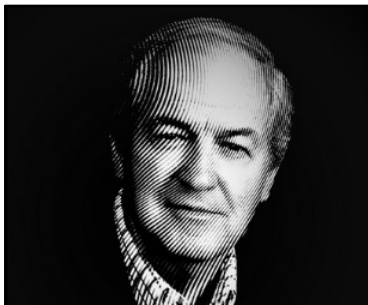




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WHO I AM

When I was young I would hear the teaching of being Christ-like. It sounded good, but I didn't believe a person could be like Jesus; good like Jesus; serve like Jesus; faithful like Jesus.

As I grew and learned that God sent Jesus in human form to teach us and show us we can be imperfect persons and still be Christ-like. It is the Holy Spirit that fills us with the drive to do good, to serve, and live by Faith. It doesn't make us perfect, but it does give us that hunger for righteousness and discipleship.

I recently wrote a song entitled "**Who I Am**". In my song I express the feeling of wanting to be like Jesus. Not perfect, but living life the best I can. This is what God is calling us to do. This is understanding what it means to be the Church.

I just want to be like Him
Living life the best I can
I just want to walk the road
Helping others lift the load
I just want to spread the News
God is love and justice too

Chorus:

*Trying to understand
Where I must stand
Knowing who I am
Who I am*

Could I be just one small light
Shining in the cold, cold night
Could I help just one lost soul
Share the way to make them whole
Marching in the big brass band
Holding on to Jesus hand

Every morn I wake and pray
Asking God to show the way
And I feel the strength to be
What the Lord requires of me
Now I know God knows my name
Child of God is my claim

*Agapè,
Kimball, SE*



MY FIRST SUNDAY AS A P.K.

SHARED BY COLLIE COBURN



In June of 1967, my Dad took on his first pastoral assignment. He and Mom packed up the family and moved to Water Valley, KY. Waiting for us there was a beautiful red brick church with a lovely parsonage right next door. My older brother, Kimball Jr, younger sisters, Kathy and Cari, and I were very young. Cari had just been born before the move. Water Valley was a small rural community with lots of room for me and Kimball Jr to run around. That's why Mom and Dad said we were always to let them know where we were going.

When I tell people that I grew up as a pastor's kid (PK), I get mixed reactions. Some might imagine PKs as being automatically well-

behaved young Christians. But for those of us who actually know preacher's kids, we've seen that they can also be a bit on the wild side. I see myself somewhere in the middle. Being a PK can present certain challenges for a *kid*. But as you'll see in my case, the challenge was more on *the preacher*.

Dad's first challenge happened when he was preaching his first sermon ever at Water Valley Methodist Church on Father's Day. To say he was nervous is an understatement. Mom had to slip out to take care of the needs of Kathy and Cari, so she took them home while my big brother and I stayed in the service. Kimball Jr sat quietly and listened, but I quickly lost interest and wanted to leave. I remembered the promise to my parents that I would always let them know where I was going. What happened next was reported in the local newspaper the following day.

**"TREAT EVERYONE YOU MEET WITH DIGNITY. LOVE YOUR SPIRITUAL FAMILY."
-1 PETER 2:17 (THE MESSAGE)**

There were plenty of times I made Dad's job difficult. But to be honest, I don't quite remember this incident. What I do remember is how comfortable I felt at Church. Perhaps that's why I always felt free to be myself completely. Church friends are like an extension of my own family. Even when visiting churches other than mine, I still find it natural

to smile and chat with strangers. I hope you feel this way too.



When we feel loved, supported, and encouraged at church, it confirms we are part of the family. And when we love, support, and encourage others at church, we are strengthening the family. Let's work together to build up the family of God and make the Church a place where no one wants to say, "I'm going home."

See you on Sunday!

Collie

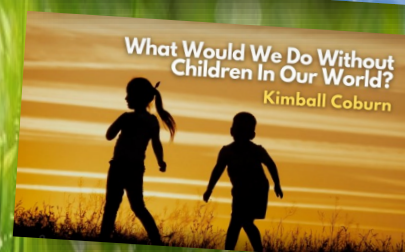
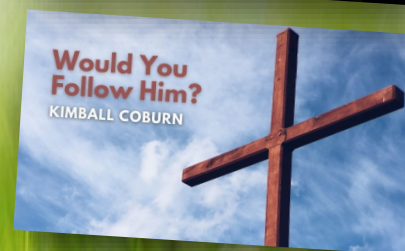
June 18, 1967
FULTON, KENTUCKY
VOLUME LXVIII
CHATTER
by Martha Mahan

Rev. Kimball Coburn was preaching his first sermon in his first pastorate Sunday morning at the Water Valley Methodist Church. The congregation was delighted with their young pastor . . . all but one member that is. Five year old Collie Coburn, the minister's five-year-old son, apparently didn't go for the sermon, and got away from his mother, walked down the aisle and up to the pulpit, where he pulled on his daddy's coat-tail, and said in a voice that could be heard throughout the church . . . "Daddy, I'm going home."



With the help of our Media Team, Kimball is creating a series of videos that can be used for personal inspirations, program starters, or worship resources. All 14 can now be viewed at KimballCoburn.com

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