



FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH
(Disciples of Christ)
6 East Seventh St. • Fulton, MO 65251-1993
July 24, 2025
fultonfirstchristianchurch.org



FROM THE PASTOR

Grace and Peace,

This week's newsletter article is my weekly devotion. If you'd like to receive it via email, please contact the office and we'll get you signed up.

The summer after high school, my best friend and I decided to go camping. Baseball season was over, we hadn't left for college yet, and legally could rent a camping site, so we did. It was one last hurrah before we traversed into the future.

During a week in late July or early August (can't remember which), we packed up his hand-me-down minivan with the supplies I took from my parents' camping stores and the food we convinced our moms to buy for us and set off to Springbrook State Park. It was about an hour from where we lived—far enough to feel like we were free, but not so far that we were unreachable.

We set up camp, organized our stores, and got to having fun. We swam and then fished in the lake—no dinner was caught. We hiked and traveled through the woods. We played cards (I won). We lit a campfire and cooked meat. We made flamethrowers with bug spray and lighters. You know, grown men stuff.

But as night really fell, the conversation and shenanigans tailed off, and calmness settled in our eyes navigated upward to the stars. We were far enough away from any light pollution to take in the grandeur of the night sky. There was intermittent heat lightning, too, that just added to beauty and awe.

We were on the precipice of moving into the real world, or at least taking a big step into it. He was going West for school and I was going east. He was going to a giant state college where he knew no one and I was going to a tiny denominational school where I knew no one. We didn't know what the future held for us—and in hindsight, any ideas that we had certainly didn't come to fruition.

We left for the camping trip as a way to press pause and leave all those worries in the background. We left to literally get away from them as far as humanly possible; well, as far as our moms would let us. But those worries followed us.

They always do. You can never really outrun them. And if you do, you'll just worry about keeping ahead of them, which in and of itself is a worry.

At that moment though, lying in the grass with the moon and stars above me, I wasn't worried about all that. The future was out there, and I was where I needed to be. Not because we were headstrong, cocky, and full of piss and vinegar (though we were), but because of the immensity of what we were witness to that night.

Like zooming in from far away to me, a word came. Psalm 8:3-4 rang true.

*When I look up at your skies,
at what your fingers made—
the moon and the stars
that you set firmly in place—
what are human beings
that you think about them;
what are human beings
that you pay attention to them?*

Mindful. Caring. Loving. The one who created the magnificence of the universe pays attention to me. We know what it feels like when you can't get someone's attention because they're too busy with something else. How hurt does a child feel when they can't pry their parents' eyes away from a phone?

But that time on that grass was a Holy Spirit moment—I was loved and cared for. I was where I needed to be. Jesus existed before all things and holds them all together right now, including me and what may come.

The future was what it was and will be what it will be, but it rests in hands that still bear the marks of that which brought love and care and grace and mercy to you and me.

See you in Church,
Rev. Will

**Sunday worship
begins at 10:30.**

We invite you to join us in person at FCC or virtually on our **First Christian Church Facebook** page or our **FCC YouTube Channel**.



Also explore our FCC website,
Fultonfirstchristianchurch.org
Contact us at
secretary@socket.net

**THANKFUL FOR OUR
VOLUNTEERS**

July Lead Deacon
Chris Carpenter

July Deacons
Jordan Walton
Miranda McCray
Susie Bruemmer
Jamie Moore
Carolyn Jennings

Worship Leader
Jacob Rhoades

Offering Elder
Lucy Crain

Communion Elder
Matt Dodd

July Communion Preparation
Glenda Fitch

July 27 Building Open/Close
Henry Niles

Prayer Concerns

Christine Goff	Family of Jim McEwen
Jessica Vandergriff	Union Avenue Christian
Nico Holt	Church
Shawn Folk	Centennial Christian
Dave Jones	Church
Lloyd Fitch	All the Kids
Ken Baker	



Military Personnel	Nursing Home Residents
Keith Frevert	Fulton Nursing and Rehab
Ethan Painter	Ruby Beatty
Patrick Harris	Valley Park North
Bryer Mullins	Dana Pearce

