

Opening Prayer
Song Leader
Communion
Assist
Assist
Dismiss Services

Aug 27, 2017

Evan Hall
Joe Burnsed
Jim Wadsworth
Wade White
Mike Reinitz
Joe Holloway Sr

Sep 3, 2017

Joe Holloway Sr
Evan Hall
Joe Burnsed
Kenneth Jenks
Wade White
Mike Reinitz



Prayer List

Linda Powell
Darlene Monreal – Mike Powell's daughter. health problems
Gregory Dozier – family problems
Sandy Parker – at home with her mother
Edith Cox – at home – former member of Ellabell
Elma Jean Roberson – at home recuperating
Donna Holloway- in need of prayers.

Scott Dyer – in need of prayer

Nick & Lisa Barratta – ongoing health problems

Amanda –Clarisse Wadsworth's granddaughter – Cancer Patient

Mike Powell-home after surgery

Paul Kuntz – back troubles continue

Richard & Ruby Denny-Paula Reinitz's parents-Heart trouble

Patsy Scarborough – Donna Holloway's Mom – Cancer patient

Mae Kuntz – Paul's Mother

Holly Smith – Cancer patient – 36 years old

Mary Bacon – at home

Joe & Sue Holloway –living at Joe's house - improving

Wade & Robin White – at home

Murphys – in need of prayers

Richard Deyoung – Lucky to be alive-bike wreck-friend of the Reinitz's

Tom & Sandra Ekpot – Nigeria – Sandra's mother passed away last week

ELLABELL CHURCH OF CHRIST

Speaking Where The Bible

Speaks; Silent

Where The Bible Is Silent

August 27, 2017

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:GA_Savannah_Bethesda_Home_Whitefield_Chapel02.jpg

Service Times:

Sunday

Bible Study 10:00 am

Worship 11:00 am

5:00 pm

Wednesday

Bible Study 7:00 pm

Philippians 4:13

I can do all things through Him Who strengthens me

The Old Fisherman

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. We lived downstairs and rented the upstairs rooms to out patients at the clinic.

One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful looking man. "Why, he's hardly taller than my eight-year-old," I thought as I stared at the stooped shriveled body. But the appalling thing was his face — lopsided from swelling, red and raw.

Yet his voice was pleasant as he said, "Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, and there's no bus 'til morning."

He told me he'd been hunting for a room since noon but with no success, no one seemed to have a room. "I guess it's my face...I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments..."

For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me: "I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning." I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch. We went inside and finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. "No thank you. I have plenty." And he held up a brown paper bag.

When I had finished the dishes, I went out on the porch to talk with him a few minutes. It didn't take long time to see that this old man had an

Announcements

Calendar for August- on the back table in the foyer.

Calendar for September is also ready

Super Sunday – TODAY!!!!!!!!!!

Meetings – next week after evening services

Save –Labels, Food Pantry Items, Change Jar, Cans, Medicine Bottles, & OTC Medicines, peanut butter, & Stamps

Bookmark our Facebook page. And add EllabellChurchofChrist@hotmail.com to your contact list. Brother Paul asks that you simply email him anything you want to appear on the Facebook page; pictures, announcements, etc.

Call List –There are forms on the back pew if you want to be added to our call list. If you want a call made, call me or text me and I will make the call and schedule it. 912-667-0519

Prayer List –There is a form on the back pew to add names to the prayer list.

Worship Services Online – Go to our website and there is a link at the bottom. Join us from anywhere in the world online.

<http://ellabellchurchhome.org/>

Food Pantry – is almost depleted.

oversized heart crowded into that tiny body. He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her five children, and her husband, who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury.

He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact, every other sentence was prefaced with a thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He thanked God for giving him the strength to keep going. At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the children's room for him.

When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded and the little man was out on the porch. He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favor, he said, "Could I please come back and stay the next time I have a treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair." He paused a moment and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind."

I told him he was welcome to come again. And on his next trip he arrived a little after seven in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish and a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen. He said he had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice and fresh. I knew his bus left at 4:00 a.m. and I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us.

In the years he came to stay overnight with us there was never a time that he did not bring us fish or oysters or vegetables from his garden. Other times we received packages in the mail, always by special delivery; fish and oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk three miles to mail these, and knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious.

When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbor made after he left that first morning. "Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose roomers by putting up such people!" Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice. But oh! If only they could have known him, perhaps their illness would have been easier to bear. I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint and the good with gratitude to God.

Recently I was visiting a friend who has a greenhouse. As she showed me her flowers, we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, "If this were my plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!"

My friend changed my mind. "I ran short of pots," she explained, "and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it out in the garden."

She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in heaven. "Here's an especially beautiful one," God might have said when he came to the soul of the sweet old fisherman. "He won't mind starting in this small body." All this happened long ago — and now, in God's garden, how tall this lovely soul must stand.

The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart (1 Samuel 16:7b).

- http://www.vscoc.org/Bulletinfd/old_fisherman.htm

Email from Nigeria (rec'd August 25, 2017)

Dear brother Holloway,

Greetings to you. Thank you so much for your words of comfort. We really appreciate your kindness towards us. We appreciate the church so much for standing by us.

Sometimes because of cultural issues and extended family system, burial in Africa are delayed. we are still talking with the extended family members to see when possible the burial will be conducted. I will keep you informed.

However, as I mentioned sometimes ago, the School of Biblical Studies selected me to join the president of the school to come over to US and meet with all the supporters of the school. That journey may take place in September God's willing. I will let you when we arrive. I will only be there a couple of weeks and return to Nigeria. I am teaching 5 courses at the School of Biblical Studies this semester. I will have to return to catch up with my classes. We have many students enrolled this year. Unfortunately we still cannot absorb all who need the training.

Please keep praying for us. Things are so difficult in Nigeria, only God will help us out. When I meet some people with terrible situation, I feel like crying with them. But our prayers are to God.

-Tom