



**Welcome. We are honored and blessed to have you worshiping with us today and we extend our warmest welcome. Our service is modeled after the New Testament pattern of worship. If you have questions or concerns please express them to us. We are all here to serve.**

**Please Pray For:**

# PRAYER

Zandra and family as she continues her treatments. Gloria's recovery. *changes things* Keisha's health. Rebecca Lyon's health. Lenard's health. Sylvia and her husband Patrick's health and well being. Wanda Contreras's health. Lorena's health and well being. Health and well being of Steve Eden and family (Lorena's brother-in-law). TC and family. Thom and Mary Elizabeth's well being. Health of Prince and family. Sister Lea's health. Donna's sister-in-law passed away in Detroit, pray for their family as they grieve. Health and well being of Henry and Kathy's son Paul, he is having surgery Nov. 23rd. Diana's recovery, also she will need additional surgery. Wanda Ford's father Munni.

**God's Plan to Save Mankind**

Hear the Word Romans 10:17  
Believe the Word Mark 16:15-16  
Repent of your sins Luke 13:3-5  
Confess His name Mat. 10:32-33  
Baptism 1 Peter 3:21  
Live Faithfully Revelation 2:10

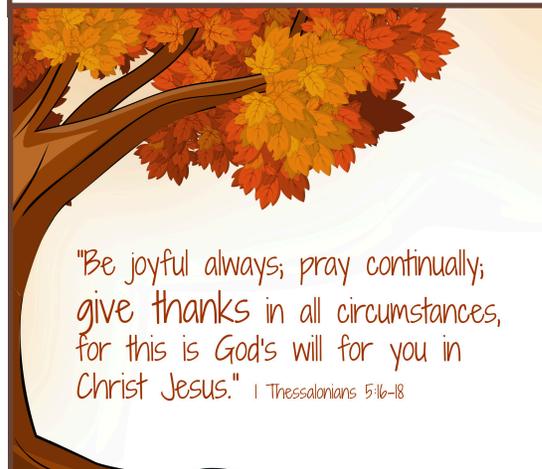
**Schedule Of Services**

Sunday Bible Class 10:00 AM  
Sunday Worship 11:00 AM  
Sunday Worship 2:00 PM  
Wednesday Bible Class 7:00 PM

**Song Leader - Mathew**  
**Prayer - Francisco**  
**Preaching - Stan**  
**Table Lead - Lenard**  
**Helper - Brandon**  
**Helper - Travis**  
**Announcements - Henry**  
**Prayer - Dan**

**Order of Services**

1. Singing
2. Opening Prayer
3. Singing
4. Preaching
5. Invitation Song
6. Communion Song
7. Communion
8. Song Before Offering
9. Offering
10. Announcements
11. Closing Song
12. Closing Prayer



## Overflowing with Thankfulness

I hate organ recitals. Not pipe organs, especially, but this kind:

"How are you today, Gladys?"

"Terrible, just terrible? Did I tell you about my gall bladder acting up?"

"Yes, Gladys."

She doesn't seem to acknowledge my, "Yes," but launches into a full-scale report on gall bladders around the world, and hers in particular. When she sees my eyes beginning to glaze over, Gladys falters for a moment. She knows she has to switch gears quickly to keep me from nodding off.

"And I have this terrible skin rash that drives me so crazy that I can't sleep at night."

I am trying hard to be polite. "Oh, I'm sorry."

I attempt to stop myself, but it is too late. The ill-fated word has crossed my lips — "sorry" — and now I have fed Gladys her first morsel of real food for the day. She seems to take new energy, and as she describes her itching, I begin to sense little crawling things in my scalp. I unconsciously reach up to scratch my head, but nothing gets by Gladys. Oh, that's the first sign." she begins.

You've met Gladys, haven't you? It might be a different name. Gladys goes under a number of aliases and dons many disguises. But it's the same complaining, self-centered woman.

Too often, however, I meet Gladys in me. I want people to sympathize with me, so when something is going wrong, — and when doesn't it? — I begin to complain. The 49ers are having a bad season. The morals of our nation are terrible. The election was depressing. My spouse is in a bad mood. It doesn't have to dwell on the interior plumbing

of a sick Gladys. Normal complaining comes all too easily to my lips.

So when I read Colossians 2:6-7 it hits home. The phrase, "overflowing with thankfulness," begins to repeat itself over and over in my mind.

"Overflowing" — "abounding," some translations say — brings the mental picture of the Thanksgiving cornucopia spilling out an abundant harvest blessing. Jesus said, "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaks." What is in my heart? Complaining? Selfishness? Pride? — or Thanksgiving?



Thanksgiving is the mark of a Christian, because thanksgiving points out and up while my complaining points only back to me and feeds my pride and dissatisfaction. Thanksgiving towards God and man fits the Great Commandment like a glove, to love God with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength, and to love my neighbor as myself. What better vehicle than thankfulness to express love?

The Pillsbury Doughboy® has that endearing quality that when you poke him he doesn't flare up but automatically responds with a friendly, perky, "Oh!" I want to be like him. Not so plump, mind you, but that full of friendliness. When someone pokes me I want my first instinct to be thankfulness rather than anger. I want people to find thankfulness oozing out of me. I want thanksgiving to mark my conversation and manner. I want to abound with it, be full of it. I want to overflow with thankfulness.

How about you?

Colossians 2:6-7 reads: "So then, just as you received Christ Jesus as Lord, continue to live in him, rooted and built up in him, strengthened in the faith as

you were taught, and overflowing with thankfulness" (NIV)

by Dr. Ralph F. Wilson

## An Attitude of Gratitude

A grateful heart sees each day as a gift. Thankful people focus less on what they lack and more on the privileges they have. I attended a banquet recently in which a wounded soldier was presented with the gift of a free house. He nearly fell over with gratitude. He bounded onto the stage with his one good leg and threw both arms around the presenter. "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" He hugged the guitar player in the band and the big woman on the front row. He thanked the waiter, the other soldiers, and then the presenter again. Before the night was over, he thanked me! And I didn't do anything.

Shouldn't we be equally grateful? Jesus is building a house for us (John 14:2). Our deed of ownership is every bit as certain as that of the soldier. What's more, Jesus cured our leprosy. Sin cankered our souls and benumbed our senses. Yet the Man on the path told us we were healed, and, lo and behold, we were!

The grateful heart is like a magnet sweeping over the day, collecting reasons for gratitude. A zillion diamonds sparkle against the velvet of your sky every night. Thank you, God. A miracle of muscles enables your eyes to read these words and your brain to process them. Thank you, God. Your lungs inhale and exhale eleven thousand liters of air every day. Your heart will beat about three billion times in your lifetime. Your brain is a veritable electric generator of power. Thank you, God. For the jam on our toast and the milk on our cereal. For the blanket that calms us and the joke that delights

us and the warm sun that reminds us of God's love. For the thousands of planes that did not crash today. For the men who didn't cheat on their wives, and the wives who didn't turn from their men, and the kids who, in spite of unspeakable pressure to dishonor their parents, decided not to do so. Thank you, Lord.



Gratitude gets us through the hard stuff. To reflect on your blessings is to rehearse God's accomplishments. To rehearse God's accomplishments is to discover his heart. To discover his heart is to discover not just good gifts but the Good Giver. Gratitude always leaves us looking at God and away from dread. It does to anxiety what the morning sun does to valley mist. It burns it up. Join the ranks of the 10 percent who give God a standing ovation. "Give thanks for everything to God the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Ephesians 5:20 NLT).

by Max Lucado

