



Olympic Champions

And More...



Bringing Home the Gold!

"Let the Games Begin!"

After dividing up the teams and explaining the evening schedule, Steve Tompkins officially opened the 2009 Mount Calvary Wii Olympics. Enthusiastic athletes stopped first at the buffet tables in the hall and then moved on to their first practice stations.

While demonstrating the controller, James Steinbach threw his bowling ball into the Wii audience. Meg Fordham launched a tennis ball into the tennis court press box. Getting carried away with the excitement, Haddon Wiginton attacked the event videographer. Thankfully, no spectators were hurt in any of the incidences.

Food disappeared quickly as aspiring Olympic champions strove to reach peak form. Pizza, snack crackers, fruit skewers, and vegetables vanished at an odd ratio, leaving Michael Schaedel to conclude that someone needed to lay off the bell peppers. However, Michael made no comment about the shrinking piles of circular brownies, scrumptious snickerdoodles, and irresistible chocolate chip cookies.

Once everyone had a chance to practice, the tournament began. Boxing quickly became the star event of the evening. Gina Magaruh's knock-out win, and Brent and Anne Cook's intense combat set everyone's expectations high.

Two semi-final heats revealed Chip Wiginton and Steven Kidd to be the fiercest competitors to take the ring. After three rounds of all-out slugging, Steven Kidd was down for the count. The crowd went wild. -- Perhaps next year, Steve should consider wearing contacts when he boxes.

Competitions over, all four teams gathered for a time of testimony. Nearly half the group had a specific word of praise for something God had recently done in their lives. From a job interview, to the miraculous provision of finances, to the simple enjoyment of God's faithfulness, the testimonies displayed God's evident work among the college and career folks.

A recap video set the tone for the medal presentations. (See Michael Schaedel for a personal showing.) Among other medals awarded, Mr. Wiginton received the award for "Most Supportive Coach."

The Fun Committee would like to extend a special word of thanks to the sponsors of this year's Olympics: Angela Ritch, Andrew Willis, and the Case family. Without their Wii donations, the activity would have been impossible. We would also like to thank those who spontaneously joined our clean-up crew and/or took home leftovers.

May the gold medals shine forever!





**W
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**Yes, that's really
you!**

On the Doorstep of the World

by Josh Michalek

Knock-knock-knock. You stand on the front porch of a run-down trailer next to one of your friends, and as you look around you, you see a lawn strewn with an assortment of random items and a house that looks generally un-kept. You think you might hear someone moving inside, so you knock again... Silence... Then, a few moments later, you hear footsteps, and after the door handle turns, the door starts to open. Another evangelism opportunity is about to take place, and you feel joy and nervousness about what is about to happen.

Now you may say, "What do you find behind the door?" I have talked to many believers that refrain from going out with us because they are unsure of what they will find or what they should say. However, throughout all of the times that I visited people at their front doors, I have almost never had a negative experience. Naturally, I have come across many people that were disinterested or sometimes even antagonistic toward the message of the gospel, but I have had hundreds of opportunities to share the gospel with people that needed to hear it. Door-to-door ministries are just a small part of our large ministry at MCBC, but for many of the neighborhood outreaches, our Sunday afternoon ministry is the basis for many future contacts.

When we have good conversations at the door, we normally have two diverse responses. The first response is probably also the most common: the semi-knowledgeable, semi-churched semi-believer. I frequently meet people like this that have some sort of church that they attend, have some knowledge about the Bible, and they believe that there probably is a God. However, most of these people are lost and are on their way to Hell because they are not trusting in the Holy One of Israel alone for Salvation. They need Jesus. Almost every week we have opportunities to share the gospel with these people. This is why we go: we want to share our Savior's love with them.

The second type of response is less common, but just as blessed. Sometimes we meet people who are genuine Christians, and this meeting is a great encouragement to all of us involved. The opportunity to share a word of encouragement from Scripture or to share important prayer requests is an inexpressible blessing. Just a few weeks ago, I spent almost thirty minutes on an elderly lady's front porch talking to her about trials. Her husband has been fighting cancer, and the couple has had numerous other health problems. However, when we started talking about the Lord's protection and provision, her eyes radiated the joy of the Lord. I am still praying for her, and perhaps someday you will go to her door and talk to her. Otherwise, perhaps we will see her and others that we have met on visitation when we see our Savior in Glory.

Door-to-door visitation on Sunday afternoons has afforded me with the opportunity to get away from my "bubble" of Christian friends and to get integrally involved in the Great Commission. Even though we are doing our best to "make disciples" at church and on campus, we are missing the "all the world" and "every creature" parts of our commission. We must genuinely seek to take the Word to the *World* to make true disciples of Jesus Christ.



When New Life Began

By Cassie Chinn

Neither of my parents were saved when I was born. Both of them had grown up in Southern Baptist Churches, but had never actually repented of their sins and put their faith in Jesus Christ.

My mom was the first person to take me to church. There was a little, country church down at the end of our road. Amanda, Mama, and I would walk down there every Sunday morning. Mama even taught Sunday School for the children. Every day we'd come home from church we'd beg Daddy to come with us the next Sunday. Finally, one Sunday, when I was 3, Daddy had been under so much conviction of the Holy Spirit that he came to church. That Sunday the gospel was preached and an invitation was given. Daddy went forward and gave his life to Christ.

Now, there wasn't a whole lot of changes in our family right after his conversion because we were on the milk of the Word of God. We didn't know we were supposed to read our Bibles. Then, the church we were in split. We then moved on to another Southern Baptist Church. Mama didn't like that church, so, she stopped coming all together.

One Wednesday night on our way home from church, we were driving down Highway 25 out in front of Furman University. God brought the thought to my mind, "Cassie, no matter what anyone thinks of you, I know and you know you're a wicked sinner. If you're in a wreck on your way home, you're going straight to hell." Even though the little old ladies at church were always telling me I was a "good, little girl," I knew the things I did behind my parent's back and what a little brat I had been to some of the girls in my public elementary school. I was scared to death all the way home that we were going to wreck and I wasn't going to have the chance to ask Jesus to forgive me of my sins.

Well, God allowed us to make it home safely and I was never so thankful to be able to step out onto solid ground. When we got in the house, I asked Daddy to come to my room. I told him I knew I needed to be saved. He had never lead anyone to the Lord before, but he knew the verses the preacher used to lead him to the Lord. So, he pulled out his Bible and lead me through the Roman's Road.

That night, I asked Jesus to forgive me for being such a wicked sinner. I told Him He could have my life. That day was the beginning of a truly new life!

