

THE VOICE

WHITE MOUNTAIN BIBLE CHURCH

APRIL 2026

Were You There

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the
tree?

Were you there when they nailed him to the
tree?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they nailed him to the
tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the
tomb?

Were you there when they laid him in the
tomb?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they laid him in the
tomb?

Were you there when God raised
him from the tomb?

Were you there when God raised
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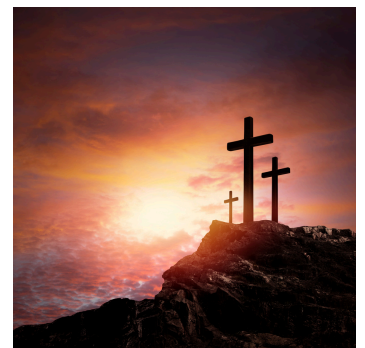
Oh, sometimes it causes me to
tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when God raised
him from the tomb?

“Were You There” is an
old Plantation Hymn,
first published in a
major American hymnal
in 1940.



Join us for
Easter Week
at WMBC!



Good Friday
6:00 pm



Resurrection
Sunday
8:30 am
10:30 am



P.S., Remember, Eat Your Carrots



During the weeks leading up to Easter, the store aisles are full of cute bunnies, little chicks, colorful eggs, and candy galore. While for many, this detracts from a focus on Christ's resurrection, for me, these Easter displays always bring a sweet reminder of both my earthly and Heavenly Fathers' love!

In 1996, I had the privilege of serving as a missionary to China. In secret. I taught English listening and speaking skills to Chinese middle school teachers, through an English-education missions program. China is a country that is closed to the gospel, so our only opportunity to share the name of Jesus came as we taught English to the adults in our program.

Because China was closed to the gospel, we were under strict surveillance during our entire term. We were each allowed to bring only one Bible with us, and no faith-based materials. We were only allowed to give our address and fax numbers to family members, and ALL of them had to agree not to mention God, Jesus, or faith in their letters. This was required by our missions agency, for our own protection. All of our letters were read by the Public Security Bureau (PSB), and everything we received in the mail was opened and inspected. Occasionally, members of our team received mail that referenced Christianity, and those letters would be ripped in half as a warning to us.

Of course, we knew that our family, friends, and supporting churches back home were praying for us, but we could not receive any form of encouragement in the Lord while we were in China. This was incredibly difficult, as we were on the spiritual frontlines, without the tangible spiritual support of our lifelines back home.

That is, except for my Dad. He figured out a secret way of communicating his spiritual support of me that the PSB never caught on to. Every communication with my dad was signed, "Love, Dad. P.S. Remember, eat your carrots." Even I was stumped by this at first, as we were eating PLENTY of vegetables every single day, and I didn't know why my dad was so concerned about carrots. When I finally figured it out, my heart was bursting with love and the secret encouragement from my Daddy. You see, "Eat your carrots" was a reference to I Peter 5:7 "Cast all of your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." Do you see what he did there? He "**careth**" for you became "**Eat your carrots.**"

**Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.
I Peter 5:7**

My dad wrote or faxed me every single week while I was in China. I even got to talk to him on the phone, (for the price of \$2.53/minute). And every letter, every fax, and every phone call ended with, "Love, Dad. P.S. Remember, eat your carrots." What a joy it was to receive those precious words of encouragement, in untouchable, unbreakable code that was meant just for me. Even though I was 2000 miles away from my family, these precious words reminded me of my Daddy's love, and my Heavenly Father's as well.

So, while I don't love the commercialization of Easter and prefer to celebrate it as Resurrection Sunday, I have a secret smile in my heart every time I see a chocolate bunny, bag of Reese's pieces shaped like a carrot, or a soft and fuzzy stuffed bunny. While everyone else sees the Easter bunny, I am reminded of my Dad, telling me to eat my carrots, because he, and my Heavenly Father, love me so!