

The Acmar Soul Miner

Searching for wisdom
As for hidden treasures...
For the Lord gives wisdom



Homar United Methodist Church September 2023 Vol. 24 Issue 9 Homar Post Office

Hawkeye Wave

Perhaps, the most heartwarming tradition in college football is the Hawkeye Wave. The Stead Family Children's Hospital sits across the street from the University of Iowa's Kinnick Stadium.

The hospital's top floor has floor-to-ceiling windows offering a great view of the field. This 12th floor is named the Press Box.

On game day, children fighting diseases and their families line the windows to watch the action below. Many are wearing team gear, holding signs or waving pom-poms.

At the end of the 1st quarter, athletes, coaches and 70,000+ fans of both teams turn to the hospital and wave. The children's eyes light up as they smile and return the wave.

There had always been a connection between the University of Iowa and the Stead Family Children's Hospital. For example, the football team has a "kid captain" from the hospital.

When the hospital was expanded in 2017, the hospital knew that they wanted to not only build upon this relationship but offer their patients and families an activity area and a great view of the Kinnick Stadium.

There had been talk in the public about the 12th floor of the hospital and images shown of some patients as well as the view of the field. On May 25, 2017, Krista Young posted on the fan based site, "Hawkeye Heaven."

Young wrote, "I think with the new U of I hospital addition open, Kinnick should hold a 'wave to the kids' minute. Can you imagine how neat it would be to have all those fans, players and coaching staff looking up at you and sending a little wave?"

The post went viral. Still no one knew whether it would really happen or not.

The debut was for the first game of the 2017 season. The University of Iowa Hawkeye's were playing the University of Wyoming.

At the end of the 1st quarter with a 0-0 score, the children and parents got very quiet in the Press Box as they looked down on the field.

For a moment, there seemed to be a pause on the field and in the stadium. Then, everyone stood, turned and waved. It wasn't a small polite wave but heartfelt waves with sweeping arms and some even jumping up and down.

Krista Young was at the game. She hoped with her cell phone to capture a few people waving but she was astounded when "it worked" and the entire stadium was waving.

Young isn't a graduate of the University of lowa. She is a mom of three from the small town of Anita, lowa. Her heart was captured by the images of children at the hospital. An idea floated in her mind and she posted it.

The world is full of children and adults who need to know that someone cares and that they haven't been forgotten.

From prison the Apostle Paul wrote in 2 Timothy 1:16

The Lord grant mercy to the household of Onesiphorus, for he often refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain.

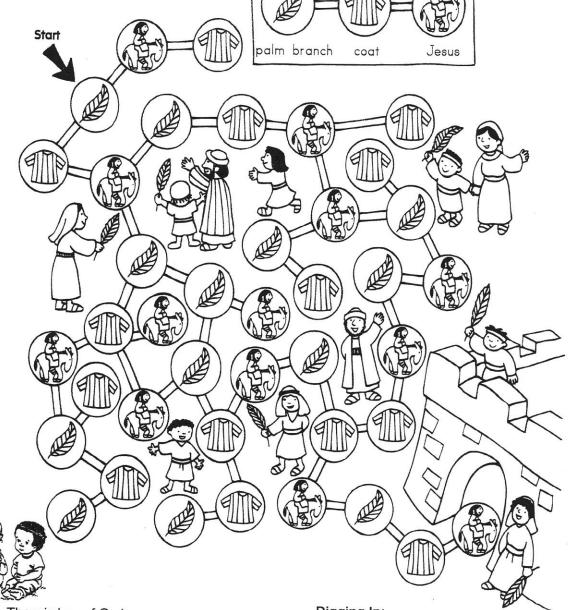
Jesus said in Matthew 10:42

"Whoever gives one of these little ones only a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, assuredly, I say to you, he shall by no means lose his reward."

Children's Camp

Trace the path to the city. Follow this pattern:





The wisdom of God.

We see it in verses but sometimes we have to dig to uncover the meaning.

Look Here:

When the people heard Jesus was coming, they took branches of palm trees and went out to meet him. (John 12:12-13)

Digging In:

Wave is moving one's hand back and forth. It is used as a greeting to someone. People waved when Jesus rode into town.

At a football game in lowa people wave to children in a hospital across the street. They are saying, "We see you and care."



The Acmar Community Quilt

We are starting to notice the sun sets a little earlier each day as summer moves into fall. It's nice to remember what it was like growing up in Acmar in the 1950s-1960s during this time of year.

There were a lot of cousins living in the community, and also a lot of kids who weren't related at all, but it was always a sort of family atmosphere. Parents looked out for each other's kids, much like the "it takes a village" idea. But with the exception of piling up as many kids as possible (no seatbelts) in an old Pontiac or Buick for a day out at Oak Mountain (which was only a simple swimming area at that time), there really wasn't a lot of interactions with adults. Kids got together and played. It's unlikely that the words "I'm bored" were ever uttered in those days. Certainly no one looked to adults for entertainment! Of course, different kids had some different experiences, but most were very similar.

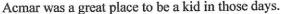
Days were spent playing at the old ball diamond, building forts, raiding forts, swinging on the Grimes' Maypole, or creating all manner of made-up games that didn't exist anywhere else in the world. Some made no sense at all, but seemed like a good idea at the time. A piece of glass was used to play Hop-Scotch, a small stone for Rock School, and large metal washers would be used to play something like horseshoes. If you got hot and thirsty, why bother going inside to get a drink of water when you could gulp down as much as you liked out of the hose pipe?!

As nighttime descended over Acmar, there was a different feeling. Kids just knew to head home when it was getting dark. But kids who lived very close by could hang around longer or come back out after supper. It was a calmer time.

There was a bit of excitement when the first lightnin' bugs were spotted — even though they would be spotted nearly every evening. It's pretty safe to say that most of us had not heard them called "fireflies". (Chances are, if we heard that name, we'd think if might be something bad, like fire ants!) For some kids, the summer evenings meant a competition to see who could catch the most lightnin' bugs and put them in a Mason jar where somebody's mom had punched holes in the lid with an ice pick. Others decided to just sit and watch after learning how those creatures made your hands smell.

After a hard day at play, many kids enjoyed the peace of just lying in the grass or on an old quilt and watching the changes in the sky above them. Some ambitious kids felt they could be the one who managed to count the stars in the night sky. That was pretty easy to do to start with, but was abandoned when it became clear that it was an impossible task. There were no street lights or even porch lights on usually. There was no "light pollution" from anywhere around, so the universe above just spread out endlessly. Conversations were usually on the quiet side. A kid looking up alone could wonder at all sorts of possibilities and keep their personal thoughts and dreams to themselves. Others felt it was almost like a safe time to share some thoughts they probably wouldn't say face-to-face in the daylight. With the beginning of the "space age", kids would try to be the first to spot the slow, steady movement of a satellite across the sky. And when man landed on the moon, they could look up at the moon and wonder what it was like. They didn't know about the Perseids meteor showers, they just knew that lots of shooting stars could be seen around August as the end of summer drew near. Everyone tried to be the first to spot one and holler, "There's one!"and point, although no one knew which way they were pointing since it was dark! There would be a slight disappointment at the loss of an opportunity for getting to make a wish. So you kept watching, hoping to see the next one.

If someone ever referred to summer nights in the country as "quiet", well, they obviously had never spent a summer night in Acmar! With the creeks, ponds, and streams nearby, nature's orchestra tuned up for the evening performance. It started off low, just a chirp of crickets or the sound of a little frog, and then built to a cacophony of sounds of the nighttime creatures punctuated by the deep calls of the bull frogs communicating with frogs in another stream. Those same sounds still exist decades later and bring back memories of those summer nights. While some people might consider it noise, others find the sounds as beautiful and soothing as any classical composer ever created.













Se	ptem	ber	2023
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Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Audio Sermon Podcasts On Website	Soul Miner on the Website in Gallery		Bible Study "Elijah" SeptOct. Wednesdays 10 am		1	2 Alex Sims
CHURCH 9 a Nora Howard	MADE IN USA LABOR DAY	JOLLY ELDERS Moody Baptist 11:30 am	6 BIBLE STUDY 10 a "Elijah" MCA 3-5 p White's Chapel	7	8	9 Mike Denny
10 CHURCH 9 a	Paul Goodner	12	13 BIBLE STUDY 10 a SUPPER 6 Kristi Wolfe Belinda Wilson	14 MOODY BINGO 10 a Sherry Griffin	15	16
17 CHURCH 9 a Joshua Byers Gwen Bosworth	18	19	20 BIBLE STUDY 10 a MCA 3-5 p Max Lowery	21	22 Michele Cash	23 Brandon Howard Matthew Wolfe
24 CHURCH 9 a John Bosworth	25 Stan Siegrest	26	27 BIBLE STUDY 10 a Mark Williamson	28	29	30

Soul Food for September

Mon., August 28
Tue., August 29
Wed., August 30
Thur., August 31
Fri., September 1
Sat., September 2

Exodus 3:1-15
Psalm 105:1-6, 23-26, 45
Romans 12:9-21
Matthew 16:21-28
Habakkuk 3:16-19
Psalm 119:65-68

Mon., September 4
Tue., September 5
Wed., September 6
Thur., September 7
Fri., September 8
Sat., September 9

Exodus 12:1-14
Psalm 149
Romans 13:8-14
Matthew 18:15-20
Genesis 22:1-19
Mark 4:35-41

Mon., September 11 Exodus 14:19-31
Tue., September 12 Exodus 15:1-11, 20-21
Wed., September 13 Romans 14:1-12
Thur., September 14 Matthew 18:21-35
Fri., September 15 Matthew 6:25-34
Sat., September 16 Psalm 19:7-14

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Moody Crossroads / Intersection Hwy. 411/Cty. Rd. 10

Take County Rd. 10 W. (Park Ave.) toward Trussville;

Travel 1 mile; Turn right on Acmar Rd.; travel 2 miles;

Left onto Old Acton Rd., Church is on the left

Mon., September 18
Tue., September 19
Wed., September 20
Thur., September 21
Fri., September 22
Sat., September 23

Exodus 16:2-15
Psalm 105:1-6, 37-45
Philippians 1:21-30
Matthew 20:1-16
Luke 13:10-13
Colossians 3:15-17

Mon., September 25 Exodus 17:1-7
Tue., September 26 Psalm 78:1-4, 12-16
Wed., September 27 Philippians 2:1-13
Thur., September 28 Matthew 21:23-32
Fri., September 29 Salm 145:13-21
Sat., September 30 Corinthians 1:3-7