



Spring Hill Church

3038 E Walnut Ave

Dalton GA 30721

www.springhillchurchdalton.org

DECEMBER 2025

PRAYER REQUEST:

I'M NOT CRYING, YOU ARE

- * JAN
- * SHARON
- * JASON
- * NEAL
- * BABY McCOY
- * ANDY
- * ANGIE
- * THE LOST
- * DAVID & LESLIE
- * CAROL
- * THOSE ON PRAYER BOARD
- * KENNY
- * DON
- * FRAN
- * MARY'S BROTHER
- * ASIAN MINISTRY
- * MIKEL
- * DALE & DONNA
- * THE INCARCERATED
- * THE HOMELESS
- * OUR KIDS
- * JUDITH
- * TOMMY
- * THE POOR & NEEDY
- * BRUCE & PATSY
- * KAYDEN
- * DANSBY
- * OUR CHURCH
- * SANDY & DENNIS
- * JAMIE, LACEY & KIDS
- * CODY, NICOLE & KIDS
- * SEAN & AIDEN
- * LISA

My name's Raymond. I'm 73. I work the parking lot at St. Joseph's Hospital. Minimum wage, orange vest, a whistle I barely use. Most people don't even look at me. I'm just the old man waving cars into spaces.

But I see everything.

Like the black sedan that circled the lot every morning at 6 a.m. for three weeks. Young man driving, grandmother in the passenger seat. Chemotherapy, I figured. He'd drop her at the entrance, then spend 20 minutes hunting for a parking space, missing her appointments.

One morning, I stopped him. "What time tomorrow?" "6:15," he said, confused. "Space A-7 will be empty. I'll save it."

He blinked, "You. . .you can do that?"

Next morning, I stood in A-7, holding my ground as cars circled angrily. When his sedan pulled up, I moved. He rolled down his window, speechless. "Why?"

"Because she needs you in there with her," I said. "Not out here stressing."

He cried. Right there in the parking lot.

Word spread quietly. A father with a sick baby asked if I could help. A woman visiting her dying husband. I started arriving at 5 a.m., notebook in hand, tracking who needed what. Saved spots became sacred. People stopped honking. They waited. Because they knew someone else was fighting something bigger than traffic.

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I AM NOT CRYING, YOU ARE *continued...*

"Then walk," I said calmly. "That space is for someone whose hands are shaking too hard to grip a steering wheel."

He sped off, furious. But a woman behind him got out of her car and hugged me. "My son has leukemia," she sobbed. "Thank you for seeing us."

The hospital tried to stop me. "Liability issues," they said. But then families started writing letters. Dozens. "Raymond made the worst days bearable." "He gave us one less thing to break over."

Last month, they made it official. "Reserved Parking for Families in Crisis." Ten spots, marked with blue signs. And they asked me to manage it.

But the best part? A man I'd helped two years ago, his mother survived, came back. He's a carpenter. Built a small wooden box, mounted it by the reserved spaces. Inside? Prayers cards, tissues, breath mints, and a note.

"Take what you need. You're not alone."

--Raymond & Friends

People leave things now. Granola bars. Phone chargers. Yesterday, someone left a hand-knitted blanket.

I'm 73 I direct traffic in a hospital parking lot. But I've learned this: Healing doesn't just happen in operating rooms. Sometimes it starts in a parking space. When someone says, "I see your crisis. Let me carry this one small piece."

So pay attention. At grocery checkout, the coffee line, wherever you are. Someone's drowning in the little things while fighting the big ones.

Hold a door. Save a spot. Carry the weight no one else sees.

It's not glamorous. But it's everything.

Anxiety tries to convince you that the worst will happen.

But Jesus reminds you that you're not facing the future alone.

He holds tomorrow, and He holds you, true peace isn't found in control – it's found in Jesus' presence.

We wish you
a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

APOSTASY

I read the book of Jude today and it talks quite a bit about apostasy.

And I thought how any time I've drifted away from the Lord, it was slow—the same way I can lie on a float in the ocean, eyes closed, thinking I'm right where I started until I look up and realize the current has carried me far from shore.

It happens subtly.

A skipped prayer here. A quiet compromise there. A heart that is focused more on the world than the Word.

Little shifts that don't feel dangerous or important—until they are.

That's why Scriptures like the ones found in Jude warns us about falling away.

Not to scare us, but to keep us from drifting. To remind us to stay anchored. To check our position. To lift our heads and fix our eyes back on the One who doesn't move.

Thank God He's always gracious enough to lead us back to shore.

It's not hard to ask God to take care of something. The hard part is letting go and letting Him.

*Our job as parents is not to have an all-star athlete or to get our kid into Harvard.
Our job is to get them into HEAVEN!*

"The LORD shall fight for you, and you shall hold your peace." EXODUS 14:14

There will always be trials and tribulations in life, but God will carry you through every storm in your life. And give you strength to make it. If God has been good to you. Praise Him. Amen!!!

"God, I put everything in your hands today: My family, my health, my home, my security, my fears, and my feelings. You're the only one I trust with all I have and all I am. Thank you for carrying my burdens. In Jesus' name. Amen."

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She's gonna forever say, "God's got this," even with tears in her eyes – because she's learned that faith isn't about having all the answers, but trusting the One who does.

Even when her heart is heavy and the road ahead feels uncertain, she holds onto hope, knowing that God is still writing her story.

She may bend, but she won't break. She may weep, but she won't lose faith. Because even in the darkest moments, she knows He is holding her together

*The poorest person on earth is not the one without money, but is
The one without Jesus. Amen.*



December 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3 ANDREW	4 CHRIS & JENNA	5	6
7 CONFERENCE	8	9	10	11	12 APRIL TOMMY	13 WORK DAY
14	15	16	17	18	19 JENNA	20 WHITFIELD PLACE
21 CHRISTMAS PLAY?	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30 SYDNI DAVID	31 WATCH NIGHT SANDWICH NIGHT			