

# FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

## of Weatherford

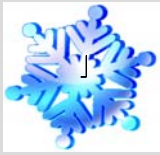
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*Attending Regularly    Serving Willingly    Giving Generously    Living Uprightly*

### *DNow*

This weekend January 22 - 24  
Please pray for the  
youth and the volunteers.



### 55 & Up Winter Banquet

Tuesday - February 16th  
6:00 p.m. in the Fellowship Hall

Cost: \$6.00

Please make reservations and pay in the church office  
by February 12th



### Free Monthly Magazines

We purchase the following magazines and make them  
available in the northwest lobby, outside the church office. They  
are free and available as long as they last.

HomeLife, ParentLife, Mature Living, Living with Teenagers,  
Journey, Stand Firm, and Open Windows

### *Rejoice!*

Our clothes nearly suffocate us as we near the end of our final  
extended walk of the afternoon. My decision to leave my coat at home  
should have been combined with the selection of a thinner shirt.  
Hard to believe that only a few days earlier the temperatures hovered  
in the single digits for a few mornings. I press on toward the truck  
with visions of supper in my head.

The warmer temperatures are especially uncomfortable for our  
dogs. Their fur coats remain in place in spite of the weather. They  
bite at the shrinking pockets of snow on the shady north sides of  
some trees and grasses. Sweat continues to drip off the ends of their  
extended tongues. I hear them before I see them as they work the  
area in search of more quail. Something within compels them to  
continue their efforts, even when success eludes them.

We safely climb down into a creek bed where the water is  
dried up. Scout follows closely behind and heads south.

‘Don’t go down there or we’ll have to pull you out,’ Mark  
shouts.

It’s funny how we talk to our dogs as though they can  
understand full sentences.

Mark knows what exists where I cannot see. A large pool of  
cold water rests at the base of the small cliff.

**KERSPLASH!!!**

We hear the noise as soon as Scout disappears from sight. It  
sounds like a cannonball, but probably resembles more of a belly flop.

Mark begins to laugh and I join in. Maybe we are thinking  
about the times when other warnings have been ignored. Maybe we  
are envisioning a startled Brittany in frigid water. Maybe we are  
remembering those ads from yesteryear about taking the Nestea  
plunge.

We turn toward the steep-banked hole to lend assistance.  
Maybe Mark is familiar enough with the terrain to plan Scout’s exit.

Before we travel ten steps Scout is up the bank and headed our  
way, shaking all the while. Apparently she has found a way to escape  
the watery jail. She seems proud of herself for finding a place to cool  
off and re-hydrate. The spring in her step is restored. I talk myself out  
of trying the same thing.

When life heats up and wears us down we benefit from a  
refuge. God remains that refuge and source of help during our time of  
need. Never hesitate to bail in and let Him refresh you in His oasis of  
grace and mercy. You will always be the better for it.

Keep smiling!

Earl

### *My Mind Is Going Away*

I realize that forgetfulness happens as you get older, but I  
really think that part of my mind has decided to leave my body and  
go out on its own to see the world. There are times when I want to  
say something and my mind goes completely blank. This happens  
when I am talking with someone about something that I do actually  
know something about. It doesn’t matter if the statement is  
important or trivial. I’m clueless about what I am going to say. Do  
you know how embarrassing it can be when you are speaking to  
someone and you go totally blank. Not only do I forget what I am  
talking about as I am speaking, I forget where I put things.

The entire staff was given new keys to the building before  
Christmas. We were told that the locks were being changed  
sometime within the next few weeks and this would get us in when  
that time came. The locks were changed last week. Guess who  
had no clue where his key was? I looked at home where I keep my  
keys. I looked in my truck, I looked in my desk. I checked coat  
pockets, and drawers that I never use. I even started looking in  
boxes of decorations from the living Christmas tree that had been  
stored. (If you’ll remember I was a little preoccupied before  
Christmas.) I told Midge “my mind is going away.” My wonderful  
wife (who does not have the gift of mercy,) said “well find it, where  
did you put it?” I thought to myself “if I knew where I put it, I  
wouldn’t be looking for it.” (I, likewise, do not possess the gift of  
mercy. This can be a problem at times.)

I remembered getting the key right before a staff meeting.  
That meant that I got it on a Wednesday. I was making progress!  
Knowing it was Wednesday meant that I had choir practice and  
church that evening. In selecting my wardrobe for the week, jeans  
and a casual shirt are fine on most days but on Sundays you wear a  
coat and tie, on Wednesdays you wear slacks or khakis. My khakis  
had been laundered, so I knew that a key would have turned up in  
the washing machine if it was in one of the pockets. I do have one  
pair of khaki colored slacks that I wear from time to time. These  
pants have to be sent to the cleaners instead of the laundry so I  
rarely wear them on a weekday. They were hanging in the closet.  
As I lifted them from the rod a key fell on the floor. My mind had  
once again returned from its wanderings and all was right with the  
world.

Throughout all of my incoherent thoughts, my lost keys, my  
misplaced music, and what seems a disorderly, total lack of  
continuity, I can find peace when I need it. I know the Great  
Organizer. I know the one who knows what tomorrow holds.

I have found a friend in Jesus, He’s everything to me,  
He’s the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;  
He’s the Lilly of the Valley, in Him alone I see  
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.  
In sorrow He’s my comfort, in trouble He’s my stay;  
He tells me every care on Him to roll:  
He’s the Lilly of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star  
He’s the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

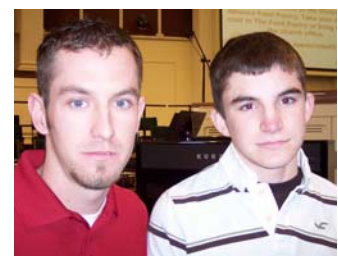
Keep your keys on your key ring and your mind on Him,  
John



### New First Family



Bethany Weitzel



Jeremiah Spain  
Jacob Spain

### Sunday School Attendance

January 17

630

### Weatherford Food Pantry

Items for January

Saltine Crackers, Graham Crackers, & Muffin Mix