

A Handful of Faithful Children of God By Joe Blake

In 1943 a group of about twenty-five people rented a place for assembly and began meeting in the Pughtown School which only had one room and a small supply room. The supply room was used for the children's Bible class, taught by Alvin Nuzum. The church at Orr Street in Weirton, WV began the work at Pughtown. They held tent meetings to accommodate the people because the school room was too small.

In 1954 the member's purchased the building for the sum of \$1,500.00. The brethren engaged in the transaction told the Frankfort Springs Presbyterian Association that they would move the building as soon as possible. They did not understand that they had purchased the land along with the building. Prior to the purchase of the building, the congregation had bought two building lots on Route 8 near Pughtown, to which they planned to move the building. They decided to leave the building on the property in Pennsylvania. This decision caused some dissention among some members of the congregation because they thought the church should not move out of Pughtown, but they worked it out in a peaceful way.

One Sunday evening before services, Ted Hanlon, Paul Blake, and I were walking down the parking lot together, when Ted was about to open the door, he saw a note on the door. The note had a scripture written on it: Matthew 15:13 - "But he answered and said, Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." Someone was not happy that the building had been sold.

No doubt there were hurt feelings among some of the Presbyterian people who attended here in the past. Their grandparents, fathers and mothers, uncles, other family members, and friends were part of the Presbyterian church that attended here in the past. I spoke with a man from this community, and he told me that he didn't understand why his people didn't take a stand against the Presbyterian organization when they decided to close the doors.

One Sunday evening before services, an older couple came to the building and told Gay and me that they had attended here when they were children. They came into the building to look, but they would not stay for services. I understood that they also were not happy with the decision to close the door. Gay has a good friend in her nineties. She came to services with us one time. She stated that she attended services there with her grandmother years ago and was glad to get to come back.

After the Orr Street congregation sent some of their members to Pughtown to start a work there, the rest of the church there purchased a lot on West Street and built a meeting house in 1950. Ted Hanlon preached the first sermon in their new building. Later the West Street started a new work on Weirton Heights at Marie and Guy Street, which later moved to Pennsylvania Avenue becoming the Weirton Heights Church of Christ. Later, the West Street congregation purchased lot and built a meeting house on Colliers Way, where the continue to meet to the present day. In 1971, the church at Tomlinson Run helped begin a new work at New Cumberland Heights, where a building was purchased and remodeled for the brethren there.

And to think that it all started with an handful of faithful children of God worshipping in the basement of a house in Weirton, determined to spread the gospel. It

is sad that two of these congregations are no longer faithful to the Lord, but I am sure God will not forget the Orr Street brethren for their good works many years ago.

“He Died for Me”

"For when we were still without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet perhaps for a good man someone would even dare to die. But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. 5:6-8)

During the Civil War in the United States, a farmer named Blake was drafted as a soldier. He was deeply concerned about leaving his family, because his wife had died and there would be no one to support and take care of his children in his absence. The day before he was to leave for the army, his neighbor Charlie Durham came to visit him. "Blake," he said, "I've been thinking. You're needed here at home, so I've decided to go in your place." The farmer was so overwhelmed that a few moments he was speechless. The offer seemed too good to be true. He grasped the hand of the young man and praised God for this one who was willing to go as his substitute. Charlie went to the front-lines and performed his duties nobly. But sad to say, he was shot and killed in the first battle. When the farmer heard the news, he immediately saddled his horse and rode out to the battlefield. After searching for some time, he found the body of his friend. He arranged to have it buried in the churchyard near the spot where they had often stopped to talk after the services. On a piece of marble he carved an inscription with his own hands. It was roughly done, but with every blow of the hammer on the chisel tears fell from his eyes. He placed the marker on the grave of his devoted substitute. Many villagers wept as they read the brief but touching inscription: HE DIED FOR ME. (From Bible Illustrator)

God's penalty for sin is death, but God, through His love and mercy, allowed another to die in our place. Let us give thanks for God's unspeakable gift.

Beauty Aids

A dear old lady was asked what she used to make her complexion so beautiful and her whole being so bright and attractive. She answered:

"I use for my lips, truth;
I use for my voice, kindness;
I use for my eyes, compassion;
I use for my hands, charity;
I use for my figure, uprightness;
I use for my heart, love;
I use for any who do not like me, prayer."

A Moments Wisdom

He who gives only when asked has waited too long.
Some people preach by the bushel and practice by the pint.
If you want to keep your head up, you have to have backbone.

Sometimes how well you sleep may depend on how little you lie.
The road to ruin is always “easy” to take; it will be more difficult to travel.
The Christian on his knees sees more than the philosopher on his tiptoes.