

Disciples Christian Church

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST

- Anticipation!
- Young at Heart
- I Remember Church when...
- Thank you from the Hursts

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Anticipation!!!

October!

Oct. 6th First Sunday Fellowship (Host Needed)
Oct. 17th Young at Heart (Host Needed)

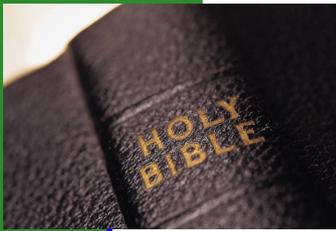
November!

Nov. 3rd All Saints
First Sunday Fellowship (Host Needed)
Nov. 24th Thanksgiving Sunday Luncheon
Nov. 30th Christmas Concert with Acts II
No Young at Heart

December!

Dec. 1st First Sunday Fellowship – Golsans Hosting
Dec. 19th Young at Heart Christmas Party at Clancy's
home
Dec. 22nd Christmas Brunch (subject to change)
Dec. 24th Christmas Eve Service at 6:00pm

Transitions is being re-scheduled to start in January of 2020!



September 15, 2019

Hebrew Reading: Jeremiah 18: 1-11

New Testament Reading: Luke 14: 25-33

Sermon: "Handmade in Wonder"

September 22, 2019

Hebrew Reading: Psalm 14

New Testament Reading: 1 Timothy 1 12-17

Sermon: "Who Knows?"

September 29, 2019

Hebrew Reading: Psalm 91: 1-6, 14-16

New Testament Reading: 1 Timothy 6: 65-19

Sermon: "Dwelling in the Light"



September Young at Heart

This month's dinner has been cancelled.

Trust

I will satisfy your needs in a sun-scorched land and will strengthen your frame. I have perfect knowledge of your body's condition. *Your frame was not hidden from me when you were made in secret.* I handcrafted you Myself; you are *fearfully and wonderfully made!*

I am the Gardener, and you are My garden. Even when you are enduring sun-scorching trials I can *satisfy your needs* and keep you *well watered, like a spring whose waters never fail.* To receive My unfailing provisions, you need to trust me and thank Me – no matter what.

BE UPLIFTED

From "Jesus Lives" by Lucinda Secrest McDowell



"We should try to live in such a way that if the Gospels were lost, they could be re-written by looking at us."

~ Metropolitan Anthony of Sourozh

Prayer Requests

- Continued prayers of healing for Gary Boyd.
- Continued prayers of healing for Nancy Bertschi.
- Continued prayers of healing for Jeff Hurst.
- Continued prayers of healing for Pastor Dee.

The prayer requests in *The Link* each week are recent updates. A list of ongoing prayer requests appears in our worship bulletin each **Sunday**.

I Remember Church when...

I remember going to church as a little girl. Sunday mornings started with mom making pancakes that we would smother with melted butter and warm syrup. In the spring and summer there might be fresh blueberries or strawberries added. After breakfast would come the farce of trying to force curls into my straight hair, finally giving up and putting in a pretty barrette or headband, getting dressed in my freshly ironed Sunday dress, polished shoes with either ruffled socks or tights. My brother would be arguing about having to wear a tie, my mom would be in her best outfit and my dad would have on a suit. When we got to the church, my brother and I would be taken to our Sunday school classroom and parents would disappear into the vastness of Church. Miss teacher (always a female) would hand out our coloring pages (always Old Testament it seems unless it was Christmas or Easter), we would have a snack after reciting grace; “God is Great, God is good, and we thank Him for our food, Amen”. We would have been told to place our hands together in whatever was deemed the appropriate praying manner, to lower our heads and close our eyes. After eating and before play a little box would be passed around for whatever charity was of the moment. Maybe the starving children in Africa, or the poor little children in China, or the forgotten children in Cambodia...it was always for children who were not as lucky as us and we would be told it was our Christian duty to help them. Our shiny nickels, dimes or quarters would disappear into that box and then it would be time to play. Christ was my friend and God loved me. After parents picked us up, we would go home and eat a rather large lunch, then do chores or play. That is what I remember about Church as a little girl.

I remember going to church as a pre-teen. Sunday mornings still started with pancakes, but the attempts to put curl into my hair had been given up (except for the horrible year of the perm) and it was left up to me how I wanted to look....unless my mother changed my mind for me. Sunday school had changed. Now I was in youth choir and we would spend the first part of the service with the adults hearing about Christ and God and the Holy Spirit, listen to some talk about whatever was the subject while a friend and I passed notes back and forth, and then watch the adults go forward for communion. Then we would sing and be released to go to our classroom. We no longer brought forth our shiny money to give to the poor unfortunate children of the world, but would be asked questions about what the church could do to help the poor unfortunates that lived around us. For some of us, the idea that there were unfortunate people living near us was a revelation, and slightly scary. We would talk, flirt a bit, laugh and then it would be time to go home to chores or play. That is what I remember about Church as a young girl.

I remember going to church as a teenager. Sunday mornings no longer started with pancakes and my parents no longer attended church with me. I went with my friends, sang in the choir, flirted

with the boys and giggled my way through service. By this time, I was accepting communion, giving my dollar to the good of the Church and sitting with the adults all the way through the service. All. The. Way. Through. Church was boring, repetitious and except for when we sang, I easily could have slept through it. Sunday nights however were for Youth Fellowship. We had a youth pastor with a beard who wore flip flops and played the guitar. It was all very cool. We did ministry such as helping people with their yards, went on mission trips (to Disney), and Christ and God were somewhat different. Closer, yet farther away at the same time. That is what I remember about church as a teenager.

I remember going to church as an adult. Sunday mornings were way too busy to make pancakes. It was hard enough to wrestle 3 boys into half way clean clothes and keep them that way until they could be dropped off at their Sunday school class. Then I could go to whatever group I was working with; Stephen Ministry, Ushers, Alter Prep or whatever else I did. I no longer was with a choir as at church as an adult I would have had to audition. No chance of that happening. I would do whatever I did and then sit and rest for the two hours of service. If called upon to do so, I would help with communion, maybe read scripture or pass the plates for offering. At this time in my life, Christ was distant and I wasn't at all sure God cared all that much about me when there was so much other pain and misery in the world. When I got sick, my church left me alone, totally alone. It seemed that if I wasn't able to be active, if I didn't have kids at this time to fill a classroom, I was nothing. I felt abandoned and hurt. This is what I remember about church as a mother and adult.

I remember going back to church as an older adult. I did not want to go, but something pulled/pushed/dragged me to go. And it was different. It was warmth and welcome, acceptance and appreciation for who I was right then and there; the me that was in that moment and the me that had been a child, a girl, a teen, a mother, and who had made mistakes in life. Christ suddenly was close and within and God was holding me. Church was home. For all of the times that I had thought I knew what church was, I now knew church could be more, needed to be more. And so my heart opened, God spoke and now Sunday is different. This I remember.

Church now is work and joy, comfort and discomfort, hard and totally worthwhile. Now I come to Sundays not as a passive or active participant but as a leader hoping to bring the full meaning of what church can and should be to you. I come hoping to give the Word of God as God would have me give it and to reach and touch those whom God would have reached. Church now is fun, funny, laughable, loving, unwavering support, compassion and awe inspiring. Church is home, family, all and more. This is how I will always remember Church

What is church to you? What makes it special, annoying, heartwarming or heartbreaking, joyful and right? What keeps you coming?. I would love to hear your stories about how you remember church as a child, teen, adult and now. Will you share? How do you remember church?

Dear DCC Family,

For almost thirty-three years we have been members of Disciples Christian Church. During that time we have been loved and supported through the events all families experience; child raising, job changes, illness, loss of parents, baptisms, weddings, and funerals.

On August 18, 2019 this congregation hosted the most amazing celebration of love and support for Adam's Animals! The church was cleaned, polished, repaired, painted and decorated to look absolutely beautiful. Days of preparation went into food planning, shopping, chopping, mixing, and assembling. The presentation was fabulous and delicious.

The music was perfect. The services during worship and in fellowship hall were entertaining and meaningful. The attention to detail in the programs, the gorgeous table covers, table set up, and displays were fantastic.

The 860 stuffed animals collected looked amazing when we walked into fellowship hall. The \$830 donated at the event will buy many animals that will touch so many children!

This entire church came together to celebrate in style the 75,000 stuffed animals that have been delivered to children in area hospitals in the last twenty years. Thank you to each of you who worked so hard in so many ways to make this event so very special. As always happens at DCC, this event was a God thing! God Bless you all.

Love, Jeff and Gena

- It's strange how twenty dollars seems like such a large amount when you donate it to church, but such a small amount when you go shopping.
- It's strange how 2 hours seem so long when you're at church, and how short they seem when you're watching a good movie.
- It's strange that you can't find words to say when you're praying, but you have no trouble thinking what to talk about with a friend.
- It's strange how difficult it is to read one chapter of the Bible, but how easy it is to read a popular novel.
- It's strange how everyone wants front-row-tickets to concerts, but they want to sit in the last row at Church.
- It's strange how we need to know about an event for Church 2-3 weeks before the day so we can include it in our agenda, but we can adjust it for other events in the last minute?
- It's strange how difficult it is to learn a fact about God and share it with others, but it's easy to repeat gossip.
- It's strange how we believe everything that magazines and newspapers say, but we question the words in the Bible?

Food Pantry

For the month of September, let's bring condiments, small containers of Ketchup, Mayo, and Mustard. And again, thank you for your continued support of this ministry. Nancy B.



COOL BEANS YOGA: every Tuesday and Thursday from 6-7 pm

We are a fairly athletic yoga group who practice integrating the body, mind, and breath. We have many different levels in the class and everyone modifies as they need; no experience is needed and everyone is welcome!

We try very hard never to cancel so when the instructor is away, members of the class participate in leading.



In order to follow Jesus and worship God: We will live and tell the good news of Jesus Christ in all we do; we will serve our neighbors; and we will minister to our fellow Christians.

Disciples Christian Church

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