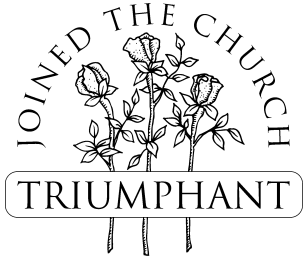
Sunday, November 1, 2026

Shirley Ann Thacker Lewis	November 2, 2025
Bobby Ray Curtis	January 4, 2026
John Michael Gidley	January 28, 2026
Peggy Sue Coble Busby	February 13, 2026
Evelyn Carol Pratt Dail	February 21, 2026
John Robert Burns	February 24, 2026
Charles Christopher Strandberg	March 10, 2026
Robert Lee Shores	March 25, 2026
James Franklin McAdams	April 22, 2026
Kevin Granville Holt	July 18, 2026
Lillie Jobe Sizemore Snider	August 13, 2026
Thelma Anderson Greeson	August 20, 2026
Tony Dean Sizemore	August 28, 2026
Catherine McConnell Holt	September 3, 2026
Patsy Ray Royal	October 1, 2026
Barbara May Tew	October 21, 2026
Hazel Burleson Aydelette	October 24, 2026



We Shall Yet Praise Him

Why are you cast down,
O my soul? Why are you
disquieted within me?

Have we not heard the voice
of the Lord in the quiet of the
early morning hours before
the world awakens to a new day?
Have we not sensed a divine
presence while walking at dusk,
rustling leaves as we squint
at stars piercing the night sky?

You have been with us, Lord,
in the whispers and shadows
of unanswered questions. In the
hushed silence, you lead us as
you have led those who have
gone before. Your ways are
cloaked in mystery though
you meet us as we are.

We remember the ones who
prayed for us, seeking you on our
behalf; their faded footprints
etched in well-worn paths we too
have walked. Though we can
no longer see their smiles or hear
their laughter, their faith remains;
it lives on in us.

In all of life there is a divine spark
— an intervening Almighty God
who dwells within our finite
beings.

We are but a vapor; he is eternal.
We know only in part; he knows
the end from the beginning.
We cannot fathom the totality
of his realm.

We catch merely a glimpse
as the light shimmers through the
vibrant trees and the sweet smell
of over-ripe fruit rotting on the
ground fills the air, while layers of
leaves blanket the soft, warm
earth before a winter chill begins
to settle in.

We sing. We dance. We mark days
off our calendars. We grow older
as we commemorate another
season together. We sense that
spiritual time is oddly out of sync
with our own, pondering how
those who have crossed over
now measure it.

We live. We die. Our lives are but
a breath. We move beyond the
reality we now exist in as our
spirits unite with our Maker.
Until our appointed time, we will
abide on the path shown to us,
revealing your glory to those
who will follow after.

Hope in God,
for we shall yet praise him.

A Prayer for All Soul's Day
By Mary Ellen Shores