



"WALKING A LIFE OF PASSION AND PURPOSE FOR JESUS CHRIST"

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Friends and **F**amily of **C**ross **W**alk,

February, for many, prompts thoughts of love. A Burt Bacharach song from my youth comes to mind — *"The look of love is in your eyes...the look your smile can't disguise. The look of love is saying so much more than just words could ever say. And what my heart has heard...well, it takes my breath away."*

Real love involves more than a look or words. It is more than a feeling or emotion. It involves an act of our will...an attitude such as what we find in Philippians 2:4-8 — ***"Each of you should look not only to your own interests, but also to the interests of others. Your attitude should be the same as that of Jesus Christ: Who being in very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped, but made Himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant, being made in human likeness. And being found in appearance as a man He humbled Himself and became obedient to death — even death on a cross!"***

Soren Kierkegaard shares a story that provides an analogy shedding light on what it means that Jesus took the very nature of a servant, *"being made in human likeness."* He begins: *"Suppose there was a king who loved a humble maiden. He was a great king and he could have whatever he wanted. Every statesman feared his wrath, every foreign state trembled before his power; they would have all sent ambassadors to his wedding."*

He realized that if he asked the courtiers they would say, 'Your majesty is about to confer a favor upon the maiden for which she can never be sufficiently grateful her whole life long.' That was the problem! Even if she wanted to come with him, he would never know for certain if she would have loved him for himself. So, he wrestled with his troubled thoughts alone.

Finally, he decided. If she would not come up to his high station and be sure to love him freely, he must descend to hers. And he must be stripped of his royal power and wealth, for only then would he know if his beloved loved him freely, as equals. So, he laid aside all his power and privileges, and came to her as her equal, to win her love."

Thank God for this supreme expression of His love for us. May we be examples of that love as we look to the interests of those, He places around us.

Your brother in the Christ, Kirk



Messages for the Month

FEBRUARY **03**, 2019– **Hebrews 10:32 - 39**
“Remembrance, Confidence and Perseverance”
4th Sunday after the Epiphany – **Communion**

FEBRUARY **10**, 2019 – **Luke 5:1 - 11** - “All In!” – 5th Sunday after the Epiphany

FEBRUARY **17**, 2019 – **Isaiah 41:8 - 13** - “His Righteous Right Hand” – 6th Sunday after the Epiphany

FEBRUARY **24**, 2019 – **Genesis 45:3 - 11** –
“God Intentions” - 7th Sunday after the Epiphany

Our Staff

Pastor: Kirk Werner

Music Director: Trey Lister

Class of 2019:

**John Carson, Courtney Scollard &
Maurice Briere**

Class of 2020:

**Carol Jordan, Jim Slyman &
Maurice Brier**

Class of 2021:

**John Morton, Matt Peterson &
Greg Waldrop**



BIRTHDAYS



Jim Odle – 1st

Jane Gracia – 5th

Jim Hazenfield - 8th

Jamie Webber – 14th

Kizer Rosa - 24th

Linda Odle - 24th

Alex Davis - 26th



Fred & Sandy May 14th

Clark & Christie Werner 17th

Steve & Brenda Clabo 22nd





Preschool Schedule



February 03: Dawn Briere & Brenda Clabo
February 10: Laine Donnell & Debbie Lutton
February 17: Carol Jordan & Mike Walkup
February 24: Dawn Briere & Matt Peterson

KIDS CROSSING

with **John Carson**



February 03: Travis Baker
February 10: Jeanne Cecil
February 17: Karin Morton
February 24: Irving Rosa



Thank You!



*Thank You for your wonderful generosity
in giving to the children at New Hopewell
Elementary School at Christmas.*

The school staff, teachers and parents were overwhelmed with your gifts and the children had a good Christmas. Many people said how wonderful it was.

Now, it is flu and virus time and there is a need for **disinfectant sprays**, **disinfectant wipes** and **tissues** for those runny noses.

New Hopewell is a low-income school and there are children who are unable to get to school on time and come without breakfast. The office needs easy breakfast foods like **breakfast bars** and **pop tarts**

type foods to give to these children to tide them over until lunch.

It is easy to help this school by picking up some of these items when you shop. Teachers and staff pay for these out of their own pockets. The school funds do not cover these items. They do not have to be name brand items and *your help would be greatly appreciated*. Please place them in the **blue tub** at the rear of the church. Thank you again, for your help.



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS:

CrossWalk Café



Our next Cafe' will be **February 3, 2019**. How about a little Italian flair to warm your heart and soul during this blustery winter season? Spaghetti, lasagna, tortellini, pastas of all kinds are welcome. Let your creative juices flow! Of course, we will also have salads and desserts. We hope you will join us for some great food and invigorating conversation!



THANK YOU...KUDOS...APPLAUSE!!!



The session would like to say **THANK YOU** to all families for your service on the **Refreshment Ministry Team**. When you join the church, you are assigned to this team, as we feel it is a ministry that all can participate in. You are paired with another family and given one month (every 1 1/2 – 2 years) to provide Sunday morning refreshments. Most teams take two weeks each; others share in the entire month. *It is up to you.* **Please remember that you are NOT responsible for providing breakfast for everyone.** This is just a light refreshment to have with coffee or juice. (Coffee is provided by the church.) *What the teams provide is their gift to the church in service to our Lord.* Be sure and show your gratitude... We are certainly grateful to each of you!!!

**The teams are posted on the bulletin board for the year and printed 3 months ahead in the newsletter, so that you can plan ahead.*

SUNDAY MORNING **Refreshment Schedule**

February 2019

Susan & Stan Fletcher 577-6099
Chelsea & Matt Peterson 356-2113

March 2019

Diana & Bill Hawk 577-5392
Laura & Rusty Spargo 850-2827

April 2019

Carol Jordan 573-8679
Laine Donnell 681-7117
Cathy Tolbert 274-0889



CrossWalk family, if you see a need to replenish coffee supplies such as coffee, hot/cold cups, paper towels, kitchen dish soap or men's/women's room supplies, **please let us know** by; (1) **noting what is needed on the bulletin board in the kitchen for refreshment supplies** and (2) **noting on the rest room listing in the rest rooms** so that supplies can be replenished **before they are completely out**. If you have questions, please contact *Judy Campbell* or *Sue Werner*. Thank you!



Family Promise

Building community, strengthening lives.

Family Promise 2019 Schedule

So that you can go ahead and get the dates on your calendars, the weeks that we will be supporting **First Baptist Knoxville** are as follows:

March 24-31
July 21-28
September 29-October 6
December 8-15



During our support week, we provide dinner at least one night and there are opportunities to be an overnight chaperone and to help with laundry at the end of the week.



Family Promise is always accepting gently used household items such as furniture, towels, kitchen items (plates, utensils, kitchen gadgets, etc.). So, think of them as you do your spring cleaning!!!

If you would like to be added to the Family Promise email list, please let **Courtney Scollard** know.

Thank you!



Winter Jam 2019

Thompson Bowling Arena
Friday, February 22
Night of Praise and Worship

Early Entry Ticket Holders (14). We will leave the church at **3:00 pm Friday, February 22nd**.

Purse requirements for Thompson Bowling Arena are **12" x 6" Clear bag** or **small wristlet size 4.5" x 6.5"**.

*If for some reason you are unable to meet the group at church for carpooling, please contact **Deb Banta** (928-699-7560)*

General admission is \$15.00 at door & doors open at 6:00 p.m.



Check out our website!

Have you checked out our website lately? It's a great way to introduce people to our church. Navigate through the site and see pictures of church events, a calendar of events, and the weekly messages are catalogued in the media section. This is a helpful tool in keeping informed and a good resource to refer to your friends. The web address is www.crosswalkepc.org.



CHURCH CLEANING COMMITTEE

Feb 07 – Feb 10 – Matt & Chelsea Peterson

Feb 14 – Feb 17 – Matt & Chelsea Peterson

Feb 21 – Feb 24 – John & Carolyn Carson



If you use the church during the week, please, be sure to take your trash with you when you leave – especially food waste.



PRESIDENTS DAY

February 18th



GEORGE WASHINGTON



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Daniel's Gloves

author unknown

I sat, with two friends, in the picture window of a quaint restaurant just off the corner of the town-square. The food and the company were both especially good that day.

As we talked, my attention was drawn outside, across the street. There, walking into town, was a man who appeared to be carrying all his worldly goods on his back. He was carrying, a well-worn sign that read, **'I will work for food.'** My heart sank.

I brought him to the attention of my friends and noticed that others around us had stopped eating to focus on him. Heads moved in a mixture of sadness and disbelief.

We continued with our meal, but his image lingered in my mind. We finished our meal and went our separate ways. I had errands to do and quickly set out to accomplish them. I glanced toward the town square, looking somewhat halfheartedly for the strange visitor. I was fearful, knowing that seeing him again would call some response. I drove through town and saw nothing of him. I made some purchases at a store and got back in my car.

Deep within me, the Spirit of God kept speaking to me: *'Don't go back to the office until you've at least driven once more around the square.'*

Then with some hesitancy, I headed back into town. As I turned the square's third corner, I saw him. He was standing on the steps of the church, going through his sack.

I stopped and looked; feeling both compelled to speak to him yet wanting to drive on. The empty parking space on the corner seemed to be a sign from God: an invitation to park. I pulled in, got out and approached the town's newest visitor.

'Looking for the pastor?' I asked.

'Not really,' he replied, 'just resting.'

'Have you eaten today?'

'Oh, I ate something early this morning.'

'Would you like to have lunch with me?'

'Do you have some work I could do for you?'

'No work,' I replied 'I commute here to work from the city, but I would like to take you to lunch.'

'Sure,' he replied with a smile.

As he began to gather his things, I asked some surface questions. 'Where you headed?'

'St. Louis '

'Where you from?'

'Oh, all over; mostly Florida.'

'How long you been walking?'

'Fourteen years,' came the reply.

I knew I had met someone unusual. We sat across from each other in the same restaurant I had left earlier. His face was weathered slightly beyond his 38 years. His eyes were dark yet clear, and he spoke with an eloquence and articulation that was startling. He removed his jacket to reveal a bright red T-shirt that said, 'Jesus is The Never Ending Story.'

Then Daniel's story began to unfold. He had seen rough times early in life. He'd made some wrong choices and reaped the consequences. Fourteen years earlier, while backpacking across the country, he had stopped on the beach in Daytona... He tried to hire on with some men who were putting up a large tent and some equipment. A concert, he thought.

He was hired, but the tent would not house a concert but revival services, and in those services, he saw life more clearly. He gave his life over to God.

'Nothing's been the same since,' he said, 'I felt the Lord telling me to keep walking, and so I did, some 14 years now.'

'Ever think of stopping?' I asked.

'Oh, once in a while, when it seems to get the best of me, but God has given me this calling. I give out Bibles. That's what's in my sack. I work to buy food and Bibles, and I give them out when His Spirit leads.'

I sat amazed. My homeless friend was not homeless. He was on a mission and lived this way by choice. The question burned inside for a moment and then I asked:

'What's it like?'

'What?'

'To walk into a town carrying all your things on your back and to show your sign?'

'Oh, it was humiliating at first. People would stare and make comments. Once someone tossed a piece of half-eaten bread and made a gesture that certainly didn't make me feel welcome. But then it became humbling to realize that God was using me to touch lives and change people's concepts of other folks like me.'

My concept was changing, too. We finished our dessert and gathered his things. Just outside the door, he paused. He turned to me and said, '**Come Ye blessed of my Father and inherit the kingdom I've prepared for you. For when I was hungry you gave me food, when I was thirsty you gave me drink, a stranger and you took me in.**'

I felt as if we were on holy ground. 'Could you use another Bible?' I asked. He said he preferred a certain translation. It traveled well and was not too heavy. It was also his personal favorite. 'I've read through it 14 times,' he said. 'I'm not sure we've got one of those, but let's stop by our church and see' I was able to find my new friend a Bible that would do well, and he seemed very grateful.

'Where are you headed from here?' I asked.

'Well, I found this little map on the back of this amusement park coupon.'

'Are you hoping to hire on there for a while?'

'No, I just figure I should go there. I figure someone under that star right there needs a Bible, so that's where I'm going next.'

He smiled, and the warmth of his spirit radiated the sincerity of his mission. I drove him back to the town-square where we'd met two hours earlier, and

as we drove, it started raining. We parked and unloaded his things.

'Would you sign my autograph book?' he asked... 'I like to keep messages from folks I meet.'

I wrote in his little book that his commitment to his calling had touched my life. I encouraged him to stay strong. And I left him with a verse of scripture from Jeremiah, '**I know the plans I have for you, declared the Lord, 'plans to prosper you and not to harm you; Plans to give you a future and a hope.'**

'Thanks, man,' he said. 'I know we just met and we're really just strangers, but I love you.'

'I know,' I said, 'I love you, too.'

'The Lord is good!'

'Yes, He is. How long has it been since someone hugged you?' I asked.

A long time,' he replied.

And so on the busy street corner in the drizzling rain, my new friend and I embraced, and I felt deep inside that I had been changed. He put his things on his back, smiled his winning smile and said, '**See you in the New Jerusalem.**'

'I'll be there!' was my reply.

He began his journey again. He headed away with his sign dangling from his bedroll and pack of Bibles. He stopped, turned and said, '**When you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?**'

'You bet,' I shouted back, 'God bless.'

'God bless.' And that was the last I saw of him.

Late that evening as I left my office, the wind blew strong. The cold front had settled hard upon the town. I bundled up and hurried to my car. As I sat back and reached for the emergency brake, I saw them.... a pair of well-worn brown work gloves neatly laid over the length of the handle. I picked them up and thought of my friend and wondered if his hands would stay warm that night without them. Then I remembered his words: '**If you see something that makes you think of me; will you pray for me?**'

Today his gloves lie on my desk in my office. They help me to see the world and its people in a new way, and they help me remember those two hours with my unique friend and to pray for his ministry. 'See you in the New Jerusalem,' he said. Yes,

Daniel, I know I will.

'I shall pass this way but once. Therefore, any good that I can do or any kindness that I can show, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again.'



A little girl wanted to know what the United States looked like. Her Dad tore a map of the USA from a magazine and then cut it into small pieces. He told her to go to her room and see if she can put it together.

After some minutes she returned and handed the map correctly fitted and taped together. The dad was surprised and asked how she had finished so quickly. She said on the other side was a picture of Jesus and when I put him back then our country just came together!



achristiansjourney

We love
because
He first
loved us.

1 John 4:19

