



Women's Fellowship

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Thursday Morning Ladies Bible Class
10:00 -11:30 am.
Study is in Acts.

Ladies Hand & Foot Card Fellowship: 2nd & 4th Tuesday in the Fellowship Hall. Play begins at 1:00pm. Bring your favorite snack and join us for the fun

OutReach

Christ's Closet

Free Clothing for anyone in need.
Open Wednesdays 9:00 – Noon

Mountain States Children's Home

Remember to bring supplies for the children's home box. Bring Non-Perishable Items for the next few weeks.

Food Pantry

The pantry is located in the room left of the library. There are sacks in the pantry room if you or someone you know is in need of any of these items. Feel free to take what you need. If you have a donation for the pantry please put it on the table in the pantry room.

Peru Ministry

Support Oscar, Anna Maria, Queca and Tony Woods in their outreach in Peru.

Kennewick Church of Christ

3926 W. Kennewick Ave. Kennewick, WA 99336
509-783-4013

Website: www.kennewickcoc.com

Facebook page: Kennewick Church of Christ
Church Email: kencoc@gmail.com

Meeting times:

Sunday :
Sunday Bible Study 9:30 am
Sunday Morning Worship 10:30 am
Sunday Night Worship 6:00 pm

Wednesday:
Wednesday Night Bible Study 7:00 pm

Elders:

Clarence Botts: 509-521-3344; ccbotts@hotmail.com
LaVern Engelke: 509-783-6479; vern.engelke@gmail.com

Deacon:

Ken Merrick: 509-994-7813

Minister:

Dustin McCrickard 509-579-9068

Open Congregational meeting – 2nd and 4th Sunday at 5:00 pm. All are welcome.

October 02, 2016

Welcome to the Kennewick Church of Christ

Why does Man Exist?

Man exists, says the Bible, because God acted in love and created him for everlasting and loving union with Himself. The love of God for man is seen in God's creating him. God gave man life to be shared everlastingly with Himself. The life he gave man is not mere animal life. The existence bestowed on mankind is one of high honor and dignity. He is made in the image of God. What kindness; what generosity God shows here. We bestow our lavish gifts on those we love and seek to impress with our love. See how God wishes man to grasp his inexpressible love?

And God walked with man in the garden. Not only his Creator but his friend, who chooses to spend time with and extend fellowship to his creation. Here is warmth. Sometime later, despite the wickedness of mankind, God called on Moses to build a tabernacle because He wished to dwell among me. In the days of Solomon God ordered the building of a temple for the very same reason. Over these two structures was manifested the pillar of fire which spoke of the abiding presence of God among the people.

But none of this was enough so God (in the person of him we know as Jesus) came to "tabernacle" among men. Tokens of God's presence weren't enough so one of the members of the Godhead came personally to represent the entire Godhead (John 1:14). Nor was that enough, for when Jesus went back to heaven taking with him his personal and physical body he left another Body behind – the Church which is his body (Ephesians 1:22-23). And by his Spirit he dwells in the Church. But when in Acts 2:14 the spirit arrives from Christ, the "tongues like as fire" didn't dwell among them as a group but were parted and rested on each of them. God, by his Spirit, no longer dwelt "among" then but "in" them (John 14:17).

And why is the risen Lord dwelling in his Church, the Body of Christ? For the very same reason he took upon him a personal body – that he might dwell among the people. The Body does not exist for its own sake; it exists for the sake of others. Indeed, for all men – for God would have all men to be members of that Body of Christ (i.e. the saved community – Eph. 5:23). The Church, I repeat, doesn't exist simply for itself. It is the extension of the risen Lord so that he might move among the world's people and that they might know that the blessings of heaven are for them also, not just for some exclusive group. And the love of God for all mankind is seen in this: that God reaches out for the wicked as he moves throughout the earth in the new Body. God loves all mankind, not only the church.
~Jim McGuiggan (The God of the Towel, 1984)

Attendance 9/25 A.M. Worship: 90 / Budget: \$2000.00 / Contribution 9/25: \$3696.25



In our
Thoughts
And
Prayers

Doug Davis, Marilyn Farris, Gloria Ford, Marsha, Pam Fox's grandson, Canaco & Eli - dealing with cancer
Abigail Jones, Karen McBurney, Dustin Stecker, Doris Pennington, Betty VanVoorst, Logan Johnson, Bob Childers, Leroy Pierce – Health issues
Mary Beth Walker – Surgery went well and she is still recovering.

Laveda Brumfield, Marie Frolin, Don Jespersen, Lucy Larsen, Gloria Moore, Bruce Pennington, Mary Lewis, Don Powell - Homebound
Oscar & Ana Maria Castro in Peru
Hannah Minor – Studying abroad
Levi Toombs - in the U.S. military

Sin Scars the Soul

Even though sin may be forgiven, it still leaves its scar on your life. A man and his son were just completing the building of a new shop building and as they hung the new painted door they both remarked how clean and unmarred it looked.

The father challenged the son to use the barn door as a sort of record of his life and conduct. Each time the son did a wrong thing, he was to drive a nail into the door. When the wrong had been made right, he could pull one nail out of the door.

The son did this for several years. Sometimes there were many nails in the door. Finally, he said to his dad, "I can't help but see that even if I am able to pull all the nails, the nail-scar remains."

The father answered, "Yes, Son, that is the way of life."

We may correct all our wrongs, but the scar remains.

(38) For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, (39) nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8:38-39



1st Sunday Potluck (10/2)

After worship this morning. Come join us for a potluck meal and Christian fellowship.



2nd Saturday Men's Breakfast 8:30 am (10/14)

All the men are invited to come together for a time of devotion and fellowship



Birthdays/Anniversaries 9/25 – 10/2

Lola Fruehling 9/26
Jerret Hyndshaw 9/26
Gwen Merrick 9/28
Dylan Lathim 9/30

~ Hymns of Praise ~

Jesus Lover of My Soul

Charles Westley wrote this hymn at the age of 32. While there are several stories associated with the penning of this poem, this is the one that touched me most.

" Charles Westley was preaching in the fields of the parish of Killielee, County Down, Ireland, when he was attacked by a number of men who did not approve of his doctrines. He sought safety in a house located on what was known as the Island Sand farm. The farmer's wife, Jane Lowrie Moore, told him to hide in the milk house down in the garden. Soon the mob came, demanding the fugitive. She sought to quiet them by offering to get them refreshments. Going down to the milk house, she directed Mr. Westley to get through a rear window and hide under the hedge, by which ran a little brook. This he did, and it was while here, with the cries of his pursuers all about him, that he wrote his immortal hymn." (Famous Hymns of the World their Origin and their Romance, Allan Sutherland)

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, /While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high; /Hide me oh my Savior hide, till the storm of life is past;/safe into thy haven guide, o receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee;/Leave, ah, leave me not alone, still support and comfort me./All my trust on thee is stayed, all my help from Thee I bring;/Cover my defenseless head, with the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;/Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind./Just and holy is they name, I am all unrighteousness; /Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; /Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within. /Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee;/Spring Thou up within the heart, rise to all eternity.

Some years ago, a ship was being dashed to pieces on a lee shore. As she drew nearer in the thralldom of relentless breakers, and as the brief winter twilight faded into night, a few men could be dimly seen desperately clinging to the rigging. It was impossible for a small boat to live in such a sea, and there was no other human means of rendering aid. One by one the sailors hopelessly gave up the struggle that was beyond mortal endurance, and their bodies were cast upon the beach. It was thought that all had perished, when, in a momentary lull in the roar of the wind and the booming of the waters, a man's voice was heard, full of pleading, away off in the blackness, singing: "Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into thy haven guide, O receive my soul at last."

The watchers heard no more. The brave voice was stilled forever; the sailor had reached "his desired haven." Soon tender hands drew his storm-tossed body from the surf and the next day it was gently laid away under the trees in the nearby churchyard. On quiet Sabbath mornings, when the fisherfolk gather for their spiritual devotions, the story of the storm and the song is often repeated.