



Newsletter

Vol. 52, No. 8

Sunday, February 25, 2018

Can you remember a time when more of our people were too sick to come to worship or study? This list just keeps getting longer and our pews keep getting barer. But we are grateful to all who are being careful not to come share their germs.

The long holiday weekend was only partially to blame for stretching Anna Street's list of

travelers. Darrell and Carole have about another week to go in their Holy Land trip. Ben and Connie Parks can't wait to get back to the Seattle area later this week. Most of our other wanderers have to be back to work (and to worship?) this week, we hope.

We were delighted to learn that the prognosis for Art Blessen's cancer treatment is more hopeful than we first had heard. Bob Brazille spent the last part of last week in ICU after his surgeries.

A generator fire at Namikango's maternity clinic shut off their power and shut down the clinic until repairs could be made. No late news on this. Ben and Becca do tell us that the local police managed to recover Ben's stolen passport and some of the critical files the burglars took. Pray that their pilfered computers and tech equipment can be returned.

The elders meeting planned for last Sunday got delayed a week due to George Washington's birthday.

Paula is about ready to push the button to print our new church directory. A final proof copy was circulated Sunday. If you were not there and you have any last-minute changes that need to be included (such as birthdays or anniversaries missing in the old one), now is the time to let her know.

Let all of us say Amen to Wes' Sunday morning tribute to our fine Anna Street teenagers.

Worship Assignments for This Lord's Day

In charge, Lee; Prayer, Wes; Reading, Jack (Matt. 13:24-34); Bread, Gaylord; Wine, Jeff; Serve, Ken, Wardell.

Nuggets of Wisdom

By Dr. Joe Barnett

"Taking matters into your own hands?
There is a better way."

"Prayer connects you to a Father
who is concerned about your concerns."

"God is moved by your prayers
and touched by your tears."

In the name of JESUS

What Kneeling Says

Not long ago I attended a dear friend's funeral in a church that still has kneelers attached to their pews. Some people used them. What are those good folks saying when they drop to their knees during worship?

In all the rural and small town churches where my father often preached, the prayer-time routine was much the same. When prayer began, every able-bodied man in the house hit the floor on his knees. What were those devout souls saying by kneeling?

Not what Colin Kaepernick and his imitators are saying today on NFL turf. That's for sure.

I've never known anyone who knelt in a church in order to draw attention to themselves—to say, "Hey! Look at me!" From the first time Adam prostrated himself in prayer, people have bowed down before the Lord to lower their own visibility and lift up God's.

But these new athlete kneelers wouldn't be on their knees if the TV cameras were not taking it in, would they? Worshipers kneel to express respect. These dudes intend to send the opposite message. They intend to trash what loyal Americans have honored for centuries.

The pews in my little church don't have a place for kneeling. In fact, like most modern Protestant churches, we don't even provide enough space between the pews to allow any old-fashioned kneeling. If we did kneel, though, I guarantee you it would be to express humility and devotion, not anger and rebellion.

Since our worship facility today makes kneeling almost impossible, to express reverence and respect in this modern generation we often stand. Being erect, upright, standing "at attention" before the Lord, is an effective way to tell him that we honor him.

What are the few pro-footballers still on their feet during our national anthem saying to us? Is it appropo for me to say "Amen" to them at a football game?

In his famous hit "My Way," Frank Sinatra sang disapprovingly of "the words of one who kneels." In this case kneeling implied a lack of grit or courage. On the NFL turf today it implies a lack of love for our land. The crooner complimented those who do not kneel. So do I.

For four decades on Sundays I entered a church to kneel, at least in spirit, and then went home to watch pro-football games where the only guys on their knees had just been plowed under by a sturdy linebacker.

I still opt to see the kneeling done in a church, not in a stadium. Adios, NFL. It was fun while it lasted.

By Gene Shelburne