

<u>November Birthdays</u>		<u>November Anniversaries</u>	
3	Ian Stewart		
13	Len Gates		
19	Martha Kelly		
20	Elias Davis		
22	Valor Olguin		
24	Marybeth Ward		

Mission Work Areas

Quito, Ecuador
Mazatlán, Mexico
Reitoca & San Carlos, Honduras

New Prayer Requests

Dale Crain – Cancer free but struggling with some neuropathy in his hands. Fran – will be having her procedure on her back this week.
Terry & Brenda Crain – house was hit by the hurricane. Tore their roof off and did other damage. They are okay.
Polly Atha – taking a new medication. Her doctor believes it could put her in remission.
Teclia Cunningham – Had additional coils and a stint following her check up
Carroll Fulton (Larry's Brother) – Doing better but still needs prayers
Heather Cramer (Gene & Judeen's daughter) – Dealing with a lot of stress and some heart issues
Gwynn Bulmer – Breast cancer has returned – recovering from a mastectomy.
Meagan Cavasos – Doctor found a nodule on her thyroid. Biopsy is scheduled, but it is putting pressure on her vagus nerve causing fainting.

Long Term Prayer List

Ron Hansen	Richard Pedrie
Jeri Obias (Colleen's sister)	Jan Paddock
Lauren Stewart	Steve Iverson (friend of Petersens)
Ian Stewart	Lynn Fyke (Cancer)
Julie Wilson (Rosie's Sister)	Martha Kelly
Norma Bartlow	Marilyn Bartlow
Greg Pyle	Wayne Bartlow
Dean Strub	Sandy Cavasos
Beulah Hardesty (Linda Reader's Mom)	Bonnie Clark (Linda Reader's sister)

<u>November 25, 2018</u>		
Greeters:	Terry Reader	Ken Davis
Announcements:	Gary Campbell	
Song Leader:	Terry Reader	
Opening Prayer:	Dan Greene	
Closing Prayer:	Larry Fulton	
Lord's Table:	Len Gates	Frank Smith
	Gene Petersen	Kelly Beek
Coordinator:	Stacey Moss	

Elders

Stanten Sikes (719) 395-8689
Ian Stewart (720) 878-2919
Terry Reader (719) 486-3147

Deacons

Wayne Bartlow (719) 395-2520
Gary Campbell (719) 395-0589
Pete Miller (719) 221-0162
Stacey Moss (719) 395-9294
Ken Davis (719) 748-8654
Kelly Beek (719) 342-5856
Larry Fulton (719) 398-9986



When you visit us...

November 18, 2018

You can expect to find your friendly neighbor, assembled to worship God the Father, and proclaim the love and grace He has given to us; and remember Jesus, the Christ, our example—our Savior. We will strive always to provoke love and good deeds of one another.

As in the 1st Century New Testament Church, our worship to God is simple - without mankind's rituals. You will find a wholesome respect for the Word of God as inspired by the Holy Spirit. We study only the Holy Scriptures—no human creeds will be used by us.

In addition to the worship of our Creator, we strive to fulfill our Savior's stated plan for us by sharing His Gospel message with this community and throughout the world.

Sermons every Sunday will be based wholly upon the Word of God. They will be Christ - centered and Biblically based so we can develop a deepening relationship with God through our understanding and personal involvement with Him and His truth in our everyday life.

Pulpit Minister—Stanten Sikes

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Sunday

10:00 amBible Class
11:00 am.....Assembly
Noon.....Fellowship Meal
1:30 pm.....Devotional

Wednesday

7:00 pm.....Devotional
or Bible Class

If you have bulletin information or updates, please send them to Terry or Linda Reader

- Terry's email tldr1960@yahoo.com
- Linda's email Lntreader@q.com

You Never Know

Consumed by my loss, I didn't notice the hardness of the pew where I sat. I was at the funeral of my dearest friend, my mother. She finally had lost her long battle with cancer. The hurt was so intense; I found it hard to breathe at times. Always supportive, Mother clapped loudest at my school plays, held box of tissues while listening to my first heartbreak, comforted me at my father's death, encouraged me in college, and prayed for me my entire life.

When mother's illness was diagnosed, my sister had a new baby and my brother had recently married his childhood sweetheart, so it fell on me, the 27-year-old middle child without entanglements, to take care of her. I counted it an honor. What now, Lord? I asked sitting in church. My life stretched out before me as an empty abyss. My brother sat stoically while clutching his wife's hand. My sister sat slumped against her husband's shoulder, his arms around her as she cradled their child.

All so deeply grieving, no one noticed I sat alone. My place had been with our mother, preparing her meals, helping her walk, taking her to the doctor, seeing to her medication, reading the Bible together. Now she was with the Lord. My work was finished, and I was alone. I heard a door open and slam shut at the back of the church. Quick footsteps hurried along the carpeted floor. An exasperated young man looked around briefly and then sat next to me. He folded his hands and placed them on his lap. His eyes were brimming with tears. He began to sniffle. I'm late, he explained, though no explanation was necessary.

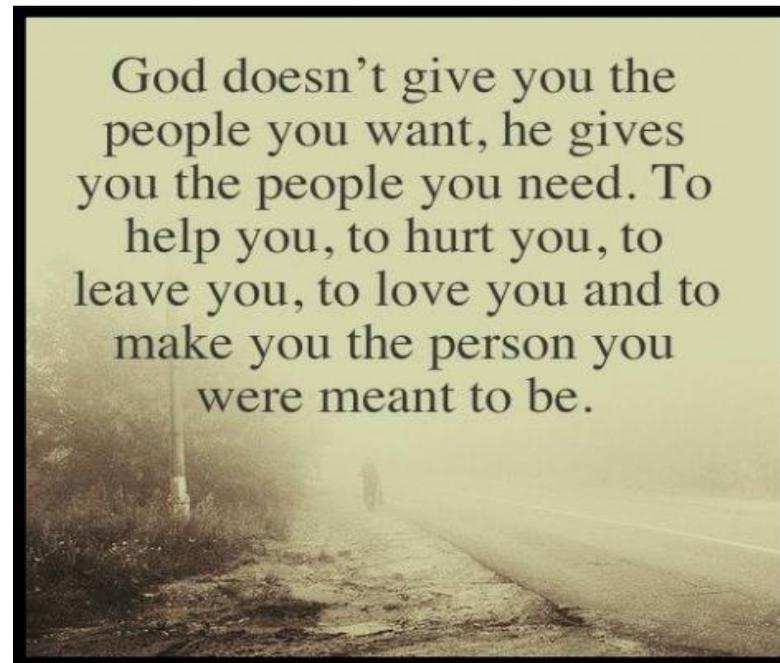
After several eulogies, he leaned over and commented. Why do they keep calling Mary by the name of Margaret? Because, that was her name, Margaret, never Mary. No one called her Mary, I whispered. I wondered why this person couldn't have sat on the other side of the church He interrupted my grieving with his tears and fidgeting. Who was this stranger anyway? No, that isn't correct, he insisted, as several people glanced over at us whispering, Her name is Mary, Mary Peters. That isn't who this is. Isn't this the Lutheran church? No, the Lutheran church is across the street. Oh. I believe you're at the wrong funeral, Sir.

The solemnness of the occasion mixed with the realization of the man's mistake bubbled up inside me and came out as laughter. I

cupped my hands over my face, hoping it would be interpreted as sobs. The creaking pew gave me away. Sharp looks from other mourners only made the situation seem more hilarious. I peeked at the bewildered, misguided man seated beside me. He was laughing; too, as he glanced around, deciding it was too late for an uneventful exit. I imagined Mother laughing. At the final Amen, we darted out a door and into the parking lot. I do believe we'll be the talk of the town, he smiled. He said his name was Rick and since he had missed his aunt's funeral, asked me out for a cup of coffee.

That afternoon began a lifelong journey for me with this man who attended the wrong funeral, but was in the right place. A year after our meeting, we were married at a country church where he was the assistant pastor. This time we both arrived at the same church, right on time. In my time of sorrow, God gave me laughter. In place of loneliness, God gave me love. This past June, we celebrated our twenty-second wedding anniversary. Whenever anyone asks us how we met, Rick tells them, "Her mother and my Aunt Mary introduced us, and it's truly a match made in heaven."

Author Unknown



Genesis 2:20-24

²⁰...for Adam there was not found a helper suitable for him. ²¹ So the LORD God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; then He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh at that place. ²² The LORD God fashioned into a woman the rib which He had taken from the man, and brought her to the man. ²³ The man said, "This is now bone of my bones, And flesh of my flesh; She shall be called Woman, Because she was taken out of Man." ²⁴ For this reason a man shall leave his father and his mother, and be joined to his wife; and they shall become one flesh



For your calendar.....

Sunday, November 18 After lunch	Annual Turkey Shoot
Wednesday, Dec. 19 - 7:00 PM	Santa's Visit