

THOSE PRIVILEGED TO SERVE

Sunday Morning Service

- Song Leader Akel Marshall
- Scripture Reading Tom Haddox
- Opening Prayer Tom Haddox
- Lord's Supper Jim Tobias
- Closing Prayer Luke Collinsworth
- Closing Prayer Kelly Knepley

Sunday Evening Service

- Song Leader Philip Steele
- Opening Prayer Jim Tobias
- Closing Prayer Luke Collinsworth

Wednesday Evening Service – April 23rd

- Song Leader Philip Steele
- Opening Prayer Jim Tobias
- Closing Prayer Akel Marshall

Today's Sermons:

AM – Challenges From an Empty Tomb

Scripture Reading: **Matthew 28:1-10**

PM – Dynamic Faith in a Deluded World: “When They Call for Your Honor” (Daniel 5)

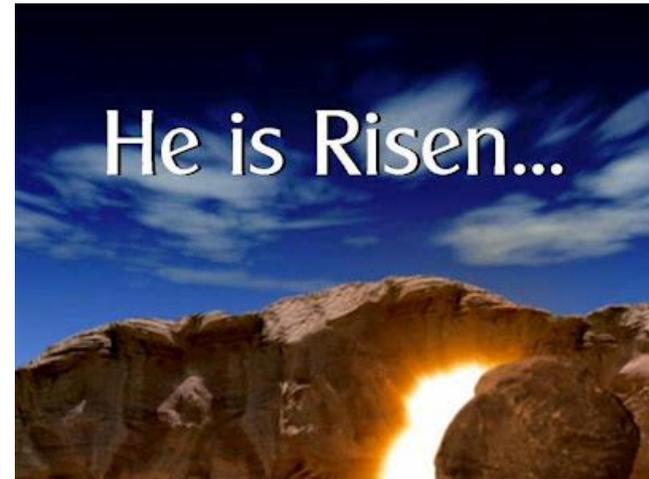
Wednesday Adult Class Study: 2nd Samuel

“Let Brotherly Love Continue”

Hebrew 13:1

CHURCH OF CHRIST

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SERVICES OF THE CHURCH

Sunday



Local Cable 18

@ 7:00 AM and 4:30 PM

Bible Class	9:30 AM
Morning Worship	10:30 AM
Evening Worship	6:00 PM

Wednesday

Bible Class	6:30 PM
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April 20, 2014



Church Family Night – Our next Movie night is scheduled for this coming Saturday, April 26th @ 6 p.m. Join us in watching “**What If ...**”

Upcoming Dates to Note:

- **Church Yard Work Day** – Saturday, May 3rd, starting at 8 am.
- **Potluck** – May 18th, immediately after the morning service. This is a week later than normal because of Mother’s Day. It is also the potluck where the men are the cooks. Don’t let that keep you away.
- **Monthly Men’s Business Meeting** – Immediately after the potluck.
- **Men’s Breakfast** – Saturday, May 17th @ 7:30 AM at Big Boy’s followed by Bible Study in the fellowship hall.

Attendance:

Sunday Bible Study (04/13) – 18
Sunday Morning Service (04/13) – 31
Sunday Evening Service (04/13) – 14
Mid-week (04/16) – 21

Statistics:

Contribution Last Week (04/13) - \$1142
Average Contribution (per week, up to 04/13) – \$1002
2014 Weekly Contribution Goal – \$1015

Remembrance in prayer:

- **Betty Navin** – ongoing health issues.
- **Kristine Haddox** – severe Bell’s palsy
- **Melva French** – (Cheryl French’s mother)
- **Tim Brown** – (friend of Carl) diagnosed with liver cancer
- **Bob Engel** – (friend of Jim) has cancer and is in hospice care

- **Lesley Harrison** – (friend of Barb) is battling lung cancer.
- **Bobbi Ross** – (Tobias’ daughter) ongoing health problems
- **Charles Coats** – (preacher in Webberville) ongoing health problems

Bunnies, Baskets, Eggs, and Stuff

by Danny Mann, Heartlight

The words “boy” and “genius” never really got together for me as a child. There were, however, other words that seemed to be strung together with uncommon regularity. Little phrases like, “Why did you...” and, when adults were speaking to each other and I was the topic, “You’ll never believe...” But “boy” and “genius” never occurred in the same sentence.

I was a gullible kid — believed everything I saw on T.V. and trusted, as truth, every word that came out of an adult’s mouth.

You can imagine how confused I was by Easter. I knew about bunnies — they were cute. I knew about eggs — they were white on every other day of the year and came from chickens. I knew about baskets — they were used to gather things like pecans, dirty clothes, and if constructed of heavy wire and wheels, you put food and stuff in them at the grocery store. But, on this one very confusing day, bunnies, colored eggs, and fancy little straw baskets all came together. The bunny hid the colored eggs, then provided the straw baskets in which to place the bright colored eggs. It was all quite fun — but what possessed this bunny to color eggs — which come from chickens and not bunnies? And, while it was fun to find the eggs, I didn’t really want to eat a colored egg because, if it was the wrong color, what else might be wrong with it?

In 1967, when I was 7 years old and my sisters were 5 and 3, my understanding of Easter began to change. When we arose early on that Easter morning, the bunny had been there. The eggs were all over the house and the baskets were all lined up in a row. But this year, along with the eggs and the candy, there was something else in our baskets. Bibles! Mine was real, artificial leather and everything. It was black, very official looking, and it had my name on it. I was very impressed — but once again, rather confused.

That morning after the Easter egg hunt, we were on our way to church and dad asked us if we knew what Easter was really all about. We were too young to understand things like death and sin and eternity and sacrifice, but the seeds were sown. And every Easter after that — even when the bunny stopped coming and the eggs no longer littered the house, as we drove into town to attend Easter morning worship, dad always asked if we knew what Easter was really all about. As the years went by, we grew into the answer. And all of us, my sisters and their families and me, now know. And it’s a wonderful thing to know.

For you parents, I don’t know how old your children are, but if they’re old enough, put a Bible in their basket this year. Start to tell them what it’s really all about. It just might be the spark that starts a fire in their souls that will change their world forever. And I do mean forever.