

**Schedule of Meeting Times:**

WKAC 1080 AM Sunday 7:30 AM  
*Speaker, Robert Emerson*  
 Study Sunday 10:00 AM  
 Worship Sunday 11:00 AM  
 Worship Sunday 5:00 PM  
*Singing every 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday evening*  
 Study Wednesday 7:00 PM

*"Every plant, which My heavenly  
 Father has not planted, shall be  
 rooted up," Matthew 15:13*



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**Servants during November:**

**Songleader:** Dwight (3), Stanley (10),  
 Larry (17), David (24), Peter (12/1)

**Reading:** Stanley

**Announcements:** Larry

**Table:** Marty, David, Peter, Robert

**Wednesday Lesson:** Kris (6), Larry (13),  
 Stanley (20), Kris (27), Larry (12/4)

**Lawn Mowing (week starting):** On  
 Break...

**Singing:** The Hamilton's (24), 17221  
 Forest Hill Drive

**Area Meetings:** Underwood  
 Heights, Florence (Singing, 23,  
 5:00pm); Tri-Cities (12/8-11)

**Hays Mill church of Christ**

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 Elkmont, AL 35620

# The Bible . Examiner

*"Examine everything carefully..." -1 Thessalonians 5:21 NASB*

Volume 2

November 17, 2019

Number 31

## The REAL Invictus

*W.E. Henley was injured as a young man. He is known for the poem, Invictus (Latin for "unconquerable"), that he wrote in his anger and pain—anger with circumstances, and I would argue, anger with God. Dorothea Day penned another poem in response; beautifully written, with bright hope for the future, it deserves and demands our attention far more than Henley's—although the world will never give it. Here are both to compare. Who is the REAL invictus? I would argue, the one conquered—in Christ. --KV*

It matters not how strait the gate,  
 How charged with punishments the  
 scroll,  
 I am the master of my fate:  
 I am the captain of my soul.

### Conquered

*By Dorothea Day*

Out of the light that dazzles me,  
 Bright as the sun from pole to pole,  
 I thank the God I know to be  
 For Christ the conqueror of my soul.

Since His the sway of circumstance  
 I would not wince nor cry aloud;  
 Under that rule that men call chance  
 My head with joy is humbly bowed.

Beyond this place of sin and tears—  
 That life with Him! and His the aid,  
 That, spite the menace of the years,  
 Keeps, and shall keep, me unafraid.

I have no fear though strait the gate;  
 He cleared from punishment the  
 scroll—

Christ is the Master of my fate;  
 Christ is the Captain of my soul.

### Invictus

*By William Ernest Henley*

Out of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods there be  
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced or cried aloud;  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance,  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the horror of the shade,  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

# Will You Love Me In December?

By Warren E. Berkley

Care giving responsibilities are learning experiences. For several years we've been taking care of my mother-in-law, who suffers with Alzheimer's. First, we cared for her in our home. Two years ago she needed a level of care that required her admission into a nursing home. We are there several times during the week, often daily. I see things that may be unpleasant but I'm learning valuable lessons.

Most nursing homes (since 2003) have paid "feeding assistants." They may not be nurses or nurses' aides, though they should be under professional supervision. A feeding assistant completes eight hours of state-approved training. The course deals with very basic things like feeding techniques, hydration, hygiene, emergency choking procedures, how to handle patients who have problems with swallowing, etc. The charge nurse may or may not oversee. The feeding assistants sit at a "feeding station," surrounded by four to five patients, moving on swivel chair from patient to patient—feeding

the residents who need help. It is a rather mechanical procedure; necessary but not best.

There is a man who comes to the nursing home every day at meal times to feed his wife, who cannot eat without assistance.

He knows his wife through many years of care. He is the most competent one to feed her, knowing exactly what she likes, the pace of her eating and the size of the bites. What's more, he takes great delight in this task. He feeds her with quiet dignity, and perhaps an occasional sadness is felt as he remembers their younger years. He tends the wife of his youth with napkin, as she would do for him. All of this is done with such care and patience that it is tempting to stare with delight and admiration at this example of a husband's long lasting love, "through sickness and in health." His capacity to do this job was not learned. Unconditional love certifies him as best for the job.

It is not my purpose to imply criticism of the feeding assistants,

editorialize about institutional care, or impose any rules on family members. I only wanted to say, the best caregivers are not trained in a course, but nurtured in real relationships over time. See more about this in Ephesians 5:25-33. And consider this...

Will you love me in December as you do in May?  
Will you love me in the good old fashioned way?  
When my hair has all turned gray,  
Will you kiss me then and say  
That you love me in December as you do in May?

(Poem by James J. Walker) 



## The Bible

By John Greenleaf Whittier

We search the world for truth. We cull  
The good, the true, the beautiful,  
From graven stone and written scroll,  
And all old flower-fields of the soul;  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest,  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mothers read.

## Remember in Prayer

**Robert** had several teeth pulled; **Larry's aunt** had a knee replaced; and **Pam** and **Buddy** are still under a good deal of stress (it is still very difficult for him to work)—please pray for them. **Tim** was able to meet with us last

Sunday! Remember our sisters, **Ruth Black** and **Madelene Britnell**, both of which are in nursing homes; and as always, please pray for **Lois Adams**, **Carolyn Dennis**, **Tim** and **Dot Hice**, **Polly McNatt**, and **Hazel Teeples**. 