



# TRUE LIGHT

*Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path. ~ Psalm 119:105*

**May 17, 2020**

## SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

### SUNDAY

Bible Study.....9:30AM  
Worship.....10:15AM  
Worship.....5:00PM

### WEDNESDAY

Bible Study.....7:00PM

### MINISTER

Stan Dauck  
573-293-5620

### ELDERS

David Burleson  
573-820-0329  
David Carson  
573-276-5567  
Stan Dauck  
573-293-5594

### DEACONS

Wayne Reams  
Joe Watson  
Rodney Williams  
Tim Woods

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*"This is the day the Lord has made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it."*

Psalms 118:24

**We Welcome You  
To All Of Our  
Services**

## A SHATTERED LAMP AND A BROKEN WHITE STALLION

I was a rambunctious boy. I know that description sounds redundant to most mothers who have raised boys. Sitting still was not a possible option. I was made for fidgeting, fiddling, and exploring. As a result, some of my not-so-cherished feats were inevitable. I tripped. I stumbled. I spilled. I made messes. I tracked in mud. I broke things. Two of the things I broke were precious. One was a white marble horse on a black marble slab. The other was a pink lamp. After I had broken them, both mocked me for years.

Precious Item One: I loved that white marble horse at Granny's and G-daddy's house. I would take it down and admire it every time I visited. I loved horses, but I am not sure why this one small statue of a wild white stallion so captivated me. On one of the visits, I "apparently" broke it. I have a haunting memory of hearing it hit the rock fireplace and feeling the brittle sounds of it breaking somewhere down deep in my soul. I know I am the one who broke it because everyone would tell me I broke it every time we visited. G-daddy, my dad's dad, glued it back together. Every time we came for a visit, there stood the white stallion mocking me, reminding me of my failure - this beautiful white stallion, now with visible glue lines and missing one small piece. This was a fixed reminder of my rambunctious clumsiness that remained with Granny years after G-daddy died. The glue yellowed over the years, only drawing more attention to the cracks. That horse, once so precious to me, became a haunting reminder of failure.

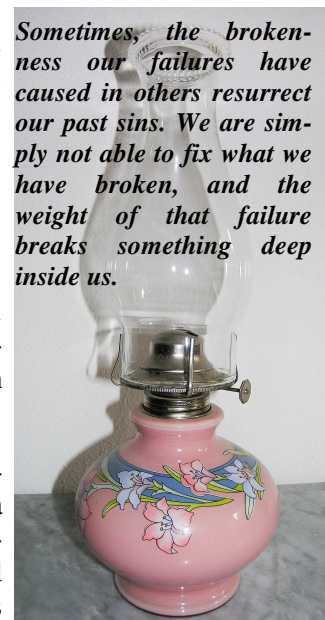
Precious Item Two: We called my mom's mom, Mama Faye. Daddy Gordon had died when I was young. Mama Faye was living alone in Austin in an apartment when I came to stay with her a week one summer. She had a pink lamp on a little desk near her front door. Mama Faye cherished that lamp. I am not altogether sure why, although I think it was because it was in my mom's room when she grew up as a girl. Mama Faye had to be gone out for a bit and left me alone. She specifically asked that I not throw things while she was gone.

I had a GI-Joe - one of the old-timey big ones, not the dinky ones they have today. I attached fishing line to all sorts of things. Then, I would let GI-Joe use the weird grip he had in one hand to hang onto the line. I would give him a little push, and he would zip down the line. With six or seven ziplines attached to doorknobs and drawer pulls and door hinges, I could make him zip all over the room to my sound effects. It was really cool!

Well, I had about expended all the joy out of zipping him around the room when suddenly, I decided it would be great fun to push him up the lines and see how far he would go before he let go. My GI-Joe exploits were all quite fun until I gave a mighty shove to my GI-Joe to push him the steep incline from the end table leg to the top door hinge on the front door. As Frenchy - that's what I called my GI-Joe because he was a member of the French underground and had a beret instead of an army helmet - zipped up the line, he let go about halfway to the top. Frenchy's momentum carried him to the pink lamp. It happened in slow motion. Crash! The bottom globe of the pink lamp broke. Then slowly, the broken piece fell, hit the desk, and then shattered on its way to the floor. Meanwhile, the top globe teetered and fell when the bottom part came off and threw the lamp out of balance. Crash, again!

I cleaned it all up the best I could. I took down the fishing line and put Frenchy back in the suitcase. I swept all the glass into a dustpan and put it in a brown grocery bag. Even though I wasn't supposed to go outside the apartment, I quickly snuck across the hall and threw the bag away ... and I prayed that Mama Faye wouldn't notice until after I had gone home a couple days later.

**Continued on back**



## CELEBRATING THIS WEEK

### BIRTHDAYS

May 17 - Jerry McCoy

May 21 - Justin Allen  
Trish Baldwin  
Angie Smith

May 23 - Cooper Karnes  
Marietta Reams

### ANNIVERSARIES

May 22 - Jerry and Rosemary McCoy

## CHILDREN'S HOMES NEEDS

Cold Cereal \* Rubber Gloves \* All  
Fabric Bleach \* Aluminum Foil \*  
Non-aerosol Bathroom Cleaner \*  
Bottled Apple Juice

## FOOD PANTRY NEEDS

Cereal \* canned spaghetti sauce \*  
crackers \* canned vegetables  
*Monetary donations are appreciated.*

Attendance for May 10: 105  
Contribution for May 10: \$6341

## REMEMBER IN PRAYER

*"...I was sick and you visited me..." Matthew 25:36*

**Remember:** Pansy Zimmerman has been placed on at-home hospice care \* Vicki Peters, daughter of Don Jackson, was scheduled to be taken off life support Friday \* Michal Woods had surgery on her wrist Wednesday and is doing well \* Darrin Shipman had surgery Friday to repair a torn meniscus \* Cathy Provance's dad, Tom Provance, is having some issues \* Roxanne Carson had a brain scan Thursday and will have an MRI on her spine Monday \* Rita Burch is having some health issues \* Johnny Dauck, Stan's brother, is still testing positive for COVID 19 and is under a great deal of stress. He is unable to get the treatment he needs for the mass in his stomach \* Joy Greer had her esophagus stretched Wednesday. Additionally, the biopsy on her thyroid came back good \* Sharlette Watson \* Helen McGowan as she continues with dialysis treatment

**Continue praying for these members of our church family:** Louella Akers \* John David Barnett \* David Bureson \* Pam Claeys \* Billie Cooper \* Scott and Judy Flannery \* Sue Flowers \* Grant Howard \* Morris Karnes \* Darlene McGowan \* Helen McGowan \* Jeff McGowan \* Kevin Mickey \* Reba Owens \* Ida Roberts \* Gayle Rodgers \* Waynetta Rodgers \* Elwood Rush \* Jane Smith \* David Terrill \* Bettie Thurston \* Joy Watson \* Marty Watson \* Pansy Zimmerman

### Those dealing with cancer (non congregational) :

Kristi Altman \* Roxanne Carson (currently cancer free) \* Sherry Chambers \* Bill Fitzpatrick \* Kim Goins \* LeAnn Jacques \* Tommy Jacques \* Pam Jeralds \* Andy Kelley \* Connie Lemmons \* Annette Lumsden \* Phil McQuin \* Ponna Mahan \* Paula Mason \* Betty Nicholson \* Donnie Rawlings \* Gerald Robertson \* Deanna Rogers \* Tammy Telker \* Bobby Thornton

### Other health issues (non-congregational):

Megan Brenna \* DeeDee Burch \* Mary Burke \* Renee Goodman \* Clyde Jacques \* Lola Johnson \* Beckie King \* Nikki Lawrence \* Sonja Mays \* Alvin Miller \* Tom Provance \* Gene Rowland \* Traci Suiter \* Paige Tanner \* Rex Earnhart \*

For the time being, Amy will be in the office on Fridays from about 8:30 to 1 or 1:30 and will be available to assist you with getting communion supplies or dropping off your contribution. She will come to your vehicle if you would prefer not to leave it. Also, if you are in need of any other supplies please let us know and we will do our best to help fill that need.

## In Sympathy:

*Sympathy is extended to Gaye Miller in the loss of her half-sister, Carole Eubanks of Bono, Arkansas. Carole lost her battle with cancer May 13.*



## Continued from front:

When Mama Faye came back, she opened the door and glanced at the desk. She looked at me and said, "Phillip Dixon, did you throw anything while I was gone?" "No, ma'am, I promise I didn't throw anything. But, I was pushing Frenchy up one of my lines and he flew off and..." I began to cry. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry..."

"Well, let's see ... hmmm, looks like you got up most of the big pieces, but let me get out the vacuum and you can get the tiny pieces."

She did, and I did. And not another word was spoken about the pink lamp, ever, except that Mama Faye never got anything else to put in place of her prized pink lamp. The empty spot mocked my rambunctious clumsiness until she moved from that apartment to be near us in her last years with cancer.

The Most Precious Item of All: We have all messed up. Our failures tie us together. We've broken something precious, and often we are haunted by the reminders of our failures. Ignoring and pretending our disasters never happened doesn't work. Ignoring and pretending they never happened often makes things worse. Sometimes, the brokenness our failures have caused in others resurrect our past sins. We are simply not able to fix what we have broken, and the weight of that failure breaks something deep inside us.

Before Jesus returned to the Father, he met the apostle Peter and some of the other apostles on the beach of Lake Galilee (John 21:15-17). After a nice friendly dinner of fish, Jesus asked Peter a simple question three times. To put it in rambunctious boy terms, Jesus held a glue-streaked white stallion and dustpan filled with broken shards of a pink lamp in His nail scarred hands, and he asked, "Peter, do you love me?"

Jesus made Peter face the pain of his failure. Peter didn't realize what the Lord was doing until the third time that Jesus asked His question. I'm pretty sure he must have heard the rooster crow again that third time Jesus asked! He got the message and was sad. Then, Jesus re-affirmed Peter's value for ministry a third time, "Peter, be a shepherd to my people!"

Jesus can do what we cannot do. While we can forgive, only Jesus can purify us, make us whole, and give us a fresh start on a new life. He can make our broken white stallion statues whole and take the broken shards of our pink lamps and make them perfect and put them in their rightful places again. Sure, the devil will help us see the glue lines and the empty spot on the desk as reminders of failures, but the Lord will firmly remind us that we do not see clearly. If we own our mistakes and failures and bring them to Him, the Lord will mend us.

Phil Ware, [www.heartlight.com](http://www.heartlight.com)