

July 2013

Riley Edwards

Guest Speaker

Portugal Mission Trip

Sunday, July 14

11 A.M.

Riley will be telling us all about his spring mission trip to Portugal where he worked with football teams and others to spread the Gospel.

Riley is a teacher at Collinsville School where he is also a football and baseball coach. And he serves as sponsor of the local Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

You will not want to miss Coach Edwards.

Covered Dish Dinner

Quarterly Ministry Meeting

Noon

Sunday, July 14

Children's Choirs Summit

Shocco Springs

For Children's Choirs Leaders

Friday, July 12 – Saturday, July 13

Mix 456

Worship Arts Camp

Shocco Springs

For Students in Children's Choirs

Monday, July 15 – Friday, July 19

Our Church Will Have People Attending Both of These Events

Oops

On the list of 2013 graduates from our church we missed:

Mason McKinney

Sixth Grade Graduation

Collinsville School

Grandparents – Donnie and Margaret Myers

Sorry Mason – We are all proud of you.

And additional info on Alexis Pope, Jo Ann Burton's granddaughter –

She is an honor student who has received a four-year scholarship

Dekalb Schools First Day for Students  
Fort Payne Schools First Day for Students  
Monday, August 19

New Church Year Begins  
Sunday, September 1  
That Means July and August Meetings For  
The Stewardship and Budget Committee  
The Nominating Committee  
Please be praying for them and be thinking about your part in the ministry of the  
Church.

July Wednesdays  
No Choirs  
Prayer Meeting  
6:00  
In the Sanctuary  
CBC Kids  
6:00  
In the Fellowship Hall

Community Revival  
Sunday, September 8 – Wednesday, September 11  
Tentative Meeting Place – Collinsville Community Center

Did You Know  
That our Men's Group was able to contribute \$200 to buy tools for victims of the Oklahoma tornadoes? A local church was carrying a truck load of tools to help the people there. This is the type thing that is done with the money made selling hot dogs and hamburgers at community events. It all goes to help others.

Vacation Bible School News  
The Numbers – 95 enrolled (66 students, 22 workers)  
Average Attendance – 57  
Behind the Numbers – We had a remarkable Bible School. You should be proud to have such wonderful children, such gifted workers. And glad to have a Mighty, Gracious God who so blessed the week.

The hottest place in the world in July? Clarksville, Tennessee.

I know this to be so because I went to about a million Paschall family reunions at the park in Clarksville on the second Sunday in July. And it was always hot.

We always had the picnic area up under the trees on the top of the hill. The park had very little to impress a child. A small playground and a baseball field. My relatives – “my, Butch, how you’ve grown”. Enough to make a young boy want to run.

We ate lunch fairly quickly. The food was really good. Fourteen plates of fried chicken. In the days before guilt over fried foods. My grandmother brought her chess pie (everybody knew she made the best chess pie in the world). Yum, yum. I don’t even remember flies back then, I don’t remember them.

When lunch was over, I would try to sneak in a little time on the playground with my cousin (I was sure I could send Ellen to the moon if I came down hard enough on the seesaw). But then the call – come back for pictures.

And we did pictures just like you do at your reunion. Let’s get the patriarchs and matriarchs together on these chairs. Picture one. Now let’s get their kids behind them (my grandmother’s generation). Picture two. Now their kids (my mother’s group). Picture three. Picture four – okay all you children fill in around the others (my generation).

And the adults got into talking positions. Move those chairs. Get back in the shade. Don’t forget your stuff – bags, purses, baskets. And then they talked forever (There may have been a little gossip. Just like your family reunion.).

I made a swift retreat to the baseball field. And spent most of the rest of the afternoon playing ball with whichever kids were at the park that day. In the Clarksville heat. Hot, hot, hot. Sweat and baseball field dust caked all over me.

Finally the call from my parents – “Butch, come on, it’s time to go home”. And I ran quickly back to the car. Load up. Don’t forget your stuff – the bags, baskets, purses. And then home. My daddy loved to say – “home again, home again, riggidy jig jig. Everybody get a load. Don’t leave any bags in the car”.

The years went by. I went off to college. The reunion was moved to a church. Air conditioning. Somebody figured out that Clarksville was hot. But no playground or baseball field. And, except for an annual newsletter on who had a baby and who got married, I lost touch with most of the Paschalls.

In May, Gloria and I spent a couple of days with my sisters, my cousin and my niece at Joe Wheeler Park. We hiked, ate, looked at lots of pictures from our childhoods. That led to lots of stories.

And we got around to talking about some serious things. Things from beyond the level of “how are you? I’m fine.” The hurts in some of our lives. You know the type thing. Divorce, diabetes, dementia, disappointments, drugs, death. Just like your family. All families in this world have pains. We just act like we don’t.

My grandparents’ part of the family has gotten together in Nashville several times. We do the same picture. Front row in the chairs – my parents’ generation. But that row is getting empty. And my generation will be moving up to the honor seats soon. It is the way of life in this world.

My parents and grandparents have gone on, left their seats here to go to the greatest family reunion of all. I know they would want me to tell you something important – there is a place that is hotter than Clarksville, Tennessee in the summer. Please be sure you are not going there. There will be no playground. They would also want you to come and join them some day. As you get to heaven, I like to think there will be a big sign telling you to look back to see if you left any bags. And you will look back and see the honor seat you were in at the reunion. Your chair in this world will be empty except for your bags. The ones with those hard things like diabetes and dementia. The ones that have caused you so many tears. And then a voice will say – leave them there. You won’t need them ever again. And the door will shut on that life.

And you will go to that great family reunion. You will hug and kiss the ones you love and have missed so much. And then you will sit down at the family table. If there is great chess pie there, say hello to my grandmother.

Hallelujah.