BIRTHDAYS IN AUGUST

1

Eric Moore, Jr. Mary Day

2 22

Alliana Smith Jennifer Corcoran

Emily Ford

4

Gavin Moore 25

Marvin Holt

5

Treasure Moultry 26

Maggie Day

Jayden Jones

Jeremy LaGrone

28

13 Daniel Shoults

Mason Day

31

Rueben Smith

Julius Moultry

16 Silas Abersold



AUGUST 2023



UPCOMING EVENTS

August 2-4—Bridge Conference September 15-16—Ladies' Prayer Conference November 5—Daylight Savings Time Ends November 10-11—Dominion Conference November 23—Thanksgiving Day

MISSIONARY REPORT

Highlights from a recent newsletter from our missionaries

Luke & Samantha Campbell

Costa Rica—continues in revival!

8 souls baptized in Jesus name,
5 souls received the Holy Ghost.

Another Bible School has been
opened and there are 60 students
signed up. An Evangelistic Crusade
was held in an area where there is
currently no church and 5 new
ministers were approved.

Prayer Requests:

-More Partners in Missions, so we can go back to the field.

-Provision to raise our projects such as airfare, evangelism, language study and literature.

-Our parents. They are aging and we all need strength and wisdom as life progresses forward.

-Safe travels.



The Genesis of Man - By Timothy Hadden

Unseen activity setting into motion the synchronized processes of internal systems, he sucked in his first breath. Instantly, the diaphragm contracted downward and intercostal muscles began to contract, lifting the ribs, and allowing for the thoracic cavity to increase while relative pressure began to decease. Then, elastic lungs expanded in an involuntary instant, a reversal of the process begins as the lungs began to deflate, the ribs began to fall, and the gentle, hot expiration of air escaped through cavities on the face. This was Adam's first breath.

What of the other internal processes as the biological clock began? What of the pipeline that set into motion the servicing of one hundred trillion cells, carrying like little life rafts the essential buildings blocks of life to the members of the entire body? What was the first, hot pulsating sensation of blood as it filled veins, reacting to a pumping heart that shot a stream of liquid life down the massive, interconnected pathways of the circulatory system?

Did his legs wobble, fingers flex unwieldy, and his vision trot slowly into focus as the crude, first images of his surroundings began to process through the many intricate lens and nervous responses of his eyes? What point of reference did his mind have? Was he as bewildered as a newborn baby? Did the sounds, smells, and feelings of his environment completely assault him? The wet, rich smell of clay; the lingering aroma of dew; the subtle taste of unseen elements dancing across his tongue as billions of taste receptors shot messages to the brain, decoding the experiences without past, mental comparisons.

Did he hang there, suspended like a heavy doll, from the hands of the Potter? Was that his first, focused vision? Did he look into the ophanic eyes? Did spiritual awareness overtake him, perceiving the Creator and bliss, like nothing one could envision, encapsulate his every emotion? Was he carried or escorted through the bleak horizons of the field toward the Garden? What were his first few steps into paradise like? What emotions, sensations, and feelings fell over him as the sounds of water cut through the lush vegetation, accompanied by the chorus of an animal kingdom anticipating an encounter with Creation's caretaker?

What did God's voice sound like as it shattered through the overwhelming experience of what it was to be alive? Did God speak his name, since his name was nothing more than an indicator of where he had been dug out? Was it an impression more than an acoustic sound carried upon the unseen air? All we have been given are the words that served as functionary. "Adam, here is your purpose and your responsibility to this gift of life."

Did they take their first jaunt through the Garden together? Did Adam question God as an innocent child, "What's that Father?" pointing toward a tree burdened with heavy, delicious fruit. Did everything stand still in those moments of perfection and peace as God, Father of this fledgling image of Himself, began to impart the infinite wonders of the heavens and the earth? Only, in a sudden moment to come to stand before a beautiful tree, with luscious fruit, and suddenly hear the stern, yet kind, words of Father, "don't eat of this tree...dying you will die." Death? "What's death Father," Adam perhaps asked, eyebrows rising on his forehead, his innocent eyes sparkling with inquiry. And then, the aloneness. Yes, the uncanny, sheer weight of a realization that he was truly alone. Nothing, after interacting with each of Gods creation, seemed to fit his identity. Nothing seemed to "get him." Nothing seemed connect. Then, unaware of anything, perhaps rubbing his hand gently over his side, fingers falling smoothly over the impression of bones protecting unseen internal organs, he saw her. Did his unseen heart constrict, blood shooting out in short, constrained bursts as a heightened awareness unlike anything his short lifespan had produced began to smell her...see her...and then, community was born as two lonely people stood before one another...as the first human epiphany shot forth from his his dry mouth, "Bone of my bone...flesh of my flesh!"

This was only the beginning...this was the Genesis of Man. Unaware of pain. Unaware of sorrow. Unaware of anger. Unaware of failure. Unaware of hurt. Unaware of lies, treason, and wickedness soon to clutch the heart of his most beloved. He was unaware of the soon coming darkness that would choke the beauty. Unaware of the scorn of sin, the serpents entwined temptations, and the sting of bitter death. He was unaware also of a lamb slated for blame; slated for death. He was unaware of a wounded heel and a crushing blow. He was unaware of Calvary's proposal, heaven depressed upon bended knee. He was unaware of Creator's condescension; Creator's pain; Creator's sacrifice; and Creator's gain. His was a world without redemption but soon to be one whose future would rest upon Father's aid...

Then stepped I...a new creature, speaking with new tongue the utterances of Father's gift. I cried "Father," and he declared, "Son." And so it goes again...the Genesis of a Man...a journey anew...