



**December 31, 2025**

# MESSENGER

**Happy New Year**

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## Quote of the Week

"Is it difficult to follow Jesus? (Spoiler alert) I am not going to answer this question."

Mike O'Neal-Petterson in this week's message

## INFO

Sermons are always available...catch up on the ones you haven't heard!

iTunes: [bit.ly/AltadenaBaptistPodcast](http://bit.ly/AltadenaBaptistPodcast)

On our website:

[www.altadenabaptist.org/sermonaudio/](http://www.altadenabaptist.org/sermonaudio/)

Also, check us out online:

Facebook (private group): [www.facebook.com/groups/altabap](http://www.facebook.com/groups/altabap)

On the web: [www.altadenabaptist.org](http://www.altadenabaptist.org)

## Contact Information:

Due to the fires, our mail has been forwarded. Please send mail to PO Box 91055, Pasadena, CA 91109. You may still call the church phone at 626-797-8970;

general office communication:  
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## DON'T RAIN ON MY PARADE!

For forty-five years (1972 – 2017), our family lived in a home right at the end of the Rose Parade route and across from the post-parade float-viewing site. So, we were very popular as each New Year's Day approached. Shortly after Thanksgiving, I would go out (along with a number of our neighbors) and mark off with white flour an ideal area in the center island of Sierra Madre Blvd., large enough for up to fifty folding chairs. Throughout December I'd keep checking and remarking my "claim" to protect it from poachers. At noon on New Year's Eve, we were allowed to set up chairs, and I had a couple of co-conspirators to help me do that. Some friends and family would take turns from then on "minding the chairs" until parade time. Early New year's morning family and friends began arriving, and the party was on!

The last time there was serious rain during the Rose Parade was in 2006. We had heard all the forecasts, but we were still determined to follow our usual pattern. Several family members and friends had gathered at our house for New Year's Eve, and they took turns going down the block to watch the chairs. I kept reassuring the team that the rain would let up soon, and we'd have a beautiful day for the parade. Unfortunately, that never happened; it just kept pouring. After midnight, Dale McCall and I were left on duty. Tents weren't allowed, but we used a tarp draped over several chairs to give us some protection. We unrolled sleeping bags under this cover and listened for signs that the rain was letting up. We talked a little, dozed off, then peeked out to see what was going on. Every time we checked, it was still raining. One by one, other neighbors who also were guarding locations took their belongings and went home.

At about 2:30 or 3:00 am, Dale said, "I need to go to the bathroom," and left for my house. He never returned. I fell asleep and woke up to the cloudy morning's light. The rain was still thumping away at the tarp, and the lower end of my sleeping bag was soaked. I lifted the tarp a bit and looked around. I WAS THE ONLY PERSON LEFT ON THE ENTIRE BLOCK!

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But the parade went on! By the time the floats, bands and equestrian units reached our block, they were a bedraggled memory of their original glory. But their spirits picked up when they reached our site, where, under a pop-up tent, Robert DeVaughn and a few heroic young people cheered like mad.<sup>1</sup> In the pouring rain. On the site for which I had given my all. I witnessed a couple of minutes of that; then I went home and collapsed.

“Don’t rain on my parade” is a familiar feeling for all of us. We identify with Barbara Streisand when she sings about it in the 1964 musical *Funny Girl*.<sup>2</sup> We may even play it as an online game in Xbox.<sup>3</sup>

Life brings us a lot of monotony, drudgery and downers. Thankfully, there are occasional high points we really look forward to. You can tolerate a boring job by anticipating something you’re planning for the weekend; or by fantasizing a vacation trip that’s coming up in a couple of months. But someone can remind you that you’re scheduled for an overtime work assignment this Saturday or point out that hurricane weather is predicted for your vacation destination just the time of your reservation. Please don’t rain on my parade!

The Apostle Paul talks about our All-Weather God in his Letter to the Romans, Chapter 14. As believers, we can always look past temporary disappointments to a greater Reality:

*For none of us lives for ourselves alone, and none of us dies for ourselves alone. If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. (Romans 14:7-8)*

Bottom line: Rain on my parade or not --- I have a rain-or-shine faith in my rain-or-shine, live-or-die Lord!

Pastor George Van Alstine

<sup>1</sup> Somebody must have photos of this. Please share them.

<sup>2</sup> [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Yfh\\_CpA9Sk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Yfh_CpA9Sk)

<sup>3</sup> [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QSl6OJj\\_M7A](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QSl6OJj_M7A). It’s interesting that by being a cloud in someone’s life, you may bring happiness as well as sorrow.