



Volume XX, No. 42
October 20, 2019

WELCOME VISITORS

Please fill out a visitor's card and place it in the collection plate so we will have a record of your visit, AND
Come Again Soon!

Church Office:	903-598-3297
Richard Kellam, Minister	903-268-7586
K.C. Smith, Youth Leader	979-599-6788
Rodney Britt, Ghana Missions	903-746-9394
Lance Hooten, Higher Ground Ministry	903-473-8788
Elders: Scott Hooten	903-268-8214
Robert Resneder	903-473-9530
Tom Waters	903-473-0167
Mike Willis	903-268-6039

Schedule of Services:

Sunday:	Bible Classes for all ages	9:00 am
	Morning Worship	10:00 am
	Evening Worship	6:00 pm
Wednesday:	Wednesday Evening Meal	6:00 pm
	Bible Classes for all ages	7:00 pm

THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE

Sunday AM: Bible Classes for all ages at 9:00 am
****Please silence your phones before worship begins****

Sunday Morning Worship at 10:00 am	
Announcements & Prayer	Scott Hooten
Song Leader:	K.C. Smith
Song #794	Unto Thee, O Lord
Song #47	Holy, Holy, Holy
Song #176	Lamb of God

Communion:	
Jake Pickens	Shannon Sheppard
Bobby Hooten	Teddy Joe Hooten
	Jonny Knighton
	Matt Oualline

Song #31	Be Still and Know
Contribution	

Song #577	We Bow Down
Song #71	As the Deer

Message: **Richard Kellam**

Invitation Song #948	I Am Resolved
Song #414	Anywhere with Jesus

Closing Prayer: **Dail Hooten**
NURSING HOME DEVO @ 2:30 PM

Third Sunday Singing at 6:00 pm
(Fellowship to follow)

Wednesday Evening Worship at 7:00 pm
There are three Adult Classes, one in the **Auditorium**, and one in the **Fellowship Hall**, and the Ladies Class meets in the **Toddler Class Room**.

There are three children's classes on Wednesday nights. The **Toddler Class** is being taught by **Lisa Meeks**. The **K-2nd Grade** is taught by **Richard & Rica Kellam**. The **3rd-5th Grade Class** is taught by **Claudia Wilk**. The **Youth Group (Summit)** meets in the **High School Room**, taught by **K.C. & Kassie Smith**.

PRAYER LIST: (con't on Page 4)

Jeanne Killough and her sons, **Brian and Brent** (prayers for difficulties settling Larry's estate)
Frank Shelton, brother of **Brenda Hooten** (complications/side effects of Parkinson's disease and medication)
Cleta Hooten (tumor on her heart)
René Funk (prayers requested for her entire family: son, **Troy**, her daughter-in-law **Naomi**, and their three children, daughter, **Valerie** and her two children)
Bobby Hooten (bladder cancer)
Randell Resneder (leukemia), son of **Robert & Norma Resneder** (good news-white cell count down)
Louise Rabe (home bound, would love to have visitors, phone calls, and cards)
Jerry Kelley, brother of **Jane Martin** (has severe COPD and needs our prayers)
Kassie Smith (still having migraines and must be careful with the drugs they use so they won't harm her baby)
Kendall Howerton (recovering from surgery)
Tommy Strong, a Higher Ground brother (has a fractured L-5 vertebrae and several other herniated discs)
Quinn Oertwig (broken ankle)
Morgan Cudd, **Shay McAree's** boyfriend (diagnosed with Celiac disease)
Walter Floyd Moseley, brother of **Boots Hooten** (broke his hip)
Debbie Jefferson (intestinal problems)
K.C. Smith's grandmother (stroke)
Vivian Warren's niece, **Patty** (had a lumpectomy/lymph nodes removed)
Robert Resneder is in Lifecare Hospital and Wound Care, Room 214, in Plano for a 12-14 days. He has physical therapy every day.
David Warren, son of **Vivian Warren** has finished his infusion treatments, but the doctor doesn't want him returning to work for 3 weeks.
Paytra Bowman, cousin of **Dianne Willis**, had a biopsy of the tumor and it was benign. Answered Prayers!
Joe Mac Ivy is still very weak. Pray for him and **Debbie**, his wife.
David Long, a Higher Ground brother, is very sick with the concentration of sodium in his blood being abnormally low. It affects his motor skills and speech. He is in the hospital.

SEE UPCOMING EVENTS ON PAGE 2

THE BIRTH OF THE SONG "PRECIOUS LORD"

Back in 1932, I was 32 years old and a fairly new husband. My wife, Nettie, and I were living in a little apartment on Chicago's Southside. One hot August afternoon I had to go to St. Louis, where I was to be the featured soloist at a large revival meeting.

I didn't want to go. Nettie was in the last month of pregnancy with our first child. But a lot of people were expecting me in St. Louis. I kissed Nettie good-bye, clattered downstairs to our Model A and, in a fresh Lake Michigan breeze, chugged out of Chicago on Route 66.

However, outside the city, I discovered that in my anxiety at leaving, I had forgotten my music case. I wheeled around and headed back. I found Nettie sleeping peacefully. I hesitated by her bed; something was strongly telling me to stay. But eager to get on my way, and not wanting to disturb Nettie, I shrugged off the feeling and quietly slipped out of the room with my music.

The next night, in the steaming St. Louis heat, the crowd called on me to sing again and again. When I finally sat down, a messenger boy ran up with a Western Union telegram. I ripped open the envelope. Pasted on the yellow sheet were the words: YOUR WIFE JUST DIED.

People were happily singing and clapping around me, but I could hardly keep from crying out. I rushed to a phone and called home. All I could hear on the other end was "Nettie is dead. Nettie is dead."

When I got back, I learned that Nettie had given birth to a boy. I swung between grief and joy. Yet that night, the baby died. I buried Nettie and our little boy together, in the same casket. Then I fell apart. For days I closeted myself. I felt that God had done me an injustice. I didn't want to serve Him any more or write gospel songs. I just wanted to go back to that jazz world I once knew so well. But then, as I hunched alone in that dark apartment those first sad days, I thought back to the afternoon I went to St. Louis. Something kept telling me to stay with Nettie. Was that something God? Oh, if I had paid more attention to Him that day, would have stayed and been with Nettie when she died. From that moment on I vowed to listen more closely to Him. But still I was lost in grief.

Everyone was kind to me, especially a friend, Professor Fry, who seemed to know what I needed. On the following Saturday evening he took me up to Malone's Poro College, a neighborhood music school. It was quiet; the late evening sun crept through the curtained windows. I sat down at the piano, and my hands began to browse over the keys. Something happened to me then. I felt at peace. I felt as though I could reach out and touch God. I found myself playing a melody, one into my head - they just seemed to fall into place:

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Lead me on, let me stand!
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn,
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the light
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear, precious Lord linger near
When my light is almost gone
Hear my cry, hear my call
Hold my hand lest I fall

Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home
When the darkness appears and the night draws near
And the day is past and gone
At the river I stand
Guide my feet, hold my hand
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I'm tired, I am weak, I am lone
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the light
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

As the Lord gave me these words and melody, He also healed my spirit. I learned that when we are in our deepest grief, when we feel farthest from God, this is when He is closest, and when we are most open to His restoring power.. And so I go on living for God willingly and joyfully, until that day comes when He will take me and gently lead me home.

~ Tommy Dorsey/ "The Birth of "Precious Lord"

YOU ARE BLESSED

- If you woke up this morning with more health than illness, you are more blessed than the million who won't survive the week.
- If you have never experienced the danger of battle, the loneliness of imprisonment, the agony of torture or the pangs of starvation, you are ahead of 20 million people around the world.
- If you attend a church meeting without fear of harassment, arrest, torture, or death, you are more blessed than almost three billion people in the world.
- If you have food in your refrigerator, clothes on your back, a roof over your head and a place to sleep, you are richer than 75% of this world.
- If you have money in the bank, in your wallet, and spare change in a dish someplace, you are among the top 8% of the world's wealthy.
- If your parents are still married and alive, you are very rare, especially in the United States.
- If you hold up your head with a smile on your face and are truly thankful, you are blessed because the majority can, but most do not.
- If you can hold someone's hand, hug them or even touch them on the shoulder, you are able to offer a healing touch.
- If you can read this message, you are more blessed than over two billion people in the world that cannot read anything at all.
- You are so blessed in ways you may never even know.

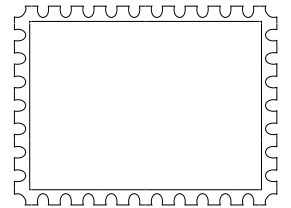
At the end of Life what really matters is not ...
What we bought, but what we built.
Not what we got, but what we shared.
Not our competence, but our character, and not our success,
but our significance.
Live a Life that Matters. Live a Life of Love.

- If you spend time praying for people instead of talking about them, you'll get better results. ~unknown
- If you are not reaching your goal, don't change your goal,



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SECURITY MEASURES

As a step toward implementing Security Measures, the Elders have decided that **the two doors on either side of the podium will remain open during services, BUT all other doors will be locked ten minutes after services start.** However, you may leave the building through any door, at any time.

I am not in competition with anyone and have no desire to play the game of being better than anyone. I am simply trying to be better than the person I was yesterday.

~unknown

Prayer List: (continued from Page 1)

David Baker (Alzheimer's), and wife **Opal**, his caregiver
Tommie Nell Flegal, **Linda Rawle's** cousin
Delores Smith (breast cancer), a friend of **Robert Chastain**
Donna Nance, a friend of **Jeanne Killough** (liver failure and cancer has spread all over her body)
Dale Guest, a friend of **KC Smith** (cancer all over his body)
Paul Robert Hempstead (cancer), fiancé of **Mandy, Kay Gabbard's** daughter
Bryan & Sharon Waters, the son and daughter-in-law of **Tom & Lana Waters**, and their three daughters (in Aman, Jordan for 3 years)
Mary Hunter, a friend of **Danny Meeks** (started radiation treatments for breast cancer)
Keith Moore (diagnosed with Stage 4 liver cancer)
Chad Wallace, brother of **Justin Wallace**, a **Lake Country Higher Ground Staff member** (serious health problems)
Amber Wright, sister of **Lance Wright** (cancer throughout her body)
Michelle Grice, a friend of **Wendy Chastain**, (cervical cancer/new treatment plan for several months)
The **Asbill family** (many health issues among them)
Mike McLemee, son-in-law of **Leon Fenter** (very aggressive form of lung cancer that has spread to his liver)
Ariel McLemee, great-granddaughter of **Leon Fenter** (Leukemia)
Jeanne Killough's niece, **Shauna Ferguson** (has stopped all chemo treatments. Please pray for peace, comfort, and pain free days.)

Peb Ratliff, mother of **Jeanne Killough** (prayers for multiple health issues) (prayers for Jeanne's sister, **Annette Strong**, Peb's caregiver)
Jessie Petree, a friend of **Diana Boyer** (in Midland Memorial Hospital)
Please remember our embers currently serving in the military:
Chance Stone, Savannah Wright, Justin, Redmon, Dakota (Robert Resneder's nephew)
PLEASE CHECK THIS LIST & NOTIFY LINDA RAWLE IF THERE ARE ANY CHANGES.

THANKFULNESS IN A JAR

Unfortunately, it doesn't come packaged that way – but you can make your own Thanksgiving Jar. All it takes is a jar or other container (a BIG one!) some paper, a pen or pencil, and a little commitment.

Here's what you do: Place the jar, the paper (a small pad or a stack of index cards work best) and pencil somewhere your family will see it every day. All year long, when anyone is thankful for something, have them write it down and put it in the jar.

At your Thanksgiving dinner, empty the jar on the table and take turns reading aloud the blessings of the previous year. It's a great reminder of things you may have forgotten, and will help you establish the habit of thankfulness. It's not too late to start for this year.

