

April 2014

March 26 – No Wednesday choirs

April 2 – Last Children's Choirs Rehearsals

April 6 – Sunday Evening Children's Choirs Program
5:00

April 13 Palm Sunday
Covered Dish Dinner and Quarterly Ministry Meeting
Noon

April 15 First Day of Passover

April 17 – Maundy Thursday Service
6-6:30
Fellowship Hall

April 18 – Good Friday

April 20 Easter

April 13 Palm Sunday

April 17 Maundy Thursday

April 18 Good Friday

April 20 Easter

Thursday May 1 – National Day of Prayer
One Voice, United in Prayer,
Romans 15:6 “*So that with one mind and one voice you may glorify the God and
Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*”

May 11 Mother's Day

May 18 Collinsville High School Baccalaureate

May 23 Last Day of School for Dekalb County Schools

May 26 Memorial Day

May 29 Last Day of School for Fort Payne Schools

June 3 is the date for the Alabama Primary Election

June 8 Pentecost

June 15 Father's Day

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Romans 15:6 “*So that with one mind and one voice you may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*”

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Vacation Bible School Tentative Dates –

Sunday, June 22 – Thursday, June 26

Tell Us What You Think – Any Conflicts With These Dates?

Operation Christmas Child

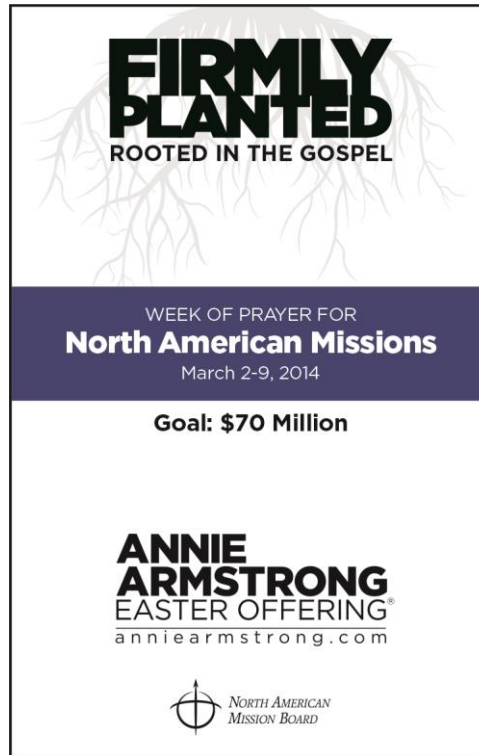
April Volunteers – Lord’s Supper – Chris and Jess DeLaO; Flowers – Apr 6
Vanessa Chambers, Apr 20 Sandra Killian (in memory of Edna Killian), Apr 27
Open

June 3 is the date for the Alabama Primary Election. You will be required to show a picture i.d. before you vote. If you do not have one (e.g. driver’s license, passport), you may get one by going to the Registrar’s Office in Fort Payne.

Open Windows – we increased our order of these devotional magazines with our last literature order. Please feel free to take one from the table in the back of the sanctuary.

DeKalb County Emergency Management has asked us to announce that you need to update your contact information for weather alerts. You may do so online at dekalbcountyal.us or by getting a form to mail into the DeKalb EMA Office. The number is 256-845-8569.

Annie Armstrong Offering for North American Missions
Church Goal - \$2500



It wasn't golf. It wasn't miniature golf. It was Goofy Golf.

My family began going to Panama City to the beach when I was in my teens. It was a different Panama City than what you see now. Not a condo in sight. Not even anyone who could have told you what a condo was. There was a brand new amusement park – Miracle Strip. I hear it is gone now. It was the place where I first rode a roller coaster. Great. Still my favorite ride.

Because my daddy loved golf, sometimes we played miniature golf. You know – maybe a wind mill or a loop, but mostly just hitting brightly colored golf balls down the carpet to the hole. But in Panama City we discovered Goofy Golf (is it still there?).

There were still bright golf balls and carpets. But there were lots of other things. Huge animals all over the course. Dinosaurs. One big enough to go inside and climb up into the head. There was a monkey that knocked your ball out of the way. An ostrich that would stick its head in the hole. A hole that went through a cave. Another that went into a fish as if you were Jonah. A sphinx. A Buddha. A

spider. Lots of holes funny hills and trenches that sent your ball to strange places. It was great. I was never sure that my daddy was all that impressed with it. But boy oh boy my sister and I loved it.

Two 18- hole courses. Tons of fun. We played a time or two then went back to the course the night before we were to leave for home the next morning. My daddy believed in early starts and packing the night before. So he was kind of in a rush that night

Coming up to the last hole, I knew the night was almost over. The last hole was a Par One. You couldn't miss. Hit the ball down the carpet and up a hill and the ball would fall off the hill into a metal bin that filtered the ball back to the office. Turn in your putter. Thanks for playing.

But there was one other thing. Behind the metal bin there were three huge snakes. They all had their mouths open, huge fangs hanging down, looking as if they were ready to chomp you. There was one very small ramp that went from the top on the hill toward the center snake. A very narrow ramp, not as wide as the ball. Hit the ball anywhere but right in the middle of the small ramp, and the ball would fall off the side. But if you hit it perfect with just the right speed, the ball would jump the space between the end of the little ramp and the snake. And maybe go right in the snake's mouth. And if it did you got a free game.

You need to understand, it was pretty much an impossible shot. Designed that way. Rigged so that you could not win a free game. We never saw anybody win a free game.

But that night I hit the ball perfect. Up the hill. Onto the little ramp. Just the right speed. Jumping through the air across the metal bin. And into the snake's mouth. Bells rang. A siren went off. Fireworks (okay, maybe no fireworks). The guy came out of the office. He reluctantly handed me my free pass. And my daddy, sure that I would be winning the Master's within ten years, let me play again. Even if we were late getting packed. What a great night.

We are making our way through Lent. On our way, with Jesus, to the cross. Where on Good Friday it looked as if Satan had won again. Jesus breathed His last and died. No bells went off. But there was an earthquake. Tombs splitting open. Temple curtain torn in two. Because Jesus had lived a perfect life. He had done the impossible. All have sinned. But not Jesus. In the middle of a goofy world

full of sin, he had made it. For all of us. The curtain was torn – a way was made for all to come to God.

And on Easter morning He arose to prove it. “He’s alive and I’m forgiven, heaven’s gates are opened wide” one Easter song says. Jesus had hit that old snake, that old serpent, Satan right in the mouth. And we all won.

The rest of the story. At the end of my free round, I came to the same hole. And hit the same shot. Right in that snake’s mouth. Bells ringing. My daddy saying that I was done for this trip. So I carefully folded my free pass and put it in the back of my billfold where it stayed for one year until our next trip. But no, I never won another one.

It wasn’t golf. It wasn’t miniature golf. It was Goofy Golf.

My family began going to Panama City to the beach when I was in my teens. It was a different Panama City back then. Not a condo in sight. There was a great beach. And other things to do. Captain Anderson’s for supper. The Miracle Strip Amusement Park for my first real roller coaster ride. And miniature golf because my Dad loved golf. You know – maybe a wind mill or a loop, but mostly just hitting brightly colored golf balls down the carpet to the hole

And then in Panama City we discovered Goofy Golf. There were still bright golf balls and carpets. But there were lots of other things. Huge animals all over the course. Dinosaurs. One big enough to go inside and climb up into the head. There was a monkey that knocked your ball out of the way. An ostrich who got in the way by sticking its head in the hole. A hole that went through a cave. Another that went into a fish as if you were Jonah. A sphinx. A Buddha. A spider. Lots of holes with funny hills and trenches that sent your ball to strange places. It was great. I was never sure that my daddy was all that impressed with it. But boy-oh-boy my sister and I loved it.

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As I write this, we are journeying through Lent. We are on our way, with Jesus, to the cross. Where it looked as if Satan had won again. Jesus breathed His last and died. Just like everybody else who had ever lived. All have sinned. The wages of sin is death. Thanks for playing.

But this time it was different. Satan had tempted Jesus. But Jesus never did what we have all done. He did not sin. In the middle of a goofy world full of sin, He had made it. On Good Friday, He died so that there could be a way back to God. For all of us. As He died no bells went off. But there was an earthquake. Tombs split open. Jesus had done the impossible.

And on Easter morning He arose to confirm it. "He's alive and I'm forgiven, heaven's gates are opened wide". And we all won. The free gift of God – eternal life in Jesus. Jesus had hit that old snake, that old serpent, Satan right in the mouth.

The quote in the last paragraph is from "He's Alive". The Bible references are Romans 3:23 and 6:23 and the story of Good Friday is from Matthew 27:45-54. And for hitting the snake in the head, try Genesis 3:14-15.

