

# A Publication of the Port Orchard Church of Christ

May 15, 2022

## Cheyenne

"Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving."

My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt.

Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts.... dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing.

At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders.

Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind.

But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain.

Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article..."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me.

I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons: too big, too small, too much hair.

As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed.

Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in, I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?"

"Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house, I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly.

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog, I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw...

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends.

Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night.

Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favorite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it."

"I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article... Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter... his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father... and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live while you are alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second chance.

And if you don't send this to anyone -- no one will know. But do share this with someone. Lost time can never be found. God answers our prayers in His time... not ours.

God doesn't give us what we can handle, He helps us handle (stands with us, and gets us thru) what we are given. In other words, God's Grace keeps pace with what we Face!! - 2 Corinthians 12:9

- Pepper Romo

# Our Prayer List

- Roger Taylor's sister Kathy has an infection that has caused her to be hospitalized since Friday. It is a recurring infection and the family is in need of prayers.
- Karen's friend Virginia is having shoulder surgery tomorrow. Karen would like prayers for her and the medical team.
- Praise that Nancy Armenta went through her kidney surgery successfully. She is resting at home. Praise for a good report back and for her recovery.
- Praise the Greers are back from a great vacation with family in Texas.
- Cindiann Bradburn is requesting prayers because they need to find a new RV park to live in. They can no longer afford to stay in the current RV park.
- Please continue prayers for Tony DelBarto who was unable to have his procedure done on Friday due to low oxygen levels.
- Pray for the Fry families who are gathering this week for Linda's memorial service. Pray for safe flights for those who are traveling there and also for their safe return.
- Laura Fry is asking for prayers for the Prescott Arizona area where wildfires are burning. Pray for Lisa and Daniel's safety.
- Pray for Jason Hall who is currently struggling with past life experiences. His heart is hardened toward Christianity. Pray for Jason to be open and receptive to any encouragement.
- We received through our website a prayer request from Chrissy Howard who is asking for prayers for God to help them with their finances.
- Pray for Bonnie's neighbor Theresa who has come down with Covid.
- Lift up James Sneed who has tested positive for Covid. Pray for Laura Fry and Jessica Fry who are recovering from Covid.
- Pray for Tammy White who has been diagnosed with 3 brain tumors and will see the neurologist in 3 weeks. Pray the doctors who will be treating her are God led.
- Pray for Lori Warnke. She will be having brain surgery for an aneurism, but it has not yet been scheduled.
- Pray for those grieving over the loss of loved ones: The Fry family, the Byrd family and the Meyers family.
- Always be mindful in your prayers for those who are lost, lonely, hungry, trafficked, depressed etc.
- That we will walk with an Attitude of Gratitude for all God has blessed us with - especially His son Jesus.
- Continued prayers for the citizens of Ukraine and also pray for their enemy.
- Many blessings and thanks for all the work the Deacons, Minister, Leadership team, Missions do for us, for our nation and its leaders. May all of their decisions be God led.
- Pray for many blessings to our brothers and sisters.

## Acts Chapter 18 Study Questions

1. What was Corinth like in Paul's day? (You will need to look outside of scripture)
2. What was Paul's trade that he shared with Aquila and Priscilla?
3. Where did Paul go first to share the good news?
4. Why did Paul shake out his coat?
5. What did those who believed do?
6. Do you think that Paul was afraid of being attacked?
7. What did the Lord mean when He said "I have many people in this city?"
8. How was Paul freed from Gallio?
9. What was important about Paul's hair cut?
10. Whom did Paul leave in Ephesus?

Chapter eighteen brings to a close Paul's second missionary journey. It started with the disagreement between Paul and Barnabas over bringing John Mark. They ended up parting ways and headed in different directions. Because of this parting of ways, the gospel was taken in two different directions. Paul headed back to the churches that they established on their first mission to strengthen and encourage them, as well as planting new ones. Paul traveled through Thessalonica, Berea, and Athens after being in Philippi.

Acts gives us a history of the early churches and connects the letters that we read in the New Testament. We learn about the beginnings of the church in Thessalonica that Paul writes back to from Corinth, where he heads to at the beginning of chapter eighteen. Luke records for us the people and places that helped to carry the gospel to the ends of the earth as Jesus said in 1:8. We see how Paul endured beatings and hard times but never wavered in his work. Examples are given on evangelism and mission work that we can use today. I want to encourage you to join us in our study on Sunday evenings.

## POCOC Web Site ( <http://pococ.weebly.com/> )

- Weekly Bulletin – Click on **Bulletin & Newsletters**
- Current newsletters from Trent Herbert, Tristen Herbert and Roy Merritt. Click on **Bulletin & Newsletters**
- Live stream of worship services on YouTube Channel - Previous recordings, too:  
[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCL\\_SrX11URAKOYw7JOR9ZIQ](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCL_SrX11URAKOYw7JOR9ZIQ) then click on the video.  
 Please subscribe to be notified when new videos post or when we go live.
- Pre-Covid audio sermons are also still online – Click on **Teachings**
- Current Event Calendar - Click on **News & Events**

**Sunday Worship for May 15, 2022** (10:30 am – 12:00 – noon)  
 (There will be no children’s church and no Sunday evening Bible class)

Watch live stream or after our worship time:

[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCL\\_SrX11URAKOYw7JOR9ZIQ](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCL_SrX11URAKOYw7JOR9ZIQ)

Speaker: Trent Herbert	Singing: Jon Powless	Scripture: Trent Herbert	Prayer: Jon Powless	Communion: Darrell Fry
<b>9:30am Adult Class:</b> Auditorium The Life of Christ: Trent Herbert		<b>Children Class:</b> Downstairs Combined Class		
Call Laura Fry or the Church Office (360-876-2604) for Zoom Meeting ID				
<b>Acts Class</b> (Zoom) Sundays: 6:00 – 7:00 pm		<b>Prayer Meeting</b> (Zoom) Wednesdays: 5:00 pm		
<b>Men’s Fellowship</b> Downstairs Fellowship Room Tuesday, 10:00 am		<b>Ladies Prayer Group</b> (Zoom) Tuesdays: 10:00 am		
<p><b>Let’s Sing! - Thursday 6:00pm</b> at the building          If you like to sing, this is the place.          We’ll sing our favorite hymns &amp; spiritual songs.          This will also be a great time to learn (or help someone else learn) to sing one of the harmony parts.</p>				

### **Communion and Tithes & Offerings**

Communion will again be available on the table at the front. Or you may pick up your communion supplies as you enter the auditorium. It contains both the juice and the bread.

There are also a few options for giving your tithes & offerings:

- 1) The collection box is in the foyer at the entrance to the auditorium.
- 2) Online bill-pay with your bank or credit union. Your bank will mail your check for you.
- 3) Mail your tithe/offering check directly to the Church address. We have a lock mailbox.

Port Orchard Church of Christ 4135 Carr Lane SE Port Orchard, WA 98366 360-876-2604 - churchpococ@gmail.com	May 8, 2022 Tithes & Offerings – \$ 5,750.00  If you have any questions, please give me a call. God bless you. Gary Chasteen (cell) 360-731-4104
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## Happy Birthday!

**May:** Julia Karn – 17, Barbara Chasteen – 25, Levi Herbert – 26, Sarah Hill – 31.

**June:** Judy VanLeuven – 11, Obidiah Herbert – 14, Lila Mason – 15, Miki Gross – 23, Kenny Benjamin, Pilita David – 26, Greg Warner – 29, René Powless – 29.

# Bigger Than Any Mountain

## Chorus

Bigger than all my problems  
Bigger than all my fears  
God is bigger than any mountain  
That I can or cannot see  
Bigger than all my questions  
Bigger than anything  
God is bigger than any mountain  
That I can or cannot see

## Verse 1

Bigger than all the shadows  
That fall across my path  
God is bigger than any mountain  
That I can or cannot see  
Bigger than my confusion  
Bigger than anything  
God is bigger than any mountain  
That I can or cannot see

## Verse 2

Bigger than all the giants  
Fear and unbelief  
God is bigger than any mountain  
That I can or cannot see  
Bigger than all my hang ups  
Bigger than anything  
God is bigger than any mountain  
That I can or cannot see

God is bigger than any mountain  
That I can or cannot see

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“Before the mountains were born  
or you brought forth the whole world,  
from everlasting to everlasting,  
*You are God.*”

Psalm 90:2



<https://youtu.be/edZCFsB6G7o>

## Bigger Than Any Mountain

CCLI Song # 56541

Gordon Jensen

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