

# Spring Hill Church

FEBRUARY 2021

## PRAYER REQUESTS:

- MAXINE
- NURSING HOMES
- FRONTLINE WORKERS
- DALE V
- MARK & MICHELLE
- LAWRENCE
- JAN
- HAYLEY
- SUE
- MIA
- PATSY
- BRUCE
- SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER
- OUR PASTOR & WIFE
- ALL ON PRAYER BOARD
- JAIL MINISTRY
- ASIAN MINISTRY
- SISTER CHURCHES
- ALL WITH COVID
- OUR NATION

## IN GOD WE TRUST

My friend Kevin and I are volunteers at a National cemetery in Oklahoma and put in a few days a month in a 'slightly larger' uniform. Today had been a long day and I just wanted to get the day over with and go home. Sneaking a look at my watch, I saw the time, 16:55. Five minutes to go before the cemetery gates are closed for the day.

Full dress was hot in the August sun.

I saw the car pull into the drive, '69 or '70 model Cadillac Deville, looked factory-new. It pulled into the parking lot at a snail's pace. An old woman got out so slow I thought she was paralyzed: she had a cane and a sheaf of flowers—about 4 or 5 bunches as best I could tell.

I couldn't help myself. The thought came unwanted, and left a slightly bitter taste; 'She's going to spend an hour, and for this old soldier, my hip hurts and I'm ready to get out of here right now!' But for this day, my duty was to assist anyone coming in.

Kevin would lock 'In' gate and if I could hurry the old lady

along, we might make it home in time for supper.

I broke post attention. My hip made gritty noises when I took the first step the pain went up a notch. I must have made a real military sight; middle-aged man with a small pot gut and half a limp, in marine full-dress uniform, which had lost its razor crease about thirty minutes after I began the watch at the cemetery. I stopped in front of her, half-way up the walk. She looked up at me with an old woman's squint.

'Ma'am, may I assist you in any way?'

'Yes, son. Can you carry these flowers? I seem to be moving a tad slow these days'

'My pleasure, ma'am.' (Well, it wasn't too much of a lie.)

She looked again. 'Marine, where were you stationed?'

'Vietnam, ma'am.. Ground-pounder. '69 to '71.'

she looked at me closer. 'Wounded in action, I see. Well done, Marine. I'll be as quick as I can.'

I lied a little bigger: 'No hurry ma'am.'

She smiled and winked at me. 'Son, I'm 85-years-old and I can tell a lie from a long way off. Let's get this done. Might be the last time I can do this. I have a few Marines I'd like to see one more time..'

'Yes, ma'am. At your service.'

She headed to the World War I section, stopping at a stone. She picked one of the flower bunches out of my hand and laid it on top of the stone.

She murmured something I couldn't quite make out.. the name on the marble was Donald S. Davidson, USMC: France 1918.

She turned away and made a straight line for the World War II section, stopping at one stone I saw a tear slowly tracking its way down her cheek.

She put a bunch on a stone; the name was Stephen X Davidson, USMC 1943.

She went up the row a ways and laid another bunch on a stone, Stanley J. Wieserman, USMC, 1944.

She paused for a second and more tears flowed...

*continued on page 3.....*



The only bird that will peck at an Eagle, is the crow. He sits on his back and bites his neck. The Eagle does not respond or fight with the crow. It doesn't waste time or energy on the crow. It simply opens its wings and begins to rise higher and higher in the sky. The higher the flight, the harder it is for the crow to breathe. Eventually the crow falls off due to the lack of oxygen. Stop wasting your time with the crows. Just take them to your heights and they'll fade.

May you fly to new heights....



Hello, welcome to Flight #2021. We are prepared to take off into the New Year. Please make sure your Attitude and Blessings are secured and locked in an upright position. All self-destructive devices should be turned off at this time. All negativity, hurt and discouragement should be put away. Should we lose Altitude under pressure, during the flight, reach up and pull down a prayer. Prayers will automatically be activated by Faith. Once your Faith is activated you can assist other passengers. There will be NO BAGGAGE allowed on this flight. The Captain (GOD) has cleared us for takeoff. destination GREATNESS.

**BOOK YOUR FLIGHT!!**

Be Blessed. . . .

#### QUOTE OF THE DAY FROM BEN CARSON:

"If someone asks about your educational background, proclaim boldly that: Church is my college. Heaven is my university. Father God is my counselor. Jesus is my principal. Holy Spirit is my teacher. Angels are my classmates. Bible is my textbook. Temptations are my exams. Overcoming Satan is my hobby. winning souls for God is my assignment. Receiving eternity is my degree. Praise and Worship are my slogan. If you are a child of God bless you!"





## IN GOD WE TRUST CONTINUED. . .

'two more, son, and we'll be done'

I almost didn't say anything, but, 'Yes ma'am. Take your time.'

She looked confused. 'Where's the Vietnam section, son? I seem to have lost my way.'

I pointed with my chin. 'That way ma'am.' 'Oh!' she chuckled quietly. 'Son, me and old age ain't too friendly.'

She headed down the walk I'd pointed at. She stopped at a couple of stones before she found the ones she wanted. She placed a bunch on Larry Wieserman, USMC, 1968, and the last one Darrel Wieserman, USMC 1970.

She stood there and murmured a few words I couldn't make out and more tears flowed.

'OK, son, I'm finished. Get me back to my car and you can go home.'

Yes, ma'am. If I may ask, were those your kinfolk?

She paused. 'Yes, Donald Davidson was my father, Stephen was my uncle, Stanley was my husband, Larry and Darrel were our sons, all killed in ac-

tion, all Marines.'

She stopped! Whether she had finished, or couldn't finish, I don't know.

She made her way to her car, slowly and painfully, I waited for a polite distance to come between us and then double-timed it over to Kevin, waiting by the car.

'Get to the 'Out' gate quick.. I have something I've got to do.'

Kevin started to say something but saw the look I gave him. He broke the rules to get us down the service road fast. We beat her.

She hadn't made it around the roundabout yet.

'Kevin, stand at attention next to the gatepost.

Follow my lead.' I humped it across the drive to the other post.

When the Cadillac came pattering around from the hedges and began the short straight traverse to the gate, I called in my best gunny's voice: 'Tehen Hut! Present arms!'

I have to hand it to Kevin; he never blinked an eye - full dress attention

and a salute that would make his DI proud.

She drove through that gate with two old worn-out soldiers giving her a send-off she deserved, for service rendered to her country, and for knowing duty, honor and sacrifice far beyond the realm of most.

I'm not sure, but I think I saw a salute returned from that Cadillac.

Instead of 'The End,' 'just think of 'Taps.'

As a final thought on my part, let me share a favorite prayer: 'Lord, keep our servicemen and women safe, whether they serve at home or overseas.

Hold them in your loving hands and protect them as they protect us.'

Let's all keep those currently serving and those who have gone before in our thoughts. They are the reason for the many freedoms we enjoy.

'In God We Trust.'

If we ever forget that we're one nation under God, then we will be a nation gone.

*"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



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

[www.springhillchurchdalton.org](http://www.springhillchurchdalton.org)



**TODAY**

**WILL NEVER COME AGAIN**

*Be a blessing*

Be a friend

*Encourage someone.*

Take Time To Care.

**Let your words heal,  
and not wound.**

*Happy  
Valentine's  
Day*