

SPRING HILL CHURCH

AUGUST 2020

OLD BARNS & OLD PEOPLE

PRAYER REQUESTS:

MIKEL'S DAD
RICKY & RENEE
JR & JANIE
ANITA
MAXINE
SHARON
BRUCE & PATSY
OUR CHURCH
OUR PASTOR & FAMILY
ASIAN MISSION
NURSING HOMES
ADDICTS
THE HOMELESS
ALL ON PRAYER BOARD
CALEB
THOSE IN JAIL
THE LOST
THE SICK
THOSE WITH COVID
OUR PRESIDENT
OUR NATION
OUR LEADERS
CAROL
LACEY & FAMILY
JERI LYNN & FAMILY

A stranger came by the other day with an offer that set me to thinking. He wanted to buy the old barn that sits out by the highway. I told him right off he was crazy. He was a city type, you could tell by his clothes, his car, his hands and the way he talked. He said he was driving by and saw that beautiful old barn sitting out in the tall grass and wanted to know if it was for sale. I told him he had a funny idea of beauty.

Sure it was a handsome building in its day. But then, there's been a lot of winters pass with their snow and ice and howling wind. The summer sun's beat down on that old barn 'til all the paints gone, and the wood has turned silver gray. Now the old building leans a good deal, looking kind of tired. Yet, that fellow called it beautiful.

That set me to thinking. I walked out to the field and just stood there, gazing at that old barn. The stranger said he planned to use the lumber to line the walls of his den in a new country home he's building down the road. He said you couldn't

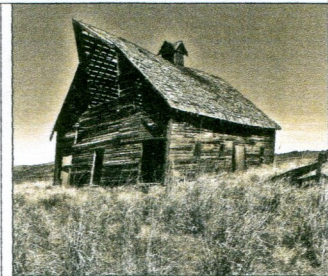
get paint that beautiful. Only years of standing in the weather, bearing the storms and scorching sun, only that can produce beautiful barn wood.

It came to me then. We're a lot like that, you and I. Only it's on the inside that the beauty grows with us. Sure we turn silver, gray too...

And lean a bit more than we did when we were young and full of sap. But the good Lord knows what He's doing. And as the years pass He's busy using the hard weather of our lives, the dry spells and the stormy seasons to do a job of beautifying our souls that nothing else can produce. And to think how often folks holler because they want life easy.

They took the old barn down today and hauled it away to beautify a rich man's house. And I reckon someday you and I will be hauled off to Heaven to take on whatever chores the Good Lord has for us on the Great Sky Ranch.

And I suspect we'll be more beautiful then for the season's we've been through



here....

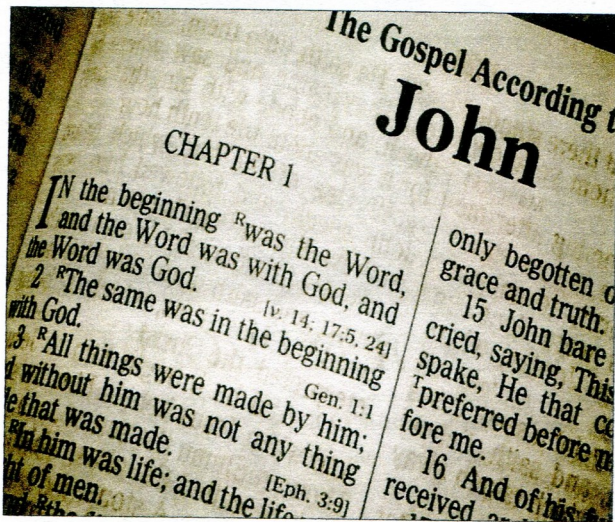
And just maybe even add a bit of beauty to our Father's house.

May there be peace within you today. May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be. "I believe that friends are quiet angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly.

It came to me then. We're a lot like that old barn, you and I. Only it's on the inside that the beauty grows with us. Sure we turn silver, gray too....

And lean a bit more than we did when we were young and full of sap.

They took thee old barn down today and hauled it away to beautify a rich man's house.



*Yesterday's the
past,
tomorrow's the
future,
but today is a gift.
That's why it's
called
the present.*

When I woke up this morning, I asked myself, "What is life about?" I found my answer in my room. . .the fan said, "Be cool." the ceiling said, "Aim high." The window said, "See the world!" The clock said, "Every minute is precious." The mirror said, "Reflect before you act." The calendar said, "Be up to date." The door said, "Push hard for your goals." The floor said, "Kneel down and pray."

AMEN!



I am in love with the letter “J” because a man called **Jesus** born by a man called **Joseph** from the tribe of **Judah** in the region called **Judea** and baptized by a man called **John** in a river called **Jordan** in the land called **Jerusalem**. Do you love Him too? If not, ignore this message but if yes,, tell it to your loved ones. . .

Let’s celebrate Jesus.

“Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

John 15:15

YOU WERE IN THE WAY TODAY

You were in the way today like, a lot.

For every item I put into a drawer, you were right there behind me switching it to another.

I was in a hurry to wash the dishes before your baby sister woke up from her nap, but then you pulled a chair up beside me and proceeded to dump water all over the floor from the bowls I’d left soaking in the sink.

I had to rewash half a load of laundry because you pulled it out of the washer and dragged it across the house all the way to your drawer. The still wet fabric picked up every crumb and bit of dirt along the way.

I almost tripped carrying a box through the living room, because you had pulled the broom from its hook and left it laying right in the middle of my pathway. I swore, kicked it out of the way, and gave you a not-so-nice look.

Like I said, you were in the way a lot today.

And me? I was so busy—so ruled by tunnel-vision-I failed to see that all you were really trying to do was help.

Now that I think about it, you’re ALWAYS just trying to help.

Most of the time when I think of you as a hurdle to my to-do list, you’re actually trying to make my life a little easier.

You stare up at me with those big blue eyes, looking to me for gratitude, for pride, for praise.

But all too often, I meet you with an exasperated, “Babe, just go in the other room and play so Mommy can get this done.”

And those sweet blue eyes fall to the ground, staring dejectedly at your feet as you drag them into the other room, away from me, without a bit of thanks.

Oh, Honey. I’m so sorry.

I’m sorry for the times I fail to notice your intentions.

For the times I forget you’re learning.

For the times I don’t acknowledge that even when you’re in my way, even when you’re making more of a mess, even when you seem like a burden... you’re really just trying to help.

Please forgive me, sweet boy.

While you’re following along, trying to pick up on all of the skills you’ll use for the rest of your life. . . Mommy could sure use a lesson in patience. Gratitude. Understanding.

I need to remember that you’re three.

I need to crouch down at your level, look you in the eye, and tell you how much I appreciate YOU.

I never want you to feel-now, or ever-like you’re in the way of more important things, when you ARE the important thing.

I thought you were in my way a lot today, but truthfully. . . I was in my own way.

Let’s try again tomorrow you and I.



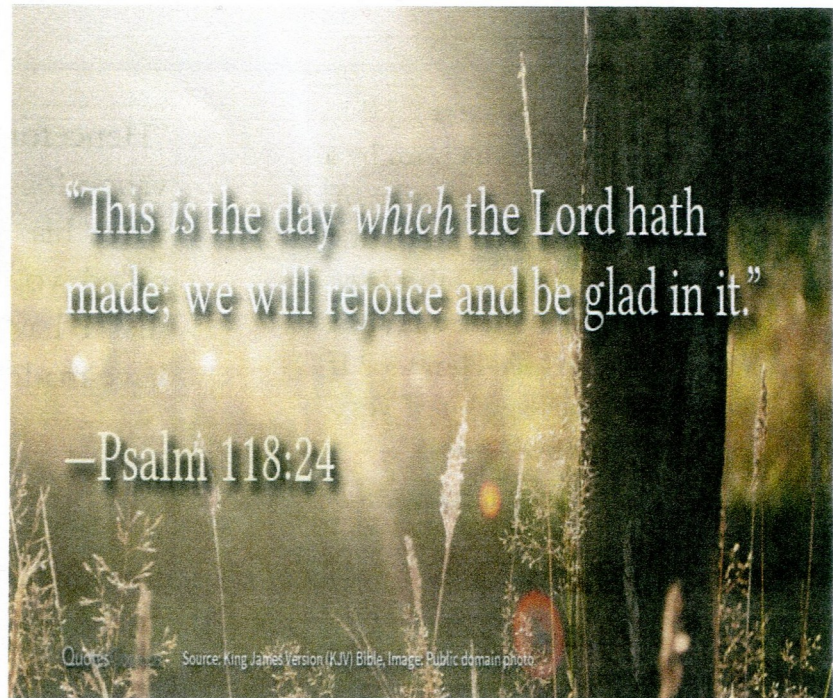
SPRING HILL CHURCH
3038 E WALNUT AVE
DALTON, GA 30721

SUNDAY SCHOOL 10:00AM
SUNDAY WORSHIP 11:00AM
SUNDAY NIGHT 6:00PM
WEDNESDAY NIGHT 7:30PM

EVERYONE WELCOME

WE ARE ON THE WEB

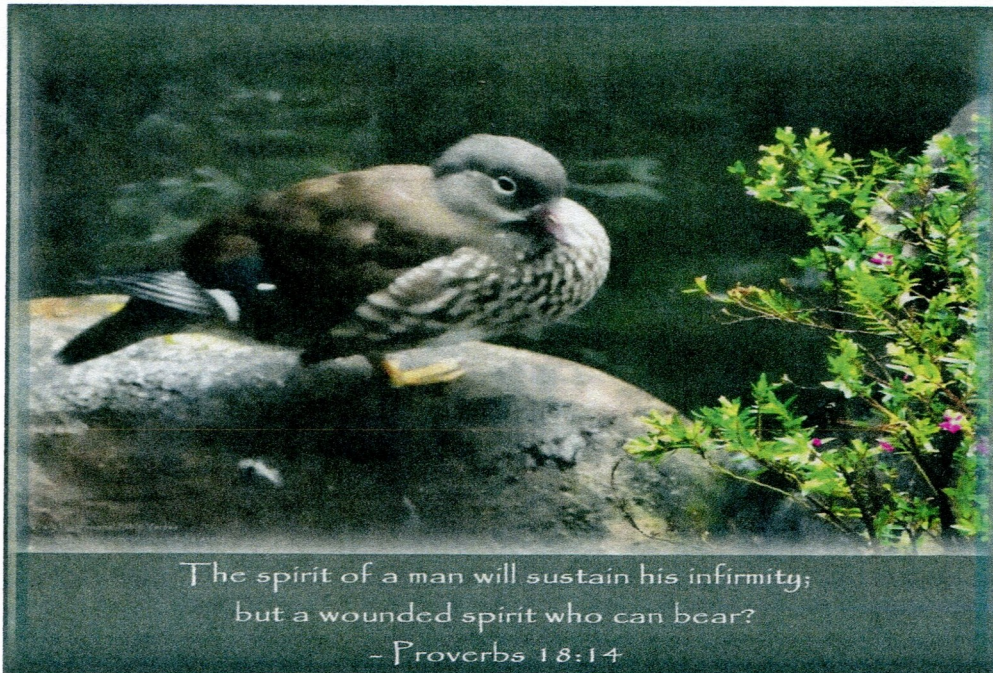
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“This is the day which the Lord hath
made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.”

—Psalm 118:24

Quotes Source: King James Version (KJV) Bible, Image: Public domain photo



The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity;
but a wounded spirit who can bear?

— Proverbs 18:14