

NOVEMBER, 2013

Chili Cookoff

Saturday, October 26

5:00

Jon and Leah Perkins House

Halloween

Trunk or Treat Downtown

October 31

Daylight Savings Time Ends November 3

Enjoy One Extra Hour of Sleep

By Turning Your Clock Back One Hour

International Day of Prayer for the Persecuted Church

Sunday, November 3

Fall in the Park

Desoto State Park

Sunday, November 3

In the Park Picnic Area

At the Large Stone Picnic Shelter

Lunch at 1:00

Worship at 2:00

Do not pay \$1 to enter picnic area – the entry fee is included in the church's payment of the rental for the shelter

Church will provide – hot dogs, hamburgers, buns, cups, plates, drinks, ice.
You need to bring – chips, vegetables, fruits, desserts, soups/chili (electric outlets in shelter) and whatever else you want to bring.

Regular schedule for Sunday morning. Wear your casual clothes or change quickly and join us in the Park

My Hope America with Billy Graham

November, 2013

Special Emphasis – November 7

Volunteer to Be a Matthew

International Day of Prayer for the Persecuted Church

Sunday, November 3

Collinsville Historic Turkey Trot

Saturday, November 9
9:00 A.M. – 2:00 P.M.
Downtown Collinsville
Our Men Will be Cooking
All Profits Will Go to Local Missions

Veteran's Day

Monday, November 11

Alabama Baptist Convention

Whitesburg Baptist, Huntsville
November 12-13

Community Thanksgiving Service

Sunday, November 24
Harvest Center Church of God of Prophecy
Speaker – Rev. Phillip Battles

Community Christmas Tree Lighting

Thanksgiving Day
Thursday, November 28
5:00
At the Red Light in Downtown Collinsville

Operation Christmas Child

Shoeboxes with Christmas Gifts
For Children Around the World
National Collection Week – November 18-25
Boxes Due Back to Church
Sunday, November 17

Community Christmas Service

Sunday, December 1
Collinsville Baptist
6:00

Children's Choirs Christmas Program

Sunday, December 8
11:00

Lottie Moon Christmas Offering
Totally His – Heart, Hands, Voice
Start With Saying Yes...

Lottie Moon Christmas Offering
For International Missions

November 24 – New Year's

Church Goal – Announced Soon

Week of Prayer for International Missions – December 1-8

November Volunteers

Flowers – Nov. 3 Martha Barksdale; Nov 17 Jennifer Wilkins; Nov 24 Open
Lord's Supper – Chris and Jess DeLaO

The Giving Tree

For several years we have had a giving tree at church. It works this way – you bring nonperishable food to church and leave it on the tree. People come to the church who need food. We give it to them.

The tree is a little empty right now – a couple of families needing food came through recently. Some of you have also been bringing soaps, diapers, etc. Any gifts are appreciated.

New Material

Trunk or Treat

Halloween

Thursday, October 31

5 – 8 P.M.

Part of Cricket Theater Will Be Open

Sponsored by Collinsville Historical Association

Collinsville Christmas Parade

Saturday, December 14

2:00

Nursing Home Christmas Store

Collinsville Nursing Home

December

Missions Giving September 2012 – 2013 Update
Total Through Offerings in Last Newsletter - \$11,050
Baptist Men Local Missions Projects and Gifts - \$1,084
Total - \$12, 134
Thank You for Your Faithfulness

This article is not about running, but it starts with running. Mark, Elijah and I ran in a 5k (3.1 miles) race in Fort Payne called Haulin' for Hannah recently. Elijah and I had run in it a year ago – he beat me at the end by about half a block. His sister, Hannah, was born the next day (no connection with name, but still pretty neat).

This year it was raining on the day of the race. Signs told us the race was still on. About 300 people running. The rain light enough to leave rain jackets in the van.

I had a master plan for the race – accept that I cannot keep up with Mark and try to keep up with Elijah for a mile or so. He is now nine and faster than me. But I can keep up. For a while.

The gun went off and the master plan fell apart. I only kept up with Elijah for a block. Then he was gone. So I settled back into my normal pace and decided to enjoy the race.

Then I realized the rain was coming down harder. About the mile mark, the gentle rain had become a downpour. When you run in a heavy rain, your shoes get very wet and heavy. Slow you down. All the race spectators quit cheering you on and go back home. But I kept on enjoying the race. I joked with the volunteers at intersections – “am I running so fast you can't see me? Or “if I hurry do you think I'll beat the rain?” Not a one thought I was funny.

At the last corner before the finish, Glenda, in her rain jacket, was standing to cheer me on. She was behind the stroller Hannah and Sarah were riding. (Sarah pulling the roof down to get wet, Hannah screaming when her sister got her wet.) I stopped long enough to kiss them and thank them for waiting on me. Then the finish line. A man gave me a card with my time, and I turned it in to the officials. Mark and Elijah were waiting to congratulate me.

Then I realized something. I was wet. I was really wet. And I didn't care. And they were wet, too. Very wet. And none of us cared. In fact, we liked it. Mark

looked at me and said, “this is fun.” And I realized he was right. We adults don’t have many times when we are so wet that we don’t care. It is freeing. And fun. We all three grinned happily at each other as we walked around in the rain. No reason for shelter now.

The non-runners were all huddled under awnings or under the roof that ran the length of the shopping center across the street. Glenda was there still trying to keep Hannah happy and dry. Sarah was trying to get in the rain. Isaiah had escaped them and joined us. Soon Isaiah and Elijah found an industrial size rain spout with water gushing out of it. Sarah escaped and joined them.

I wish that you could have seen the joy on their faces. Slapping their feet in the water. Splat, splat. Trying to hold their hands still under the torrent coming through the pipe, water splashing all over their faces. Finding sticks and papers to set adrift in the stream. Giggling. Knowing they were getting away with something they normally would not have been able to do. Sarah in particular was smiling so big that her face shone in the rain. Such blessed innocence.

And Mark and I standing in the rain with them. Glenda with Hannah on her hip and a big smile on her face. I would have gone all Gene Kelley in *Singing in the Rain*, but the kids had the jumping and dancing covered.

This article is not about running. It is about joy. The joy so evident on those kids’ faces. A joy that brought contentment, peace, and shared love. It would not have been nearly as fun for me without sharing the day with family. Without learning from my grandchildren. When the kids got home they all pulled their clothes off on the porch and ran into a hot shower. Glenda gathered the clothes. I left my wet clothes on until I got home so I could share a little of the day’s joy with Gloria.

The world worries a lot about fun. And misses it. The cost for our joy? Wet clothes. God has put chances for joy in so many everyday places. And we miss them far too often because we are worried about the wrong things.

Most of the people watching us thought we were crazy. I like to think there was a conversation in heaven that day that went like this: Angel Barney – “Would you look at those Morgans? They don’t have the sense the Good Lord – oops, that’s you –that you, Lord, gave them to get out of the rain. What chance do those kids have if the dad and the granddad are out there with them? You need to nip this in the bud.”

The Good Lord – “Calm down Barney. Look at those kids. Look at them. Look at the joy they have in my water, my rain. Look at them. Look at my kids down there splashing.” And I like to think that God had the biggest smile of the day. Want to know what God’s smile looks like? Hunt for a two year old playing in the water. Look at the smile. Then join her. *The joy of the Lord is my strength.*
Nehemiah 8

The race results? Elijah ran the race in a little over thirty minutes – twelve minutes faster than the year before. Mark was the sixth finisher in the race and took first place in the 30-40 year group. More importantly, they were both happy at knowing they had done their best. I was very proud of them. Me? I did not work as hard as them to get ready and did not do my best. I was shocked to hear the man at the end of the race tell me that I was in first place in the 60 and over group. All I could figure was that I was the only person over 60 dumb enough to keep running in the rain. You can probably come up with a verse for that.