it wills most of the time, not as you will it. That is to say, my inherent power for life is small indeed!

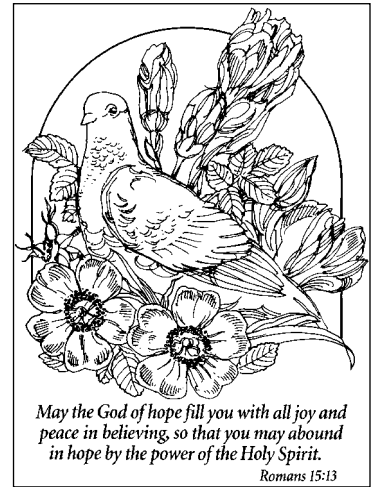
When you have come to an embracing of these conclusions, you are ready for the hugely good news (but definitely not before). It arises out of Isaiah 40:28–31—some of the sweetest words in all scripture.

The Lord is the everlasting God, the creator of the ends of the earth. He does not faint or grow weary; his understanding is unsearchable. He gives power to the faint. He strengthens the powerless. Even youths will faint and be weary, and the young will fall exhausted; but those who wait for the Lord shall renew strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Therefore, relax! Breathe with some ease!

In the preceding messages of this 95th Convention week, you have been hearing all about real power. 1) The encouragement to stay right in place (wherever that may be for you) until you have been clothed with power—that is, someone else’s provision for you of a necessary wardrobe. Clothed! Then stay in place no longer, but do what needs to be done in God’s name. 2) The promise, from Acts 1:8, that you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you. It is an explosive change intended for life’s long journeying, and it will affect all who come close to you. 3) The locus of this power is Jesus Christ, who is, was, and always will be behind anything that matters. Remember, in the beginning, before everything came, the Word was. Neither forget, St. Paul teaches that God put his power to work for us in Christ when he raised him from the dead.

The point is, something has been broken loose about us and our ways. About the dismal log jam we have otherwise faced; about inabilities, weaknesses, sin outcomes, about the frustrations of never arriving no matter what stage of life or how long we live.



May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit.
Romans 15:13



[Editors are very sorry for an interruption of "Makers and Builders of a Convention" column for so long]

Steady Growth - part 1

Many Slovak people who had settled in Chicago were winning their daily bread by hard toil. Spiritually, not much was being done for them; it was evident that a leader was needed who could present to them a better knowledge of the Bible. This leader was found in the person of Rev. Václav Hlad, at that time pastor of the Emmanuel Bohemian Baptist Church. Mr. Hlad, as a good missionary, tried to reach not only the Czech people, but all whose language he understood. The language of the Slovak people is very similar to that of the Bohemians [Czechs]; therefore it was possible for Mr. Hlad to begin work among the Slovaks in 1906. Because the Slovaks were unacquainted with the Baptist denomination, they bitterly opposed Mr. Hlad's work at first; nevertheless, success was eventually achieved in spite of all obstacles.

In 1906 Mr. Hlad, while doing colportage work, visited a certain widow, Mrs. Anna Nikodem, in the northern part of Chicago, and sold her a few books. Her daughter, Katherine Nikodem, was working at that time, so she did not meet the stranger. However, after returning home, she found the books, read them, and said to her mother, "When this man comes again, get some more books." In a short time the colporteur came again, and Mrs. Nikodem once more purchased a few books, whose religious content much attracted the young girl. While reading one book which closed with the words, "Jesus is sufficient for me," she was deeply moved. That line was enough for Katherine. He was sufficient for her. She told Him so on her knees, and that same night surrendered her life to Christ.

In 1908 Katherine Nikodem opened her house for meetings; people were invited to listen to the message of Mr. Hlad. In spite of the fact that this is a land of liberty in which the preaching of the Gospel is welcomed, many persecutions began. Some husbands went so far as to abuse their wives when they attended the meetings. This did not stop the mission activities, but rather increased interest in them. Miss Nikodem was hated for permitting the gatherings in her home, but during the very first year several souls were saved.

Katherine Nikodem

Katherine Nikodem was born in Košariska, Slovakia, on January 17, 1887. Of twelve children, only she and her brother survived. In 1904 she came to America and settled in Newark, New Jersey. By that time her father had died, and she was left alone with her mother. Restless and tired of life, she moved to Chicago in 1906, and there found Christ as her Saviour. She was baptized in 1908 after a serious illness. Her mother had at first

opposed the baptism but was later convinced it was scriptural, and encouraged the girl to obey the commandment of the Master. Miss Nikodem, who became very active in mission work after her baptism, was called by the Emmanuel Bohemian Baptist Church to be its missionary in 1911. She labored in that mission until 1920. In the meantime the little mission that started in the home of Miss Nikodem grew into the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church. When she was called by the newly organized church to be its missionary, she responded to the call. Katherine married Michael Hudáček in 1921 and lived with him ten years. They had one son, Emil. In 1931, the year of her husband's death, Mrs. Hudáček went to Winnipeg, Canada, to assist Mr. Vojta, who at that time was serving as a missionary in Winnipeg, Canada. For thirteen months Mrs. Hudáček worked successfully in Canada; then she went to Chicago as a missionary of the Czechoslovak Baptist Church. Later she divided her time between the Czechoslovak Baptist Church and the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church of Chicago. Mrs. Hudáček, as an exceptionally capable personal worker and a gifted public speaker, rendered a valuable service wherever she worked. Mrs. Hudáček was very sociable; she knew how to approach people and convey to them the gospel message. She was much esteemed by her friends as a worthy missionary. Her abilities were well recognized by the people whom she served so faithfully. The Czechoslovak Baptists are very grateful to her for the considerable share she had in building up the mission work among the Czechoslovak people.

Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church

So successful was the mission that started in Mrs. Hudáček's home that during a period of seven years, sixty-seven people were converted and baptized. The first converts were Mr. and Mrs. Placko, John Nikodem, Anna Nikodem (later Mrs. Placko), Eva Placko, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kubik. Meetings were held in homes and on the streets. The most important factor in winning souls for Christ was the personal work. So encouraging was the progress of the church that on April 18, 1915, the church was organized under the name of the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church.

Mr. Hlad ministered to the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church for several years, while he was pastor of the Emmanuel Bohemian Baptist Church in Chicago. However, the growing work demanded other missionaries; consequently Rev. J. Fořt, Rev. S.J. Herban, Rev. A.P. Slabey, Rev. P. Kubik, and Rev. J.P. Piroch all served the church at one time or another in the capacity of missionary. In 1929 Rev. V. Hlad left for new work on the south side of Chicago, and Mr. V.P. Stupka was called by the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church as a student pastor.

Vincent P. Stupka

Vincent Peter Stupka was born on September 20, 1906, in the village of Vavrišovo, in the district of Liptov. Since that was a

place where early Baptist work had started, both his parents and grandparents were Christians. Young Vincent, being reared in a spiritual atmosphere, accepted Christ when fourteen years of age. Rev. Adam Strapoň baptized him two years later, on February 12, 1922, and Vincent became a member of the Baptist Church of Vavrišovo. The new convert became very active in mission work. With other consecrated young men, he went from house to house testifying to the people and spreading gospel literature. The work was successful, and although the Baptists generally were hated in the community, Vincent was admired for his industrious zeal. Because he was a young boy, people listened with admiration to his testimony for Christ.

He attended grade school in Vavrišovo, and high school in Lučenec, from which he graduated in 1924. Because he appeared to have missionary ability, Vincent was advised to enter the Baptist Theological Seminary in Prague, Czechoslovakia. He did so, and graduated from the institution in 1928. While in Prague, Mr. Stupka attended for four years a series of lectures in Husova Fakulta, which is affiliated with the Charles University. In order to continue his education, he came to Chicago, Illinois, in 1928, and enrolled at the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary. In May, 1932, he received his Th.B. degree from the school. Still eager to secure a more extensive education, he did some post-graduate work at the seminary and college.

Mr. Stupka proved to be an excellent leader. Both in his church and in his various other offices, his sound judgment was found helpful. The future program of the Czechoslovak Baptist work rests upon the optimistic perseverance and faithful service of men like Vincent Stupka, who with his considerable education and his facility with the pen was well equipped to preach the gospel. In 1932 Vincent Stupka married Miss Mary J. Dinga. With his godly wife and son Daniel, he had a happy home. He was called by the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church to be its pastor in 1929. He was ordained in the church on October 20, 1929. In 1930 a new church building was erected on the corner of Giddings Street and Marmora Avenue, Chicago, at a cost of \$20,121.21. Over a period of ten years the mortgage was paid down to such an extent that the church had only a negligible debt. One cannot help admiring the small group of little more than a hundred members who undertook such a great task. The love of Christ constrained these hard-working Slovak people, not only to give an offering to the Lord, but also to make a sacrifice. Both the members and the pastor deserved praise for the achievement. The Ladies' Missionary Circle of the church at the same time supported a colporteur-missionary, Mr. John Hornaň, in Slovakia.

Czechoslovak Baptist Church

Characteristically, the Czechoslovak Baptists, as soon as they organize themselves into a church, immediately seek an opportunity to establish a mission. The Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church is a good example in that respect. Mission work was started by Rev. V. Hlad in the south side of Chicago in 1911 in the home of Samuel Janči, a member of the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church. Interest grew and the home became too small for the meetings;

therefore a larger place for services was found. A Sunday school was organized, and many souls were won for Christ; consequently the work looked very promising. When the second place of worship became too small, the members bought a larger house on 5201 South Winchester Avenue. After a few years it too did not prove sufficiently large. Another building was sought and found on 5848 South Rockwell Street. The Marquette Manor Baptist Church, which had outgrown the structure, agreed to sell it to the Czechoslovaks for \$15,000.

On March 26, 1929, the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church in the best of harmony divided, and released one hundred six members for the organization of a new church, since the distance between the Immanuel Church and the mission was great. Ninety-six members were left in the Immanuel Slovak Church after the founding of the new Czechoslovak Baptist Church. The former mission had received the ministerial services of the Immanuel Slovak Baptist Church pastors—Rev. V. Hlad, Rev. J. Fořt, Rev. P. Kubik, Rev. S.J. Herban, Rev. J.P. Piroch, Dr. V.J. Vita, and Rev. A.P. Slabey. As a church it called Rev. V. Hlad to be its regular pastor. He remained there until his death on September 29, 1937. For two years Mr. Hadraba and Mr. Georgoff supplied the pulpit when the church was without a permanent minister. Then the congregation invited Rev. J.P. Piroch, who had come to America with his wife and children during the turmoil and misery of the Second World War. In November, 1939, he assumed the responsibility of pastor. Mr. Piroch was a worthy successor of Mr. Hlad. He was a man with an open heart and was sound in his teaching. He had a fine Christian character. Undoubtedly he would lead the church into a bright future. The motto of this progressive and loyal minister might well be expressed in the words of Paul: "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:14).

Adapted from V. Vojta's book *Czechoslovak Baptists*

Next: Steady Growth II (Third Bohemian Church of Cicero, Bethlehem Bohemian Baptist Church of Berwyn, George M. Hadraba, The Community Baptist Church of Berwyn, Václav Shuldes, Brockville Baptist Church, and Frank Brdlík)

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Check our Convention Web page: WWW.ab.edu/czslbaptconv





Baptist World Alliance News

From the General Secretary
Denton Lotz

Congress 1905 to 2005: What Baptists Stand For!

On July 18, 1905, F.B. Meyer, one of the greatest Baptist preachers of his generation, spoke at the concluding service of the first Baptist World Congress in London, England. Meeting in Royal Albert Hall, this concluding service was packed with more than 10,000 people. Thousands were unable to get tickets to this climax of the inauguration of the Baptist World Alliance.

One hundred years later as Baptists worldwide, also by the thousands, come to England to celebrate the 100th birthday of the BWA, we would be wise to remember the evangelical and ethical demands of the gospel promoted in 1905. It is especially significant that F.B. Meyer, known for his evangelistic fervor and spiritual depth, should speak so movingly on the ethical demands of the gospel and encourage Baptists as they go home to defend the rights of the working man. It is a call for Baptists to stand up for Jesus, not only when we sing, but in our daily work and prophetic challenge to a dying world that needs the life-giving water of Jesus Christ! Read these words prayerfully as we begin our journey to Birmingham, England, and the great congress beginning on July 27th, 2005:

F.B. Meyer: "The time is coming when we must learn that the Gospel of Christ is not individualist but altruist; not every man for himself to save his own soul, but every man to save the soul of someone else.... We want to go forth and teach the great law of brotherhood and to show the working classes especially that we are not here to patronize them, standing above their level, but to fight their battles.... The time is coming when the working man must come into our diaconites, into our elderships; the rich people must be prepared to receive the Lord's Supper at his hands, and there must be a breaking down of old barriers, again I say, not by way of patronage, but by a brotherly sympathy that looks upon the anguish, the struggle, the sorrow, the labour of the working classes as the property of the Churches.

"We go back, as they did who had spoken with Mary the mother about the sweet home life of Jesus, in order to maintain inviolate the ideals of the home against all the corruptions of a dissolute age. We are going to stand for the purity and domesticity of our home life. We go

back as they did who had seen new visions in the old Book, the Bible. We go back to follow, to believe, to preach, to exemplify the Bible as never before, and to insist that it shall be the basis of all elementary education. We go back as they did who had seen the one Priest between God and man.... We go back as they did who had shared the communism of the early Church to insist that Church finances shall not be raised by ice cream suppers or rabbit-pie suppers, but by the sustained giving of Christian people. We go back once more to stand with our brethren of the Free Churches whom we love, to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in one great effort against all that disintegrates and corrupts modern society, against drink and lust, against gambling on the stock exchange and the race-course, against war, against slavery.... We are against bribery and corruption in high places. We stand together for purity and right. The long red line has stood for centuries. It has been repleted from the rear every time the leaders have fallen. We are optimists; the future is with us. I do not believe the world has got to get worse before it gets better. I dare not believe it:

For God has sounded forth His trumpet that can never call retreat.

He is sifting out His saints before His Judgment Seat.

Be swift, my soul, to meet Him; be jubilant, my feet,
For God is marching on."

If one hundred years ago F.B. Meyer could proclaim the gospel of compassion and call for conversion as well as Biblical standards of ethical behavior, so too must we! We go to Congress 2005 with the firm belief that indeed Jesus Christ is the Living Water! That is where we stand and from that rock we receive our marching orders to work and transform the world into that Kingdom which Christ announced and brings to every generation who put their faith in him! That's where Baptists stand!

Pre-Congress Gathering

'Freedom in Christ—Freedom for the World'

Tuesday, 26 July, 2005, 10:30–20:00

Highgate Baptist Church, Birmingham, England

In July 2005 Baptists from around the world will be gathering in Birmingham, England, for the BWA

Congress. As part of our celebrations together, a special conference has been arranged to help Baptists reflect together on the gospel call to witness to peace, justice and freedom in our world today. The day has been arranged jointly by the Baptist colleges and seminaries in England and the Baptist Union of Great Britain, and we hope that many will want to join us and to participate.

Aims of the Conference:

Our day together will seek to focus on issues of freedom, peace and justice. It will address such questions as: How do Baptists relate to the state authorities? Is it possible for Christians of different traditions to live together in freedom?

What does it mean to witness to Christ in the midst of violence and poverty?

It will draw together speakers and participants from around the world, representing our diverse Baptist family.

Please come and join us! You can register by emailing: freedom@bwacongress2005.org.uk

Full details and travel information will be sent to you. Meals are provided. There will be a fee of £10 payable by those from the developed world.

Centenary Congress

With less than two months to go before the kick-off of the Baptist World Alliance Centenary Congress in Birmingham, England, July 27–31, 2005, the registration mark has reached almost 10,000, with people from more than 67 countries, but there is room for many more to come.

All of the major speakers, bible study leaders and focus group leaders are in place for what promises to be a Congress marked by excellence in presentation, content and mission opportunities.

For more than five years, British Baptists led by David Coffey, incoming BWA president, and Janice Dando, chair of the Local Arrangements Committee, have prayed and planned and given to make this Congress a memorable one. Baptists have opened their homes, their churches and other places to welcome their international guests.

Special points of prayer are for:

- visas for people from around the world
- strength and wisdom for Local Arrangements leaders
- many more volunteers from churches
- leaders and speakers for God's wisdom
- the revival for which President Billy Kim has asked us to pray.

For more information on the Congress, visit the BWA website: www.bwanet.org.



Power of God ... Continues from page 55

Here is a lynchpin of Christian understandings. Life is not just about you, your experiencing of it. It is about you and God together. It is about the very Spirit of Christ within you. You'll find the Spirit if you look hard enough. At the well-spring of who you are, at the determination point of what direction you will take from now on, is this possibility: Christ in you!

Here is the important reminder at verse 28 of the Isaiah 40 text:

Have you not known? Have you not heard? Where have you been? When will you understand? The Lord, the everlasting One, creator of the ends—far ends—of the earth, does not grow fatigued, faint-hearted, or dispirited. You may faint. You may sink into powerlessness. But he gives power back to you.

It is as if an even exchange: his power for your powerlessness. What a deal! And according to the text it apparently builds a head of steam—walk, run, fly. There is no reining it in, no brakes to stop it. The source is ever renewable. It is as pervasive, deep, and unquenchable as the eternity and infinity of God's own being.

This, by God, is what is in you.

That your body may fail you? What's that got to do with anything? Winding down will not prevent life. You just walk on and on without wearisome flesh (a concept youth cannot possibly begin yet to understand). You take a hike without lungs, run without breath, fly without wings. These are the prospects for those "who wait upon the Lord." Can you summon up enough energy to live for that? Can you bear such a big gift? Not everybody does.

I once put Dorothea Johnson in the ground. Well, I was standing at the edge of Dorothea's grave with a minister's words and prayer book when she went down. She had exhausted herself well into the 90s range of life years. But we had known each other pretty well, and a little bit we smiled at each other as the words came tumbling out:

...shall mount up with wings, shall run without need of rest, shall walk to the end of time....

Maybe this is why we love to sing the magnificent hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Robert Dvorak

[Editor's Note: This sermon was preached by Robert Dvorak, president of the convention, on the final day of the 95th Czechoslovak Baptist Convention, July 11, 2004, in Philippi, West Virginia.]





Baptist World Alliance News

From the General Secretary
Denton Lotz

For Immediate Release
God's Narrative Must Be Told
Says BWA General Secretary
(by Wendy Ryan)

June 1, 2005

Washington, D.C. (BWA) – Newly minted Christian ministers are called to take the gospel of Jesus Christ, not to people in the church who are familiar with the story of God's narrative, but to people whose modern-day narrative is one of meaninglessness and lack of purpose to life.

This is a message Denton Lotz, General Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, gave to newly graduated seminarians at Central Seminary in Kansas, USA, and the International Baptist Seminary in Prague, Czech Republic, in the past month.

Lotz quoted secular philosophers such as Havel and Postman who maintained that the crisis of our age is that people have no narrative, no story that gives meaning and purpose to life. "Hollywood, sex, drugs, despair, hopelessness and selfishness characterize much of the plot lines of today's story, and Christian preachers have to counter this," Lotz said.

Lotz cautioned that the world does not take the message of Christ seriously. "The message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is laughed off as a big joke," he said.

Stressing the importance of personal and national stories, Lotz cited fascism, nationalism, and communism as the dominant narratives of the 20th century that brought untold evil and suffering to millions. "These narratives took place in countries which were part of the historic Judeo-Christian tradition," Lotz pointed out.

Having rejected the narrative of Christ, men and women without faith created a new narrative that, instead of bringing heaven from above, brought hell from below. "The gulags, the Holocaust are reminders of the evil and the consequences of following the wrong story," Lotz said.

Highlighting the imperative of the gospel of Jesus Christ, Lotz told the new seminarians they must remind themselves of the Christian story "that has given meaning and purpose to Western civilization for the past two thousand years and will continue to be the narrative of hope and meaning for our generation and generations to come." They have to tell the story personally and they must not

let the "baggage" of their lives inhibit their testimony. Speaking from the book of Hebrews 1: 1-4, Lotz outlined a three-tiered history whose content Christians must share. The story of God's purpose for humankind begins in Genesis where the record of God's creation of the world is told. "Our story begins at the beginning of creation," Lotz said. "The story is that there is a God and that this God is the creator of the whole world. The story is also one of people whom God chose, and through their many triumphs and trials lay the thread of hope for deliverance that one day 'every valley shall be lifted up and every mountain and hill be made low...and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.' This is part of our story," Lotz said.

The second section continues with the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. "This Jesus, the Son of God, is one with the creator," Lotz said. "It is this narrative that gives the church and the Christians meaning and purpose. When I look at Jesus Christ, I do not see a part of God but all of God."

"Have we really grasped the deep majesty and significance of the incarnation of God in Jesus?" Lotz asked. "This is the key to the story. Without Jesus there is no story. Without Jesus we become like men and women without a story, aimless, hopeless, without God and without hope."

Baptist churches and people must point to Jesus Christ and not to ourselves or to our little groups.

The three-fold account continues as one of hope in the message of the cross that Christ died for us, was resurrected and will one day come again and, "every knee shall bow and tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

"The world that you go into to minister is a world that either has never heard the story, lost it, or is seeking desperately for it," Lotz says. "Go in hope, go in courage, go in strength and proclaim that message. As Archbishop William Temple stated at the 1928 Mission Conference in Jerusalem, 'Our message is Jesus Christ,' " he emphasized.

(Check the BWA website (General Secretary's Page): www.bwanet.org for full text of addresses delivered at Central Baptist Seminary, Kansas City, Missouri, USA; Sioux Falls, South Dakota, USA; and International Baptist Theological Seminary, Prague, Czech Republic.)

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March Letters from Slovakia:

Patrik writes, "I listen to your broadcast on medium wave and I fell in love with the thoughts of Wilhelm Busch—the readings from his book about Jesus. Could you get a copy of this for me? If not on tape, then at least a script. If we have nice weather the reception of the medium wave (AM) programs is very good. For five years while in Krakow, Poland, I listened, and now that I'm home again I 'got' you immediately. Thank you for your ministry and broadcasts."

Etelá said, "For almost two years your broadcast of the Word of the Lord has enriched me spiritually. I look forward to every program, though unfortunately I often fall asleep as your MW (AM) programs are too late for us older people."

She asked a question about the future satellite reception and then closed with, "I wish you wisdom in the production of the programs. May the transmitted Word of God fall into the hearts of listeners and bring a 100-fold return."

Jana commented, "Thank you for the programs you have on FM Radio Lumen every Sunday. I am really glad there is something like that there (on the Catholic radio station). Your broadcasts enrich me excessively, encourage and inspire me."

Please pray for the final governmental approvals and the start of broadcasts on the 24-hour satellite project by the Slovaks and the Czechs. This has been a long-term objective, and we need your prayer support.

George Cooper for TWR Czech and TWR Slovakia

Poslucháčka pošta

Marcové listy zo Slovenska:

Matrik píše: „Počúvam vaše vysielanie na stredných vlnách a veľmi sa mi zapáčili myšlienky Wilhelma Buscha—čítanie z jeho knihy o Ježišovi. Môžete mi poslať kópiu? Ak nie na gazetách, tak aspoň text. Keď máme dobré počasie, príjem stredných vln (AM) je veľmi dobrý. Počúval som vás počas piatich rokov pobytu v Krakove v Poľsku a teraz, keď som znova doma našiel som si vás ihneď. Ďakujem za vašu službu a vysielanie.“

Etelá povedala: „Už skoro dva roky ma vaše vysielanie Pánovho slova duchovne obohacuje. Teším sa na každý váš program, no žiaľ, že častokrát zaspím lebo vaše SV (AM) programy sú príliš neskoro pre nás starších ľudí.“ Opýtala sa otázku o budúcom satelitnom prijímači a potom zakončila: „Prajem vám múdrosť pri tvorbe programov. Nech odvysielané Božie slovo padne do srdca poslucháčov a prinesie 100-násobný užitek.“

Jana poznamenáva: „Ďakujem za relácie, ktoré máte na FM Rádiu Lumen každú nedeľu. Som naozaj rada, že tu je niečo také (v Katolíckom rádiu). Vaše vysielanie ma nadmieru obohacuje, povzbudzuje a inšpiruje.“

Prosím, modlite sa za konečné schválenie od vlády a začatie 24-hodinového vysielania satelitného projektu Slovákov a Čechov. Toto bol dlhodobý cieľ v ktorom potrebujeme vašu modlitebnú pomoc.

George Cooper za TWR Česko a TWR Slovensko
preložila: Miroslava Kopčoková

□

Donation

All donation should be send in enclosed envelope.

The checks will be delivered to right financial secretaries. (Vera Dors, Henry Pojman, Grace Niswonger or Donna Nesvadba.)

• Gifts for Ladies' work—make check payable to Czechoslovak Baptist Women's Missionary Union.

• **Gifts for Convention**—make check payable to **Czechoslovak Baptist Convention**. On the bottom of the check mark to what account you are sending your contribution: Convention, *Glorious Hope*, Trust Fund, or Scholarship Fund.

☞ You may send separate check (one for Ladies and one for convention accounts) in the same envelope.

☞ If you are sending contributions for **convention** (Convention, *Glorious Hope* etc., you may send only one check, and write on the bottom how you want to divide the amount (for example: Total \$150; \$100 Convention, \$50 *Glorious Hope* etc.) You do not have to send two separate checks.

For your information, financial secretaries' addresses are as follows:

USA:

Vera Dors
6621 Elmdale Rd.
Middleburg Hts, OH, 44130

Canada:

Henry Pojman
2393 West Ham Rd.
Oakville, ON L6M 4P2



Brother Joseph Hynek Celebrates His 90th Birthday

In front of us stands a smiling, young-looking man. Looking at his kind face, keen eyes and figure of a soldier, we would guess his age to be somewhere around 70. Well, brother Joseph Hynek celebrated in God's merciful providence his 90th birthday in this year's month of April.

Brother Joseph is a real living memory of spiritual work among our countrymen in Canada, where he found his new home in 1939. In 1941 he was baptized on confession of his faith by Rev. Zajicek in Winnipeg.

Since 1946, when he and his wife Jeannette moved to Toronto, brother Joseph devoted his spiritual ministry to the newly founded (1942) Czechoslovak Baptist Church. Brother served in various areas of church activities. He was a church treasurer, clerk, vice-president, president, deacon, Sunday school teacher and supply pastor.

Dear brother Joseph, we are thankful to the Lord for you and for your life, which you've devoted to God. We'd like to express our gratitude for dozens of years of your faithful service to the Lord and to our countrymen. We also gratefully receive various experiences from your life of faith, wise counsels and kind personal encouragements. Joseph, you stand in the line of faithful brothers and sisters who have written the history of life and service of Czechoslovak Baptist Church in Toronto.

Brother Joseph, we'd like to give to you, on your significant



anniversary, a gift of God's Word, a promise from the end of Psalm 92:

"Those who are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bear fruit in old age; they shall be fresh and flourishing, to declare that the Lord is upright; He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him."

Love in Christ

brothers and sisters from Czechoslovak Baptist Church in Toronto.

Rev. Ján Banko



Brat Josef Hynek 90-ročný

Pred nami stojí usmiaty, mladistvo vyzerajúci muž. Pri pohľade na jeho láskavú tvár, bystré oči a vojenské držanie postavy by sme mu hádali vari okolo 70 rokov. Pritom by sme ani netušili, že brat Josef Hynek sa v apríli tohoto roku z Božej milosti dožil už 90 rokov svojho života.

Brat Josef je skutočným pamätníkom duchovnej práce medzi našimi krajanmi v Kanade, do ktorej prišiel v roku 1939. V roku 1941 bol vo Winnipegu na vyznanie svojej viery pokrstený bratom kazateľom Zajíčkom.

Od roku 1946, kedy sa spolu so svojou manželkou Jeannette presťahoval do Toronta, venoval brat Josef svoje služby na duchovnom poli novozaloženému (1942) Československému baptistickému zboru. Brat slúžil v najrôznej-

ších oblastiach zborového života. Vykonával funkcie pokladníka, tajomníka, podpredsedu, predsedu, diakona, učiteľa Nedeľnej školy a zastupoval kazateľa v službe Božím Slovom.

Milý brat, Josef, ďakujeme Pánu Bohu za Teba i za Tvoj život, ktorý si zasvätil Pánu Bohu. Sme vďační za desiatky rokov Tvojej vernej služby Hospodinovi a našim krajanom. Ďakujeme aj za mnohé skúsenosti zo života viery, za múdre rady a láskavé osobné povzbudenie, ktoré od Teba smieme prijímať. Stojíš v rade verných bratov a sestier, ktorí písali históriu života a služby baptistického zborového spoločenstva v Toronte.

K T v o j m u významnému jubileu, ktoré si oslávil v tomto roku, Ti chceme, brat Josef, odovzdať kyticu v podobe zaslúbenia Božieho Slova, ktoré je zapísané v závere Žalmu 92:

„Tí, čo sú zasaďení v dome Hospodinovom, prekvitajú budú na nádvoriach nášho Boha, ponesú ovocie i v šedinách a budú svieži a čerství, aby zvestovali, že je priamy Hospodin, moja skala, v ktorej niet nepravosti.“

V láske Kristovej bratia a sestry z Československého baptistického zboru v Toronte.

kazateľ
Ján Banko



Inspirational Thought from Leona Choy

To notice: “To become aware of something that has caught one’s attention; to observe; to recognize”—dictionary
After a recent trip, my friend wrote of her experience, “More than once I just stopped alongside the road to worship. There was this spectacular scene on Mount Shasta--fresh snow on all the trees, sun shining, blue sky, achingly beautiful. I stopped to tell God, ‘I notice! I notice!’ ”

I like that! I picked up that phrase and find myself repeating it to the Lord often throughout the day whenever I become aware of His multiple goodnesses, His watch-care, and some of His ever-new spring creation expressions. Especially the “little ordinaries” we tend to take for granted. “I notice! I notice! And I thank you, Lord!”

Blessings like being able to get up in the morning, being able to breathe, to move, to see, to eat, to have meaningful work, to enjoy family and friends, to have my needs provided--on and on. I can count my blessings “ton by ton” not just one by one. “I notice! I notice!”

Today the tiny swellings on the redbud trees outside the picture windows of my woodsy chalet are bursting pink, the dogwood is tinting white, green is popping out all over as the rain falls in a misty April shower. “Lord, I notice! I notice! And I bless You for Your faithful season-cycles!”

I Notice! I Notice!

By Leona Choy

This morning I seized
a fleeting moment
that nearly slipped
through my careless fingers.

Outside my bedroom window
I noticed swelling new buds
on naked branches
that lifted their bony fingers
toward the grey dripping sky:
—such a simple thing!

I raised the window and
sounds of spring rushed in
carried on wings
of chill, damp air:
An advance-scout robin
chirped on the soggy lawn
celebrating the foggy day.
The monotonous rhythm
from the drain spout kept tempo with the music
of retreating rain.
God, I notice! I notice!
I echoed the throb of new life
savored the season
trying to pin the moment down
and capture it with both hands
so it couldn’t fly away.

I lingered at the sill bewitched
breathing basic life.
Thank you, Lord, I notice! I notice!

Too many springs have passed
unheeded, unclaimed
as I rushed by preoccupied
with my many doings
missing the very One
whose fingers gently touch
the earth each spring
with fresh, created life.

Is it possible to miss God
by permitting the pursuit of the ordinary
to obscure His face?

How quickly the noise of daily life
can dull my ear to God
and the pace of doing
contribute to losing
awareness of His majesty
of His intimate care
of His reality.
But today I noticed God
in the wee buds
springing to life
through His cycle of renewal
on bony-finger branches
of naked trees
silhouetted against
the grey dripping sky.
God smiled and said,
“Thank you for noticing!”

And wonder of wonders, God notices ME! He tenderly, intimately notices all the details of my life every moment of the day and night. I confess that I don’t understand how that’s possible, given the billions of people on earth and His administration of the vast universe including this seemingly insignificant tilted, blue-green planet Earth.

But the Scripture declares, “the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous...the Lord looks from heaven and sees all the sons of men...He cares about you watchfully....”

Jesus said that His Father was aware of each sparrow and each hair on my head. Incredible! Thank you, God, that You notice! You notice! And not only do You notice, but You take care of my every need!

...And yours, too, my friend!

I wish and pray a blessed resurrection season for each of my friends and loved ones.

Jesus Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!

Leona Choy

□

Milton Timothy Brdlik

March 29, 1924 – May 17, 2005

Milton Timothy Brdlik was born on March 29, 1924 in Czechoslovakia to missionary parents Rev. and Mrs. Frank Brdlik. His parents had been educated at the Moody Bible Institute and Northern Baptist Theological Seminary in Chicago before going to Czechoslovakia to help start churches. At three years of age, Milton's family moved back to the Chicago area where his father founded and pastored several Baptist churches. Milton's early childhood was spent actively involved in the churches pastored by his father. He trusted Jesus Christ as his personal savior in 1934 and was baptized by his father at the Brookfield Baptist Church in Brookfield, Illinois.

His high school years were spent at Lyons Township High School in LaGrange, Illinois, where he was involved in sports and band, and held various after-school and weekend jobs. Through his teen years, church was central to his social and character development. Many friends made during those early years at Brookfield Baptist Church remained close throughout his life. Milton was always gifted in mathematics, which served him well in his later occupation.

After graduating from high school, Milton worked as a machinist for the Hupper Company in Brookfield. He enrolled at Moody Bible Institute's evening course program. He began to take on leadership roles at Brookfield Baptist Church, teaching Sunday school classes, editing the church newspaper, singing in the choir and playing the trombone in the orchestra.

In 1942, Milton answered his country's call and enlisted in the U.S. Navy. After training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Base, he was commissioned to serve on the USS England, a destroyer escort. He served with distinction, as the USS England was instrumental in the defeat of Japan in Okinawa. His ship earned high naval honors for sinking six Japanese submarines in 12 days. This feat single-handedly disrupted Japanese naval war plans, which became highly instrumental in their defeat. The England was badly damaged by Japanese suicide planes and many of her crew were killed. It wasn't learned until two weeks after the attack that Milton had survived the attack, and was re-commissioned to serve out his duty on the aircraft carrier USS Midway.

After the war ended, Milton came back to Brookfield, where he married his high-school sweetheart, Agnes Broschka. He decided to get a college degree, and completed a Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering at the Illinois Institute of Technology in 1952. His first job after graduation was with the Northern Illinois Gas Company, where he worked until he retired in 1987. He held a

number of position during his career, including manager of maintenance and construction, district superintendent and coordinator of codes and standards, and coordinator of technical purchasing at the firm's general offices in Naperville, Illinois.

Milton also served with distinction at a number of churches. He held leadership positions wherever he attended. His commitment to his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, will continue to be his legacy to his family and to all those who knew him.

Milton is survived by his wife of 58 years, Agnes. She has recently moved from Wheaton, Illinois, where they lived since 1963, to Lewisburg, West Virginia. He is also survived by his son, Rev. Dean Brdlik and his wife Jane of Lewisburg. Milton had four grandchildren (Heather, Laura, Amanda, Clinton) and four great-grandchildren (Dylan, Jacob, Jack, Noah).

A graveside service took place at the Rosewood Cemetery in Lewisburg, WV, at 11 AM, on Friday, May 20, 2005. A special memorial message was preached at the Emmanuel Community Church on Sunday, May 22, at 10:30 AM. Both services were conducted by his son, Rev. Dean Brdlik, pastor of Emmanuel Community Church. A memorial fund has been established at the First Baptist Church, North Main Street, Wheaton, Illinois 60187. The family requests that donations be sent to that fund in lieu of flowers.

Samuel George Struharik

December 19, 1918 – March 11, 2005

George Struharik, 86, passed away Friday, March 11, 2005 at Edward White Hospital.

Mr. Struharik was born in Campbell, Ohio, a son of Paul and Susan Ferko Struharik.

A Captain and B-17 Pilot with the US Army Air Corps during WWII. Mr. Struharik was owner/operator of a construction company.

He was of the Baptist faith and served as moderator, Sunday School teacher and choir member at the First Baptist Church of Campbell, now known as the Christ Community Church. He also served as a president of the Czechoslovak Baptist Convention of USA and Canada.

Besides his wife of 23 years, Julia, he leaves two daughters, Judy Staples of Atlanta and Marsha Blissett, and four grandchildren.

Three brothers, John, Louis and Paul Struharik; and four sisters, Anna Lukic, Susan Stacy, Irene Jerez and Helen Struharik, preceded him in death.

□

From Our Readers



To whom it may concern,
May 18, 2005
I am writing you this note and sending a check to the Czechoslovak Baptist Convention. My husband, William Paroubek, served on the convention board for many years. He has been

deceased 5 years.

Please continue to send all mail concerning Convention to me at my new address.

Betty Jane Paroubek

Dear Mr. Dvorak,

May 12, 2005

Enclosed is a check for convention expenses. It was a joy to attend the [annual] convention in 1999. Hope we will be able to attend again in a couple of years.

May God continue to bless you and the work that you do.

Sincerely Evelyn Hanzlik

Athens, Wisconsin, May 2005

Dear Friends and Christians,

Enclosed you will find a small donation. I am sorry that I can't give more at this time, but my health is very poor. Since I've reached past my 82nd birthday, medical expenses take up

most of my income. It's only by God's miracle that I am living. But moment by moment I have help from above.

Keep on spreading the gospel, which is the most important to our love for the Lord.

Our Goodrich Community Church has a small group of members. Many have gone to be with the Lord and Savior in the last 10 years.

May God bless you and keep you in His care.

With Christian love, Martha Macik

Milí v Kristu, St. Petersburg, Fla, 16. května, 2005
Posílám vám šek na *Slavnou naději*. Nevím, jestli je to dost, ale my jsme na social security, a tak nemáme nazbyt, ale chceme zaplatit. Jsme rádi, že časopis dostáváme. Taktéž dostáváme ze Slovenska „*Rozsievac*“, v češtině a slovenštině a váš v češtině, slovenštině a angličtině. Díky za ně. Když čteme a vidíme fotky, vzpomínáme a vzpomínáme. Ználi jsme br. Legierského z Lovosic, br. kaz. Dvořáka (Ostava, Vsetín) a teď br. Dvořáka z Bratislavy, br. kaz Šolce z Prahy. My jsme byli členy v pardubickém sboru a pak v Děčíně. Je nám 86 a 82 let, takže žijeme už jen ve vzpomínkách. (Já jsem chodila do sboru v Praze po válce).

Pán vám všem žehnej

Lydia Vala

Editorial ... Continues from page 50

on his approach in life. There are people who don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill, so to speak; they take everything in good humour. In contrast, there are those who are dissatisfied even when greeted with the most comfortable of circumstances. Yet another group is formed by those whose approach is to live for others. These are the individuals who have understood that which is embodied in the example of the Lord Jesus Christ. These people begin the day with thoughts and words of thankfulness, gratitude and praise. For them, every day signifies new opportunities. They are those people who have dedicated their lives to service in God's field—in all times and circumstances. Many of them were the pillars of our Czechoslovak Convention, and many still are. Those born earliest are gradually being taken to their heavenly homes, and we miss them. We remember them with love, as our brothers and sisters (our uncles and aunts as we used to call them), who cannot return to us. Last month, our brother and popular magician, Rev. Florian Manas joined their number. He used his own unique way, through the captivating performance of magic tricks, to draw the love of Christ near and point to the gift of salvation. His concern for lost souls resulted in the dedication of his life to service, during which he applied his unique talent.

“...preach the good news to all creation...and they went out and preached everywhere...” (Mark 16:15, 20).

Editor-in-Chief *Natasha Legierski*

Translated by *Elizabeth Legierski*



Editorial ... Pokračování ze strany 51

slovy díky, vděčnosti a chval. Každý den je pro ně dnem nových příležitostí. Jsou to ti, kteří zasvětili svůj život službě na Božím poli—vždy a za každých okolností. Mnozí z nich byli pilíři naší československé konvence, mnozí stále ještě jsou. Ti dříve narození se postupně odebírají do nebeského domova a nám je po nich smutno. Vzpomínáme na ně s láskou, jako na tetičky a strýčky, kteří se k nám již nemohou vrátit. K nim se připojil minulý měsíc náš oblíbený strýček kouzelník Florian Manas. Jedinečným způsobem dokázal, prostřednictvím triků, přiblížit lásku Pána Ježíše a poukázat na dar spasení. Jemu hynoucí duše lhostejné nebyly a zasvětil svůj život službě, při které uplatnil i svůj neobyčejný talent.

“...kažte evangelium všemu stvoření...A oni vyšli a kázali všude...” (Marek 16:15 a 20)

Šéfredaktorka *Natasha Legierská*



MOVING ?

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Fireflies

Jan Karafiát

Translated by Daniela Bísková

Part 16

Spring had come. Everything was in blossom, but Godmother did not know about it. When Lucinda and Lucius paid their first visit, she was lifeless. They carried her out into the sun: she opened her eyes and looked at them both, but then she died. They cried and so did Jeanine and the fireflies from the twigs. As Godmother had wished they carried her to the wood and laid her in a little grave under the oak tree. And on the third day a daisy came up there, white as milk. And two daisies have been there ever since.

"Now we are all alone," said Lucinda sadly.

"Don't be sad," Jeanine comforted her, "just be obedient. I have always loved you both and the more obedient you are the more I will love you." And Lucius and Lucinda were obedient and loved one another dearly. But, oh dear, something happened to the fireflies from the twigs. Lucius and Lucinda were asleep when suddenly there was a loud knock at the door under the juniper tree.

"Who's there? What's happened?"

"Oh, it's us, from the twigs. We were fast asleep and some people came in with a cart and started taking away our twigs and destroyed our little house. We only just managed to get away safely ourselves. We don't know what to do or where to go."

"Don't worry, it will be all right," said Lucius and Lucinda. "You will manage somehow. Meanwhile come in."

They took the fireflies from the twigs in and made up beds for them. By the morning Lucius and Lucinda had thought of a plan. The house under the oak tree was empty and they did not need it. Why should their friends not live there? It would be very pleasant to have them so much nearer. The fireflies from the twigs were only too glad and moved into their new home at once. They had few possessions, for they had lost everything. But Lucinda sent them flour and semolina and butter, and Jeanine sent over a great many things too.

And again the fireflies did their lighting and were happy together.

One evening when Lucius arrived at the garden of the beautiful house a fine young soldier was walking in the garden. He had a red coat with a gold-braided collar and a handsome sword at his side. The tall pretty lady walked with him; her hair was now sprinkled with white. And behind them walked another



fine soldier with a lovely girl beside him; they were talking about something. Lucius recognized the first soldier at once—it was Fred, and the girl was Ellie. But he just could not recognize the other soldier; he was a stranger. But Lucius paid little attention to them, he did his shining. He shone and shone. But at home he was often sulky and his grumbling sometimes brought tears to Lucinda's eyes.

"Lucius, have I done anything to vex you?" she would ask. But Lucius wouldn't even answer. It was because the firefly from the twigs had a little son and Lucius used to hear him calling out "Daddy, daddy." And it made Lucius sad. And one day when Lucius came in frowning and would not even talk,

Lucinda again asked him over dinner. "Why, Lucius, what is



wrong with you? You frown and say no-thing."

"I tell you what's wrong! In the twigs they have two babies and we are still on our own." Tears as big as peas came into Lucinda's eyes. When Lucius looked at her he saw them roll down her cheeks and fall into her soup plate. That startled him. He picked up his wooden spoon quickly, and although they were having pea soup which he didn't much care for, he ate up



a whole plateful and said nothing more.

When he called at Jeanine's house the next day, she said to him, "Listen, Lucius. I went to see Lucinda and I noticed that she had been crying. I asked her what was the matter, but she wouldn't tell me. I'm afraid you are not always as kind to her as you ought to be. Have you forgotten that you have to cherish her? Are you being disobedient again?"

"I...you see, there are so few of us now. Formerly Godfather and father both used to give light too, and now there is no one left but me. People won't see properly."

"Oh, Lucius, what foolish worries you've got! Just do your own shining properly and don't worry about people. Did they ask you to give them light? No, the Lord God wants you to shine and if he pleased he could multiply fireflies into hundreds of thousands."

So Lucius went on with his shining; he shone nicely through the whole night. Coming home in the morning, when he was already over the brook and quite close to the juniper tree, he heard a voice calling. "Daddy, Daddy," and there was a tiny firefly toddling along to meet him.

"Daddy, Daddy, don't you know who I am? I am your baby firefly and I've been waiting for you. And Jeanine has been waiting for you too but you were so long in coming that she went back home again. And, Daddy, will you have the old crib painted up? Mummy has got it out, but it looks so shabby, doesn't it?"

He stared and stared and Lucinda was standing at the door, smiling and so happy. "My dear little firefly, my dear little son."

Lucius sat down, took the tiny firefly on his knee and looked at him with wonder. And believe me, he had eyes like his father's, and a nose like father's. He was just like his father all

over again! And how he chattered! They all were so happy. Father went shining and mother kept house and taught her son a nice little prayer:


"Help me, Father, day by day all your wishes to obey."

A short time later father was flying home again and had reached the slope beyond the brook when his son came running towards him.

"Daddy, Daddy, I've got a little brother. Look here he is coming to meet you."

And sure enough, there was another little son toddling along towards him. Father took him in his arms, lifted him high into the air and laughed with joy. And Lucinda stood in the doorway happy and laughing. And they were happier than ever and loved one another dearly. While father did his shining, mother looked after the house and the children played on the lawn out front.'

Reprinted with permission



Attention! Attention!
Firefly!

Do you children enjoy the stories about Lucius?

Surely you can imagine what the little firefly looked like. We know that it had wings so that it could fly and he certainly had little legs so that he could crawl.

He also needed a lamp with which to light his way. You know what kids? Draw a picture of Lucius, and send your picture to the publishing office. We would like to know what you think he looks like. The story about Lucius is very long, so we will publish it in short episodes that will be continued in every issue. We will gladly illustrate your picture of Lucius in our magazine.

Don't wait! Pick your pencil or crayons up now and draw! You can even paint Lucius if you want to. Send your picture as soon as possible because we are preparing the next issue of *Glorious Hope* and we need your picture in it!

Drawings: Nicole Malek and Natasha Legierski

You may order English version of *Fireflies* for US\$19.50 postpaid at following address:

Glorious Hope, Rt. 4, Box 58D, Philippi, WV 26416, USA



Broučci

Jan Karafiát

16. část

A bylo jaro. Všecko, všecko kvetlo, ale kmotřička již o tom nevěděla. Když ji přišli Brouček a Beruška poprvé navštívit, byla bez sebe. Honem ji vynesli na sluníčko, a ona otevřela oči, a ještě se jednou na ně podívala, ale pak bylo po ní. A tak zas plakali. A Janinka plakala, a ti broučci z roždí plakali, a když to tak kmotřička chtěla, zanesli ji do lesa pod dub. Vykopali hrobeček, pěkně ji do něho uložili, zaplakali, a třetí den tam kvetla chudobička, bílá jako mléko. Však tam obě podnes kvetou.

„Ach, teď jsme tak sami,“ naříkala Beruška. „Nenaříkej,“ těšila ji Janinka.

„Jenom pěkně poslouchejte. Já jsem vás měla vždycky ráda, a čím víc budete poslouchat, tím vás budu mít raděj.“ A oni poslouchali a měli se rádi.

Ale ti broučci z roždí, co se jim nestalo! Pod jalovcem už spali, a tu se jednou příženou ti z roždí celí vyděšení, a tlukou na dveře. „Kdo pak to? Co pak to?“

„Ach, to jsme my z roždí. Už jsme spali, a tu přijeli lidé s vozem, počali na něj nakládat naše roždí, a chaloupku nám celou zbořili. Sotva jsme utekli. Ach, co my si počneme!“

„I neplačte. Vždyť zas nějak bude. Pojdte zatím k nám.“

A honem jim otevřeli, a pěkně jim ustlali, a ráno už byl Brouček s Beruškou domluvený. „Víte co? Ta chaloupka tamhle pod dubem jest teď prázdná, a my jí nepotřebujeme. Zůstávejte tam, a budeme mít k sobě blíž.“ A oni že ano, a byli rádi, a hned se tam odstěhovali. Však toho mnoho neměli. Když o všecko přišli! Proto jim Beruška poslala také ještě mouky a krupice a másla, a Janinka jim toho také hromadu poslala.

A broučci zas svítili a svítili, a měli se rádi. A tam v té zahradě u toho pěkného domu, když tam jednou Brouček přiletěl, procházel se krásný voják: červený kabátek se zlatým límcem, a krásný palaš po boku, a prováděl tu velkou silnou paní s kaštanovými kadeřema—však už se jí hodně bělaly. A za nimi zas takový krásný voják, a prováděl takovou krásnou, krásnou pannu, a něco si povídali. Toho prvního Brouček hned poznal, byl to ten hodný kaštanový Fréda, a Elinku také poznal, ale toho druhého nepoznal a nepoznal. Byl cizí. Nechtěl. Však Brouček o ně nedbal, a skoro si jich ani nevšiml, a svítal a svítal.

Ale doma býval přece často mrzutý, a na Berušku někdy tak broukl, že měla hned plné oči slz. „Broučku, co pak jsem ti udělala?“ ptávala se Beruška, ale Brouček ani neodpověděl. Když ten brouček z roždí měl už malého broučka, a ten jim běhal naproti: „Tatínku, tatínku!“ Broučkovi to bylo líto.

A když jednou přiletěl Brouček zas tak zamračený, a ani nepromluvil, ptala se ho Beruška u večere: „Ale Broučku, co pak ti jest? Tak se mračíš, a ani nepromluvíš.“



„Ach, co mi jest! Ti tam z roždí mají už dva malé broučky, a my jsme tu pořád sami.“

A Berušce stály v očích slzy jako hrachy, a když se Brouček na ni podíval, viděl, jak se jí sypaly po tváři, až jí jedna spadla na talíř do polívky. Broučka to bodlo. Honem se chopil své dřevěné lžičky, a třeba že mu hrachová polívčička ze všech polívčiček nejméně chutnala, snědl ji plný talíř, a už ani nemukl. Ale když se Brouček druhý den stavil u Janinky, začala ona: „Poslouchej, Broučku, já jsem tuhle byla u Berušky, a ona byla uplakána. Já jsem se jí ptala, co jí jest, ale ona, i že nic. Ale já se bojím, že ty

s ní vždycky pěkně nenakládáš. Poslouchej, to by ještě scházelo. Nevíš, jaká jí patří čest? Či chceš být zas neposlušný?“

„I, já—když jest nás teď tak málo! Jindy svítíl kmotříček a tatínek, a teď jsem jen já. To nebudou lidé vidět.“

„Ale, Broučku, jaké si ty děláš starosti! Jen ty sám pěkně sviť, a o lidi se nestarej. Co pak si tě oni objednali? Ne, Pán Bůh si tě objednal, a kdyby chtěl, však on by dovedl rozmnožit si vás v tisíce tisíců.“

A Brouček letěl a svítíl a svítíl, celou noc pěkně svítíl. A když letěl ráno domů, a když už byl za potokem, a už v stráni u samého jalovce, tu slyší: „Tatínku, tatínku!“ a takový roztomilý malounký brouček batolil se mu naproti. „Tatínku, tatínku, co pak mne neznáte? Vždyť já jsem váš Broučíněk, a už na vás čekám, A Janinka na vás také čekala, a když jste dlouho nešel, tak šla domů, A vidíte, tatínku, tu starou kolibku mně dáte pěkně obarvit. Maminka ji snesla se stropu, ale ona jest už taková škaredá. Vidíte.“

Tatínek byl celý vyjevený, a Beruška stála u chaloupky ve dveřích, a srdce jí plésalo, a tolik se smála. „I ty můj Broučínku, i ty můj Broučínku!“ A hned si tatínek sedl, vzal Broučínka na kolena, a počal si ho prohlížet. A on vám měl oči jako tatínek, a nosíček jako tatínek, a všecko na vlas jako tatínek, a tolik toho napovídal. Ach, to byla radost! A měli se rádi. Tatínek svítíl, maminka s Broučínkem hospodařila, a učila ho hezounké modlitbičky:

„Ó, můj milý Bože, dej, ať jsem pěkně poslušný.“

A dlouho to netrvalo—když tatínek letěl jednou zas domů, a když už byl za potokem, a už v stráni, tu mu přiběhl Broučíněk naproti: „Tatínku, tatínku, máme malininkého Broučíníka. Vidíte, on vám jde naproti.“ A Broučínínek mu šel naproti, a tatínek už ho měl v rukou, a zdvihl ho do povětří, a tolik se smál. A Beruška stála ve dveřích, a srdce jí plésalo, a tolik se smála. Ach, to byla radost! A měli se rádi, a tatínek svítíl, a maminka hospodařila, a broučci si před chaloupkou hráli.

Přetištěno s povolením



Baptist Youth World Conference - August 2004

Thousands of young people from around the world gathered at the 14th Baptist Youth World Conference in Hong Kong. A sea of yellow, blue, and green tee-shirted youth intermingled with those in African, Asian, and other cultural dress, which added to the richness of the atmosphere in the Hong Kong Convention and Exhibition Center, itself a magnificent structure surrounded by the glorious view of sea, sky, mountains and modern buildings that are part of the famous Hong Kong harbor.

One year after it was postponed because of SARS, Hong Kong Baptists welcomed guests from more than 70 countries to their home for this meeting of the Youth Department of the BWA, held every five years. The worldwide visitors were welcomed by Sam Luk, President of the Hong Kong Baptist Convention, by video Billy Kim, President of the BWA, and Denton Lotz, General Secretary of the BWA.

Hong Kong Baptists used this opportunity to tell the story of how the gospel was brought here by missionaries in the early 1800s and today has borne lasting fruit in the work of the Hong Kong Baptist Convention, which numbers 161 churches with 62,000 baptized members.

Speaking on the Conference theme, "Jesus Christ is the Life in All Its Fullness," the BWA Youth President Donald Lawrence used the story of the good shepherd and the hired hand in the Gospel of John 10, to contrast the qualities of the deceiver versus the deliverer, destroyer and developer, and the deserter and defender, as the choices young people face as they choose whether to serve the devil or Jesus Christ.

"Youth is a time to experience life," Lawrence said, but life even at its most advanced "can leave us empty and dry."

"Our soul needs something to satisfy us and set us free, not something that will make us feel full now and empty later. True satisfaction is found in no other but Jesus Christ," Lawrence said.

"When hard times come, the hired hand runs away because he cares nothing for the sheep," Lawrence said, "and he will desert us when we most need someone to stand with us. The devil moves around like an angel of light, only to desert us when we need help the most, but Jesus was willing to lay down his life for us," Lawrence said.

"As young people you will go through many uncertain paths in life, things that can shake and confuse you, but Jesus will go with you through every circumstance," Lawrence said.



Ale nepravosti naše...
Izaiáš 59,2



ZED'

Sylvie Kulich

Hřích jsou jako cihly
a my jsme zedníci,
stavíme a budujeme
a mezi námi a Bohem
roste gigantická oddělující zeď.
Denně přikládám cihlu
má zeď roste a tu náhle...
Tvá tvář je skryta přede mnou,
halí mne tma,
vystavěl jsem vlastní celou smrti,
snažím se ze všech sil
zbořit mou zeď
a čím víc se snažím
tím je zeď pevnější.
Kdo mne vysvobodí?
V zoufalství volám Tvé jméno Bože,
prosím o pomoc!
Má zeď stojí dál,
jen skulinou kdes
proniká praprsek Tvého světla,
a dopadá na Knihu knih,
otvírám svou zaprášenou Bibli
a nalézám jméno...
Jméno jež vysvobozuje,
Jméno jež boří zeď.
nalezl jsem jméno JEŽÍŠ



I will be brief.

The season is moving right along. It will soon be the gathering time for us convention folk. At Philippi, a beautiful West Virginia spot, and Alderson-Broaddus College, a school we have come to love over the years! It is coming. Or rather, we are coming to it. And the time is drawing close.

I wonder what I can tell you that you have not already experienced from conventions previously attended or invitations you have received over and over again. This convention has occurred 95 times before. There have been some changes, we all understand. None of the original types are around anymore, but we belong to them and they to us.

At this year's 96th annual meeting of the Czechoslovak Baptist Convention, I'm feeling like we are really closing in on an historical marker—completion of the first century of convention life. That does not make us old; it makes us experienced in what to expect. And here's the scene: joyfulness in God, in the gospel by which we have been saved, and in the family of Christ we share with one another. We do celebrate it all during convention days, loving to see one another, welcoming all who come, sensing the presence of God and the deep friendship of Christ.

You should not miss the experience. There is a feeling of really belonging to one another. There is an awareness that we work in the interests of truly important purposes. There is a deepening sense of what our mission is—to make Christ known intensively here on our own North American continent and over in the center of Europe.

George and Marija Sommer, great friends to one and all, will be there, having gotten everything ready on the campus and on Sunday afternoon at their home, if you can stick around a little. Once again as last year, there is the “afterward” opportunity of Monday's train trip through some of West Virginia's most stunning scenery.

But mostly this, and best of all. God has met us in past conventions. The Presence is not unusual at all, but regular and to be expected. Of course that is the case, for “where two or three are gathered in his name....” And we have experienced the reality.

Registration information is available on convention web page www.ab.edu/czslbaptconv, if you have not already filed. Please do come. We want to share this whole thing with you.

There, and now I told you I would be brief.



Robert Dvorak

□



Budu stručný.

Čas plyne. Naše setkání, přívrženců konvence, se blíží. Během let jsme si zamilovali to překrásné místo ve Philippi, v Západní Virginii i školu, Alderson-Broaddus College. Setkání se blíží. Lépe řečeno, my se přibližujeme k setkání. Čas běží.

Přemýšlím, zda-li mohu říci něco, s čím jste se ještě, v průběhu minulých konvencí nebo při jiných příležitostech, nesetkali.

Konvence se uskutečnila již 95 krát. Uvědomujeme si, že došlo ke změnám. Konvence sice ve své původní podobě již neprobíhají, přesto nám patří a my patříme jim.

Při tomto 96. setkání Československé baptistické konvence, mám pocit, že se blížíme k historickému momentu—k uzavření první století konvenčního života. To neznamena, že jsme starší, víme však, co očekávat. Nyní si představte: radost v Pánu, radost z evangelia, skrze kterého se nám dostalo spasení a radost z obecnství Kristovy rodiny, do které patříme. To všechno prožíváme během konvence, rádi se vidíme, vítáme každého, kdo přijede, vnímáme přítomnost Boží a hlubokou Kristovu přízeň.

Nenechte si ujít tento zážitek. Opravdu prožíváme to, že k sobě vzájemně patříme. S vědomím toho, že práce je zaměřena na opravdu důležité poslání. Hluběji rozumíme tomu, v čem spočívá naše misie—hlásat Krista intenzivně zde na našem severoamerickém kontinentě a ve střední Evropě.

Naši vzácní přátelé, Jiří a Marija Sommerovi, tam také budou se vším připraveni, jak ve školních prostorách, tak i u nich doma v neděli odpoledne, chcete-li se zdržet. Stejně jako loni, je zde opět příležitost k pondělnímu výletu, projížďka vlakem některými úchvatnými částmi Západní Virginie.

Ze všeho však to nejdůležitější, Pán byl s námi během minulých konvencí. Jeho přítomnost není neobvyklá, ale pravidelná a počítá se s ní. Jistě je to ten případ, „kde se dva nebo tři sejdou v Jeho jménu...“ Tuto skutečnost jsme zažili.

Jestliže ještě nejste přihlášení, přihlášku a další informace najdete na konvenční internetové stránce www.ab.edu/czslbaptconv. Opravdu přijďte. Chceme to všechno prožívat také s vámi.

Říkal jsem, že budu stručný.

Robert Dvořák

Přeložila Nataša Legierská

□

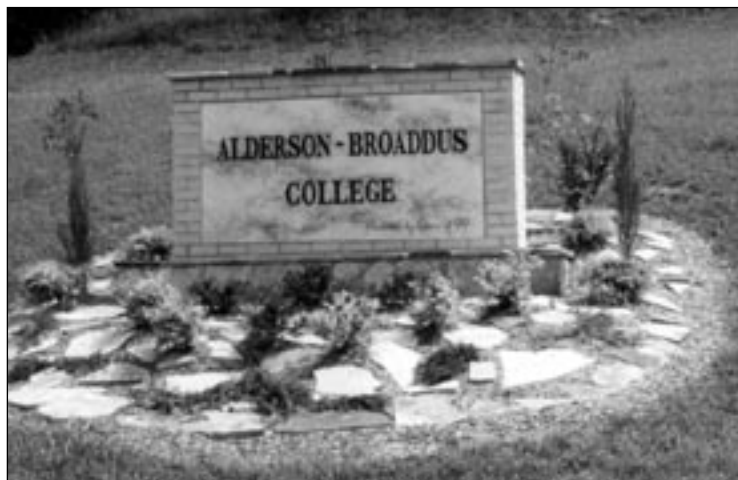
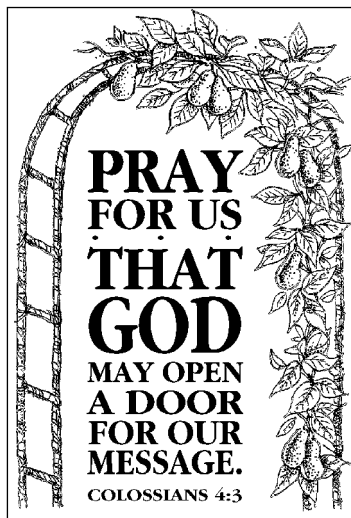
In mid-May, Bob and I several times stood far below the streets of Prague, waiting for the “Metro” trains of that city’s excellent public transportation system. (We were in the Czech Republic for several days of vacationing and meetings. It was a great trip over the ten days, May 16–26.)

A clock on each platform waiting area of those stations informs anyone who cares to know when the next train will be arriving. The intervals last only a few minutes; it’s all really efficient. But we did not actually need to check the clock to know if a train was bearing down on our station. About forty seconds before its roar can be heard and lights seen coming through the tunnel, a great wind begins to build. The increasing velocity and force of this wind announce that the time is just about at hand.

One of the metaphors in Scripture for the Holy Spirit is “wind.” Are you beginning to feel the effect working on you now as you prepare for this year’s convention? The theme of this 96th Annual Convention, July 7–10, 2005, is “*What Does God Ask of you?*” I’m looking forward to hearing this question examined from every point of view during the messages and studies of our meeting days. Speakers are preparing the messages that God is giving, but we all need to begin preparing ourselves to receive their words, and the Word. Pray that God will send his Holy Spirit to “blow” over you so that you will be ready to receive all of the blessing the Lord wants to give. I know from personal experience that you will feel the presence of God’s Spirit if you come with a sense of anticipation and preparedness.

When a Metro train leaves a station going in the opposite direction to your own waiting, you also feel the wind of its wake. When you leave the convention this year, I think you’ll know that the Spirit has been on hand—before you and behind you. The impact will be unmistakable.

Dottie Dvorak



V polovině května jsme s Bobem několikrát stáli hluboko pod pražskými ulicemi. Čekali jsme na metro, vynikající městský dopravní systém. (Byli jsme v České republice, kam jsme přijeli strávit několik dní dovolené a na nějaká setkání. Byl to jedinečný desetidenní zájezd od 16. do 26. května.)

Hodiny na každém nástupišti hlásí příjezd příštího vlaku těm, kteří to potřebují vědět. Jsou to jen několikaminutové intervaly. Funguje to opravdu dobře. Ve skutečnosti však nebylo potřeba kontrolovat hodiny, kdy přijede vlak. Zhruba čtyřicet vteřin před tím, než je slyšet hřmot a než je vidět světla v tunelu, začne se zvedat silný vítr. Jeho rychlost a mohutnost hlásí, že čas se přiblížil.

V Písmě je Duch Svatý připodobňován větru. Pociťujete Jeho působení na vás nyní, při přípravách na letošní konvenci? Tématem 96. konvence, ve dnech 7.–10. července 2005, je „*Co Bůh od tebe žádá?*“ Těším se na to, až tato otázka bude probírána ze všech stran při kázáních a biblických hodinách. Řečníci si již připravují kázání, tak jak je Pán Bůh dává. Také my se potřebujeme připravit k přijetí jejich slova a Slova (Božího). Modlete se, aby Pán Bůh poslal svého Svatého Ducha, aby

Vás ovanul a uzpůsobil k přijetí celého požehnání, které Pán chce dát. Z osobní zkušenosti vím, že budete cítit přítomnost Božího Ducha, jestliže přijdete s vědomím očekávání a připravenosti.

Když metro odjíždí ze stanice v opačném směru než jedete vy, také cítíte zvednutý vítr. Když se budete vracet letos z konvence, myslím si, že budete vědět, že Duch byl přítomen—před vámi i za vámi. Dopad bude zřejmý.

Dottie Dvorak

Přeložila Nataša Legierská

Ať se raduje otec tvůj i matka tvá
(Přisl. 23,25)
Nech sa raduje s teba tvoj otec a tvoja matka
(Přisl. 23,25)
May you father and mother be glad
(Prov. 23:25)

Poslouchej otcovo kárání
(Přisl. 1,8)
Počúvaj napominanie svojho otca
(Přisl. 1,8)
Listen to your father's instruction
(Prov. 1:8)

Matčiným poučováním neopovrhuj
(Přisl. 1,8)
Nezavrhuj poučanie svojej matky
(Přisl. 1,8)
Do not forsake your mother's teaching
(Prov. 1:8)

Bůh je láska, a kdo přebývá v lásce, přebývá v Bohu a Bůh v něm
(1. Jan. 4,16)
Boh je láska, a kto zostáva v láske, zostáva v Bohu a Boh zostáva v ňom
(1. Ján 4,16)
God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in him.
(1 John 4,16)