



The Builder

First Christian Church
Midland

June 14, 2027

Volume 71 Issue 25

Breath Deep the Breath of God



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WEEK AT A GLANCE

SUN
JUNE
14

10AM SUNDAY SCHOOL
11AM WORSHIP

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JUNE
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7PM SCOUTING BOYS TROOP 175

WED
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7AM MEN'S PRAYER BREAKFAST
9:30AM FOOD PANTRY

SUN
JUNE
21

10AM SUNDAY SCHOOL
11AM WORSHIP

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Rev. David Chisham
Senior Minister

Breath Deep the Breath of God

In the opening pages of
Genesis, God forms the

human creature from the dust of the ground. But the creature is not yet alive—not until God breathes into its nostrils “the breath of life.” From the very beginning, Scripture tells us that life is not something we possess all by ourselves. Life is gift. Life is breath. Life is the Spirit of God moving in us.

Long before anyone could measure a heartbeat on a monitor or watch brainwaves on a screen, breath was the sign of life. To breathe was to live. And when life came to an end, the old biblical phrase says a person “breathed their last.” Breath is so ordinary that we rarely think about it, and yet it is also so holy that Scripture uses it to speak of God’s own presence.

That connection runs deep. In both Hebrew and Greek, the words for breath, wind, and spirit are closely related. The Spirit of God is not easily captured or controlled. Jesus says in John’s Gospel, “The wind blows where it chooses.” We hear its sound, but we do not know where it comes from or where it goes. So it is, he says, with those who are born of the Spirit.

West Texas is certainly a good place to think about air. I still remember studying years ago on a balcony in Alexandria, Virginia, not long after we had moved to the D.C. area from Abilene. I got tired, went inside to go to bed, and absentmindedly left some important loose-leaf class notes outside. The next morning, I awoke to find that they were still there. That may not

sound miraculous to everyone, but to someone formed by Texas and Kansas winds, I thought I was the luckiest man alive. Around here, some people say we have five seasons: winter, spring, summer, fall, and wind.

And in West Texas, the wind does not always arrive as a gentle breeze. Sometimes it comes as a haboob—which sounds almost like a made-up word until you have seen that wall of dust rolling in, turning the sky reddish-brown, coating cars and windowsills, and leaving grit in places you did not know grit could go. And yet, even there, there may be a kind of parable. I was recently told that some of the dust carried into our part of Texas by those storms is part of what gives our soil its life. Without the fine material blown in by the wind, we might have little more than sterile sand. The very winds that make a mess may also be carrying hidden gifts.

That feels true to the life of the Spirit as well. Not every movement of God feels gentle at first. Sometimes the Spirit unsettles before renewing. Sometimes grace arrives with dust on it. Sometimes what we would rather sweep away is part of what God is using to make life possible. Of course, wind can be trying. It can scatter papers, rearrange hair, carry dust, and make a calm day feel restless. But even a small breeze on a hot day can feel like mercy. It reminds us that we are not sealed off from the world around us. We are creatures who live by receiving—receiving air, receiving grace, receiving the breath we did not create for ourselves.

In stressful seasons, I sometimes realize I have been holding my breath without even noticing it. My shoulders tighten. My mind races. My spirit grows cramped. And then one of the simplest things can become a prayer: breathe in, breathe out. Not because breathing solves every problem,

but because it reminds us that we are alive, that we are held, and that God is nearer than our next breath.

**Sometimes grace arrives
with dust on it.**

As a bread baker, I think about this in another way too. A lump of dough is heavy and dense until air begins to do its hidden work. Then, almost mysteriously, the dough rises. What looked flat becomes full. What seemed lifeless becomes fragrant, nourishing, and ready to share. Air transforms the loaf from within.

Perhaps the Spirit works in us in a similar way. Quietly. Patiently. Often unseen. God's breath enters the ordinary stuff of our lives and makes room where everything had felt compressed. The Spirit lifts what has grown heavy, opens what has become closed, and turns even simple daily things into gifts of life.


There is an old hymn that prays, "Breathe on me, Breath of God." It is a beautiful prayer for this season of wind and warmth, stress and renewal, dust and grace. May God breathe peace into our anxious places. May God breathe courage into our weariness. May God breathe compassion into our words and wisdom into our actions.

And may we remember, with every breath we take, that the life of God is not far away. It is as near as the air around us, as steady as the breath within us, and as free as the wind that blows where it will.

See you at the Table,



**Recycle your used plastic
grocery bags. Bring them
to church and place them in
the marked container
in the Narthex to be used
in the food pantry!**



Love God and everyone.
Grow as faithful believers.
Serve together.



CLC@FCC

We were so excited to kick off our first day of summer school today!







Rev. Remy Tercero
Associate Minister

Air/Nature

Our great God up above,
breathe fresh life into our
weary hearts.

Fill our lungs with gratitude and our hearts with
your peace.

Holy Spirit carry our fears away with the wind.

Like a leaf blowing through the air on a windy day,
may we get to live peacefully alongside your
Spirit.

The bird in the sky doesn't worry about whether
or not air will be under their wings, they simply
jump...and they trust.

May we follow your spirit like that bird follows the
wind, where your spirit becomes just as much a
part of us as our own skin.

May your spirit flow through us in the same way a
rushing wind travels through the trees alongside a
mountain.

Like seeds carried by the wind, send us where
your Love is needed the most.

May we be attentive to your Voice, and calm in the
storm.

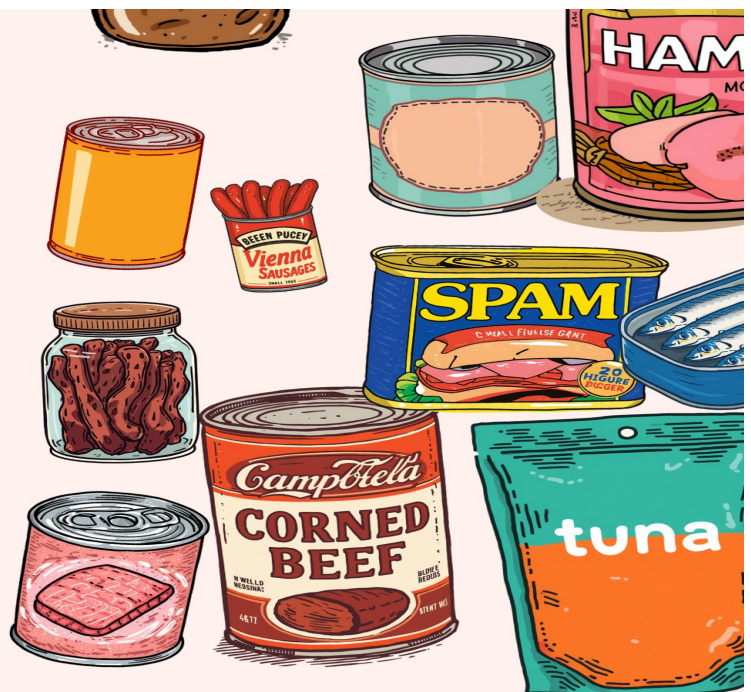
You are our guiding wind, O God we are so, forever
grateful for you.

In your name we pray, Amen.



**DISCIPLES FOOD
PANTRY IS IN NEED
OF CANNED MEAT.**

**PLEASE PLACE
ALL DONATIONS IN
THE RED BUCKETS
IN THE NARTHEX.**



Prayer List

Those in need of prayer:

Tere Valero
Leona Bowman
Lorenzo Espino
Robby Boyd
Ronny Aaron
Kathe Hepher
Maria & Vinson Cooper
Sandy Faulkner
Bill Boyd
Judy Hunnicutt
Marty Wallace
Bruce Stanley
Chris Huff
Betty Couch
Cinnimon Stanford
Abraham Ortega
Kaylene Burgard
Nancy Stanley
Fred Yates
Pat Marshall
Ginny Estes
Mary Beth Corbett
Linda Taylor
Mark Cranford
Cricket Harrison
Fred Schwiening
C.C. Petteway
Pat Chambers
Kathy Landrum
Sheila Crudgington
Gary Thompson

Military

Tyler Brown— *grandson of Lyn Brown*

Families, Friends Beyond FCC

Albert Valero—*husband of Tere Valero*
Sharon Thornton—*mom of Daniel Thornton*
Kylea Slone—*friend of CLC*
Nolan Gandy—*friend of Terry Perry*
Robin Diegan & Jason Diegan—

cousins of Ginny Estes

Amanda Bryant—

friend of Dave & Kathy Cromwell

Amanda Lee—*friend of Janice Ford*

Gary Kennedy—*friends of Lauren & Justin Disney*

Fred Copeland—*father of Lauren Disney*

J.M. Moore — *father of Kathy Landrum*

Oscar Garcia — *brother of Amparo Olguin*

Birthdays

Names in **red** are youth and children

06/05 Danny Estrada

06/06 Charley Wilkinson

06/07 Charlie Morgan

06/08 Maria Cooper

06/13 Barbara Holeva

06/13 **Bryce Kosanke**

06/15 Stephanie Hall

06/16 Diane Faulkner

06/19 Tara Jones

06/20 Traci Hopper

06/22 Simon Crudgington

06/25 Roy Hurst

06/27 Lu Ann Morgan

Anniversaries

06/11 Dave & Kaylene Burgard

06/18 John & Sandra Schnable

06/28 Sandy & Diane Faulkner

06/28 Doug & Sandra Wills



1301 W. Louisiana Ave.
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432.682.2541
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Vacation Bible School

June 22nd-25th
5:30-8pm

Age 3 yrs old by June 1-completion of 5th grade

First Christian Church
1301 West Louisiana

WHAT'S COOKIN'?



register with QR code