



Newsletter
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Sunday, May 20, 2012

Special guests this week will include Ben and Becca Hayes, our missionaries to Malawi. Join us at 6:30 p.m. Saturday at Hoffbrau for supper with the Hayeses. Dutch treat, menu ordering will be the routine.

For our e-mail readers this will provide one more reminder that Mike Wilhelm will be bringing Boys' Ranch kids on Wednesday, the 16th. Kids that age always appreciate munchies. And Mike's kids always bless us.

Brandon Sena invites us to his graduation on June 2 and to a celebration in S.E. park on that Sunday afternoon. See his invitation on the bulletin board.

Tell Jillian congratulations on landing an job teaching orchestra in the school system at College Station.

Tell Ken Durr thank you for the hard work he donated to replace rotting fence posts at the parsonage next door. He put in metal posts that will outlast most of us.

We're glad to report that Richard Eddleman seems to be improving after a tough week in critical care at BSA. Jeanne asks us to pray for her mother, whose eyesight is failing. Darlene had cataract surgery on the 15th. Jan Leos hoped to get rid of some pre-cancerous growths on the 16th. Leta Hamblin was set for back surgery on the 17th. Lalon's breathing problems are getting worse. Aline Minner is back at Ware (Room 222), now under hospice care.

If you can donate an hour or so to mow the church lawn one week, please sign up on Don's volunteer list. Several of our past workers are out of town or unable to help this year.

Welcome home to all our folks who went wandering last week—way too many for us even to start naming them all.

PRAY FOR OUR SOLDIERS IN HARM'S WAY

Worship Assignments for This Lord's Day

In charge, Gene Shelburne; Prayer, Kellar; Reading, Lee (Matt. 24:1-25); Bread, Wayne; Wine, Wardell; Serve, Gene Smith, Josh.

A Sad Realization

"In an effort to ensure my children's tomorrows, I have lost their todays."

—Hollywood star Danny Thomas

SAVED BY GRACE

Feeling Invisible

That Saturday I slept later than usual. When I finally dragged myself out of the sack, I pattered around the house for a spell. Then, on an impulse I decided to go enjoy a mid-afternoon breakfast at a nearby restaurant.

The breakfast rush had been over for at least two hours when I got there, so I was able to walk right in. No line. No waiting list. Just me at the front door.

The skinny young hostess saw me come through the door only five or six feet from her. She looked right at me, but in no way did she acknowledge my presence. No smile. No nod. No gesture or word of any kind to let me know that she had seen me.

Instead, this girl whose job appeared to be greeting customers kept doing whatever she had started before I came in. Evidently that task mattered more to her than I did. I got the message. I almost turned to leave.

After she grudgingly seated me in the booth I requested, I was a bit surprised to find out that whoever had trained the hostess had also trained my waitress. She totally ignored my presence while she scurried up and down the café aisle tending to a multitude of tasks. Not once did she glance at me. I felt invisible.

If I worked in a busy restaurant, perhaps I would understand that the off-peak hour when I showed up that day is the time to clean up after the morning rush and prepare for the next wave of customers. I probably interrupted that necessary process.

Still, I left that café feeling that something was terribly wrong with what I had just experienced. Can you imagine any business owner wanting his help to convey the message that anything matters more to them than his customers?

Instead of resenting that restaurant and ranting about how they mistreated me, it seems to make more sense for me to wonder what I can learn from that less-than-stellar experience.

Could it be, for example, that first-time visitors to my church go away with the same uncomfortable feeling that they somehow disrupted our usual routine?

When troubled souls call on your church or mine for counsel or prayer support, do we sometimes unintentionally make them feel like they are a bother?

Do we look right at hurting people and fail to see them, just as those café employees snubbed me?

By Gene Shelburne