

January

E-vangel

SURRENDERED HEART. . . by Pastor Larry



It's worn like a badge of wisdom, the Show-Me State. Not to be deceived by slick talk are we Missourians. We want to see what you've got, not just hear your words.

Our state motto almost echoes the words of Psalm 119:32 (b). "I'll run the course you lay out for me if you'll just *show me* how." (The Message) There it is, our two word motto: show me. Almost the same. Almost, but for one word. One little three letter word—"how".

What's the difference, you say?

It's the difference between demanding and submitting, between proving and trusting, between reserved judgment and all out commitment. The motto requires proof without promise of acceptance. The Psalmist offers commitment and seeks direction.

It's really a matter of hearts. That one little three letter word reveals the heart. One is an independent heart; the other is a surrendered heart.

For believers the question is never so much one of show me as it is show me how, O Lord.



*In Honor of Elloise Shiveley
a Memorial Worship Service will be held on
Saturday, January 21, 2012, at 2:00 p.m.
followed by a family hour coffee in the Fellowship Hall.
In lieu of flowers, the family suggests contributions be made
to the Elloise Shiveley Memorial Missions Fund at DRC.*

Youth



UNITED

9:30 a.m. - 10:20 a.m.
Sunday mornings

Please come to the Youth Room and enjoy a snack.
Sunday Morning: 9:15 - 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening: 6:30 - 6:45 p.m.

The Way

All Youth 6th-12th grade
Wednesday Nights
6:45-8:15 pm



Game Night

Friday Night

January 6, 2012

7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

Cost: \$10

**or "free" if you bring a Nerf Dart Gun.
Bring a dessert.**

**We'll say "Goodbye" to
Josh and Sarah Amos
and help raise funds for youth camp.**

From Your Elders

All of a sudden it hit them. *They were expected to feed all of those people.* Thousands of them stretching across the hillsides like waves and they were hungry. It was getting late, too late to send them on their way home without food, but where were they going to get the food and more to the point—how would they pay for it?

He asked them, "What do you have?" "Just a few fish and a little bread," they answered. "Give it to me."

So they gave Him what they had. He blessed it and gave it back saying, "Start feeding the people." They did, and they had more than enough!

Two modern day instances of this have been seen at DRC as we ended 2011 and begin the New Year. First, there is the literal experience we've had with God multiplying the food as we have fed both the Wednesday Night Dinners and as we have distributed meals to residents at the American Inn. Then there is the matter of retiring the STR loan and catching up on some past due bills as we ended 2011.

Even as we rejoice in God's provision, we are challenged to learn: give Him what we have and do what He says. It's something we're trying to take with us throughout the New Year.

In Christ's love,
Your Elders





Wednesday Night Dinners
6:00 p.m. to 6:45 p.m.
(Suggested donation of \$2/person)



January 4	January 11	January 18	January 25
Biscuits and Gravy	Chicken Enchilada	Spaghetti	Hamburger Stroganoff
Hash Brown Casserole	Casserole	Salad	Green Beans
Fruit Salad	Salad	Applesauce	Fruit Salad
	Mixed Berries		

CHARLIE CHURCHMOUSE...from a corner



"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way..."

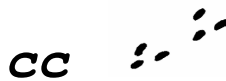
Oh, hi there. You just caught me doing one of my favorite things—singing about jingling bells. Yes, I know that most churchpeople think of one horse open sleighs when they think of jingle bells and also Christmas with joy to the world while all the faithful come. But, that’s churchpeople.

Churchmice think something entirely different when they think jingling bells. It all began long ago in a wee Scottish manse (the church-provided house where the pastor’s family lives) on the moors of the great Munro's. (Those are mountains of Scotland.) There in that otherwise warm and loving home was a dread monster—a yellow Tabby cat. Tabby was an assassin. For a churchmouse to come into his blood thirsty maw meant certain and hideous death for that poor churchmouse. He moved with silent pads across the floors of the manse and even in the church itself capturing untold numbers of our forefathers. It was hopeless for us all... until one wintry Christmas Eve when the hero of Scottish Churchmouse lore dared do the unthinkable. While Tabby was napping before the fireplace and the winds howled across the barren moors outside, Rob Roy McChurchmouse carefully hung a Christmas bell taken from the tree on Tabby’s collar!

O wonder of wonders! Now every move of Tabby was sounded by the jingling bell. Terrible Tabby never captured another unsuspecting churchmouse. We were saved! From that day forward all across the land, churchcats have been belled. Even the churchpeople were happy not to have their cats sneaking around the place. In honor of the daring do of Rob Roy McChurchmouse they hung a bell from the top of the church.

And that’s how the tradition of church bells began, children.
 Let the bells peal in the bright New Year!

Better be makin’ tracks,



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