



### Birthdays In September

Orcilla Jones	September 2
David Hottel	September 3
Susan Scutt	September 6
Jasmine Bailey	September 7
Sonia Madrid	September 10
Michelle Bailey	September 11
Chaletta McCoy	September 12
Margaret Benson	September 15
Moses Morrow	September 17
Deanna Young	September 19
Kim Jones	September 21
Jamie Sylvester	September 27



### Anniversaries In September

Ken & Debbie Caudill	September 4
Richard & Sylvia Moore	September 6
Charles & Patricia Hartmann	September 14
Jovon & Shannon Harley	September 25

### HILLENDALE BAPTIST CHURCH

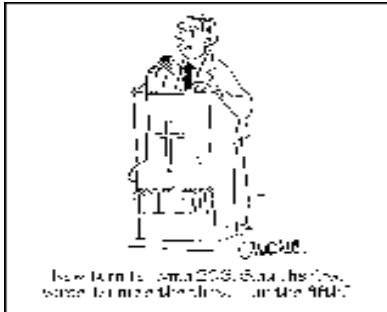


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Dr. David T Hottel, Pastor  
Edna Scott, Church Secretary  
Garry Scutt, Music Director  
Barbara Williams, Ministry Assistant  
David Critchfield, Administrative Assistant



- Shanna James and the RedInk Youth Group for a successful car wash raising \$300.
- Sylvia Newport and Judy Critchfield for coordinating the collection of school supplies for the 2009 school year and to the HBC family for all the donations. There were 515 units collected for Kerrydale Elementary & Minnieville Elementary.
- Dave Critchfield for keeping the church lawn looking good all summer. Thanks Dave!!
- Pastor Hottel for the summer worship schedule.



*Making a Difference in the Lives of People Through the Power of Jesus Christ*



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# Hillendale Herald



## BANK ACCOUNT!!!

This is AWESOME ... something we should all remember. A 92-year-old, petite, well-poised and proud man, who is fully dressed each morning by eight o'clock, with his hair fashionably combed and shaved perfectly, even though he is legally blind, moved to a nursing home today. His wife of 70 years recently passed away, making the move necessary. After many hours of waiting patiently in the lobby of the nursing home, he smiled sweetly when told his room was ready. As he maneuvered his walker to the elevator, I provided a visual description of his tiny room, including the eyelet sheets that had been hung on his window.

I love it,' he stated with the enthusiasm of an eight-year old just having been presented with a new puppy. Mr. Jones, you haven't seen the room; just wait.' 'That doesn't have anything to do with it,' he replied. Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time. Whether I like my room or not doesn't depend on how the furniture is arranged .. it's how I arrange my mind. I already decided to love it. 'It's a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice; I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do. Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open, I'll focus on the new day and all the happy memories I've stored away. Just for this time in my life.

Old age is like a bank account. You withdraw from what you've put in. So, my advice to you would be to deposit a lot of happiness in the bank account of memories!

Thank you for your part in filling my Memory Bank. I am still depositing.

'Remember the five simple rules to be happy:

1. Free your heart from hatred.
2. Free your mind from worries.
3. Live simply.
4. Give more.
5. Expect less.



## FOOTPRINTS...A New Version

Imagine you and the Lord Jesus are walking down the road together. For much of the way, the Lord's footprints go along steadily, consistently, rarely varying the pace.

But your footprints are a disorganized stream of zigzags, starts, stops, turnarounds, circles, departures, and returns.

For much of the way, it seems to go like this, but gradually your footprints come more in line with the Lord's, soon paralleling, His consistently.

You and Jesus are walking as true friends!

This seems perfect, but then an interesting thing happens: Your footprints that once etched the sand next to Jesus' are now walking precisely in His steps.

Inside His larger footprints are your smaller ones, you and Jesus are becoming one.

This goes on for many miles, but gradually you notice another change. The footprints inside the large footprints seem to grow larger.

Eventually they disappear altogether. There is only one set of footprints. They have become one.

This goes on for a long time, but suddenly the second set of footprints is back. This time it seems even worse! Zigzags all over the place. Stops. Starts. Gashes in the sand. A variable mess of prints.

You are amazed and shocked. Your dream ends. Now you pray :

'Lord, I understand the first scene, with zigzags and fits. I was a new Christian; I was just learning. But You walked on through the storm and helped me learn to walk with You.'

'That is correct.'

'And when the smaller footprints were inside of Yours, I was actually learning to walk in Your steps, following You very closely.'

'Very good... You have understood everything so far.'

When the smaller footprints grew and filled in Yours, I suppose that I was becoming like You in every way.'

'Precisely.'

'So, Lord, was there a regression or something? The footprints separated, and this time it was worse than at first.'

There is a pause as the Lord answers, with a smile in His voice.

'You didn't know? It was then that we danced!'

To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven: A time to weep, a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

Ecclesiastes 3:1,4

*Dave*