

We are a church with one mission: to grow followers of Jesus through grateful worship, genuine community, and generous service to each other and our world. We believe by loving God and loving people we can have an impact that really matters, and would like to tell you more about that. If you are interested in being a part of what God is doing with us, or just have some questions, **fill out the contact card** or ask the person next to you. **Please feel free to call or email too if you have any questions.**

FAMILY NEWS AND NOTES

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GOD'S FAMILY TIMES

BIBLE CLASSES
Building—9:30 am Sunday

WORSHIP
Building—10:30 am Sunday

GROWTH GROUPS
Suspended for the summer
To resume in September
Grose's -- 6 p.m. Sunday
Irwin's -- 6 p.m. Sunday

BIBLE CLASSES
Building—7 pm Wednesday

Congregational Meeting: THIS Thursday September 7th at 7 p.m.

Family Covered Dish Dinner: NEXT Sunday September 10th after services. Bring your favorite dish to share.

A coordinator is needed for September and October if we are to continue the meals before class on the last Wednesday of the month.

Don't forget to sign up for the "meet and greet" for Mayleen Niehenke

If you would like to donate to providing water to African communities please give your gift **directly** to Dave or Sharon Mack by **September 17th**. Checks can be made payable to Indiana church of Christ.

Support for our Betikara lamb, Toavina, of \$150 for the months of September & October is being collected. Please give your donations **directly** to Sally Duriez

Check bulletin board for new addresses and phone #s for the Crouches, Donna Shank and Mary Fasanya.

Coming in October: Nathan Irwin and family will be in Indiana October 6-12 on furlough from North Africa plus pictures to be taken for a new directory! More info to follow.

<i>Happy Birthday</i>	<i>Happy Anniversary</i>
9/2 Dave Mack	9/7 Ron & Sally Duriez
9/7 Jeanette Bracken	9/23 Chris & Mary Masterson
9/9 Bob Reininger	
9/12 Don Baker	

PRAYING FOR ONE ANOTHER

PS:

Family are now in North Africa. Pray for peace and protection, for spiritual growth and for many connections with others God has called there. Pray for personal engagement into their new communities and for all the logistics that need to begin a new life in a foreign place.

Asylum request to be granted and for the girls as they are in the USA

FAMILY MATTERS

Indiana

Church of Christ

724.463.7240

September 3, 2017

When Jesus Doesn't Calm the Storm~~by W. David O. Taylor

As a missionary kid growing up in Guatemala, I survived the destructive effects of a massive earthquake and a major military coup. As an adult now living in Houston, I have survived the destructive effects of a hurricane. But I don't think I've coped with it very well.

Hurricane Harvey had already been at work for three noahic days when my wife, Phaedra, asked me to check on the condition of the streets so that we could make an informed decision: pack our bags or hunker down. We have a five-year-old daughter and a four-month-old son; we couldn't afford to make a poor decision.

I raced down my street on a mountain bike in the town of Pecan Grove, just southwest of Houston, as sheets of rain lashed at my marine-blue jacket. At times, the water rose to my knees and soaked my shorts. My back brake pad suddenly fell off, leaving me with only my front brake to navigate the sloshing waters.

As I turned the corner onto Plantation Drive—the street that would usually take us out of the neighborhood—what I saw startled me: a small black sedan, like a child's toy in the bathtub, bobbing up and down on the swollen waters that blocked our way out to safety. Approaching me were three men pulling at a canoe with ropes. In it sat two women, one of them holding a dog cage, gazing at the muddy brown waters that steadily rose around them.

By that time, nearly a trillion gallons of water had fallen over Houston and more were coming.

After staring at the canoe, I turned my bike around and bolted for home. I am 45, but I felt like 17—shot through with adrenaline. I knew there was one exit on the opposite side of our neighborhood that remained untouched by the floods, and I was determined to make it through with my wife and kids.

Earlier that morning, Phaedra and I had been fighting, both of us feeling the pressure of the moment. We clashed, however, in how to process the stress. After growing up in Guatemala and facing multiple disasters, I tend to feel less fear and more cold sobriety. I become intensely focused. She, however, expresses things openly. In fighting with her about whether to stay or go, I felt helpless in the face of her panic attack and angry tears, but my lack of visible empathy only made our conflict worse. I felt anger rising inside of me.

I also felt angry about the suffering in our city. What about the others who would be left behind without a means of escape? I thought. How could we make sense of their circumstances—and our inability to help them?

In my theology class at Fuller Theological Seminary, I teach my students about the doctrine of Providence. It describes God's work of preservation, conservation, and perfection of the world that he so loves. The Father, in the Son, by the Spirit protects creation against a reversion to the chaos of Genesis 1:1. enables creation to flourish, and

By the time this hurricane will have left the Gulf of Mexico, more than 300,000 people in Texas will be left without electricity and between \$40–50 billion of property damage will be sustained. An estimated 30,000 will be displaced from their homes. With peak accumulations of 51 inches of rain, Harvey will become officially the worst disaster in Texas history.

Where exactly is this God whom I tell my students is sovereign? Where is evidence of the Great Rescuer that I read about in my daughter's The Jesus Storybook Bible?

In my theology class, I tell my students that a Spirit-empowered Jesus goes to this village, not that one, heals this woman, not that one, allows himself to be interrupted by people along the way, even as he sets his face like flint toward the cross. But what about all the villages that Christ never visited? What about all the women who never got close to