

**WEEK OF
PRAYER**
FOR STATE MISSIONS
SEPTEMBER 11-18, 2016

Your gifts help support:

ALABAMA WMU

DISASTER RELIEF

CHURCH PLANTING

CHURCH REVITALIZATION

GLOBAL PARTNERSHIP MISSIONS

Myers-Mallory.org

Friday, September 16
Collinsville Football Dinner
3:00 Our Fellowship Hall

Friday, September 23 – Saturday, Sept. 24
Collinsville Quilt Walk

September 26 – October 1
Dekalb County VFW Agricultural Fair

Wednesday, September 28
7:20 A.M.

Collinsville High School
SEE YOU AT THE POLE
2016

WE CRY OUT
A Generation Seeking Him!
Psalm 24:3-6

Global Week of Student Prayer

Sunday, September 25 – Saturday, October 1

Tuesday, Nov. 8
Election Day
Please Be Sure You Are Registered to Vote

Saturday, November 12

Turkey Trot

10 – 3

Food, fun and games. An antique car and tractor show, turkey shoot, cake walk, historic “turkey toss” and a 5K run

Sunday, November 20

Community Thanksgiving Service

Calvary

Collinsville Baptist Speaker

Thanksgiving

Thursday, November 26

Lighting of Town Tree

5:00

First Sunday of Advent

Sunday, November 29

Community Christmas Service

This is our church’s year to serve as host and planners of this service

September Volunteers

Lord’s Supper – Joey and Terri Bobo

Operation Christmas Child

Soap and Hygiene Products

The Collinsville Senior Center

Wants You to Come Join Them

8:00 A.M. – Noon

Monday – Friday

Seniors 60 and over meet to socialize, share, play games and other fun activities.

Lunch is Served at 11

Transportation Available at 256-524-2550

Coming to Collinsville Baptist This Fall

AWANA

A New Way for Our Children to Grow in the Lord

Preschool – Grade Six

On Wednesday Nights

Kick Off and Registration September 21



Our Youth Will Continue Youth Group
And
Praise Team

175th Annual Meeting Dekalb Baptist Association

Monday, October 17

Rainsville First Baptist

2:00, 6:30 Supper Between Sessions

A Poem and Note from Carol Zulker

*Trying to find words to say
Thinking
Lots of Memories
The Song "Precious Memories"
Comes to mind.
"Mind" said yes
16 Years to Treasure*

I will stay connected by phone.
I want to stay part of the prayer team.
I love you all so much
"Thanks" for the Memories
Lord Bless you all.
Carol Zulker

Carol would love to hear from you. Her new address will be 187 Norwood Street,
Section, Alabama 35771



Thank you for your expression of sympathy.
It was appreciated more than words can say.

Brenda Williams

Jimmy and Tangy Carter want to thank you for your attendance and your expressions of love to them and their family during
Their 50th Wedding Anniversary Celebration and
The 90th Birthday Celebration of Juanita Rogers.

What do you know about Luke Laney?

Graduate of Plainview High School and Jacksonville State.

Teaches science at Cornerstone Christian School in Rainsville

While at Jacksonville he worked extensively with the football team and was in charge of video work there.

He worked at a Chattem Chemicals in Chattanooga

He attends a weekly Bible study in the Rainsville area that has met weekly for three years.

He grew up in Rainsville First Baptist and was active in everything there, including AWANA

He lives with his mom and dad in Rainsville.

He has been with us at Collinsville Baptist for two years.

Favorite Color – Blue Favorite Food – Spaghetti

Luke says – “my favorite two words in the Bible, are ‘*But God*’”. So I guess that makes my favorite song “But God” , the one written by Bri.



We went as far East as we could go. Then we went further East. And found lots of caution signs.

Gloria and I were making our way up the Maine coast. We had visited Matthew in Connecticut, and were now visiting John and Susan in Acadia National Park in Maine. While they worked, we played.

The Maine coast is amazing. Lots of lighthouses, lobster traps, bouys hanging on fences. Rocky, rocky coast. And Gloria had fractured her right wrist and left leg on the rocks by one of those lighthouses.

But because she is amazing we kept going. And while our children worked we played. We came into West Quoddy. It is the furthest east

you can go in the U.S. The lighthouse there looks like a big fat candy cane stuck sitting next to the Atlantic.

Then we went East. Into New Brunswick, Canada. Across a bridge to Campobello Island. We stopped at the visitors center because I wanted to check the time to visit East Quoddy lighthouse. It is a wooden, octagonal building painted white with a large red cross on it. It has stood on the tip of the island for 150 years. It is the most photographed lighthouse in the world. But that is not what makes it unusual.

It was built on a small rock island with the lighthouse and buildings covering almost all the island. It stands guard over the shoals at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. The place with the most extreme high and low tides in the world. That's what makes the light unusual. And leads to lots of caution signs.

At high tide, the light is surrounded by deep water. Between it and the mainland is another rocky island. At low tide, the ocean bottom is exposed and becomes open ground that can be walked on. The islands aren't islands at that point. So if you want to walk out to the East Quoddy Lighthouse you have to do it at low tide. But it is still not easy.

The asked the lady at the Welcome Center if I could get out to the lighthouse. She glanced at the clock and looked back at me. "Probably not. But hurry if you want to try. You might just make it." The tide is only low enough to walk across for about an hour and a half. And I was running late. The tide was coming back in.

Back to the car I began to drive quickly down the eight mile island. Gloria would not be able to make the walk with her injuries. And it would be impossible for her to use our borrowed wheel chair. She assured me she would love to wait in the car and enjoy the view. It is a great view. The small rocky islands. The trees coming down the hills. Sea birds soaring overhead. White cap covered water. Boats out on the water in spite of the overcast skies and fog patches. The wind blew on

our faces through the open car windows. Every now and then we could hear the lonesome blast of the fog horn. Warning the ships. Careful. Danger here.

I knew I had to hurry. The warning signs greeted me. Danger. High tides. Tide rises five feet every hour. If you cannot get back from the lighthouse, you will have to wait eight hours. Danger.

I started across to the first island across a small bridge. More warning signs. Danger. Steps are slippery. Rocks are slippery. Danger. I quickly walked across the small island to the other side. Where I came to the first metal stairs. The stairs spend much of their lives under the water. Rusty. Wet. Sea weed. Steep and narrow. About forty feet high (five feet an hour). At the bottom of the stairs I began to walk across the exposed ocean bottom. Mud. Rocks. Lots of sea weed. Very slippery.

At the in between island another flight of stairs up. Careful. Slippery when wet. Always wet. Across the island. Down the metal steps. Across the ocean bottom. Another warning sign. Walk with care. Up the stairs onto the lighthouse island. Warning sign. Fog Horn Ahead. Dangerous to hearing. I heard the fog horn blow. Loud but bearable.

At the top of the stairs, I took a deep breath and looked around. What a great place. Beautiful. The red cross on the old wooden board stood out against the gray sky. Wind was stronger here. I glanced back at the incoming tide. Figured I had about five minutes before I had to start back. I walked toward the other side to look out at the water.

That's when the fog horn sounded again. About ten feet away. And I was in front of it now. Have you ever heard a sound so loud it hurt all over. My ears were ringing. I staggered. I looked at the fog horn. It seemed to be saying to me – "Can you hear me now?"

I was absolutely sure of one thing. I did not want to hear it again. I started the return trip immediately. I went slowly but surely back. No

real problems. Glad I went. Glad I could still hear. Glad I beat the tide. Glad to get back to Gloria.

We had a great rest of the day. Visited the Roosevelt homes on Campobello. Got back to Acadia in time to eat supper with John and Susan. No permanent damage.

