



St. Andrew,

As we approach the final Sunday of our sermon series on the Six Great Ends of the Church, I find myself reflecting on what we've discovered together over the last month. When we began this journey, I mentioned those familiar jokes about Presbyterians... the Frozen Chosen, our love of committees, and some quips about predestination. But as we've explored these foundational purposes of the church, I hope you've seen that being Presbyterian is about

so much more.

We started with **"The Proclamation of the Gospel for the Salvation of Humankind,"** where we learned from Paul that real proclamation isn't just about talking the gospel; it's about being "in on it." It's about living the message through service to all people... not preaching from above, but serving from below.

Our second Great End, **"The Shelter, Nurture and Spiritual Fellowship of the Children of God,"** reminded us through Jesus's encounter with children that every person (especially the powerless, needy, and dependent) deserves God's embrace. We discovered that when Jesus was angry, it was because people were gatekeeping grace.

When we combined the third and fourth Great Ends, **"The Maintenance of Divine Worship"** and **"The Preservation of the Truth,"** we wrestled with Pilate's eternal question, "What is truth?" The answer to that question isn't a what but a who: Jesus Christ, the way, the truth, and the life. Every time we gather, sing, pray, and worship, we're preserving what matters most in a world full of competing "truths."

Our exploration of **"The Promotion of Social Righteousness"** challenged us deeply. Through Amos and Micah, we heard God's clear message: justice isn't optional. God won't stop talking about it in Scripture because it's central to who God is and who we're called to be.

As we prepare for our final Great End, **"The Exhibition of the Kingdom of Heaven to the World,"** I'm struck by how all of these Great Ends aren't just institutional goals gathering dust on a church website. These are living declarations of what the church is called to be and do, right here and right now. They are as relevant and needed today, just as they were when they were adopted by our denomination in 1910.

Over these weeks, we've discovered that these Great Ends aren't suggestions for someday; instead, they're our purpose and reason for being... right now.

Next Sunday, we'll complete this journey together. Until then, may we continue living into these Great Ends, knowing that in doing so, we're participating in God's ongoing work of transformation in the world.

Grace and peace,

Tripp

<b>St. Andrew Elders &amp; Ministry Leaders 2025.....</b>	<b>Chairperson</b>
Clerk of Session .....	Stu Strong
Building/Grounds .....	Stu Strong
Communications & Outreach .....	Rev. Tripp
Education & Spiritual Formation .....	B. J. Breeding
Finance & Administration .....	Don Koza
Member Care.....	D. Ann Norris & Jackie Naumann
Mission.....	Barbara Mouton & John Jordan
Treasurer.....	Philip Gilbert
Nominating.....	Shelly Shull
Worship.....	Linda Grissom
Comptroller .....	Tommy Gates



John Brandon	11
Joan Jordan	24
Teresa Culbert	28
Robert Lawton	29

**Hands Across Decatur  
Soup Kitchen  
Monday, September 8**



Please sign up on the bulletin board to bring rolls, cornbread, dessert, or serve.

## **CCC FOOD PANTRY Collection the 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of the month.**



<b>Items Needed Most</b>	
<b>Grits/Oatmeal</b>	<b>Soup</b>
<b>Hamburger Helper</b>	<b>Crackers</b>
<b>Peanut Butter</b>	<b>Canned Greens</b>
<b>Canned Fruit</b>	<b>Pasta</b>
<b>Canned Veggies</b>	<b>Pasta Sauce</b>
<b>Dried Beans</b>	<b>Rice</b>

**Please leave items in shopping cart.**



## MEET THE CHOIR

My first recollection of singing was when I was 3 years old. The song was "All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth", a fitting tune as I had lost mine a few months prior in a car accident. My father taught me the song, and luckily I had 2 years to practice it before I performed it in school. Unfortunately, my new two front teeth did not come that Christmas, instead taking until I was in the first grade to show up.

I was born and raised in Moulton, AL, a mere 25 miles away. My Dad, Grady Killingsworth, was a civil engineer for the Lawrence County Commission and for Holland and Woodard. My Momma, Wilma Killingsworth, taught third grade at Somerville Road Elementary in Decatur. I became an "only" child when my brother died in 1975.

I bounced about many schools during my youth. After graduating from Lawrence County High, I attended Florence State College (now known as UNA) before finally graduating from Auburn University with a major in Clothing & Textiles and minors in math and chemistry. Summer breaks were kept busy at the campus' "shirt factory" manning the permanent press oven. I was also proud to support two young ladies as an assistant county agent as well, earning them both national 4H scholarships. Furthermore, I later earned my BS and certification to become a teacher.

Donald and I met while I was teaching in Cullman Middle School. We had been dating for two months when on April 3, 1974, tornadoes struck down and tore through the valley, one paving through Cullman. I often joked among others that it took a natural disaster for us to get married. I mean, it was the least he could do after we both spent four hours huddled in a closet together. This August was the celebration of our 51<sup>st</sup> anniversary.

As soon as I finished my teaching internship, we moved to Spring City, TN where Donald had transferred to the Watts Bar Nuclear Plant. One year later, he transferred again, this time to the Hartsville Nuclear Plant. We moved to Lebanon, TN where I taught 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade math. "Title 1" math was being introduced and the principal recommended me to Teacher's Crossroads Elementary, the smallest school in the country (K-8th; one teacher per grade). I earned my Master's as a Math Specialist from Tennessee State University during the 6 years we lived there, along with bearing our two sons, Alan and Neil.

My life almost went full circle as we moved back to Decatur in 1983. Since then I have been employed in a wide variety of fields: teaching second grade at East Lawrence, a case manager for adults in foster care at DHR, and as warehouse manager for The Briar Patch/Kirkland's at the Decatur Mall. The latter career had me performing everything from truck unloading, data entry, inventory, stock delivery management, and best of all, hauling cardboard to the compactor.

Oh right, I should talk about music and singing. It seems as though singing and music has always been around me. My mother would sing while she did housework and gardening. Dad as well would whistle while in his workshop or our garden. The Haney cousins often gathered at our grandparents' house, singing hymnals to entertain our grandfather. "Preacher Haney". I recall attending two or three "singing schools" during summer vacations as well. I've always sung alto since Momma was soprano, Dad was a tenor, and Joe sorta filled in as the bass. It was a quartet right at home. I loved the music classes I took in elementary school. I played bells and chimes in high school band and, of course, was in the glee club.

Somewhere along the way, I lost the ear for harmony and began singing soprano up and through collegiate choir and chorus at UNA. All this time, piano lessons were part of my daily practice routine, even if I still cannot play well. For many years I only sang at church or at home, but I have always listened to music from the radio or from the record player. I own a small album collection that I have enjoyed on repeat for years upon years. I also like to play piano for my own enjoyment and amusement, particularly when I hit more wrong notes than right ones.

While we lived in Lebanon, before the boys came along that is, I was active in community theater, singing as part of the chorus. The "highlight" (if you can call it that) was performing as Mother Superior in "The Sound of Music". It was a curious portrayal, being a nun that was three months pregnant at debut.

My decision to join the choir here at Saint Andrew was an easy one. I remember Linda Grissom from UNA and had also worked with Carl's aunt. I missed singing with the others, the shared joy of giving it the best you can and having it be appreciated. I couldn't name my favorite hymn. There's so many I adore that it changes every day. I may not always be in perfect tune or in time, but I do love to sing.

Jan Foster



Canned Food  
Toiletries  
Men's clothing  
Women's Clothing  
Underwear  
Socks  
Antiseptic ointment  
Insect Repellent  
Travel size shampoo  
Bar Soap / Deodorant  
Tissues  
Aspirin  
More items listed in the  
donation area.

Clothing, sheets, blankets, sleeping bags, tents, tarps, coats,  
gloves, socks, bikes, etc. are all welcome.

# CONNECT

## SEPTEMBER SCHEDULE

SEPT. 10

5:30 PM  
**CONNECT**  
w/ Rev. Tripp

## CONNECT

During the months of September - March, we will meet only once a month, typically the second Wednesday night. Join us on Wednesday, September 10 for Bible study with Rev. Tripp.



# CHOIR *Practice*

Wednesday

September  
10th & 24th  
4:30 PM



## Café Connect

8:00 AM to 9:50 AM

Fellowship Hall

Join us every Sunday morning for  
coffee, light refreshments and  
fellowship.





## Presbyterian Women's Meeting

September 2, 2025

at 10:00 AM

in the Fellowship Hall

The lesson will be "Mary Magdalene, the Tower", a witness to the resurrection and "tower of faith". She comes to Jesus with her own set of problems but is resilient in her faith. Come discuss with us what Mary Magdalene can teach us about our faith. Hope to see you on September 2nd at 10:00am for study and fellowship.

The project for September will be collecting new twin size bedding for Sleep in Heavenly Peace.



**NO KID SLEEPS  
ON THE FLOOR  
IN OUR TOWN!**

Presbyterian Women will be collecting new twin size bedding for the local (Morgan County) Sleep In Heavenly Peace. This is

a group, which is part of a national group, based in Hartselle that makes twin beds for children. The bedding has to be new and can be sheets, quilts, coverlets, and pillowcases. All are encouraged to participate in this project. Just put your donation in the donation location. Thank you for helping PW with this project.



**CARING HANDS MINISTRY**  
Meets the 1st and 3rd Thursday of  
the month.  
**ALL ARE WELCOME!**



We make cards that will be used to send out hope filled messages to those needing some encouragement or just a little extra "hug" to let them know how much we care about them. The only skills needed will be the ones you learned in kindergarten: cutting and pasting! All supplies are provided. We also knit or crochet shawls for Hospice and the Cancer Institute.



Rev. Tripp Brogdon, Pastor  
 3310 Danville Rd. SW  
 Phone: 256-355-6310  
 Email: [Tripp@standrewdecatur.org](mailto:Tripp@standrewdecatur.org)  
[churchoffice@standrewdecatur.org](mailto:churchoffice@standrewdecatur.org)



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 Church Office Closed	2 10A PW 6P CC	3	4 10:30A Finance Committee Meeting 11:00A DAR	5	6
7	8 HAD Lunch	9 6P CC	10 4:30P Choir 5:30P CONNECT w/Rev. Tripp	11 Rev. Tripp off	12 Rev. Tripp off	13 Rev. Tripp off
14 Rev. Tripp off	15 Rev. Tripp off	16 6P CC PW Fall Gathering at Camp Maranatha Rev. Tripp off	17 Rev. Tripp off	18 1:00 PM Caring Hands Rev. Tripp off	19	20
21	22	23 6P CC	24 2P Session Meeting 4:30P Choir	25	26	27
28	29	30 6P CC				

## September Worship Leaders

September	7	14	21	28
Liturgists	Nellie Gates	Faye Anderson	Ceil Hydrick	Cerese Sweeley
Ushers	Doug Coshow & D. Ann Norris	Bob & Jackie Naumann	John & Shelly Shull	Alan & Shelia Chapman
Nursery	Gillian Buttgereit	Joan Jordan	Barb Mouton	Shelly Shull
Communion Servers	Tom Meier, Bob Naumann, Don Koza, Robert Sparks & Nellie Gates			