



Kelham Korner

KELHAM BAPTIST CHURCH
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Wednesday, April 17, 2024

Prayer God Is Faithful

Newer Requests

Brother-in-law of Connie Adams, Donald—heart
Connie Adams's sister Joy—home, continued rehab
Connie Adams's nephew Matthew, stage-four kidney
disease

Margaret Keillor, wife of pastor's friend Steve Keillor—
terminal cancer diagnosed. Pray for her family.

Gary Goree—vision in good eye—no improvement

Bereavement—family of Betty (BJ) Hendricks

Mike Bellamy (Bill Long's nephew)—cancer

Brady Hurd—nephew of Julia Huntley, stage 4 cancer

Christian (friend of Tom & Bette Fehrle)—cancer

Sam Castleberry—strength

Allen Cloud—recuperation /health

Justine Hoel—strength

Amy Valentine—breast cancer—lymph nodes

Sawyer Vincent—Danny and Tina's grandson

Ongoing Prayer Needs

Wanda Hixon's sister, health—assisted living

Beverly Beardain—health

Quinn Bradley—grandson of Larry and Lana Bradley

Bette Fehrle—health

Walter Goddard—strength

Glenn and Kathy Goddard

Mark Handley's son & his brother, Tracy

Mitzi and Roger Hembree—health

Danny Imhoff—health

Becca Rocco's sister-in-law, Kathy Ketter

President/Congress/Leaders/Courts

Persecuted Christians worldwide

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM Military

Pastor's nephew; Heather McEver; Floyd Howard's
grandson (thanksgiving—home from Africa)

Our Homebound

Lloyd and Joan Dickerson (Burlison, TX)

Billye Murrell (assisted living, Texas)

Donna Shick, Carol Kimberlin's mother

(Grace Living Center, Bethany)

Justine Hoel (Bellevue, Room 446A)

Our College Students

Madi Montgomery—Wichita State University

Donavon Pietzsch—North Texas State University

Makenna Vess—Oklahoma Baptist University

For addresses and phone numbers call the office.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a
righteous man availeth much" (James 5:13)

April Birthdays

29 Shirley McEver

Kristi Miks



Fill a Baby Bottle
for Hope Crisis Pregnancy
Center.

Take a bottle and fill it with loose
change.



The bamboo extends
the length of the
property—from front
to back. It, along with
a ditch, was originally
a barrier for an
orange grove on the
other side, but the
ditch filled in and the
orange trees died out
long ago.



Stewardship for Morning	4/14/2024
Budget Receipts:	\$2,393.00
Weekly Budget Required:	\$3,773.56
Over/Under:	\$1,380.56
T.A.B.:	\$20.00
Love Offering (Hendricks):	\$1,230.00

Guess What!

The pictures below and to the left are of
the home Connie's dad left to her.
The top photo is the *before*—before the
new metal roof and paint. (I powerwashd
last year.) The photo beneath that is
after. The *after* picture was taken
from inside the hedge at the front.

The picture on the bottom is the
path to the lean-to on the back of
the property that Connie's dad built
for working on his car. That is
bamboo leaning over the path.
Bamboo is almost impossible to
remove because it spreads
through rhizomes under the
ground.

When you burn bamboo, it is
highly explosive because of the
air trapped between the joints.
Ask Dale Allen about his experi-
ments.

This Ole House

Some time after Connie's dad died, her oldest brother informed her that her dad had left his house, the home in which she was raised, to her. Connie's dad had deeded the house to his son prior to his second marriage, retaining a "life estate" interest. Connie's brother, following her dad's wishes, deeded the home to Connie with her dad's widow retaining a life estate interest. In Florida, a life estate entitles the individual to live in the home and use it until his or her death. We were unaware of what Connie's dad had done until his widow gave up the life estate about a year before she died. Connie's brother expressed to her that her dad always wanted her to have a place in Florida. All her brothers and sisters remained in Florida within a short driving distance. His thoughtfulness moved us both to tears. To both of us, that "old house" feels like home—to her because she grew up there until I married her prior to her twenty-first birthday; to me because it had always been a refuge in the years we have lived away. My mother's home was a refuge only because my mother lived there since 1968; so it had few independent memories for me.

Since the house has been ours, we have had the normal concerns of taxes and utilities, but almost a decade ago, a tree fell on the roof on the front room and damaged the roof. A nephew tarped the area but two years ago told us that it was leaking. We had been unable to go to Florida for almost seven years; so we had no idea. A brother-in-law kept the yard mowed, and periodically, one of Connie's sisters would check on the house. A year ago, I unsuccessfully attempted a roof repair to prevent further damage inside. When we vacationed in August of 2023, we tried to arrange to have the roof replaced while we were there, but the roofer was too busy. We renovated and repaired, filling a 30-yard dumpster with accumulated things. The roofer finished in February of this year; so our trip the end of March was to check the work and do other things that needed attending.

The house was built in 1948 as a simple rectangular concrete block house, and Connie's dad, a purchasing agent for the local electric co-op worked on expanding the house as he had time and money, doing the work himself and learning as he went. The evidence remains where he opened up block walls to add an indoor bathroom and kitchen and additional bedrooms and living areas. I have often sat in the house or yard and wondered how the man lived to 90 and where he found the time and energy to do all the work he did. (He also built a large workshop and studio in the back yard. He was an amateur artist and photographer and built his own darkroom.) My dream is to transform that into additional living space, adding a second bathroom. I have also wondered at his ingenious solutions or fixes with the limited time and money he had. It's not a perfect house by any means. It's not modern—it has no central heat or air. There are electrical issues. I need to address those. Windows need replacing. That said, it feels like home. But I am always reminded; it's not my ultimate home.

As I was looking at the before and after pictures this morning—a nephew painted the house after the roof was finished—I was reminded of Stuart Hamblen's gospel song, "This Ole House." Hamblen wrote the song after a hunting trip with actor John Wayne. They came across a shack in the mountains and found a dead man with his dog, still guarding him. Hamblen, who became a Christian at a Billy Graham crusade in 1949 after a high-profile career that spiraled into chaos, saw a parable in the old house. The lyrics are powerful:

*Well, this ole house once knew my children,
This house once knew my wife,
This ole house was home and comfort
As we fought the storms of life.
This ole house once rang with laughter,
This ole house heard many shouts,
But now trembles in the darkness
When the lightnin' walks about.*

*Now my old hound dog lies a-sleepin'
He don't know I'm gonna leave
Else he'd wake up by the fireplace
And he'd howl and moan and grieve
But my huntin' days are over
Ain't a-gonna hunt the coon no more
Gabriel just brought in my chariot
When the wind blew down the door.*

Chorus

*Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer,
Ain't a-gonna need this house no more.
Ain't got time to fix the shingles.
Ain't got time to fix the floor.
Ain't got time to oil the hinges.
Nor to mingle the window panes.
Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer
I'm a-gettin' ready to meet the saints.*

No matter how nice our earthly dwellings might be, they are never permanent. Paul explained, "For we know that if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5:1). Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14:2-3). That's my ultimate home. I love Florida and I love the house and property we have there, but those are but a dim reflection of the home I have waiting for me in heaven, not because of what I have done but because of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. I pray that that is your hope, too.

Brother Gary

