

September 2013

New Church Year Begins

Sunday, September 1

Labor Day

Monday, September 2

COLLINSVILLE COMMUNITY REVIVAL  
2013

Speaker – Tim Brannon  
timbrannonministries.com

Location – Collinsville Community Center (National Guard Armory)

Services Begin 6:30 Nightly

Date	Music	Host Church
Sunday September 8	First Methodist	First Methodist
Monday September 9	Harvest Center Collinsville Baptist	Vernon Liberty Hill
Tuesday September 10	Liberty Hill	Calvary
Wednesday September 11	Calvary	Harvest Center Collinsville Baptist

Host Church is responsible for nursery, greeting and set up, offering collection, clean up after service.

Music Church will lead worship time, congregational singing and special music.

Choirs Return on Wednesdays

Choirs Kickoff Party

Children's Choirs and Adult Choir

Wednesday, September 18

6:00 P.M.

See You at the Pole  
Wednesday, September 25  
7:15 A.M.  
Collinsville High School  
Join Us in the Front of the School  
At the Flag Pole

Collinsville Quilt Walk  
Friday, September 27  
Noon – 5:00  
Saturday, September 28  
10 A.M. – 5:00

It's Time to Pray  
Wednesday, October 2  
Luke 10:2  
Join Churches All Across the U.S. in Prayer

Covered Dish Dinner and  
Quarterly Ministry Meeting  
Sunday, October 13

Daylight Savings Time Ends November 3

My Hope with Billy Graham  
November, 2013  
Special Emphasis – November 7

International Day of Prayer for the Persecuted Church  
Sunday, November 3

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

Community Christmas Service

Sunday, December 1

Collinsville Baptist

6:00

Children's Choirs Christmas Program

Sunday, December 8

11:00

**Special Offerings for This Fall**

World Hunger Relief Offering

Beginning Sunday, September 8

Offerings Due Back On

Sunday, October 13

World Hunger Sunday

For All Southern Baptist Churches

Operation Christmas Child

Shoeboxes with Christmas Gifts

For Children Around the World

National Collection Week – November 18-25

Lottie Moon Christmas Offering

For International Missions

Thanksgiving – New Year's

How Did We Do on Missions Offerings During the Last Year?

1. Lottie Moon Offering - \$3422
2. Annie Armstrong Offering - \$2094
3. Cooperative Program - \$3600
4. World Hunger Offering - \$470
5. Operation Christmas Offering – 59 Boxes
6. Associational Missions – \$720
7. Baptist Men Local Missions Work and Giving –
8. Other - Football Dinners, Helping Tree,
9. Through Collinsville Ministerial – Transient Program, Baccalaureate Gifts,  
Chickie Hood Scholarship Gifts

The *Times Journal* asked people to write to the paper telling about their first car. I did not send anything to them, but here is what I would want to say.

The first car that I ever owned was a brand new, 1970 Ford Torino. Dark blue with a wide white racing stripe. Small V8. Beautiful.

I got it in August of 1970. I was graduating from college and getting married, and I thought that meant I was supposed to go get me a new car. (Is that in the Constitution somewhere?) My Daddy had a friend at the Ford dealership who assured us who could get us a real deal. The car was just what I wanted.

All I had to do then was pay for it. Or get a loan. Somehow, banks did not want to make a car loan to someone who had been employed part time in the summer by the Tastee Freeze next to the Tennessee Tech campus where I was finishing my last three classes that summer. The bank suggested I get someone to sign with me.

My Daddy owned his home and a car. But he had financed everything through the Credit Union, and it did not give car loans. He had checking at First American National Bank. I came in from school to meet him to go sign papers at the bank.

When he saw me his reaction was automatic. "You cannot go to the bank dressed like that." I had on what every other college student had on in the summer – shorts and a T-shirt. I could not understand my father's reaction. I looked – well, I looked normal. But not dressed right in daddy's eyes.

So we went home, and I put on long pants and a button up shirt. Then to First American. We sat down at the loan officer's desk. He was very nice. As he said no. He could not give a loan to anyone who had so little money in his bank and had no loans there. Daddy was very embarrassed.

But I had hope – my granddaddy. How to describe him. Needed a shave. Always had on an old worn out Coca Cola uniform from his work, usually with holes in it. A perpetual unfiltered Camel hanging from his mouth. And a gruff exterior with a gruff voice. Who had an account at Third National.

Into the bank we went. We were escorted to the loan officer's desk. He was not excited and had to work to be nice. A college kid who said he had a job promised and an old man who looked homeless. "Mr. Bradbury, do you have an account here?" he asked doubtfully. Granddaddy patted his pockets, found the savings

account book and handed it to the loan officer who took it as he watched the long ash on Granddaddy's Camel about to fall on the carpet.

He opened the book, and the world changed. In great surprise he looked at my Granddaddy and said, "Yes sir, Mr. Bradbury. Whatever loan you want sir. Let me get those papers over here." To which my grandfather said, gruff as ever, "I don't keep much money in your bank. You don't pay enough interest." Lots more Yes sirs, and yes, Mr. Bradburys, and I walked out the door with the money for my Torino.

Two days later on a Saturday I graduated from college. The day after I went to church and then got married and left on my honeymoon. In my Torino. With my amazingly beautiful wife. And a week later we drove to Birmingham in that car for me to start working at U.S. Steel.

I would drive that car for almost seven years. Three years at the steel mill and almost four years at the seminary. And I paid off the loan – 36 payments of \$119.36. It gave out on me just before I moved to Collinsville. I still miss it.

My dad and granddad taught me conflicting lessons about appearances that day. And they were both right. My dad taught me to show respect for other people in the way I dressed and acted. And he was right. Want to be a good, effective witness? Show respect for people. Even if you have to wear long pants.

My granddad taught me that some people don't care how you dress. They don't care what color your shirt is as long as you have lots of green in the bank. Or can play football better than everybody else. Or something else on the outside. Don't you be that way. Don't be too quick to judge those who look a little funny. Or have very little in the bank. You be godly.

Remember this verse. "Man looks on the outward appearance, but God looks on the heart." I Samuel 16:7 Try to be like Him. Godly.

Oh, and my curt, gruff grandfather lived this verse that day. He looked at the figures as we signed the papers at the bank. He stopped and looked at me. "Butch, they are charging way too much on this loan. I don't want you to have to pay this. Why don't I just give you the money?" I told him no. Told him I had to do this on my own. But I was touched to the point of tears. Granddaddy loved money. But he loved us grandchildren more. The gruff old man had a soft heart. I wanted you

to know that about him. God already knew granddaddy's heart. As He knows yours.