

Blessing of Animals

Sunday, October 5

Contact Church Office to Schedule Your Animal

Fundraising Banquet

Sav-A-Life of Dekalb, Inc.

1st Methodist Christian Life Center, Ft. Payne

Thursday, October 9, 6:15 p.m.

Tickets \$15

Quarterly Covered Dish Dinner and Ministry Meeting

Sunday, October 12

Noon

Ronnie and Gail McReynolds Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

Sunday, October 19

2:00 – 4:00

Fellowship Hall

Annual Associational Meeting

Mountain View Church

Monday, October 20

Two Sessions – 2:00 and 6:30

Supper Served Between Sessions

Fall in the Park

Sunday, October 26

Desoto State Park

Halloween

Friday, October 31

Trunk or Treat Downtown

5:00

Date Will Be on the Night that Does Not Conflict with the High
School Football Game in Valley Head

Chili Cookoff

All Saints Day

Sunday, November 2

International Day of Prayer for the Persecuted Church

Sunday, November 2

Daylight Savings Time Ends

Sunday, November 2

Set Your Clocks Back One Hour

Election Day

Tuesday, November 4

7:00 – 7:00

Chili Cookoff

Saturday, November 1

At Marty and Marilyn's House

Hay Ride Hopefully Part of This Event

Collinsville Turkey Trot

Saturday, November 8

9-2

Veterans' Day

Tuesday, November 11

Community Thanksgiving Service

Sunday, November 23

Liberty Hill Baptist Church

6:00

Bring Food Items for Food Boxes to Be Distributed in the
Collinsville Area

Let Us Know if You Know Someone Who Would Appreciate a
Box.

Community Christmas Tree Lighting

Thanksgiving Day

At the Stop Light

5:00

Advent

Sunday November 30 – Wednesday, December 24

Community Christmas Service

Hosted by First Methodist

Sunday, December 6

Rehearsals Begin Sunday, November 2

Community Christmas Parade

Saturday, December 13

3:00

Fall Offerings

1. World Hunger Relief

September 14 - October 12
100% of Offering Goes to Hunger Needs in U.S. and World
October 12 – World Hunger Sunday
Banks Available at Church
Save Your Change – Make Your Offering

2. Operation Christmas Child

October 12 – November 16
Shoeboxes Full of Christmas Gifts for Children Around the World
Shoeboxes Due Back to Church on Sunday, November 16

3. Lottie Moon Christmas Offering for International Missions

November 23 – January 4
Week of Prayer – November 30 – December 7
National Goal: \$175 Million
100% of this Offering Goes to Overseas Mission Work

4. Thanksgiving Food Boxes

See Details Above

October Volunteers
Lord's Supper – J.R. and Donzella Bobo
Flowers – October 5 – Debra Ross
October 19 – Dee Fortner in Honor of Bill's Birthday

You Are Invited to the
Wedding of Dianna Moon to Paden Sharpe
4:00, Saturday, October 25
Black Creek Baptist Church
Reception at the Hay Barn

Sympathy is expressed to the family of our Director of Missions, Rev. Ken Clement, who passed away in September. Please remember his wife and children in your prayers.

Our Association has an Interim Director of Missions – Rev. Jeff Mann who served as pastor of Rainsville First Baptist until recently.

There is also an Associational Search Committee that is seeking a new Director of Missions.

Please remember these in your prayers.

Many thanks to those who served so faithfully on the Budget and Stewardship Committee and the Nominating Committee.

Please remember Vernon Baptist in your prayers as they seek a new pastor.

Congratulations to Shawn Ross on his baptism.



The story I told for Choir Kick Off:

My three sisters did me a huge favor. They didn't like to go fishing. Thank you very much.

That meant that I got to go fishing with my mother and daddy while my sisters stayed at home. Sometimes a trip nearby all day on Old Hickory Lake. Small fishing boat. Me in the front, mother on the middle seat, daddy in the back running the motor. Daddy casting over and over with a lure. Me trying to copy him. Mother holding her cane pole. And catching more fish than daddy and I together.

And when the fish were not biting, lots of snacking. Mother tried to never go anywhere without food. Talking, stories, swatting flies, dragging my hand in the water. Until daddy would warn us to be quiet because we were scaring the fish. I was with daddy on fishing and with mother on eating.

Sometimes we went to Kentucky Lake for a few days. Daddy had a friend who had built a very small dock and a couple of very "rustic" cabins. The friend's name was Rudy. A character. He lived about a mile back up a creek that ran into the lake. Once we worked our boat to where he lived. He was swimming with his family in the creek. With two water moccasins swimming around them. My mother almost walked on water demanding that we get away.

Kentucky Lake was the first one that TVA built. They cut trees off where the lake would be, but they left lots of stumps. That was fine out on the main body, but when you got back up into an inlet like Rudy's, the stumps were close enough to the top of the water for the boat to get over them. But not the motor. Daddy knew where the stumps were. "Watch this", he would say to me as a speed boat came back into Rudy's area. Bam, the motor hit a stump. One destroyed motor. One stranded boat.

Rudy's inlet did not have any other houses or docks in it. Just Rudy's little dock and cabins. At the end of a dirt road. The cabins had no TVs and radios could work only with lots of static. We would go out at sunrise, come back to the cabin through the heat of the day eating lunch and reading, then back out on the lake in the afternoon.

One afternoon daddy took us out on the main channel and up the lake about two miles. He had heard that some fish might be biting around some willow trees on a lonely bank there. Sure enough, we put down anchor and started fishing. A few bites. Later in the afternoon, more bites. Bugs were falling off of the willows and the bass were eating at the bug smorgasbord. We threw in worms, minnows, lures. The later it got, the more they bit. It was magical. We pulled in fish after fish. Laughed and talked about how great it was.

Then my mother realized it was almost dark. And we were two miles up the lake. We would never get back to the dock safely. Daddy kept stalling. "Johnny, let's go. We'll hit every stump in the lake." "In a minute. They're still biting." "No, Johnny. Now." "In a minute, Joyce. They're still biting."

Initially I again sided with my dad. Then I thought about Rudy's dock and the inlet. Not a light anywhere. The hills coming up out of the water to make it like a black pit. I couldn't go against my dad. Out loud. Inside me was different.

Finally Daddy pulled in the anchor and the minnow buckets and the basket full of fish. Down the channel we went. A few buoys marking the way for tug boats pushing barges. And then we got to Rudy's inlet. Pitch black. Daddy would have to slow down to a crawl or cut off the motor and use his one paddle to get us home. It would be impossible to get us to the dock in the dark.

We turned the corner, and started to smile. Daddy sped up. Rudy had come down to the water and put up a spot light to guide us to the dock. We swung wide and then just followed the light. It glinted and reflected off the small waves. A highway on the water. Daddy had not worried because he knew his friend would take care of him. And Rudy did.

I jumped up onto the dock and tied us up. We spent the rest of the night talking about the day. And cleaning fish.

I think you can finish the application yourself. With the kids, I read John 8:12 – Jesus spoke to the people, he said, "I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life". And Matthew 5:14 – "You are the light of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden." May we be as good a friend as Rudy was to Daddy by bringing the light of Jesus Christ to all around us.

