

Calvary Christian Fellowship Mennonite Church

February 10, 2013

✚✚✚ Welcome to our Worship Service! ✚✚✚

Devotional:----- James Yoder
Message:----- Henry Nissley
Offering:----- Alms
SS Lesson:----- 1 Corinthians 11:17-34

Adult and Youth Verse: But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. 1 Cor. 11:28

Intermediate Verse: Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. Gal. 3:24

Junior Verse: Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Matt. 7:15

Today's Host Family: Robert & Rachel Martin

Primary & Preschool Verse: "Learn to do well" Is. 1:17

SS Lesson for next week:
1 Corinthians 12

Adult and Youth Verse for next week: But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way. 1 Cor. 12:31

Next Sunday Hosts: Michael & Virginia Yoder

○ □ ○ □ CHILDREN'S CORNER ○ □ ○ □

Hermit Crab, Created on Day 5, March 23, 2012

Design Some hermit crabs have an unusual relationship with the sea anemone. The sea anemone has stinging cells that sting or even kill those sea creatures that come into contact with it; however, the hermit crab can carry sea anemones on its shell. And even when the hermit crab changes shells, the sea anemone will often transfer to the new shell. This relationship works for the benefit of both creatures. The sea anemone eats the crab's left-over food particles, and the hermit crab gains protection from predators, as well as some camouflage, from the sea anemone.

Features A hermit crab's color varies from red to brown to purple. Some species also have stripes, dots, or other patterns. A hermit crab has ten legs. The front two have claws on them, which the crab uses to walk. The rear pair of legs is used to grasp onto the crab's shell. The crab's abdomen is uniquely twisted to fit snugly into its shell.

Fun Facts As the hermit crab grows, it must leave its shell and find a larger one. It uses shells that have been abandoned by other sea creatures, hence its nickname, "robber crab." The hermit crab's two eyes are located at the ends of short eyestalks.

CLASS: Malacostraca (crabs, krill, pill bugs, shrimp, and relatives) ORDER: Decapoda (crabs, shrimp, and relatives) FAMILY: Paguridae (marine hermit crabs)

GENUS/SPECIES: About 500 species in more than 30 genera Size: Varies depending on species, Diet: Worms, plankton, organic debris, Habitat: Most waters worldwide

- <http://www.answersingenesis.org/articles/aqua/hermit-crab>

Announcements:

- ✓ This Evening: Free evening
- ✓ Youth will be singing at Morningside this afternoon at 2:00.
- ✓ Wednesday Evening: Prayer Meeting 7:30 PM.
- ✓ School devotions this week by: Philip Yoder
- ✓ Prayer Request: Martha Nissley (Jan's Mom) slipped, fell and broke her left hip yesterday. They are doing surgery today to put a plate in.

~BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES~

(today) Feb. 10, Happy Birthday! Vincent Nissley
Feb. 16, Happy Anniversary! Norman ♥ Dorothy, 1978

Information Please

Date: Sent Friday, October 23, 1998

From Guideposts (don't know exact issue)

When I was quite young, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember well the polished old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother used to talk to it. Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person - her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. "Information Please" could supply anybody's number and the correct time.

My first personal experience with this genie-in-the-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer. The pain was terrible, but there didn't seem to be any reason in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway.

The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the foot stool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear. "Information Please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head. A click or

two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

"Information."

"I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone. The tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me." I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open your icebox?" she asked. I said I could. "Then chip off a little piece of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math. She told me my pet chipmunk, that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary died. I called "Information Please" and told her the sad story. She listened, then said the usual things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was unconsoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Paul, always remember

that there are other worlds to sing in."

Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone.

"Information Please."

"Information," said the now familiar voice.

"How do you spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. When I was 9 years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much.

"Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home, and I somehow never thought of trying the tall, shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall.

As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about half an hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information, Please." Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well, "Information."

I hadn't planned this but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed. "So it's really still you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time."

"I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had

any children, and I used to look forward to your calls."

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

"Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered "Information."

I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" She said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this, she said. Sally had been working part-time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up she said, "Wait a minute. Did you say your name was Paul?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called.

Let me read it to you." The note said, "Tell him I still say there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean."

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Anonymous

Never underestimate the impression you may make on others. Whose life have you touched today?

Received from Hanford.

<http://www.gcf.net/archive.php?funny=200>