

SPRING HILL CHURCH

JULY 2025

We often hear; "Life is short, enjoy it" but we often forget; "eternity is long, prepare for it."

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

So, three Little Pigs went out to dinner one night. The waiter comes and takes their drink order. "I would like a Sprite," said the first little piggy. "I would like a Coke," said the second little piggy. "I want water, lots and lots of water," said the third little piggy. The drinks are brought out and the waiter takes their orders for dinner. "I want a nice big steak," said the first piggy. "I would like the salad plate," said the second piggy. "I want water, lots and lots of water," said the third little piggy. The meals were brought out and a while later the waiter approached the table and asked if the piggies would like "said the second piggy. "I want water, lots and lots of water," exclaimed the third little piggy. "Pardon me for asking," said the waiter, "but why have you only ordered water?" You're gonna hate me for this... Hold on to your seat... The third piggy says—"Well, somebody has to go 'Wee, wee, wee, all the way home.'"

MOST WANTED

An elementary school class visits a police station. The officer points to the 10 MOST WANTED list and says, "These are the most wanted fugitives in the country."

A little boy looks confused and says, "He's the MOST wanted in the USA?!"

Officer: "Yes."

Little boy: "Then why didn't you keep him when you took his picture?"

The oldest computer was owned by Adam and Eve. It was an Apple with very limited memory, just 1 byte, and everything crashed.

Don't over complicate GOD'S will. Just stay connected to Jesus. Love Him. Seek Him first. He will lead. Just follow.

PRAYER REQUEST:

- LAWRENCE & JAN
- JUDY
- JUDITH
- BECKY
- VICKY
- JASON
- PATSY'S AUNT BOBBIE
- BABY McCOY
- MR. EVANS
- SANDY, DENNIS & ANDY
- ANGIE
- SHARON
- THE LOST
- ASIAN MISSION
- SHANNON
- DAVID
- RENEE
- LISA
- FLOYD & ANGEL
- JESSICA & RON
- THE CHURCH
- OUR PASTOR & WIFE
- ALL ON PRAYER BOARD
- PRESIDENT TRUMP
- OUR WORLD

KILLING KYLE ORTH

I shot meth in a church bathroom. Let that sink in.

In the middle of two men of God who loved me deeply trying to tell me about Jesus, I excused myself, walked into a clean, tiled bathroom stall in the church... and I shot up. Not because I wanted to disrespect them or God. But because my body was *screaming.*

I was dying in real time, and I didn't know how to stop.

I had driven to meet these guys in a stolen 2006 Jaguar.

I was ten days awake. No sleep. No rest. Just paranoia, hallucinations, and the feeling that something invisible was constantly watching me. My body was twitchy and cold.

Somehow, Bart had gotten me to come to this church. He'd been chasing me for years. Not in a pushy way, but in the way that real love does. It keeps showing up. He was an elder at this trendy church, a place where a couple thousand people showed up every Sunday, wearing name brands and smiling and holding lattes. He didn't care about any of that. He cared about me.

Richard came too. One of the pastors. Soft-spoken and wise. A theologian who would never claim the title. The kind of guy who looked you in the eye when you spoke, even if your pupils were shot and your breath reeked of chemicals.

We met at the coffee shop inside the church. Ten minutes in, I started falling out. I couldn't focus. I couldn't hold still. I felt like my skin was inside out. I don't remember what they were saying. Something about grace. Something about how Jesus never stops knocking. I mumbled an excuse and headed to the bathroom.

I locked the stall door behind me, pulled off my shoe and sock, and shot up in the top of my foot. *Continued on next page.....*

The veins in my arms and hands were gone. Scarred, collapsed. Just scar tissue and regret. I found a vein in my foot and slammed the shot. Everything left. Then my brain lit up like a smoldering fire flaring into a blaze from a splash of gas. For a minute, I could breathe again.

I knew they knew.

When I walked back, I could feel the needle mark pulsing with every step. But they never said a word.

They stayed.

They stayed.

They didn't call security. Didn't ask me to leave. Didn't act embarrassed to be seen with me. They leaned in closer. We talked about the deep stuff. My doubts. My guilt. The theology I couldn't wrap my head around.

But what matters most is this: at that table, I surrendered my life to Jesus Christ.

Not halfway. Not one foot in, one foot out. Not like all the other times I "tried to get clean" or "turned over a new leaf." No. This was full surrender.

I asked Him to save me.

And He did.

That church didn't kick me out. Those men didn't walk away. They did the hard thing—the uncomfortable thing. They loved me when I was completely unlovable. They didn't care about image or rules or what people thought. They saw me. And they stayed.

And because they did, I'm alive

If you're part of a church — be like them. It's hard. I was hard to get through to. They pushed past that. You should too.

If you're someone who feels too far gone — hear me. You're not.

Jesus came after me in a bathroom stall, with a needle in my foot, after ten days awake, a stolen car in the parking lot, and a lifetime of damage. He saved me.

He'll meet you too.

Wherever you are.

SPRING HILL CHURCH

3038 E WALNUT AVE.

DALTON, GA 30721

SUNDAY SCHOOL. 10:00 AM

SUNDAY WORSHIP. 11:00 AM

SUNDAY NIGHT. 6:00 PM

WEDNESDAY NIGHT. . . . 7:00 PM

EVERYONE WELCOME



Springhillchurchdalton.org

PRAY BEFORE YOU GO TO BED

Dear Heavenly Father, as I prepare to sleep. I come before You asking for peaceful rest. Psalm 4:8 reminds me, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for You, LORD, only make me dwell in safety." Lord, I surrender today's burdens into Your hands, laying down all my worries, fears, and anxieties. Please watch over me as I rest and cover me with Your peace. May my body and soul find true rest under Your protection, for I know You are always watching over me and safeguarding my future. I pray this in Jesus' name. If God is good to you, praise Him!

Amen.

I'm a Christian, but I sometimes judge others. I'm a Christian, but I say things I shouldn't. I'm a Christian, but I struggle with modesty. I'm a Christian, but I struggle to trust God's plan for my life. I'm a Christian, but I struggle with anger/ bitterness. Being a Christian doesn't mean you're perfect, it means God gives you grace.

July 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1 NATHANIEL	2	3	4	5
6 CONFERENCE SHEA	7	8	9	10	11	12 WORLD DAY
13 CODY	14 ALAN L	15	16	17	18 AXEL	19 WHITFIELD PLACE 2 PM
20 ABBEY AMY	21	22	23	24	25	26 DENNIS
27 SANDWICH NIGHT ANGIE	28	29	30	31		