



JULY BIRTHDAYS

Kaye Blake	7/02
Lori Walthall	7/02
Michael Dean	7/02
Tony Oliver	7/02
Dottie Waters	7/03
Darrell Jones	7/03
Jerry Fowler	7/03
Peggy Wilkison	7/03
Thoma Tucker	7/04
Greg Merritt	7/04
Delores Jones	7/05
Tom Lindley	7/05
Rusty Wilkins	7/05
Patrice Mansfield	7/06
Sybil Tyndall	7/07
Luanne Holland	7/07
Connie Hemric	7/08
Ed Rose	7/09
John Jeffcoat	7/09
Sandy Gainey	7/10
Cheri White	7/10
Dale Stone	7/11
Michele Klasson	7/11
Peggy Smith	7/12
Van Coleman	7/12
David Kennedy	7/12
Anne Stanley	7/13
Lea Couch	7/14
David Beck	7/16
Jan Harrison	7/16
Lynn Crayton	7/18
Brenda Workman	7/18
Frances Fowler	7/18
Betty Browning	7/19
Todd Wilkins	7/19
Gail Clapp	7/20
Kathy Ervin	7/20
Linda Roberts	7/21
Sammy Rigsbee	7/21
Gena Overbey	7/21
David Zebley	7/22
Eileen Garrard	7/24
Jack Denny	7/24
Rusty Herring	7/24
Becky Davis	7/25
Alisa Smith	7/25
Verland Perry	7/26
Judi White	7/28
Ed Taylor	7/29
Debra Freeman	7/30
Ruth Denny	7/31

RANDALL'S WORDS OF WISDOM

Faithful Through the Years: Reflecting on 250 Years of America by Randall Floyd

As America marks 250 years of history, we should pause with gratitude for God's sustaining Hand through seasons of triumph and trial. A quarter of a millennium reminds us that while nations rise and change, the Lord remains faithful from generation to generation. This milestone invites us not merely to celebrate the past but to renew our commitment to the values of faith, liberty, justice, and service that have shaped our nation's story.

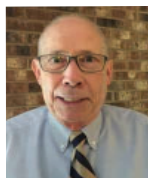
The Bible offers a meaningful parallel in the history of Israel. After approximately 250 years of the Old Testament period of the Judges, God's people had experienced cycles of blessing, rebellion, discipline, repentance, and restoration. Though Israel often wandered, the Lord continually raised up leaders to guide His people back to Himself. Their history reminds us that the strength of a nation is never found solely in military power, economic prosperity, or political influence, but in its willingness to seek God's wisdom and walk in His ways.

America's own journey has reflected moments of remarkable courage alongside seasons requiring repentance and renewal. Throughout these centuries, countless men and women have sacrificed to preserve freedom and pursue justice for future generations. Their legacy challenges us to become faithful stewards of the blessings we have received.

President George Washington wisely observed, "The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained." Those words remain as relevant today as they were at the birth of our republic, reminding us that national flourishing depends upon moral character and humble dependence upon God.

America is flourishing, but not perfect. We still have sin and it infiltrates so many in our country and our world. The Apostle Paul gives believers a timeless charge in Philippians 2:15: That you may be blameless and innocent, children of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and twisted generation, among whom you shine as lights in the world. (ESV)

As we commemorate 250 years of America, may we give thanks for God's enduring mercy, pray earnestly for our leaders, seek the good of our communities, and shine as faithful witnesses of Christ. May the next generation inherit not only a stronger nation, but a deeper legacy of faith, hope, and love rooted in the eternal kingdom of God.



All Hazard Preparedness

Forecasters are tracking a developing Super El Niño that is expected to reshape weather patterns across the entire United States through 2026 and into 2027. That means extreme heat in the Southwest, flooding in the South, drought in parts of the Midwest, and a hurricane season that, even with reduced storm counts, it only takes one direct hit to become a catastrophe. Whether you believe what forecasters are predicting, it remains important to be prepared.

What does this mean for you and your family? Reality is, most people are not thinking about this until it is too late.

The Problem with waiting for 911

The average 911 response time in the United States is 10 minutes under normal conditions. During a major weather event, that number doubles or triples. Roads flood. 911 Centers get overwhelmed. Emergency services get stretched thin across multiple incidents at once.

In a trauma situation, whether it is a car accident during a flash flood, a structural collapse, a chainsaw injury clearing fallen trees, or a cardiac event when the power is out and no AED is available. The first 10 minutes are yours to manage. Not EMS. Not the fire department. YOU!

This is not a reason to panic. It is a reason to prepare.

What a Super El Niño Actually Means for the US

NOAA assigns a roughly 25% chance of a Super El Niño, with a 50% chance of a strong event. Based on historical patterns, here is what that means to our part of the country:

- **Southeast and Gulf Coast:** Heavy rainfall and flooding risk, even with a reduced Atlantic hurricane season. It only takes one storm. Hurricane Melissa hit Jamaica at 185 mph in October 2025. The Gulf Stream is warm.

What Preparedness Actually Looks Like

I am not going to tell you to stockpile water and hope for the best. That is the minimum. Real disaster preparedness means having the medical capability to handle injuries when EMS is unavailable, overwhelmed, or hours away.

Here is what I recommend for families and households preparing for an extended disruption:

Vehicle IFAK (Individual First Aid Kit)

Accidents happen more during weather events. Flash floods, debris on roads, low visibility. A vehicle IFAK with tourniquet, pressure dressing, and stop the bleed gauze should be in every car.

Home Trauma Kit

Separate from your bathroom cabinet, somewhere accessible supplies to control bleeding, airway basics, burns, and fracture management. Power outages and structural damage create injuries that do not care about wait times.

Go-Bag Kit

If you ever must leave your home quickly, your medical gear goes with you. A compact IFAK designed for pack carry is not optional. It is part of the bag. This bag should include some basics. Medications, power chargers, flashlights, battery operated radio, whistle, moist towelettes, duct tape, paracord. Water, food that does not require cooking. Extra socks and rain jacket. Hypo and hyper-thermic are a leading cause of death. The ability to stay warm and dry is critical. A small blanket to fit in your bag is vital. You also want the ability to stay cool. A small battery-operated fan can save your life. (even for you cold natured folk)

This Is the Right Time to Get Ready

Weather preparedness conversations tend to happen after the event. After the hurricane. After the flood. After the power has been out for four days and someone gets hurt. I would rather you be having this conversation now, while there is still time to get the gear, learn the skills, and put a plan in place.

Training: Gear you do not know how to use is just expensive clutter. Stop the Bleed is free. Many training courses are free. The knowledge stays with you forever.

Having this bag as you travel can be cheap insurance to save your life or make it bearable should you get stranded.

The Super El Niño is developing. Hurricane season started June 1. The time to prepare is not when the storm is named. It is now!

ROBERT'S "TIDBITS OF LIFE ENCOUNTERS"

My All Time Favorite Baptismal

It was a brisk Sunday morning at FBC North Myrtle Beach in January. And by "brisk," I mean the kind of cold that makes you question every life decision that led you outdoors. We were in the middle of an unusually frigid week, but our pastor believed there was no better way to kick off a new year than with a baptism service. That year we had four eager new believers and one Methodist becoming a Baptist—which, depending on who you ask, is either a church membership change or a complete lifestyle overhaul. This baptism would become one she would never forget.

Sometime during the night, the baptistry heater decided it had fulfilled its purpose in life and retired without notice. By Sunday morning the water was painfully cold, especially living on the coastline. We contacted the baptism candidates to let them know. The four new believers didn't care. There could have been chunks of ice floating around like a miniature Arctic Ocean and they still would have jumped in smiling. They were determined to let the world know Jesus was Lord.

The Methodist lady, however, had a slightly different perspective. With a grin she suggested this might be a sign from God that her sprinkling experience as a Methodist should be sufficient after all, But she loved the church, wanted to become a member, and with her entire family present, she knew there was no backing out now.

From my seat, I had the perfect view of everything. The pastor stepped into the water first, and immediately his face communicated information his mouth never would. His eyes widened. His breathing got shallow. Every muscle in his body seemed to be filing a formal complaint. Now our pastor was a very proper man. Very meticulous. He came prepared. He wore old pants under chest waders so he could quickly change before preaching. The second advantage was they helped insulate the cold. Everyone else was basically being baptized in liquid regret. The first candidate stepped in. Then the second. Then the third. Every one of them wore the same expression—a mixture of spiritual commitment and survival instinct.

Normally the pastor would slowly and reverently say: “I now baptize you, my brother (or sister), in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.” But this Sunday was different. The moment he reached the second syllable of “Spirit,” the candidate was already halfway back up. “I now baptize you in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Spir—” WHOOSH. They bobbed back up after being totally immersed under water (the Baptist way) only to paddle like a crocodile was on their heels. I've never seen anything like it. On a normal Sunday, newly baptized believers would pause, wipe the water off their faces and stand proudly and witness the church clapping in approval.

Years earlier I had taken a group of students to Sliding Rock in North Carolina. I stood comfortably taking pictures while



student after student slid down into the icy mountain water below. They came up screaming, gasping for their breath and flailing their arms to get out of the water as quick as they could. I just laughed. “Come on, guys,” I thought. “It's just cold water.” I thought to myself I know it's cold, but guys, screaming like little girls? How embarrassing. Then it was my turn. Standing ankle-deep in the water waiting for the slide, I thought, “This isn't bad at all.” Those were the last intelligent thoughts I had. It came time for me to embark on this sixty foot slide. What happened next defies anything I have experienced in my life. The ride down my bottom hit every indentation that made in that rock over the last thousand years. The instant I hit the bottom pool, my entire body entered another dimension. If there's was a bottom, I never got close to it. Every bronchial tube in my chest expanded simultaneously. My lungs attempted to relocate. I wasn't sure whether I was underwater or experiencing a near-death testimony. The tumultuous churning of the water made it almost impossible to know what planet you were on much less getting your bearing of how to get out of the water fast. If I did scream I was hoping for two octaves lower than the student boys. Somewhere in the chaos there were lifeguards shouting instructions, But you never heard them because more and more people were plunging into the water behind you. What seemed like minutes, was only seconds and I found myself flailing my arms to get out of that water, and fast!

So when our Methodist friend stepped toward the baptistry that morning, I knew exactly what awaited her. This lady didn't so much walk into the baptistry as she floated. As she moved toward the pastor, I could see genuine panic spreading across her face. The deeper she went, the wider her eyes became. The pastor recognized the situation and extended a helping hand. That was a mistake. She grabbed his arm with both hands and clamped down with the strength of a drowning passenger who had just spotted the last life raft on the Titanic. Any circulation he previously enjoyed in that arm immediately ceased. The pastor tried to move toward her. She pulled him toward her. The pastor tried to remain dignified while she was fighting for survival.

And at that moment, everyone in the congregation leaned forward to take in this once in a life time sight. But nothing was going to prepare them or me for what was really going to happen.

She finally maneuvered herself into position, although “position” might be generous. She was gasping for air, shaking uncontrollably, and looking like someone who had just fallen through the ice on a frozen lake. The pastor wasn't much better. He was shaking too, taking quick little breaths while trying desperately to maintain his pastoral dignity. The congregation had never been this quiet. It was so quiet you could hear the ripples in the baptistry.

Finally, the pastor gathered himself and began. “In the name...” Before he could get another word out, she plunged backward into the water. The problem was she wasn't letting go. As she went under, she grabbed the pastor's tie and yanked him toward the water like she was determined not to go alone.



At that exact moment, a tidal wave of freezing water shot over the tops of his waders. Now, understand something. Up until this point, the pastor had been enjoying a significant thermal advantage over everyone else. That advantage had just ended.

Instantly.

Completely.

The Methodist lady disappeared beneath the water. The pastor forgot all about baptizing her. He forgot about the congregation. He may have briefly forgotten about theology.

He sprang straight up and let out a high-pitched, “OOOHHH-HH!” that sounded suspiciously like a little girl discovering a mouse. By the time he resurfaced, the newly baptized woman was flailing through the water like a cat that had accidentally fallen into a swimming pool. She was hollering something, but between the splashing, the gasping, and the chaos, nobody could understand a word. She swam for the exit—which was only about two feet away—without ever touching the bottom. I have never seen anyone travel two feet so fast.

The pastor stood there frozen, drenched, and in complete shock. For a moment, nobody knew what to do. Then he looked out at the congregation, paused, probably thinking what do I say now and then broke out in a smile. The congregation exploded with laughter. People were bent over. Tears were running down faces. Any chance of restoring dignity had left the building. Trying to regain some control of the situation, the pastor looked over at me and said, “Add a few more hymns.” Then he paused and added, “I think I need to thaw out. I can't feel my legs.” To his credit, he did make it back out to preach. I also believe it was the shortest sermon he ever delivered. Nobody remembers what he preached about that morning. Not one person. The only thing anyone talked about afterward was the Great Polar Baptism of North Myrtle Beach.

And that Methodist lady? Well, she was officially a Baptist now. After surviving that experience, nobody was going to question her commitment. To this day, her family still remembers it.

It's just a shame we didn't record our services back then. If we had a video of that baptism today, she'd probably be internet famous and at least \$100,000 richer.

JULY

Reminder: Prayer breakfasts on Tuesday

7:30 - 8:30 AM in the cafe. Cost: 5.00

Sign up online

Fri, 3 Celebrate America 250 Concert



High Point Theatre @ 7:00 PM (Tickets are free)

NOTE: Six of our church members are part of the Celebration Choir: Robert Bresch, Connie Hemric, Linda Rose, Jennifer Rose, Cathy Leathers and Vicki Erwin.

SUMMERGANZA EVENTS

PLEASE NOTE BELOW: Time Changes!!!

Tues, 7 CRAZY BINGO



Returning from last year's success. A great time with prizes, food and just plain good ol' fellowship. Cost: \$5.00 (helps with cost of lunch). 900 AM - 12:00 PM Cafe.

Sun, 12 MURDER MYSTERY COOK OUT



New to Summerganza. Come and join us for a cook out and help solve the murder mystery. Some of you will even have a chance to be part of the mystery. Cost: \$10.00. Time: 4:00 PM in the Cafe. Drop Dead Deadline by July 8th

Tues, 21 THE BATTLE OF THE IMAGINATION



New to Summerganza. This is one of those events we can't unveil exactly what it is, but we can promise you a lot of laughs will happen with team spirit. 9:00 - 12:00 PM. Cafe Lunch \$5.00

Tues, 28 FAMILY FEUD TWIST



Similar to LOGOS FEUD. Each of you will be a part of a family in this all out fun and fellowship. 9:00 am - 12:00 PM Cafe Cost: \$5.00 for lunch.



CLUE
JENGA
MONOPOLY
OPERATION
PARCHEESI
PASSTHEPIGS
PAYDAY
PENTE

PICTIONARY
RACKO
RISK
RUMMIKUB
SCATTEGORIES
SCRAMBLE
SORRY
STRATEGO

TABOO
THEGAMEOFLIFE
TRIVIALPURSUIT
TROUBLE
TWISTER
YAHTZEE

LIFE



A group of four people are sitting in folding chairs on a paved area, likely a golf course. From left to right: a person in a blue patterned shirt is partially visible; a woman in a pink shirt sits in a red chair holding a clipboard; a man in a grey shirt sits in a blue chair holding a drink; and a woman in a white tank top sits in a blue chair. A black cooler is on the ground near the woman in pink. The background shows a grassy field and trees.

A vibrant jigsaw puzzle depicting Noah's Ark. The ark is a large wooden structure with a red-tiled roof, filled with a variety of animals including giraffes, lions, tigers, sheep, and birds. Two dolphins are shown leaping from the blue water in the foreground. The puzzle pieces are interlocking, and the scene is set against a blue sky with a rainbow.

A group of four women are standing behind a dark wooden table in a room with a checkered floor. On the table, there is a book titled 'The Shipwreck' and a large, colorful illustration of a shipwreck. The women are smiling and looking at the camera. The room has a checkered floor and a drop ceiling with recessed lights. In the background, there are some tables and chairs, suggesting a community center or a school.

