



The Chalice

First Christian Church (Disciples of Christ)
4 N. Main Street
Watkinsville, GA 30677

706-769-5966

<http://fccwatkinsville.org>

Calendar for July 2022

Sunday, July 3 -

10:00 AM – Sunday School
11:00 AM – Worship: FCCW Elders leaders
Elder: Rosa Hall

Monday, July 4th

Office Closed

Wednesdays in July

No choir in July
No meal ministry in July

Sunday, July 10

8:00 AM – CMF Breakfast & Meeting
10:00 AM – Sunday School
11:00 AM – Worship: Daphne Reilley
Elder: Cathy Moorehead

Monday, July 11

10:30 AM – Coffee Chat
6:30 PM – Board Meeting

Thursday, July 14

6:30 PM – Elders Meeting

Sunday, July 17

10:00 AM – Sunday School
11:00 AM – Worship: Rev. Orlando Scott
Elder: Bill Hunt

July 24—July 31: Family Promise Volunteers

Sunday, July 24

10:00 AM – Sunday School
11:00 AM – Worship – Bill Hunt
Elder: Mary Lillie Watson

Monday, July 25

6:30 PM – Disciple Women's Mtg.

Friday, July 29

8:00 PM – Outdoor Movie Night

Sunday, July 31

10:00 AM – Sunday School
11:00 AM – Worship – Young Adults &
High Schoolers
“Change for Change”
Elder: David Conine

MY PRAYERS

As you worry
My prayers go with you
As you cry
My prayers are there to comfort
In the darkest hour
My prayers go to the Throne

Know that I am
Always keeping you
In my prayers

As you are hurting
My prayers are for your healing
As you find healing
My prayers continue
Lifting you up

In your daily days
My prayers
Are for the Peace of Christ
To sustain you

Come what may
My prayers go with you

CMT'20

Please be in prayer for Sheila and her family. If you wish to send cards or love offerings, please use the following addresses.

Sheila Hunter and Michael Small
P. O. Box 38
Hackensack, MN 56452

Micah Small & Anna Blaske
2744 Hayes Street, NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Great Big Lessons from Little Bitty Critters

By Nancy Watkins

Oh yes indeed, I know you are wondering exactly what kind of little critters have taught me big lessons. Well, as most of you have surmised, the little critter is a cat. Yep, being owned by cats can be very trying, and at times downright aggravating. However, when you get past their picky eating habits, taking care of the litter boxes and being awakened at 3 AM by 5.5 lb. cat running at up and down the hall at warp speed while chasing a toy that has a dozen bells in it, the aggravation melts into grins and attempts to go back to sleep. I share all this because I lost one of my most precious critters a couple weeks ago, Rosie. Rosie was with me for 18 years and that is a lot of time to share life with a cat.



This is not about the heart wrenching pain of losing Rosie although it still hurts deeply. Rosie was passionate about a couple things that seemed out of the ordinary for a cat. First, she loved the garden. She was always at my side while I pulled weeds, pruned or just checked everything out. She was the supervisor. For instance, if I had been pulling weeds, stopped for a moment to rest and have some cold water, Rosie stood in the middle of the yard screaming at the top of her voice for me to get with the program. I don't think I have ever heard cats fighting with voices louder than Rosie's when I was not behaving as she wanted me to behave.



Her other passion was for Christmas. She was so excited to see the ornaments come out of the closet. She inspected everything. Decorating the tree and the house was a joint effort for us. She watched every move I made from decorating the tree, to the mantle, to putting little Baby Jesus in His place of prominence in the creche. When all was done, Rosie sat under the tree beside the biggest shiniest ornament or just sat on the footstool staring at it for hours. It was as though she knew the meaning of Christmas and in her way, she was very reverent. She was quiet, still and very serious.



Another thing about that little rascal was that she knew she was the matriarch of the house and she made darn sure the other cats knew that as well. She had cattitude that simply could not go unnoticed. From the day she pranced into my house 18 years ago, she let me know that she would NOT drink water in such a common fashion as drinking from a dish on the floor.



She would be drinking from the tap on the bathtub. So, for 18 years the water in the

bathtub dripped 24/7. The Oconee County Water Department fellas came out every 2 months to check the meter because the amount of water I seemed to use was indicative of a leak somewhere. They always left a note on my door to have a plumber check for leaks because the meter was running. One day, when the fella came to leave the message on the door, I told him the drip was ok because my cat drank water from the bathtub, and it had to be on all the time. Well, you can just imagine the response I got from that fella – actually, no response, but his facial expression and the scratching of his head told me all I needed to know. That conversation did not stop his visits every 2 months or so, bringing the same message. I guess I won't be seeing that fella anymore as the tap has been turned off for the first time in 18 years.

Now back to the loss of Rosie. I had her cremated as I do with all my furbabies. Their ashes will go with me when I leave for Heaven. Now I sometimes have a giggle when I envision me and all these cats showing up at The Gate at the same time. My husband, Ed, will have a hissy fit right there at those beautiful gates. Sometimes I am left to wonder if anyone has ever been evicted from Heaven. Maybe I need to discuss this with Sheila. After all, being my minister, she will know the answer. All that aside, when I got Rosie's ashes back home from the Pet Memorial Gardens, the following message of comfort was included. Of course, it is a comforting message about our pets, but the part that has glued itself to my heart is at the very end. I hope Mr. Meyers knows what an impact this message made on me.

Here is Mr. Myers' message.

A SPECIAL GIFT

Every now and then, we are given a special GIFT. As time passes, this GIFT becomes more valuable to us and to our families.

This Special GIFT is called un-conditional love, understanding and friendship. ITS true value is usually never known until IT is gone.

This GIFT is from our pets, which have been gracious enough to come into our lives... our pets give us their all and our pets never ask for anything in return.

When our pets leave us, their true values are understood with their memories. We are better people and a better society for having them in our lives. They teach us to be more loving and to be more patient with others...thus making our current world a better place in which to live.

We must never forget those lessons we learn from our pets:

To Love Each Other; To be Tolerant and to Accept Each Person for Who and What They are.

I think that because the world and our lives have become so topsy-turvy, remembering these words can bring to us a sense of inner peace. I told a dear friend just days ago that I pray for inner peace because I truly believe it is a hug from God.

Yes, Rosie's death brought a lot of sadness. She will always live in my heart, bringing me laughter and bringing me joy. Maybe that is the inner peace I am meant to find.

