



# newsletter



## Have You Caught Any Fish?



Have you ever flipped a canoe over? It's easy to do. It's more fun watching someone else do it. The whole scene has a comedy routine to it. There's nothing like the feeling of leaning too far one way and the helpless sensation as the canoe shoots out from underneath you.

A number of years ago, a friend and I were on a private lake setting limb-lines for channel cat. We were doing well too and had already caught several in the five- to eight-pound range.

It was about 2:00 AM and we were out checking the lines. I was paddling and my buddy was working from the front, netting the fish and putting on new bait as necessary. Our flashlight lit up a bent-over limb and we could see the big swirl in the water of Mr. Channel Cat. I edged the canoe in place and held it there with my paddle. My friend reached for the fish with the net. It shouldn't have happened but it did. It was so quick. I couldn't see a reason why. But oh that vivid brief feeling that we were going to join Mr. Catfish became a reality.

The Bible tells us in John 21 about Jesus standing on the shore after the resurrection, watching some of the disciples fishing from a boat. He yelled out, "*Friends, haven't you any fish?*" In Oklahoma we'd say, "Got any?" His friends said "No." What I like about this is that Jesus didn't make fun of them or ridicule them or make them feel small. Instead he offered an immediate solution to their need. Their response was absolutely revealing as to how they felt about Jesus: "*It is the Lord.*"

Can you say that? Can you say and mean it, that Jesus is Lord of your life? Let me be blunt about this. If you think you know Him and have some kind of relationship with Him, and He isn't Lord of your life, then you're about half in and half out of the relationship. You're not giving God what He really wants.

What God really wants from you is for you to surrender all that you are and all that you have in submission to Him. God wants to have the same place in your heart that He possesses in the universe. He wants you to believe that He is so good, kind, and loving that you would entrust all of yourself to Him, knowing He has your best in mind. So what's the problem? The problem usually is that surrender and fear are synonymous in one's mind. You may have a view of God that is incorrect because it's based on all kinds of false assumptions of who He really is. Since there is a God, there most certainly is a devil and that is exactly what he likes people to do; he likes to see them think that if they surrender to God it would mean the end of the things that they hold dear. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Like the guys in the boat who were fishermen by trade and had caught nothing, Jesus told them to throw their net on the right side of the boat. If you were in the boat what would you do? Well, you're in the boat now and Jesus wants to be Lord of your life; He wants to be your everything.

Surrendering to Him is not weakness, but strength.

In His Grip,  
Pastor Tim





# "The In-Laws"

January 2018



Randy Lind

I am writing this article late in the evening on December 28, 2017. Tammy and I had a couple of days filled with family activity. This year our sons spent Christmas day with their wives families, then came home after Christmas, and are spending a few days with us before the New Year. At this time of year I am reminded to be thankful for the fact that God created the institution of family and very thankful for the blessings that this institution brings. Little did I know, 37 years ago when Tammy and I were first married, what God had in store for us.

God has seen fit to bless each of my sons with a Godly woman for their wife. One of my daughters-in-law challenged all of us to move out of our comfort zones, and be more transparent and vulnerable with each other.

Tonight, we had some time, after the grandchildren had all been put to bed, for my sons, their wives, Tammy, her mother, Gloria, and I to all sit in a circle and talk. My daughter-in-law invited all that were willing; to share about something they had learned in this past year. There were a variety of things shared, things such as; being willing to take a risk for the Lord, trusting in the Lord to see you through difficulties, not taking life, and loved ones for granted, seeking out relationships with those different than ourselves, and being open to learn from difficult experiences. Both laughter and tears were shared as each person talked about something they had learned this past year.

What a blessing each of my daughters-in-law are to our family. Each brings unique attributes into the family that

would not be present otherwise. If it had not been for the challenge of my daughter-in-law, I suspect we all would have engaged in some enjoyable but somewhat superficial conversation, this evening, and missed out on hearts being opened up a little and some deeper things of life being shared. God uses these types of conversations to build stronger bonds and deeper commitments within families; both our biological families and our Church families.

I invite you to make a New Year's resolution with me. Let's all of us be more intentional about taking a risk and being more vulnerable and open with our brothers and sisters in Christ this year. Allow God to use these deep conversations to build stronger bonds between each of us within the Church family. It is certainly a risk, but one worth taking.

One last thing about my daughters-in-law; one of the smartest decisions my sons made in their lives was to marry the women that they did. I thank God for the wives they are to their husbands, the mothers they are to my grandchildren and the daughters they are to Tammy and me. Our family is far richer because they are a part of it.

Yours in Christ,  
*Randy Lind*





*Just A Thought*  
 By: *Cindy Hogan*  
 January 2018

# Soul Rest Recipe



A weird thing happened the other day. I was in the hallway at one of my elementary schools and noticed the kids were like...gravitating to me. All wanted to say something to me or be noticed by me with a wave, a touch, or a big grin. It occurred to me it was the second day in a row this had happened. This in itself wasn't weird — kids and I have a mutual attraction for each other. I like kids and they recognize the kid in me. The weird thing I realized was that this mutual attraction had been missing in me for some time, and sadly, I hadn't noticed its disappearance. It felt like fun-loving, happy Cindy had moved without leaving a forwarding address.

The first semester of the 2017 school year was like trying to stay astride a speeding race horse while attempting to spin plates at the same time. There were lots of events happening, not all bad, just hard to handle all at once. I know people who thrive on endless activity and responsibilities, but I'm not one of them. And, I think they're insane.

It's hard to know which one made which worse, but soon the inevitable happened. I became a sick, hacking, impatient, exhausted, stressed-out, anxious, puny, dreading, prone to snarling, zombie-like individual with a flesh-eating cold sore on my mouth for the love of Hilly Holbrook\*, and I just wanted to crawl up in a hole and be left alone. (Actually I wanted someone to crawl into the hole with me bearing warm blankets and chicken-noodle soup, singing soft, comforting songs.)

While I could rise to the occasion in September, by December people were starting to worry and look at me crosswise, and some were a little scared of me. Scott did his best to help me (which is pretty incredible), but even he can do only so much. I was not successfully spinning my plates, I was not stepping up to the plate, I had simply fallen short of the plate. Ironically, all I wanted was to be "home".

Then, early one morning while I was slogging through my get-ready-for-the-grind routine, a friend\*\* sent me a text asking me how I was. I told her. I didn't know it at the time, but I was actually texting the Holy Spirit. Who knew He texted? This is how she (He) responded:

**“For I am the LORD your God, who takes hold of your right hand and says to you, ‘Do not fear; I will help you.’”**  
 Isaiah 41:13 NIV

**Lord, thank you for holding my hand when I am overwhelmed.**

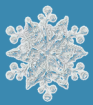
**Please reveal Yourself to me in new ways today.**

**Fill my heart with Your comfort.**

**Fill my body with Your strength and my busy day with Your rest.**

**Help me to trade my worry and my stress for complete reliance on You.**

**Every time I start to feel overwhelmed, fill me with the peace of mind that comes with the knowledge that**  
*You have promised my soul rest.*



What a balm for my shriveled soul. I wept. (It still makes me weep to read it.)

As per usual, when I really, *really* needed spiritual strength, I had chosen to sleep longer (i.e. escape reality) in the mornings instead of seeking strength and comfort from my true Source. Why do I do this?

From that point on, Isaiah's words and the accompanying prayer became my daily mantra throughout each day. I would read it aloud to myself, and personalize the prayer. I hadn't realized, although I know better, that while I was reacting to the stressors and responsibilities and expectations of my life, I had severely neglected my soul. As I'm sure you know, this is a perfect recipe for a slow mental and spiritual death. In addition to quoting Isaiah, I returned to my morning devotions, and as promised, God gave my soul His rest. (Eventually, that nasty, flesh-eating sore healed as well.) Fun-loving, happy Cindy moved back, thus the return of my mutual attraction to the kids at school.

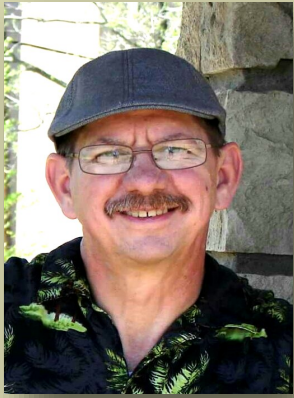
While 2018 promises to continue to heap responsibilities and activities upon my spinning plates, I know I can count on God to keep my horse at a respectable pace as long as I give Him the reins (i.e. reigns).

New Year's Resolution 2018:

Keep my soul fed with God's soup.

\*Hilly Holbrook is the character in the book/movie "The Help" who also developed a nasty cold sore.

\*\*Robin Shaw, my loving soul-sister, book-babe, and responder to the Holy Spirit.



*“Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God, and whoever loves has been born of God and knows God. Anyone who does not love does not know God, because God is Love.”*

*1 John 4:7-8*



## Living a Sincere Faith

Glenn Koster

January 2018



In Matthew 17:20, Jesus rebuked His disciples for their lack of faith, telling them, “If you have faith like a grain of mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, ‘Move from here to there,’ and it will move, and nothing will be impossible for you“ (ESV). Christ was describing a life-changing faith, a condition which we all should diligently seek.

The reality is that most of us still struggle with our faith, sometimes daily. When life comes at us full force we ponder where God is or why He would let such things happen to us. Often, instead of living out a strong faith, we find ourselves in the midst of despair.

As Charlcie and I get ready to head out on “*the journey of a lifetime*,” I have been constantly asked if I am scared. Greater still are those who ask me what I am going to take to defend myself.

As I walk, Charlcie and I will face separation while she waits behind, expecting my call. The list of concerns for me is virtually limitless, including: traffic, inattentive drivers, weather, wild animals, boredom, loneliness, and simply evil.

After pondering these things, I calmly look back and reply, “I am only taking my faith.”

Yet, even as I consider what lies ahead, there is a bit of the fear and concern that regularly sneaks up on us. Then I am reminded of Christ’s words to His disciples. The thought is both comforting and life-changing. We do not go in fear and trembling, but Charlcie and I are heading out with confidence and excitement, anxious to see how God will use us on this adventure.

During the month of January, the Faithful Followers class will explore the faith of four particular men found in the Book of Daniel: Daniel, Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego. These young men were taken from their native land, ushered into the king’s service, and challenged for their belief in God.

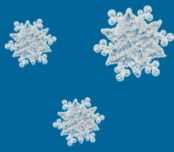
Yet, in every circumstance, they withstood the test. Daniel refused the king’s diet. The other three? Their faith was strong enough to simply withstand being thrown into the fiery furnace, which had been heated enough that the heat killed the very guards ordered to toss them in!

Their lives were focused on prayer and obedience, which developed a faith that was tested beyond measure!

What is testing your faith today? Are you able to stand strong?

Come on out on Sunday mornings this month and learn from Daniel and his friends how you can withstand the truly tough times!





# Faith Journey

“Living With An End In Sight!”



By: *Glennis Lamb*

“With Lovingkindness Have I Drawn Thee”

One certainty in my life is, Christ is more important to me than anything else, including the world around me. To live for and to serve Him is my greatest “joy” and my “deepest desire”. I know that He orchestrates each and every day and has plans for me that are revealed one step at a time. As I walk day by day, He guides me each step of the way.

Sometimes I don’t always like the paths that I’m required to go down. There are rocks on the road and the way seems difficult. Sometimes the things we have to face in this life hurt. My comfort comes in knowing that there is an end in sight. God has orchestrated the beginning to the end and we have a hope that the world desperately needs.

Going back to school has been challenging. This past semester was plagued with *trauma* that I had no control over. At one point I was going to drop a class and take it later. The professor was really understanding, which helped, and then he calmed my fears. The only thing that kept me going was the compassion and understanding of both my professors and the fact that I could see a light at the end of the tunnel. Some days the light was dim and barely visible but it was there nonetheless.

At the end of each semester, I have to report on how much of the textbook I read. For the first time since going back to school I had to report that I couldn’t finish the required reading. For those of you who know me well, you know that about killed me emotionally! I had to face the fact I was at a point where I had done all I could.

Tuesday, December 19th had arrived. That day marked my parents’ wedding anniversary; how I missed them both. This was also the day that I was required to defend my Thesis. I arrived forty minutes early and made some last minute preparations. One of the staff women came up and prayed with me; she was so kind and encouraging! Then the man who I’ll be working with on my Master’s Degree came up and I could tell he was trying to sidetrack me so I wouldn’t be so nervous. Another professor dropped in to let me know he was praying for me. You would think by now I would have my act together, but I was emotionally spent before starting and the fact I was being graded was driving me crazy! I spent some time in prayer and only the eternal God could have made sense out of what I said! I left the room for a few minutes and went to the lobby. Well, it was time.

I slowly made my way up the stairs and entered the conference room. I was very “*conflicted*”. I am normally at peace and confident when I am in front of a group of people and am talking. Not this time. I was standing in front of three very nice men who were close to my age and I was shaking in my boots!! My advisor was the only one I knew and I looked at him for reassurance. The first words out of my mouth were, “I can’t do this!”

My professor/advisor said in his calm confident voice that I would be fine and for the first time that morning I relaxed a little, until another guy told me to pretend it wasn’t for a grade. FAT CHANCE OF THAT HAPPENING!! The three

men sitting there were staring at me and I was supposed to pretend I wasn’t being graded! Right!

After they prayed for me, I took a deep breath and started with my PowerPoint. So far so good, although at times I felt my voice was shaky. I made my way through the material I had planned, hopefully in a methodical manner. I forgot to set my timer; oh well, one less thing to bother with.

Soon the PowerPoint presentation was done and I was sitting at the head of the table wondering *what on earth these guys were going to ask me*. Back home, I have companions that I love to talk with about deep subject matters and this part ended up being like “*old friends*” sitting down and having a chat together. At one point I chuckled as the military guys started swapping stories. The end had finally arrived and I was sent to the lobby to wait. My goal in all this was just to pass!

I was called back up and if I had been nervous before this all started you can’t begin to imagine how nervous I was now. My professor started telling me a military story; I tried to focus on what he was saying but my mind was spinning. He finally got to the punchline and the guy in the story did a good job but flunked. I was pretty certain I hadn’t flunked so I cut in and asked him if he was telling me to brace myself for the worst? He was sure having fun at this point; before I could burst into tears he told me I was the opposite of the guy in the story. They told me my work and presentation were “*superb*”.

Okay, at that point I had no emotion left. I was having trouble wrapping my mind around his words. I wanted to jump up and down and scream “Woohoo,” but found it difficult to say anything. I remember looking at him and saying, “You mean I passed?” I barely got the words “thank you” out of my mouth. For the past week I have checked my grades every day to see if he changed his mind.

My professor had pushed and prodded me to finish my Thesis when I didn’t think it was humanly possible. The day I defended my Thesis, all I could see were my shortcomings and where I felt I had failed. That pressure was causing me no end of agony. Isn’t that the way life is? We often put pressure on ourselves that our Heavenly Father never intended us to carry. The end is in sight and we can rest assured that no matter what happens, God has our backs. I felt I needed six more weeks on my Thesis but through this project I learned I could accomplish things and overcome pressures that I never dreamed I could.

What no one in the room knew that day was that one of my sons was going through a very difficult situation in his life, precisely at the same time I was defending my Thesis. I had promised him a phone call as soon as I was free. He needed me desperately, but I had to focus on what I believed God had called me to do. My son has no end in sight right now, but each and every day he assures me that he knows his Heavenly Father can see the beginning to the end. He is living like there is an end in sight because his faith has been strengthened through this trial and in Christ there is not only an end but a new and wonderful beginning that will one day be ours.

Living with an end in sight.

*In Christ’s Love,  
Glennis Jay*

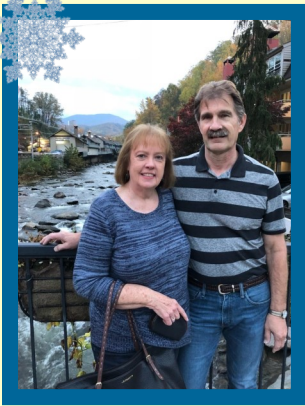




# January

# 2018

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1 For I know the Plans I have for you, declares the Lord Plans to Prosper you and not to harm you Plans to give you Hope and a Future <small>Jeremiah 29:11</small>	2 Gerald & Pattie Belden Creyton Nisly	3	4	5	6 Darlene Detwiler
7 Common Ground 9:45 am. Annual Church Business Meeting	8	9 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	10	11 Council Meeting 6:30 pm.	12	13 Where you go I will go, where you stay I will stay. <small>(Ruth 1:16)</small> Dennis Fischer
14 Common Ground 9:45 am. Traffic Light Sunday	15	16 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	17	18 encourage each other & build each other up <small>1 Thess 5:11</small>	19	20
21 Common Ground 9:45 am. Karson Nisly Ellen Matthias Hayley Waymire	22	23 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	24	25	26 To Everything there is a Season, and a time to every Purpose under Heaven. <small>Ecclesiastes 3:1</small>	27
28 Common Ground 9:45 am. Karson Nisly Ellen Matthias Hayley Waymire	29	30 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	31 Be Still and know that I am God <small>Psalm 46:10</small>			



## Meet Janet Fischer

January 2018



Janet Fischer is a delightful woman and I count it a real privilege to have been able to interview her. Even when things are difficult in her life, you will find her with a smile on her face ready to encourage others. She is a faithful mother and wife and dedicated church worker. Here is her story.

Janet has attended First church of God for 46-plus years. Her favorite pastime is playing with her grandkids, Skyping with them, taking walks or scrapbooking photos. Her two daughters grew up in the church here. Carisa married Grant Brewer and they have two boys, Koen and Kaed. Brooke married Chris Mason and they have a son, Cole. Janet has served in many capacities including being a council member, serving on the board of education, a nursery worker and VBS worker. She has sponsored the youth group and was known as the “donut lady” when the church started the Sunday morning coffee and donut time.

Janet was married to Dennis Fischer on June 21, 1971. They met when they were in high school. In those days, the youth would drag Main Street, which was popular around the country. Dennis and Janet met at Dairy Queen on the corner of 26th and Main Street. That is still a special place for them.

Janet remembers a wonderful vacation where the family started the trip by taking their van down I-40 to the Grand Canyon. From there they went to a motel in Las Vegas that had an arcade in it, where the girls had a blast playing video games. After leaving Las Vegas, they headed to San Diego, taking time to visit Dennis’s brother. In San Diego they went to the Fisherman’s Wharf and had a trolley ride. Leaving San Diego, they made their way up the coast. Driving through the beautiful sequoia trees was one of the highlights of the trip, before heading over to I-70 for the trip home. The van was wonderful, allowing the girls a place to rest when tired.

Janet came to know Christ in 1971 and was baptized with Dennis in 1972. The Pastor who performed their wedding, Carl Owens, performed their baptism. Although Dennis was raised in the church, this was the first time Janet had a church family. She still loves how a handshake turns into a hug and how sincere people are. Her family would eventually get saved through the testimony of Janet’s and Dennis’s lives.

In 2014, Dennis had two stem cell transplants for his cancer. The church was there for them. They received letters, emails and calls of encouragement. They were brought a basket of goodies along with gift cards. Then the church decided to have a fundraiser (*spaghetti dinner*) to help them out financially because they had used all their sick leave and were forced to stay close to the hospital for several weeks. Without that support they would not have made it. Janet choked with tears when she said how to this day they are grateful for the love and kindness they felt during that difficult time. Her favorite scripture verse is Philippians 4:13

*“I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”*



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Terry George, Administrator  
Tim Yates, Young Adult Pastor  
Laine Alex Moore, Administrative Assistant  
Glennis Joy Lamb, Administrative Assistant  
Tim Nisly, Custodian



*How awesome is our LORD, King over all the earth!  
Psalm 47:2*

### **“Snowmen”**

- ◆ Can you imagine 75.8 inches of snow? That was the most snow to ever fall in a 24-hour period in the United States. In 1921, in Silver Lake, Colorado over six feet of snow fell between 2:30 p.m. on April 14 to 2:30 p.m. April 15.
- ◆ COLORADO HOLDS THE RECORD FOR THE MOST SNOW TO FALL IN A SINGLE DAY. On December 4, 1913, 63 inches of snow fell and the lucky families to received this snow lived in Georgetown, Colo.
- One place has never seen snow, Key West, Florida! The coldest temperature on record for this Florida city (reached on January 13, 1981 and January 12, 1886) was 41 degrees Fahrenheit.

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