

The Trinity Temple Times
presents the
Commerative Souvenir Book
of our



Bishop J. Bervin Ransom
and
First Lady Sis. Cynthia Ransom

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Trinity Temple Full Gospel Church
5415 So. Polk
Dallas, Texas 75232

Sunday Morning Service

By: deandra d. madkins

"What a friend we have in Jesus,"
My brother sings in his usual off key tones.
"Lord, why must that boy always sing,"
My mother moans.
I look in the mirror,
As I continued to get dressed.
Today is the day,
The Lord will truly bless.

The breakfast of champions,
"Wheaties" of course.
My brother is still singing,
But now it sounds worse.
Dad makes a face.
Then he screams,
"Boy, be quiet,
Cause you cannot sing!"

My brother shrugs his shoulders,
Then walked off with a frown.
My mother goes and hugs him,
So, he won't feel down.
We grab bibles, purses,
And all else.
I had to go back,
To get Mom's keys off the shelf.

We arrive at the church,
Not a moment too late.
We missed early morning service.
It started at eight.
Sunday school is just beginning.
The Superintendent does his bit.
The classes are called to order
And everyone sits.

Sis. Faye explains the lesson,
Showing her years of experience.
Then Jason asks a question.
The answer made sense.
Ester took up the offering.
And counted how many were there.
As Trina picked something out of Brandon's hair.

Sunday School is finally over.
We gather in the hall.

We talk. We laugh.
But mostly we hold up the wall.
We clown and we talk some more.
Deacon Chauncey yells,
"Ya'll are talking too loud!"
Sherron makes a face.
Herbert echoes, "Ya'll are talking too loud!"

I blink for a second.
Then I stare.
Uh-ho, my Lord.
Rabin looks good standing over there.
Wait a minute here.
Let me get my mind on track.
Out of the corner of my eye,
I see Rabin staring back.

We sing the morning hymn,
"I'll Fly Away."
Then Rev. Lester says, "Bow your heads,
Then, he prays.
He prayed for the nation.
And every man.
He prayed for healing
All over this land.

Elder Phillips read a scripture.
Verse by verse.
I saw Mama Navist
Put something in her purse.
Time for testimonies,
So the blessings people can tell.
The first person to testify
Was Minister Ray Shell.

Then came Missionary Stacy Bearse,
Energetic as ever.
She told the story of
How God saved her son Trevor.
Then she told another story.
She sure said a lot of words.
She ended enthusiastically,
"What a mighty God, I serve!"

"Are you ready for the choir?",
Asked Elder Jangleton as the musician played some

notes.

The directors took her place,
As the soloist cleared her throat,
"God is everything to me,"
From the choir as they rocked and clapped,
Liz sang a verse,
She asked the people to clap.

The song is over,
The audience gave its applause,
Then Ronnie took the mike
To sing "I Will In The Lord,"
Somebody said, "Hallelujah,"
Somebody said, "None and sang,"
Sis. Green raised her hands,
Through the rafters Ronnie's voice rang.

Sabrina Ransom read the announcements,
So everyone could hear,
"Take heed accordingly,"
Est. Marlowe is playing with her ear,
Time for the welcome,
Here comes Cevelia Merchant down the aisle,
All the guests stand,
As she welcomes them with a smile.

"What time is it?"
"It's offering time."
"What time is it?"
"It's offering time."
Sister Quester officiates the offering
With her usual style and flair,
\$100, \$50, \$20, 5,
People in the sanctuary stand, everywhere.

The preacher stands
For the preached word,
Now I know she ain't nodding,
"Look at Mother Mattie Byrd,"
He gives honor,
To whom honor is due,
He says a few other words,
Then his greetings are through.

He read his scripture,
Matthew 6:24-34,
He said, "I'd like to use for a subject
Push Button Faith,"
A few people said, "Yes,"
Somebody said, "Amen."
Sis. Barnea frowned at her kids,
And Missionary Turner raised her hand.

He talked for a few minutes,
About fast forward and rewind,
He told us some things
To contemplate in our minds,
He went on a little while longer,
Then he began to lunc up,
Before he got too happy,
He told the organist to catch up.

He said, "Uhh huh," and "Co yea."
He said, "Lord, have mercy."
Bro. King stated, "Amen."
So did Deacon Percy,
He lugged his ear,
He waved his hand,
He said, "Push button religion,"
Then I saw a few people stand.

We were having church,
And that was for sure,
He drew to a close about two times,
Maybe it was four,
He told one more story,
Then his voice began to slow,
He said a few more words,
Then, he let us go.

Outside in the vestibule
Things are in disarray,
Kids screaming for their mother,
And David looking for his Uncle Donald Ray,
Rabin walks by me,
I think I may just die,
He spoke to Sis. Myles,
Then he told me hi.

"Girl, you better bring your behind on!"
Lord, why is that boy talking so loud,
I grimace at my brother,
As I push through the crowd,
There stands Sis. Jenkins,
In her purple dress,
What is Minister Tallon talking about?
I sure like his vest.

I hop in the car,
And wave at Bishop Pervis,
I can't wait until next time
For Sunday morning service.