

Apr. 2, 2023
Issue Two



OUR PURPOSE

"Under God's leadership, the purpose of the youth ministry at Highland Hills Church of Christ is to plant the seeds of God's steadfast love, of a faith that seeks deeper understanding, and of God's kingdom. In doing so, we aim to grow together with the triune God, each other, and our broader community."



FRESH FRUIT

Congratulations, Jeannie! She won 2nd in the nation in her class at S3DA Indoor Nationals in Kentucky this year! Jeannie also won the buckle shoot off at TSO National Gauntlet in Murfreesboro.

BattleField WHAT'S (GROW)ING ON?

Later this quarter, the youth group will be heading up to Knoxville to volunteer at Battlefield Farms and Gardens, a Knoxville-area community garden with a roaming fresh food market. The

mission of Battlefield Farms is "to end food insecurity by partnering with community members to make fresh food accessible and to cultivate land-based sovereignty through education, workforce development, and direct relationships to land."

To prepare for that trip, the youth ministry will be hosting Chris Battle, the founder of Battlefield Farms, to preach our Sunday morning message on April 30. After service that Sunday, we will have a fundraiser lunch to support our trip up there, with any excess donated directly to Battlefield Farms. If you are able, please plan to be at that lunch to support the Lord's work being done by this organization, and to support our youth as God works through them.

THE ROOT NETWORK

Upcoming events and deadlines:

Lunch

²⁰²³APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	5A I
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WotC	3	4	5 Homework Exodus	6	7 Egg Stuffing	8 Egg Hunt
⁹ Easter Wo†C	10	11	Homework Exodus	13	14	15
WotC	17	18	19 Homework Exodus	20	21	22
Wo†C	24	25	26 Homework Exodus	27	28 Devo Night	29
³⁰ WotC Fundraiser						





Sunday Morning at 9:00: The Work of the Church

Wednesday Afternoon at 2:30:
Homework Help

Wednesday Evening at 6:30:

Exodus



GRAFTED ONTO GOD

This month's reading for reflection

He blesses every love that weeps and grieves
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,
Or recognize the Gardener standing there.
She hardly hears his gentle question, 'Why,
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light
That brightens as she chokes out her reply,
'they took my love away, my day is night.'
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

-"Easter Dawn" by Malcolm Guite