OUR MISSIONARIES ARE COMING HOME

Note the following story from Braden and Johanna Pewitt – towards the end he publicly announces their plans to leave Cambodia and return home. When they went eleven years ago and the Collegedale Church agreed to send and support them, it was a ten year commitment. They will have exceeded that by a year. I affirm them for their faithful sacrifice and praise God for what HE has been able to do thru the Pewitts and our supporting church members. I also thank you the members of this church who thru the years have donated the funds thereby making their witness and service to the Pnong possible. There will be untold numbers in heaven because of your prayers and support. The Pnong story won’t end with Braden and Jote’s return. The seeds have been sown and God will continue the work began. Thank you to each of you and your support of them and this part of our church’s mission outreach!

—Wolf Jedamski, Administrator and Pastor of Mission

WALKING WITH GOD
by Braden, Johanna, Keenan, and Jaden

I love walking with the Lord! It’s been my privilege to walk with Him to the Pnong villages thousands of times over the past 9 years. This morning I traveled the dangerous roads once again to Boan Village. As I turned off the main, paved road, I could see the red clay road to the village was still slippery from the night’s rain. I knew soon the tires of my motorcycle would be slipping this way and that. But I felt a peace, a calm, inside me knowing that I was not alone. There was One who rode with me. I spoke out loud into my helmet, “Father, I commit myself once again to you. The roads are difficult this morning, but you’ve called me to go and I am answering that call. Thank you for riding with me.” Then I turned off the pavement and slowly made my way over the grassy hills, now glowing brilliant green in the early morning rays. I smiled. I was with Him.

As I parked the motorcycle outside Jyang’s house I remembered the visit with her just two days before. “Mbut Keenan, my foot hurts,” she said, pointing to her heel. I glanced down to her left where the new little infant lay on the raised platform. The babe lay there sleeping, eyes tightly closed, with two little fists resting near her chin. Rich black hair covered her tiny little head. She was only a week old. Everyone had held their breath as Jyang went into labor while remembering, with chills, the one she’d continued on page 2, Pewitts

KIDDIE KAMPUS CELEBRATES 20 YEARS

“Our Missionsaries are Coming Home

July, 2011 marks the 20th year for Kiddie Kampus. A Church-wide birthday celebration will be held July 31 from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. in the Fellowship Hall.

“On Tuesday, June 11, the Day Care Board announced the appointment of Mae Watson as the Director of the proposed church-operated Day Care Center to open later this summer.” (Churchbeat, June 19, 1991)
Our community was changed forever at 8:30 p.m. on April 27 when an F4 tornado hit. The devastation and loss of life were overwhelming. Now, “out of the ashes” are blooms of beauty that can be seen in our community.

PICTORIAL DIRECTORY

Photography will begin in August for our new Church directory. We are partnering with Lifetouch directory company.

You may sign up online now for appointments August 28-September 1, 18, 19, October 9-13, 16-18, and 23-27. All photography will be done in the Church. Go to www.collegedalechurch.com and click on “Pictorial Directory Sign-ups” on the bottom right to schedule an appointment.

Each person photographed will receive a free 8x10 portrait and directory.

Got to www.lifetouch.com for more information about Lifetouch and samples of their work, visit www.lifetouch.com.

IN MEMORY

Avis Smith, mother of Susan Monk and Kathy Pursley, passed away June 30. A family visitation was held July 5. Memorial contributions may be made to 3ABN or the Alzheimer’s Foundation of America.

Gregg McFadden, father of Andy, Zachary, and Collin McFadden and ex-husband of Kathi McFadden, passed away Sunday, June 26, in Iron City, TN. Services were held July 6 in Elkhart, IN.

The community is coming together Wednesday, July 13, at 7:00 p.m. in Southern’s Ills P.E. Center for a night of amazing illusions, full-blast laughs, an inspirational message, live music and multimedia presentation featuring Master Illusionist Greg Davidson. A pre-show will begin at 6:40 p.m. featuring piano and violin soloists Rebecca and Jessica Peck and 13-year-old singing sensation Mallory Ledford.

More than just a family fun night, this is also a fund-raiser to benefit the Apison and Cherokee Valley Road communities. A love offering will be taken at the presentation and 100% of the proceeds will go toward the recovery efforts in these two communities.

Free tickets will be available at The Samaritan Center, the Village Market, as well as a limited number at the Church Office.

Party

“Along with Ms. Watson, four teachers joined the staff: Joan Huggins, Kim Gonzales, Kerre Conerly, and Theo Sayne. Lois Wilson will be a substitute as needed.” (Churchbeat, July 17, 1991)

While staff have come and gone, Mae has continued to be the director through the years. Current staff are Liza Krementsky, Janie McLean, and Lucia Andrade. Substitute teachers are Jill Reading, Melissa Sabo, and Michelle Clark.

Be sure to join them in this come-and-go time of reminiscing and refreshments.

Pewitts

lost just the year before. Something had gone wrong. An arm couldn’t get through. The baby had come feet first. She died without ever seeing her mommy or daddy. This new little one was a miracle – a reminder of the beauty of life.

“My foot’s been hurting for the past five days now,” Jyang continued. “I can’t even stand up on it. I have to use a cane to get around like an old lady. I didn’t injure it. I’ve been laying here with the baby. I can’t see a cut or a wound anywhere. It just hurts from the inside out. And it seems to be a bit swollen. See?”

I glanced down where she was pointing and couldn’t see anything wrong with the heel from the outside. I sat down beside her on the raised platform to get a closer look. “That’s very strange. Are you sure there is no wound?”

“No. There is no cut or burn. I have no idea why it’s hurting.” Then lowering her voice to almost a whisper she said, “The elders say that a pain like this means a sorcerer has entered the foot and is eating it from the inside out. It’s not like any other wound.”

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CA CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA MINISTER IN FIJI

by Jeff Lauritzen

The day after Tuesday is Thursday when you fly from the U.S., across the International Dateline to Fiji. So after losing a complete day, the Collegedale Academy choir and orchestra began a ten-day Youth Mission Adventure, coordinated by Quiet Hour Ministries.

Fifty-five students and twenty adults comprised the mission team, which ministered to the Fijian people through medical, dental, and optometry clinics, Vacation Bible School, a construction project, evangelism, and of course music ministry, including a concert at a prison.

Twelve of the youth preached at two sites, with the music provided by small ensembles from the mission team. Concurrently, VBS programs were held with hundreds of children in attendance at each site.

The medical teams checked blood pressure (and found many with frightfully high blood pressure), blood sugar, and provided health education. Five hundred forty-seven teeth were pulled (Kenny Benson pulled 20) by the dental team, and 2,200 eyeglasses were given away by the optometry team.

The construction project, completing a dormitory for the students of Lautoka Adventist School, was successfully completed. Our team painted the building, installed plumbing fixtures, and finished the bunk beds. This building will be a real blessing, especially considering the shack that had served as a dormitory previously.

The final Sabbath culminated with 75 baptisms (including two prison inmates). Sunday night saw eight of our young people baptized or rebaptized in the ocean, in front of a gorgeous tropical sunset out on Beachcomber Island.

We took three days and two nights R & R on this small island, surrounded by a colorful reef, fish, and swaying palms. And, thanks to the International Date Line again, we had two Tuesdays coming home. As far as the clock goes, we landed in Los Angeles several hours before we left Fiji.

Ladies trio singing the final Sabbath evening.

Members of our mission team who were baptized by Pastor Chetty at Beachcomber Island.

The following names were presented to the Church Board for transfer.

**IN**—Bryan Fox from Apison, TN; Lonnie and Penny Mixon from Crystal Lake, IL; Gerardo, Ilka, and Catherin Silva from Collegedale Spanish American; Bette Standish from Collegedale Community; and Ian Wilkinson from Collegedale Community.

**OUT**—Seth, Joyce, and Trent Bourgeois to Baton Rouge, LA; Tracy Davis to Dalton, GA; John and Glennis Davidson to Chattanooga First; Karisten Djiemes to Hamilton Community, Chattanooga, TN; Henry Hernandez to Pullman, MI; Delain and Lydia Huggins to Tyler, TX; Kelly Klein to Collegedale Community; Shirley Mills to Collegedale Community; Hendri Morris to Atlanta, GA; Emma and Brian Peacock to Longwood, FL; and Laura and Olivia Steiner to Collegedale Community.

A Welcome Picnic

A picnic potluck to welcome our new Senior Pastor, Dave Smith and his wife Cherie, will be held July 30 at the Student Park after the Renewal service. We ask that you bring enough picnic-type food for your family and ten more people. Paperware, plasticware, and drink will be provided by the Church.
I sat there examining her foot in silence. “The elders are right that some sicknesses can’t be cured with medicine. Sometimes a sorcerer or a witch, an evil spirit or a demon, sends us sicknesses and the doctors can’t help with their medicines. That’s why when my wife gets sick, or my boys, I talk with Chief God and ask him to heal them.”

Jyang’s entire face lit up as she said, “Really?”

“Yeah. Chief God is so wonderful. He loves us so much. He is the one who made us in the very beginning. We are His children. We can talk with Him anytime and He hears us.”

“But I don’t know how to talk with Him.”

“You may not know how to talk with Him, but He knows how to hear you. It’s just like with your children when they are first learning to talk. They try to say all kinds of things to you that you can’t understand, right? But even though you can’t understand everything, you listen carefully and try to understand what they mean and what they need. That’s how it is with Chief God.”

Jyang smiled as this new thought settled into her mind. “You mean I can just talk to Him while I lay here with my baby and He will hear?”

“That’s exactly right. He can hear you anywhere and anytime. And He loves to listen to you. He loves you and loves you to talk with Him.”

That was two days ago. I had left her house while her face was still glowing. I’ve known Jyang and her husband Kutsak for many years. We’ve had many discussions together. I’ve always seen Kutsak as open and searching, but for some reason he’s also careful in the way he talks with me about religion. His grandfather was a Shaman and Kutsak knows much about the spirits. Jyang has always been so nice to me, yet she too has always seemed on guard when I talk about Chief God. That’s why I was surprised the way she reacted when I told her Chief God could heal her foot.

I’d called her the day after my visit and asked her if she wanted to go to the hospital. I didn’t blame her for not wanting to ride their motorcycle on the slippery roads with a new baby. During the phone conversation she told me that she was some better and wanted to wait another day. “Have you been talking to Chief God still?” she asked me.

“Yes I have. And I know He hears and is with you.”

“Well I think my foot is getting better,” she explained. “I don’t think I need to go to the hospital now. But call me tomorrow morning and see if I’m still better. If not, I’d like to go to the hospital.”

Now as I prepared to enter their home I thought of the conversation I’d just had with her. “My other foot is hurting now too,” she’d told me. “I think I’d better call a shaman who can suck out the evil one in my foot. Maybe I’ll go to the hospital in a few days.”

I hadn’t known what to say exactly except, “Well, I’m still talking with Chief God. I know He is with you. Please let me know if you get better.”

Since I had already packed my bags, in preparation to go get her, I decided to head out on the motorcycle and sit with her once again, reminding her of who Chief God was. And that’s what brought me to her doorway now.

“Mbut Keenan, come in,” Kutsak called out as soon as he saw me take my helmet off. He came right over to me to shake my hand in the familiar Pnong greeting. “We’re so glad you still came. Jyang is now hurting in both feet and she struggles to even walk outside the home for a shower. Please come see her.”

I made my way through the dim-lit house into the back room where Jyang was sitting by a cooking fire. She smiled at me as I entered. “This foot isn’t any better this morning. And the other one now hurts almost as bad. I’m scared the jyak is eating me. That’s why I think it’s best to call the shaman tomorrow morning, early. He can come and suck out the evil one.”

Kutsak sat down beside Jyang on a rough little stool. “Have you ever seen a shaman at work?”

I shook my head.

“It’s really amazing to watch,” he continued. “I’ve seen it many times. A true shaman knows how to suck out the evil ones from inside us. He’ll come with a little hollow stem and use it for a straw to suck on Jyang’s foot. He’ll then suck until he forces a tiny, worm-like, creature out of her. I’ve seen them. They are tiny – maybe the size of a rice kernel. And they wiggle sometimes. The shamans who lie to us and don’t really know how to heal try to trick us by hiding what they pull out as soon as they get it. But the real shamans show us what they find. I’ve seen them wiggling. They don’t let us touch them since they could disappear if we do. But I’ve watched the shamans take that little tiny worm thing and cut it into pieces with their knife until its dead. Blood comes out. Sometimes they just put...”
it into their little bag. But usually the person get’s well afterwards.”

I glanced around the room as Kutsak finished, imagining where my God was. I knew He was near and I whispered to Him, “Oh Lord, help me turn their minds to you. I’m not sure how or what to say. But in this moment, please let my mouth be a way for Your words to be spoken. Please speak through me in this moment.”

“The sorcerers are so evil,” I declared. “They don’t pity us at all and they want to destroy us.” Both Kutsak and Jyang were nodding their heads. “But the elders, the ancient ones who know the stories from the ages past, speak of One who loves us humans. They say He made the entire world. He created the humans. I once heard an old story teller in Raaveh Village tell of Chief God. He said that Chief God made the deer and the bears, the cows and the water buffalo.”

When I stammered a bit, trying desperately to remember the beautiful sing-songy way the ancient story teller had captured the creation story Kutsak said, “Oh, I think I know what you mean. In the very beginning, Chief God created the world and everything in it. He made the large deer and the small deer, the trees and the bees, the fly and the flower, the fruit and the fragrance, the buffalo and the bull, the people in all the villages and the beings in all the world.”

My mouth must have dropped open just a bit in surprise because Kutsak suddenly added with a grin, “I too have heard the best storytellers speak of this God.”

“Yes, that’s exactly what I was trying to say.” I mumbled. Just then Kutsak’s older sister walked in and greeted me warmly. I didn’t recognize her.

“My sister is here to help us while Jyang is sick,” Kutsak explained. “I’m having trouble doing all the cooking and the cleaning and still getting our fields planted. I can’t do it all. So my sister has come from another village to help.”

The woman sat down next to Jyang on the raised platform to listen to our conversation. So I continued, “Chief God created the world and all that is in it. He even created the spirits that surround us. But according to the ancient storytellers and the elders, one of the spirits Chief God made became terribly angry and came to this earth to hurt all of us. That spirit told the people they had to serve only him from then on. He treated them terribly and demanded sacrifices of chickens, cows, and water buffalo. He made them poor and still he demanded more sacrifices. He made them terribly sick and even killed them even though they gave him all their animals. And to this day we still serve that god and all his evil helpers. We have forgotten Chief God who made us and loves us like his own children.”

Suddenly I was interrupted by a sound at the door. It was Pumrok. “Mbut Keenan. Oh it’s so good to see you. I’m so happy you’ve come. I’ve wanted to talk with you.”

I was thrilled to see the woman we’d been praying with for so many weeks. Her husband died a horrible death of bleeding just a month or so before and the whole village had warned that she would be unsafe at night for many months to come. “The sorcerers will certainly be walking,” they said. “They are going to come at night and try to take you, too.”

Though I was glad to see her, the timing seemed wrong. I had so much more to say about Chief God. But to my surprise after a warm greeting she simply sat down as if to hear our discussion too.

Kutsak quickly continued, “I don’t know for sure, but I think there must be good spirits and bad spirits like there are good and bad people. They must be organized like people as well with chiefs and district leaders and governors. I imagine that there are some much more powerful than others and with many lords and rulers among them.”

His words took my mind back to Ephesians 6:12, “We are fighting against forces and authorities and against rulers of darkness and powers in the spiritual world.”

“That’s exactly right,” I added. “And that’s why it’s so important for us to turn to Chief God, who is the ruler of all. He is the one who made everything and thus is the most powerful of all spiritual beings. He loves us so much and longs to help us. He loves us as his own children and doesn’t demand sacrifices of chickens and ducks, cows and buffalo.”

Turning to Kutsak I said, “What if your little girl fell down and hurt her foot? What if she cried out, ‘Daddy, my foot hurts. Please come help me.’ What if you walked over to where she was lying and said, ‘Give me a chicken first, then I’ll help you.’”

At this the entire room exploded with laughter. “That’s not what he’d do,” Jyang was saying.

“He wouldn’t ask for a chicken first,” Pumrok declared. “He would rush to help her up.”

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“He would immediately try to make her foot feel better,” Kutsa’s sister added.

“It wouldn’t be right of him to demand a chicken first would it?” I asked. They all shook their heads, realization sinking in. The room was quiet.

“But we are scared to enter your religion,” Kutsa finally blurted out. The room was silent again.

“Who said anything about entering my religion?” I asked. “Chief God isn’t my God. He is the God of the Pnong. The ancient storytellers speak of Him often. He truly is the God of the Pnong. He is the God who made the world. He calls all people His children.”

Before I could finish Jyang cut in, “Chief God is the One the storytellers call Korain Preh. It is He who made the world in the beginning and it is He who Mbut Keenan is now telling us about. He truly is the God of the Pnong.”

“Then teach us more of this God,” Kutsa cried out with great longing in his voice. We know very little of this God, though He sounds like such a wonderful God. Tell us more. We want to know Him too.”

Just then the mid-wife came in to check on Jyang. She too sat down to listen to the interesting conversation. I continued, “Well, I always ask Chief God to be with me where ever I go. I ask Him to fill my house when we are sleeping there. I ask Him to ride my motorcycle with me when I travel to the villages.”

“It’s like when you took the dead bodies in your truck to the burial sites isn’t it? We all came with you when you buried your Pnong father and then again when Pumrok’s husband died. We rode there with you in the truck. We all expected to see the sorcerers which always come to scare us when we bury our dead. But Chief God was with us there in the truck wasn’t He. That’s why we didn’t see any sorcerers.”

I smiled. “That’s exactly right. That’s why the sorcerers didn’t appear to you then.”

Before I could say more Pumrok broke in, “And that’s why the sorcerers and the spirits have stayed away from my house ever since my husband died. Everyone said they’d bother me each night for sure, but I haven’t seen even one.”

Kutsa’s older sister gasped in disbelief.

“Chief God has truly been present in my home,” Pumrok continued. “That’s why I feel safe there now. That’s why I haven’t seen a single sorcerer or spirit since my husband died.”

At this the mid-wife spoke up. “I too am free from fear of the jyaks. Ever since my own husband died many years ago and I asked Chief God into my home, I have never been afraid. Everywhere I go I invite Chief God to walk with me and He does. He walks with me. And I am not afraid.”

As she spoke the words, the mid-wife smiled a beautiful toothless grin of freedom. She then looked at me with great happiness, her face completely aglow with joy. She reached out and took my hand and held it tightly. For this mid-wife was no stranger. She was in fact my very own Pnong mother – Yau. Her testimony brought the moisture to my eyes as we sat together still holding hands.

The room echoed with the excited discussion of how close Chief God was and how good and powerful He truly was. And I closed my eyes for a brief moment to thank Him. For indeed His presence was thick in the room. We all felt it.

“Will you speak with Chief God once again before you leave?” Jyang asked me with bated breath. The room grew quiet as I lifted my voice to Him who called us each to life. “Oh Chief God, thank You for being here with us. Thank You for loving us as Your children. Thank You for helping us even when we don’t have anything to give to You. Thank You for taking away our fear of the jyaks, the witches, the sorcerers, the demons, and the spirits of darkness. For they come at night, creeping in, trying to destroy us while it’s still dark. But You light us up with Your presence. You are light. And the darkness can’t stay when light is present. So fill this place with Yourself now. Fill this home completely full. Let the jyaks, the witches, the sorcerers, the demons, and the spirits of darkness run from You far away where they won’t scare us or harm us. Keep them away. We want You here with us now.”

Then I promised Jyang I would continue talking with Chief God on her behalf. I reminded her that she too could talk to Him any time. Then with one final squeeze of Yau’s hands, I got back on my motorcycle and rode up the hill out of the village.

I love walking with my God. For me He’s becoming as real as the motorcycle I cling to on the treacherous roads, as real at the blue sky overhead lighting the earth, as real as the swallows floating past me, and as real as the rolling greenery unfolding before my

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eyes which stretches on forever. And it’s this same God who’s revealing Himself to my Pnong friends. Someday I will not be here with them, but I no longer need to be. For He walks among them and they take His hand.

I do love walking with my God. He’s the one who called me to this land. And how can I praise Him for this experience? For I didn’t walk with Him like this when I first arrived. I sought Him with books and knowledge. I used commentaries and dictionaries, devotional books and sermons to find Him. And He was there. But somewhere along this path among the Pnong He’s asked to just walk with me. We leave my office filled with books and education and walk together in a world I didn’t even know existed this side of Heaven – hand in hand. I didn’t know a relationship like this was possible with Deity. For we walk and talk like friends of this earth. But I know He’s so much more, for I see Him in the lives of my Pnong friends as well.

I will miss each of them so much when we go. For my God is leading me once again back across the ocean to a land I’ve always called my own. I once thought it was there He wanted me to live out my life. But He surprised me by calling me to a world foreign to me in every way. He introduced me to people who raise elephants and eat pumpkin leaf soup. He placed me in a world of spirits – those of the rice wine jars, the spirit poles, the trees, the waterfalls, the hills, and the sky. And there, feeling completely lost and confused, He called to me again. This time He asked me to take His hand and walk with Him. He took me back through everything I thought was clear and helped me to see my own walls and chains. He showed me where my own familiar culture and core values held me from Him. I had come to ask the Pnong to rethink their beliefs and search for a God above all else. And in the process I found Him taking me on the same journey. And together we’ve looked up and seen Him calling to us, reaching for us, coming for us.

Johanna and I have been in Cambodia for 10 years and six months now. The time has gone quickly, too quickly – for I see now how fast life passes us all. My only hope comes from knowing that this life is just the beginning and that we’ll have eternity to continue growing and learning and loving. Johanna and I came here after clearly hearing God’s voice. And we said we’d only return when that same voice called us home. We’ve had dark nights, deep valleys, dry desserts, and chilly winds. But we’ve also experienced the fragrance of blooming spring, the warmth of summer, and the joys and laughter of togetherness. Now we’ve heard His voice again, calling us home. For the past few years He’s been leading us to this point and now it comes as no surprise. For His ways are never sudden or abrupt.

Looking back, it’s easy to see His providence. He brought children into our lives at just the right time that we could take them home before they are school age. This is important to us. He gave us strength to face the toughest challenges and called us away from Cambodia only when we knew we could stay forever if He asked. And He provided another precious family to come and live among the Pnong to continue sharing His love with them. He miraculously brought them in time to live and work with us a year before our departure so we could assist and encourage them in language learning and culture study.

This December 6, 2011, we will have been in Cambodia eleven years. We don’t have a definite date confirmed, but we plan to return home some time shortly before that date. We’ve always known He would lead us back someday, for both of us have always longed to encourage those in America who are searching for God but may not have found Him behind the doors of our churches or beneath the steeples of our chapels. The path before us is blurry, for we can’t see into the future. But our God has indeed called us home again and home we will go.

I love walking with my God wherever He leads. You have been on this journey with us as well. You have been praying for us and for those we meet in the villages. You have been supporting us in multiple ways. Why? We believe it’s because you are walking with the Lord as well, wherever He leads. And He led you to be part of a team that blessed the Pnong people with the awareness of His presence and the promise that He would never leave. Thank you for walking this path with us.

Our time is not yet over among the Pnong. We have another half a year still. And I feel certain that this time will be a critical time of spiritual battle. We ask you to continue walking this path with us wherever it leads. For we here in Cambodia may need your prayers more now than ever before. Pray that we are able to finish all that God wants us to finish. Pray that we’ll be able to encourage and bless Cara and Daniel in all the ways God wants us to. And pray that these final moments with our Pnong friends would be filled with critical discussions and experiences, all pointing to Him. ❖
WE-HAUL 2011: Welcome new Southern students by helping them move into the dorms on July 24 and August 19 and 21. All three residence halls need haulers and greeters. Visit www.southern.edu/wehaul, or call 236-2830.

THE FAMILY OF DELORES RICE thanks their Church family for their many acts of kindness and expressions of love during her illness and recent death.

CHATANOOGA FIRST CHURCH invites you to attend their Goin’ Fishin’ VBS July 18 - 22, from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. for ages 3 and up. In addition to the children’s program, a nightly adult Bible study will be held. Early registration is Sunday, July 17, from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

THANK YOU for the meal, kindness, prayers, and attendance at Thelma’s memorial service. Stanley Will

THANK YOU: Little did we know when we awoke on April 27 what the day would bring to our little community of Apison. Words cannot express our thanks to each one individually. We do not know all the angels, in human form, that were up on our hill the last few weeks. We do know we belong to a very caring church, family, and community. Thanks to the ladies who prepared us home cooked meals, for their encouraging words, and their time. We’ve met some new friends. Also, a big thank you to six precious coworkers who worked and packed for hours one Friday. Thank you to the Collegedale members that Wolf sent to get our belongings packed and into storage just before the rain poured down. We can’t say thank you enough to our loving family members that were always there by our side, and precious friend Bobbie Mott, that was with us every day. Thank you to those out of town that prayed for us, including our precious 88-year-old mother. We are so thankful to live in a loving, caring, praying community. Ronnie and Gladys Barefoot

A WOMEN’S RETREAT will be held October 7-9 in Townsend, TN. The speaker is DeeAnn Bragaw. She is a speaker, author, educator, and professional ‘messer-upper’. Call 800-567-1844.

A MARRIAGE RETREAT will be held November 11-13 at Winshape Retreat in Rome, GA. Call 800-567-1844 for more information.

THE LANTERN at Morning Pointe Alzheimer’s and Memory Care Center has volunteer opportunities for life enriching activities including playing musical instruments, singing, prayer meeting, vespers, church services, skits, puppet shows, pet sharing, history presentations, Bible studies, arts/crafts, travel slide shows, going on walks, assisting with outings, hobby sharing, gardening, and playing table games. Contact Dawn Dunn, Program Director at 396-4700.

CELEBRATE RECOVERY is a Christian based recovery program for those suffering from hurts, habits, and hang-ups. We also have a class for praying moms with children who have hurts, habits, or hang-ups. Join us each Monday for dinner at 5:45 p.m., large meeting at 6:30 p.m. and small groups at 7:15. Call Duane at 396-2134.