



# Spring Hill Church

3038 E Walnut Ave  
Dalton GA 30721

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

NOVEMBER 2025

## PRAYER REQUEST:

- \* JAN
- \* SHARON
- \* JUDY
- \* NEAL
- \* JASON
- \* JUDITH
- \* MICHEAL
- \* DALE & DONNA
- \* DAVE & LESLIE
- \* BRUCE & PATSY
- \* CAROL
- \* JAMIE, LACEY & KIDS
- \* CODY, NICOLE & KIDS
- \* ASIAN MINISTRY
- \* HOMELESS
- \* MIKE & MARY
- \* FRAN
- \* CINDY & BUTCH
- \* MIKEL & FAMILY
- \* SEAN & BOYS
- \* DENNIS, SANDY & ANDY
- \* KENNY
- \* DON
- \* TOMMY & ANGIE
- \* FREDDY
- \* CALEB
- \* BRIAN, JERI & LEAH
- \* TANNER & GRACIE
- \* THOSE ON PRAYER BOARD
- \* THOSE WITH CANCER
- \* POOR, SICK & NEEDY
- \* THE LOST
- \* THE NATION
- \* SHANNON
- \* CHRIS, JENNA & DANSBY
- \* THOSE WITH ALCOHOL ADDICTION

## ASTONISHING

"My name's Edison. I'm 82. Retired bus driver. My wife, Vera, can't walk far anymore—her legs get tired. So every morning, I take her in the wheelchair to the end of our street, then walk the rest alone just to stretch my legs. I noticed something last winter.

On my walk, I passed eight houses where no one answers the door anymore. Not even to get mail. Not even to water the grass.

First time I saw old Mrs. Nancy's mailbox overflowing with fliers I took them out. And left them on her porch. She never knew. Next week, I saw her trash bin hadn't been put out in two days.

So I rolled it to the curb for her. Still, no one said thanks, but I kept doing it. Not to be noticed. Just...because it felt wrong to leave things undone.

One Tuesday, I found a frozen milk jug on Mr. Evans' doorstep. He's 90, alone since his son moved overseas.

I warmed it in my sink, put it back. Next morning the jug was gone. On my walk back, Mr. Evans stood at his window and waved, just once. That's when I started leaving small things. A loaf of bread (I bake extra). A thermos of soup in winter. A jar of pickles (Vera makes them).

I'd set them by the door. I never rang the doorbell, never left a note. I just did it. Then something changed. A teenager named Tori saw me leaving a bowl for Mrs. Nancy. She asked, "Is she sick?" I said, "No just old."

The next day, Tori left a bag of oranges on the porch. Then she started walking with me. We didn't talk much. Just walked.

After two weeks, Tori brought her friend Liam. He carried a thermos of hot cocoa, "For you," he said. "Your hands look cold."

We became a little line, me, Tori, Liam, and sometimes two more kids from the high school. We walked the same street, checking porches, bins and mailboxes. We didn't fix big things, just the small things, moving a trash bin that tipped over, shoveling snow off a step. One rainy Thursday, Mrs. Nancy opened her door. She'd been inside for 20 days. "I thought no one care," she whispered. She gave me a jar of her famous blackberry jam. "For your wife," she said.

We didn't stop.

When the city cut the local bus route, people got angry. But we did something. We started walking the old bus route every Saturday. Kids on bikes and seniors in walkers.

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## ASTONISHING...continued

We carried sandwiches and water, we called it "The Quiet Walk." No speeches. Just walking.

Then the mayor showed up. He thought we were protesting. I shook my head, we're just walking for the people who can't." He stood there, quiet. The next month, the bus route came back. Not all the way, but enough.

Last week, Vera got out of her wheelchair for the first time in months. She walked three blocks with me. Down our street, every porch had something new, a potted geranium from Mrs. Nancy, a bag of cookies from Tori's mom, a hand-knitted scarf from Liam's grandmother. At the end of the street we found a sign taped to a tree in a kid's handwriting. "Thank you for walking. We're walking too—The 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I cried right there. You don't need a big plan to help people. You just need to walk a little slower. Look at the houses. See the quiet ones. Do one small thing. It's not about fixing the world.

It's about remembering the world is made of people, and people need to be seen.

So walk, not for praise, not for thanks. Walk because the street isn't empty if someone's walking it for you."

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## THE VIEW FROM HOME

One thing that becomes more apparent to me with every passing year is that we just never really know.

We don't know what's going on behind the scenes of someone else's life. The person posting the most fun, exciting moments on social media might feel like life is falling apart behind the scenes.

We don't know if we'll see our loved ones again. Things happen. Tragedies strike. A casual goodbye could be the last one—which is why it's so important to make the moments count as much as we can.

We don't know why people do the things they do, what seems wrong or unimaginable to us might feel perfectly valid to someone else, because they're viewing life through a lens entirely different from our own.

We don't know if the guy who cut us off on the road is having one of the worst days of his life. We don't know if the woman who seems to have it all could really use a friend. We don't know if the kid who acts up feels unloved at home and could really use a hug.

We. Just. Never. Know.

So let's be generous with grace and slow to assume.

Let's make the calls and prioritize relationships over things that won't matter in the long run.

Let's say sorry when we should, and set boundaries when it's needed.

And let's do our best to lead with kindness and an open mind—because those are two things this world surely needs more of.

## TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE

"Barely the day started and it's already six in the evening. Barely arrived on Monday and it's already Friday. ...and the month is already over. ...and the year is almost over. ...and already 40, 50, 60 years of our lives have passed. ...and we realize that we lost our parents, friends. ...and we realize it's too late to go back. So..Let's try, despite everything, to enjoy the remaining time. Let's keep looking for activities that we like. Let's put some color in our grey. Let's smile at the little things in life that put balm in our hearts. And despite everything, we must continue to enjoy with serenity this time we have left. Let's try to eliminate the afters.. I'm doing it after, I'll say after. I'll think about it after. We leave everything for later like "after" is ours. Because what we don't understand is that: Afterwards, the coffee gets cold, afterwards, priorities change. Afterwards, the charm is broken. Afterwards, health passes. Afterwards, the kids grow up. Afterwards parents get old. Afterwards, promises are forgotten. Afterwards, the day becomes night. Afterwards, life ends. And then it's often too late. So.. Let's leave nothing for later. Because still waiting to see later, we can lose the best moments, the best experiences, best friends, the best family. The day is today. The moment is now. We are no longer at the age where we can afford to postpone what needs to be done right away."

It Looks Like An Eternity,  
But It's A Short Trip.  
Enjoy Life And Always  
Be Kind.

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Some roads you  
gotta take alone.  
No friend. No  
family. No partner.  
Just you and God.

Never treat  
The Lord Jesus  
Like a mop  
Only reaching out  
For Him  
When there's a  
Mess in  
Your life you need  
Him to clean up.

Looked at my past. And  
I realized it was GOD that  
Blessed me and kept me  
Alive. If you owe your  
Entire life to God. Thank  
Him. Amen!

The safest place to be right  
Now is under the Blood of  
Jesus Christ!  
Amen!

## SERVICE TIMES:

SUNDAY SCHOOL.....10AM  
SUNDAY WORSHIP.....11AM  
SUNDAY NIGHT.....6PM  
WEDNESDAY NIGHT.....7PM



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If you go to church looking to become offended, you'll succeed.

If you go to church looking for places where people fall short, you'll find them.

If you go to church looking for imperfection, you'll see it.

But if you go to church looking for an opportunity to worship alongside broken people (just like you), you'll find it.

If you go to church looking for a place to serve, you'll find one.

If you go to church to love people like Jesus, you can.

10/10 times...you find what you're looking for.

LOOK FOR JESUS

It's easy to lift our hands when the bills are paid, the kids are healthy, and every door we knock on swings wide open.

It's easy to shout "God is good!" When life feels like sunshine and blessings are raining down.

But the true test of our worship is not found in the light...it's in the midnight!

Paul and Silas knew that kind of midnight. Their bodies were bruised, their feet in stocks, the cold walls of a prison pressing in, but at the darkest hour, when most people would have curled up in defeat, they prayed and sang praises to God.

And the prison couldn't hold them—because midnight worship shakes foundations!

Anyone can worship when life is easy...but the enemy trembles when you worship in the storm, when you sing in the valley, when you declare God's goodness while the tears are still falling.

That's worship the devil can't handle—because it says, "My God is worthy no matter what my eyes see right now!"

If you're in your own midnight season, don't let it silence your praise.

Worship anyway. Praise Him through the pain. Lift your voice in the dark.

The same God who met Paul and Silas in that prison will meet you right where you are—and your midnight will turn to morning.

Midnight worship breaks chains. Midnight praise opens prison doors. Midnight faith confuses the enemy.

Keep worshipping.

Your breakthrough is coming!

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*Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.*

Psalms 100:4

# November 2025

| Sun                                                     | Mon | Tue          | Wed | Thu                | Fri         | Sat                   |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-----|--------------|-----|--------------------|-------------|-----------------------|
|                                                         |     |              |     |                    |             | 1                     |
| 2<br>CONFERENCE<br>DAYLIGHT SAVINGS<br>ENDS (FALL BACK) | 3   | 4<br>KARIGAN | 5   | 6                  | 7           | 8<br>WORK DAY         |
| 9                                                       | 10  | 11<br>CALEB  | 12  | 13                 | 14<br>DAINA | 15<br>WHITFIELD PLACE |
| 16                                                      | 17  | 18<br>HAROLD | 19  | 20                 | 21<br>WAYNE | 22<br>DALE            |
| 23                                                      | 24  | 25           | 26  | 27<br>THANKSGIVING | 28          | 29                    |
| 30<br>SANDWICH NIGHT                                    |     |              |     |                    |             |                       |