



Volume XXI, No. 53
December 27, 2020

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

Please silence your phones before worship begins

Sunday Morning Bible Classes at 9:00 am

Sunday Morning Worship at 10:00 am

Announcements & Prayer:

K.C. Smith

Song Leader:

Richard Kellam

Song #1018

Joy to the World

Song

Magnificent

Song #387

Tell Me the Story of Jesus

Communion:

Lance Hooten

Larry Hooten

Brad Chastain

Danny Meeks

Darrell Honea

Butch Smith

Song #474

Thank You Lord

Offering

Song #810

Listen to Our Hearts

Song #749

The Battle Belongs to the Lord

Message:

Rodney Britt

Invitation Song

Just As I Am/I Come Broken

Closing Song #1001

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Closing Prayer:

Larry Hooten

Fifth Sunday Prayer Meeting at 6:00 pm

Wednesday Evening Worship at 7:00 pm

There is an **Adult Class** that meets in the **Auditorium**, and a **Ladies Class** that meets in the **Fellowship Hall**.

There are two children's classes on Wednesday nights. The **Toddler Class** is taught by **Lisa Meeks**. (The **K-2nd Grade** has no students in this age group at this time.) The **3rd-5th Grade Class** needs a teacher. The **Youth Group (Summit)** meets in the **High School Room**, taught by **K.C. & Kassie Smith**.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Dec. 30 Wednesday Night Meal, 6 pm

Dec. 30 Wednesday Night Bible Study, 7 pm

PRAYER LIST: (con't on Page 4)

Louise Rabe (home bound, would love to have calls and cards)

Frank Shelton, brother of **Brenda Hooten**

Randell Resneder (leukemia), son of **Robert & Norma Resneder** (experiencing pain due to chemo)

Norma & Robert Resneder

Jon Resneder, brother of **Robert Resneder**

Dovie Coats (heart issues)

Kassie Smith (migraines)

Cleta Hooten (health issues)

Margie Carpenter, sister of **Cleta Hooten** (stroke, in rehab)

Eileen Mcirnrnie, friend of Norma Resneder (surgery)

Tom & Lana Waters' granddaughter **Christina** (injured in an auto accident) (now at home, still has a long rehabilitation ahead of her)

Richard Kellam's mother, **Pat** (recovering from COVID-19, in Mansfield Hospital)

Durwood & Clara Smith, grandparents of **K.C. Smith** (had COVID-19 and are improving)

Debbie Ivy and family (loss of **Joe Mac**)

Claudia Wilk (recovering from back surgery)

René Funk (recovering from foot surgery)

Phyllis Disotell, niece of **Larry, Dail, and Teddy Joe Hooten** (recovering from surgery to remove the big toe on one of her feet)

Bobby Hooten is recovering at home after a stroke.

Mike McLemee, son-in-law of **Leon Fenter**, recently passed away from a very aggressive form of lung cancer.

Rob Potts is now at home. (Stage 4 cancer, in liver, kidneys, prostate and bones)

Please remember our members currently **serving in the military: Chance Stone, Savannah Wright, Justin Redmon.**

IMPORTANT ADDRESSES:

Floyd Rogers, #1216373, Allred Unit, 2101 FM369 N, Iowa Park, TX 76367
Nick & Ashlie (Ivy) Stephan, 7122 CR3219, Lone Oak, TX, 75453
Kris & Shea Ivy, 4102 CR 3221, Lone Oak, TX 75453
Cpl. Justin (and wife **Lyndsey**) **Redmon**, 960 Lupine Hills Dr., Unit 58, Vista, CA 92081
AIC Stone, Chance C., 3075 B Juniper Street SW, McChord Field, WA 98439
Emily (Hooten) & **Nathan Heinrichs**, 1445 N. Pecan Hill, Stephenville, TX 76401
Kara (Hooten) & Devon McCasland, 141 CR 2211, Mineola, TX 75773
Anna Hooten, 4333 Antilley Rd, Apt. 313, Abilene, TX 79606
Luke Hooten, 2227 S. 3rd St., Unit K, Waco, TX 76706
Alyssa (Hill) & Nate Dagleish, 523 Hillary Circle, Sugarland, TX 77498
Bethany Hill, 5437 Naaman Forest Blvd, #923, Garland, TX 75044
Carley Hill, 1 Thompson Dr., Searcy, AR 72143
Delaney Hill, Box 11131, 915 E. Market Ave., Searcy, AR 72149-1132
Kenna Kellam, SB#0424, Oklahoma Christian University, 2801 E. Memorial Rd., Edmond, OK 73013-6474
Savannah V. Wright, (Vivian Warren's niece), PSC 817 Box 7301, PPO AE 09622-0074
Linda Higgins, 1610 Timberbrook Drive, Wylie, TX 75098
Priscilla Martin, The Oaks Retirement Center, 3720 Williams Road, #118, Georgetown, TX 78628, phone 512-943-0281
Randell Resneder, 7102 Alcove Ave., #404, Wolfforth, TX 79385-9755
Dustin Winkler, 5616 Spring Valley Rd., Apt 170, Dallas, TX 75254
Frank Shelton, Colonial Lodge, Room 143, 3590 Stanford, Greenville, TX 75401
Ken Hare & Reneé Funk, 1864 South Mountain Rd., Marshall, AR 72650
Jonny Knighton, College Edge Apts, #911, P.O. Box 911, Bryan, TX 77802 (Blinn College)
Jason Knighton, Bringle Lake Village, #102, 7171 University Ave., Texarkana, TX 75503 (TX A&M)

(Please give **Linda Rawle** any changes)

	<u>Attendance</u>	<u>Offering</u>	<u>Budget</u>
12/06/20	78	\$8,718	\$3,000
12/13/20	70	\$3,827	\$3,000
12/20/20	76	\$3,141	\$3,000
12/27/20	0	\$	\$3,000

CONTRIBUTIONS

You can mail your church contribution to: Point Church of Christ, P.O. Box 1011, Emory, TX 75440

Be sure to go to the Point Church of Christ Facebook Page and "Like." There is also a "Church" Group and a "Youth" Group on Facebook.

Be sure to visit the church website for lots of information:
www.pointchurchofchrist.org.

PRAYER REQUESTS & UPDATES

Please send all prayer requests, and updates on people currently on the prayer list, to: lwrawle@gmail.com.

Confidence is silent. Insecurities are loud. Remember that.

WHO TO CONTACT FOR INFORMATION

Good Samaritans	Stephanie Garner
Senior Suites & Rehab	Vivian Warren
Arms of Hope Cottage	Scott & Rachelle Hooten
Church Historian (give pictures, articles, etc)	Rica Kellam
Church Directory	Debbie Ivy
Visitation	Dianne Willis
Newsletter	Linda Rawle

DEACONS

Dail Hooten	Richard Kellam	Larry Hooten
Lance Hooten		Brad Chastain

COMMITTEES

Building Use and Activities Committee:

Ken Player	Robert Resneder
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Construction Committee:

Wayne Garner	Bobby Hooten
Dail Hooten	Larry Hooten

Finance Committee:

Lance Hooten	Alan Little	Mike Willis
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Funeral Food Hostesses for Dec:

Laura Oualline
 Vivian Warren

NEED 2 MORE VOLUNTEERS



Correspondence Team for Dec:

Ladies' Bible Class - Visitors
NEED A VOLUNTEER – Sick
 Laura Oualline - Encouragement



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Bobby Hooten - Dec. 30
 Cleta Hooten - Dec. 30
 Shannon Honea - Dec. 31

CHURCH NEWS CONNECTION

To be added to the group – **Text your name and cell phone number to Jake Pickens 903-456-3445.**

This will incorporate all the emails and individual texting that has been done in the past into one notification source.

This will help keep everyone informed about illness, deaths, funerals, birth announcement, and information about upcoming events. If you have information that the church needs to know about **please text that information to Jake Pickens** and he will send it out in a few minutes.

LIVE STREAMING

If you are unable to meet with us in person, please join us on **Sunday mornings at 10 am** on the **Point Church of Christ Facebook Page** for our live stream service. Communion supplies are available at the building. Ask Ken Player or Mike Willis for assistance with these supplies.

- You can't go back and change the beginning, but you can start where you are and change the ending. ~C.S. Lewis
- Remember whatever you do behind someone's back you are also doing in front of God's eyes. ~unknown
- Every minute spent worrying about "the way things were" is a moment stolen from creating "the way things can be." ~Robin Sharma
- There is no power over the wicked one without depth in the Word of God. ~unknown

From the Book: *God Came Near* by Max Lucado

It all happened in a moment, a most remarkable moment.

As moments go, that one appeared no different than any other. If you could somehow pick it up off the timeline and examine it, it would look exactly like the ones that have passed while you have read these words. It came and it went. It was preceded and succeeded by others just like it. It was one of the countless moments that have marked time since eternity became measurable.

But in reality, that particular moment was like none other. For through that segment of time a spectacular thing occurred. God became a man. While the creatures of earth walked unaware. Divinity arrived. Heaven opened herself and placed her most precious one in a human womb.

The omnipotent, in one instant, made himself breakable. He who had been spirit became pierceable. He who was larger than the universe became an embryo. And he who sustains the world with a word chose to be dependent upon the nourishment of a young girl.

God as a fetus. Holiness sleeping in a womb. The creator of life being created.

God was given eyebrows, elbows, two kidneys, and a spleen. He stretched against the walls and floated in amniotic fluids of his mother.

God had come near.

He came not as a flash of light or as an unapproachable conqueror, but as one who's first cries were heard by a peasant girl and a sleepy carpenter. The hands that first held him were un-manicured, calloused, and dirty.

No silk, no ivory, no hype, no party, no hoopla.

Were it not for the shepherds, there would have been no reception. And were it not for a group of stargazers, there would have been no gifts.

Angels watched as Mary changed God's diaper. The universe watched in wonder as the Almighty learned to walk. Children played in the street with him. And had the synagogue leader in Nazareth known who was listening to his sermons ...

Jesus may have had pimples. He may have been tone deaf. Perhaps the girl down the street had a crush on him or vice-versa. It could be his knees were bony. One thing's for sure: He was, while completely divine, completely human.

For thirty three years he would feel everything you and I have ever felt. He felt weak. He grew weary. He was afraid of failure. He was susceptible to wooing women. He got colds, burped, and had body odor. His feelings got hurt. His feet got tired. And his head ached.

To think of Jesus in such a light is – well, it seems almost irreverent, doesn't it? It is not something we like to do: It's uncomfortable. It is much easier to keep the humanity out of the incarnation. Clean the manure from around the manger. Wipe the sweat out of his eyes. Pretend he never snored or blew his nose or hit his thumb with a hammer.

It's easier that way. There is something about keeping him divine that keeps him distant, packaged, predictable.

But don't do it. For heaven's sake don't. Let him be as human as he intended to be. Let him into the mire and muck of our world. For only if we let him in can he pull us out.

Listen to him.

"Love your neighbor" was spoken by a man whose neighbors tried to kill him.

The challenge to leave family for the Gospel was issued by one who kissed his mother goodbye in the doorway.

"Pray for those who persecute you" came from the lips that would soon be begging God to forgive his murderers.

"I am with you always" are words of a God who in one instant did the impossible to make it all possible for you and me.

It happened in a moment. In one moment ... A most remarkable moment. The Word became flesh.

THE LETTER

Ruth went to her mailbox and there was only one letter. She picked it up and looked at it before opening, but then she looked at the envelope again. There was no stamp, no postmark, only her name and address. She read the letter:

Dear Ruth:

I'm going to be in your neighborhood Saturday afternoon and I'd like to stop by for a visit.

Love Always, Jesus

Her hands were shaking as she placed the letter on the table. "Why would the Lord want to visit me? I'm nobody special. I don't have anything to offer." With that thought, Ruth remembered her empty kitchen cabinets. "Oh my goodness, I really don't have anything to offer. I'll have to run down to the store and buy something for dinner." She reached for her purse and counted out its contents. Five dollars and forty cents. "Well, I can get some bread and cold cuts, at least." She threw on her coat and hurried out the door. A loaf of French bread, a half-pound of sliced turkey, and a carton of milk ... leaving Ruth with a grand total twelve cents to last her until Monday. Nonetheless, she felt good as she headed home, her meager offerings tucked under her arm.

"Hey lady, can you help us, lady?" Ruth had been so absorbed in her dinner plans, she hadn't even noticed two figures huddled in the alleyway. A man and a woman, both of them dressed in little more than rags. "Look lady, I ain't got a job, ya know, and my wife and I have been living out here on the street, and, well, now it's getting cold and we're getting kinda hungry and, well, if you could help us. Lady, we'd really appreciate it." Ruth looked at them both. They were dirty, they smelled bad and frankly, she was certain that they could get some kind of work if they really wanted to. "Sir, I'd like to help you, but I'm a poor woman myself. All I have is a few cold cuts and some bread, and I'm having an important guest for dinner tonight and I was planning on serving that to Him."

"Yeah, well, okay lady, I understand. Thanks anyway." The man put his arm around the woman's shoulders, turned and headed back into the alley. As she watched them leave, Ruth felt a familiar twinge in her heart. "Sir, wait!" The couple stopped and turned as she ran down the alley after them. "Look, why don't you take this food. I'll figure out something else to serve my guest." She handed the man her grocery bag. "Thank you, lady. Thank you very much!" "Yes, thank you!" It was the man's wife, and Ruth could see now that she was shivering. "You know, I've got another coat at home. Here, why don't you take this one." Ruth unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it over the woman's shoulders. Then smiling, she turned and walked back to the street ... without her coat and with nothing to serve her guest. "Thank you, lady! Thank you very much!"

Ruth was chilled by the time she reached her front door, and worried too. The Lord was coming to visit and she didn't have anything to offer Him. She fumbled through her purse for the door key. But as she did, she noticed another envelope in her mailbox. "That's odd. The mailman doesn't usually come twice in one day." She took the envelope out of the box and opened it.

Dear Ruth:

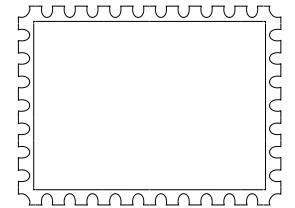
It was so good to see you again. Thank you for the lovely meal. And thank you, too, for the beautiful coat.

Love Always, Jesus

The air was still cold, but even without her coat, Ruth no longer noticed.



P. O. Box 1011
Emory, TX 75440



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Lance Hooten, Higher Ground Ministry	903-473-8788
Jake Pickens, Church News Alerts	903-456-3445
Richard Kellam's Email:	richardkellam12@gmail.com
K.C. Smith's Email:	kalebcsmith@yahoo.com
Rodney Britt's Email:	thebass1@hotmail.com
Lance Hooten's Email:	lhooten@hootensllc.com
Scott Hooten's Email:	hootensconstruction@yahoo.com
Robert Resneder's Email:	paparzez589@yahoo.com
Tom Water's Email:	tommywaters64@yahoo.com
Mike Willis' Email:	mike@willispollereford.com
Jake Pickens' Email:	pjc443@verizon.net
Linda Rawle, Secretary/Newsletter Editor	903-268-2720
Linda Rawle's Email:	lrawle@gmail.com
Church website:	www.pointchurchofchrist.org



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.

Faith doesn't always take you out of the problem.
 Faith takes you through the problem.
 Faith doesn't always take away the pain.
 Faith gives you the ability to handle the pain.
 Faith doesn't always take you out of the storm.
 Faith calms you in the midst of the storm.

VOICE OF COMPASSION

I heard a story about Fiorello LaGuardia who was mayor of New York City during the worst days of the Great Depression and all of WWII. Many New Yorkers, who took to calling him the "Little Flower," because of his name, and the fact that he was so short and always wore a carnation in his lapel, adored him. He was a colorful character -- he rode the New York City fire trucks, raided city "speakeasies" with the police department, took entire orphanages to baseball games and, when the New York newspapers went on strike, he got on the radio and read the Sunday funnies to the kids.

One bitterly cold night in January of 1935, the mayor turned up at a night court that served the poorest ward of the city. LaGuardia dismissed the judge for the evening and took over the bench himself. Within a few minutes, a tattered old woman was brought before him, charged with stealing a loaf of bread. She told LaGuardia that her daughter's husband had deserted her, her daughter was sick, and her two grandchildren were starving.

However, the shopkeeper, from whom the bread was stolen, refused to drop the charges. "It's a real bad neighborhood, Your Honor," the man told the mayor. "She's got to be punished to teach other people around here a lesson." LaGuardia sighed. He turned to the woman and said, "I've got to punish you. The law makes no exceptions. Ten dollars or ten days in jail."

Nevertheless, even as he pronounced sentence, the mayor was already reaching into his pocket. He extracted a bill and tossed it into his famous hat, saying, "Here is the ten dollar fine which I now remit; and furthermore, I am going to fine everyone in this courtroom fifty cents for living in a town where a person has to steal bread so that her grandchildren can eat. Mr. Bailiff, collect the fines and give them to the defendant."

The following day, New York City newspapers reported that \$47.50 was turned over to a bewildered woman who had stolen a loaf of bread to feed her starving grandchildren. Fifty cents of that amount was contributed by the grocery store owner himself, while some seventy petty criminals, people with traffic violations, and New York City police officers, each of whom had just paid fifty cents for the privilege of doing so, gave the mayor a standing ovation.

Someone beautifully said, "Sympathy sees and says, 'I'm sorry.' Compassion sees and says, 'I'll help.'" When we learn the difference, we can make a difference.

Prayer List: (continued from Page 1)

- Delores Smith** (breast cancer), a friend of **Robert Chastain**
- Dale Guest**, a friend of **KC Smith** (cancer all over his body)
- Amber Wright**, sister of **Lance Wright** (cancer throughout her body)
- Ariel McLemee**, great-granddaughter of **Leon Fenter** (Leukemia)
- Danny Lambert** (prayers for multiple health issues)
- Jerry Kelley**, brother of **Jane Martin** (severe COPD)
- Benny Hearne**, **Linda May's** brother (health issues)
- Jason Busing**, nephew of **Ben Crenshaw** (tumors in his lungs)
- Phyllis Ketchersid**, a friend of **Jeanne Killough** (liver disease)
- Jeanne Killough** has asked for prayers for **Leah Daytec** (is very ill) Also **Leah's brothers**, **Josh Botteicher** (heart problems and seizures), and **Randy Botteicher** (high blood pressure problems)
- Jeanne Killough** also asked for prayers for parents, **Matt and Erin McClure**, and for **Hayes** (son had heart surgery and is improving)
- Susan Roberts** (breast cancer)
- Nancy Prather Smith**, a friend of **Jennifer Hill** (loss of Nancy's husband, mother, and sister-in-law in a short period of time)