



SPRING HILL CHURCH

SEPTEMBER 2022

SOUL NUDGES AND HEART TINGLES

I was thrift shopping for dorm stuff. The cashier appeared to be one of the most unhappy, maddest people ever. I was six people deep in the line and it seemed like she got more and more exasperated with each passing customer.

She was especially incensed when one of my unmarked items needed a price check. It sent this poor woman toppling right over the edge and I bore the brunt of her fall.

But as she rang up my items, I felt a little tingle in my spirit. A soul nudge.

I tried to bargain with Jesus and told him that the extra little bit of cash in the back side of my wallet was not meant for her. It surely should go to someone sweeter and kinder, more deserving, or at least appreciative maybe. Not someone downright mean and angry.

God did not budge. Nor did the tingle.

The human heart is our very best compass. It rarely leads us astray. So I paid my bill and reluctantly found the backside of my wallet. I slipped her some cash as she handed me my receipt. She was caught off-guard by the gesture. She gripped the folded bill with one hand

and paused. Then slid her mask down with the other hand. Her loud, stern voice got quiet when she whispered a single word: "Why?" To which I answered two words back: "Soul nudge."

There was another pause. A brief reckoning of sorts. When she grabbed my hand and held on, I was the one caught off-guard. "Today's my 75th birthday and ain't nobody called me. Not my sister. Not none of my kids. None of these people here. Nobody. Nothing. I don't think I can remember ever being so sad. Ain't nobody even remembered it's my birthday."

I felt the tingle again. And looked up into the buzzing, broken ballast of the light fixture above us in this old warehouse. Like Jesus is some pie-in-the-sky that we might see if we look hard enough. The light flickered. "Somebody remembered," I said. While I did not see Jesus, that small soul nudge told me that He saw her. She bit her bottom lip when her eyes threatened to leak. And I noticed a deep hurt and sweet humility under the figurative and physical mask she wore under-

neath her chin.

We all have our mask, don't we?

The birthday news had made its way beside me and two more customers connected. Talk is cheap and words seem too few—until they aren't. There was a small chorus of chirping happy birthdays. She just stood there, patting her heart and taking it all in. The words penetrated. Anger dissipated. Hope manifested. The tingle became tangible.

We just never know what someone else may be navigating or battling. Things are not always as they seem.

We are living in an upside down world right now. We may be tempted to return hatefulness with hate. To retaliate. To alienate. To trade out judgment for Grace. But there's a better way.

I thought I needed dorm stuff today. Turns out I needed reminding—maybe you do too? Let's be slow to judge. And quick to obey. Trust the Holy Spirit to lead the way.

The human heart, guided by Love, will not lead you astray.

PRAYER REQUESTS:

- TERRY & SHANNON
- SHARON
- MAXINE
- ANGIE & TOMMY
- TRACEY
- FRAN
- DALE & DONNA
- JAMIE
- CAROL
- OUR CHURCH
- NOVA
- MR. SAMPSON
- BETTY
- MIKEL
- CODY & LAURA
- LACEY & KIDS
- ALL ON PRAYER BOARD
- ASIAN MINISTRY
- LAWRENCE & JAN
- DON
- BRUCE & PATSY
- MIKE & MARY
- SANDY

Be strong, but not rude.
Be kind, but not weak.
Be bold, but don't bully.
Be humble, but not shy.
Be proud, but not arrogant.

**We all have pasts.
We all made choices
that maybe weren't
the best ones.
None of us are
completely innocent
but, we all get a fresh
start every day to be a
better person than we
were yesterday.**

THE MAYONNAISE JAR

When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day is not enough, remember the mayonnaise jar and two cups of coffee.

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and fills it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured it into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was. The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students re-

sponded with a unanimous "YES."

The professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

"Now," said the professor, as the laughter subsided, I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things—God, family, children, health, friends, and favorite passions. Things, that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the things that matter like your job, house, and car. The sand is everything else—the small stuff," he said.

"If you put the sand in the jar first," he continued, "There is no room for the pebbles or golf balls. The same goes for life. If you

spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you..." he told them.

"So pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Worship with your family. Play with your children. Take your partner out to dinner. Spend time with good friends. There will always be time to clean the house and fix the dripping tap.

Take care of the golf balls first—the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand."

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented. The professor smiled and said, "I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend.

IT'S STILL A SNAKE

Today while walking, I happened upon a snake. As I bent over to take a closer look, I noticed the end of his tail had been crushed and it was difficult for him to move. He seemed calm and let me get just inches away from him. As I reached down to help him across the yard, I clearly heard the voice of my DAD say, "Don't pick him up. He's still a snake." No sooner than I drew back my hand and stood up. He

leaped to bite me.

Moral of story:

Watch out for the snakes in your life. They feed on your kindness and mercy. But, they will strike at the first opportunity. Once, someone shows you who they are and where they stand, believe them. There is no need to continually offer your helping hand only to be bitten and hurt. Sometimes you have to accept that you can't help

everyone.

Always listen to God he will guide and direct you even on hard situations. I know I have had to do this at times in my life and also in the ministry and as difficult as it is I still listen to God. God is good but vipers are evil. They come in all different shapes and colors and can be nice. Be careful who you put your trust in and just make sure it's God you put your trust in.

AND THEN IT IS WINTER

You know time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years. It seems like yesterday that I was young, just married, and embarking on my new life with my mate. Yet in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all those years went.

I know that I lived them all. I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams. But, here it is...the winter of my life, and it catches me by surprise....How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go? I remember well seeing older people through the years and thinking that those "older people" were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be like.

But here it is...my friends are retired and getting grey...they move slower and I see an older person in myself now. Some are in better and some worse

shape than me....but, like me their age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we'd be.

Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day! And taking a nap is not a treat anymore....it's mandatory! Cause if I don't on my own free will...I just fall asleep where I sit!

And so...now I enter this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go do things that I wish I had done but never did! But, at least I know, that though the winter has come, and I'm not sure how long it will last...this I know, that when it's over on this earth...it's over. A new adventure will begin!

Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn't done....things I should have done, but indeed, there are also many things I'm happy to have done.

It's all in a lifetime.

So, if you're not in your winter yet...let me remind you, that it will be here faster than you think. So, whatever you would like to accomplish in your life, please do it quickly! Don't put things off too long!! Life goes by quickly. So, do what you can TODAY, as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not!

You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of your life....so, LIVE FOR TODAY and say all the things that you want your loved ones to remember and hope that they appreciate and love you for all the things that you have done for them in all the years past!!

"Life" is a GIFT to you. The way you live your life is your gift to those who come after. Make it a fantastic one.

Remember: "It is Health that is real Wealth and not pieces of gold and silver."

Faith isn't about asking God to stop the storm. Faith is **about trusting God** to help you through the storm.

**Don't tell
someone to
get over it.
Help them
get through
it.**

Be a hand that reaches out.
Be a smile for those who
have no reason to smile.
Be a light for those who
live in darkness.

Life doesn't allow for us to
go back and fix what we
have done wrong in the
past, but it does allow for
us to live each day better
than our last.

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

Before saying something

**that may hurt someone, take a
piece of paper and crumple it up.**

**Now try to make it the way it was
before...You can't right? People's
hearts are like this piece of paper.**

**Once hurt, it's difficult to leave them
the way you found them. Before
saying something hurtful, think
hard about what you're saying.**

Always be considerate.

Always be kind.

Life is
short, live
it. Love is rare,
grab it. Anger is
bad, dump it. Fear
is awful, face it.
Memories are
sweet, cherish it.

*Life is too short,
Grudges are a waste of time.
Laugh when you can,
Apologize when you should,
and let go of what you
can't change.*

Love deeply and forgive quickly.

September 2022

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4 CONFERENCE CHRIS HAYLEY	5	6	7	8 JAN	9	10 WORK DAY
11	12 MIKE	13	14	15 EMMY	16	17
18	19	20	21	22 SANDY P PAYTON	23 CINDY	24
25 SANDWICH NIGHT	26	27	28	29	30	