

“I Was Lost, But You Were In A Hurry to Go Home!”

I attended your services Sunday evening. You would not remember me. I was there looking for something -- I think I would have found it had you not been in such a hurry. You sang hymns about a loving Lord. I felt a tight choking sensation, and my heart beat faster. Your preacher's message was thrilling. I realized I was lost, and from the way he spoke, it seemed important to me to have a Savior.

The preacher finished his appeal and asked you to stand and sing another of those beautiful songs you know so well. I swallowed a lump in my throat and wished I knew the joy of which you sang. I was about to answer the call of the Gospel, when I heard a buzzing beside me. In front of me were whisperers and gigglers. A couple had already headed for the door. The song leader eliminated a couple of stanzas of the hymn. The ushers rushed about stacking chairs and opening doors. Beside me, you were frowning at your watch as if time were running out.

Seeing what I saw, I didn't want to look anymore. My eyes burned, my throat hurt, my feet wouldn't walk down the aisle. I could see that you really didn't care. This salvation the preacher had been talking about was not as important to you as getting out “on time.” I only wanted to get away. I waited until services were over and walked out among you -- alone -- unnoticed -- and lost. Lost because you were in a hurry. Lost because it appeared you really didn't care if I was saved. (Taken from the “Reminder,” Bellaire, TX Church of Christ, June 9, 1996)

“Much Obligated, Lord, For My Vittles.”

Thankfulness leaves no room for discouragement. "I once read a legend of a man who found the barn where Satan kept his seeds ready to be sown in the human heart, and on finding the seeds of discouragement more numerous than others, he learned that those seeds could be grown almost anywhere. When Satan was questioned, he reluctantly admitted that there was one place in which he could never get them to thrive. 'In the heart of a grateful man.'" V. Norskov Olsen, President, Loma Linda Univ.

Fulton Oursler tells of his old nurse, who was born a slave on the eastern shore of Maryland and who attended the birth of his mother and his own birth. She taught him the greatest lesson in giving thanks and finding contentment. "I remember her as she sat at the kitchen table in our house; the hard, old, brown hands folded across her starched apron, the glistening eyes, and the husky old whispering voice, saying, 'Much obliged, Lord, for my vittles.' 'Anna,' I asked, what's a vittle?' 'It's what I've got to eat and drink, that vittles.' But you'd get your vittles whether you thanked the Lord or not.' Sure, but it makes everything taste better to be thankful."

“Is It Bad Or Good?”

"And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose." (Rom. 8:28)

There is an old story which is told of a man who raised horses for a living. When one of his prized stallions ran away, his friends gathered at his home to mourn his great

loss. After they had expressed their concern, the man raised this question: "How do I know whether what happened is bad or good?" A couple of days later the runaway horse returned with several strays following close behind. The same acquaintances again came to his house, but this time to celebrate his good fortune. "But how do I know whether it's good or bad?" the old gentleman asked them. That very afternoon, one of the horses kicked the owner's son and broke his leg. Once more the crowd assembled - now to express their sorrow over the incident. "But how do I know if this is bad or good?" the father asked again. Only a few days later, war broke out. The man's son, however, was exempted from the military service because of his broken leg. Yes, you guessed it, the friends again gathered -- but the story stops here. We can easily see how it could go on and on. This tale points out that from our limited human perspective, it's impossible to know with certainty how to interpret the experiences of life.

The writer of Ecclesiastes said, "...I surely know that it will be well with those who fear the Lord, who fear before Him." (Eccl. 8:12)

Should You Go First (Selected)

Should you go first and I remain
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden Dear,
With happy day's we've known.

In Spring I'll watch for roses red,
When fades the lilac blue.
In early Fall when brown leaves call,
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain,
For battles to be fought.
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will be a hallowed spot.

I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
Though blindly I may grope.
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first and I remain
To finish with the scroll,
No lengthening shadows shall creep in
To make this life seem droll.

We've know so much of happiness;
We've had our cup of joy.
And memory is one gift of God

That death cannot destroy.

Should you go first and I remain,
One thing I'd have you do;
Walk slowly down the long, lone path,
For soon I'll follow you.

I'll want to know each step you take
That I may walk the same,
For someday, down that lonely road,
You'll hear me call your name.

A Moments Wisdom

Poise is the difference between raising an eyebrow and flipping your lid.
The Lord did not scold the sower for wasting seed.
Any fool can count the seeds in an apple. Only God can count all the apples in one seed.
Pray as if everything depended on God, and work as if everything depended on man.
The height of your accomplishment will equal the depth of your convictions.
A belief is not merely an idea the mind possesses; it is an idea that possesses the mind.
Believing is seeing. It's much more effective than the old notion that seeing is believing.
God gives the nuts, but He does not crack them.
Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.
Men to whom God is dead worship one another.