



II Cor. 3:17 -- "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is..."

LIBERTY

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Our world may be bent wrong, and our nation may be on a collision course that will severely affect its destiny, but let's not agree to any of that. Let's not stop trying. Let's not compromise ourselves. Let's hold the line steadfast and true. Let's keep crying aloud. Let's keep making church a big deal. Let's keep winning souls. Let's not let defeat and discouragement have residence with us. Let's get answers to prayer. Let's walk with God!

WHATEVER YOU DISLIKE IN ANOTHER PERSON, BE SURE TO CORRECT IT IN YOURSELF.

In Days Gone By

On July 22, 1896, the Statue of Liberty was unveiled.

On July 23, 1916, James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier Poet," died. His birthplace is Greenfield, Indiana.



Crocodile Kills Pastor During Baptism Service

[On] Sunday morning [June 3,] Protestant Ethiopian Pastor Docho Eshete was holding a baptismal service for around 80 people when he was attacked and killed by a crocodile. The service was being held at Lake Abaya in Arba Minch, Ethiopia. The BBC reports, "Pastor Docho died after being bitten on his legs, back and hands. Residents and police told BBC Amharic a crocodile leapt from the water during the baptism and attacked him....Despite huge efforts, fishermen and residents could not save Pastor Docho, policeman Eiwnetu Kanko said. They used fishing nets to prevent the crocodile from taking the pastor's body into the lake."

...He was willing to obey Jesus' command to baptize new believers, even knowing that Lake Abaya is filled with crocodiles.

According to the *Lonely Planet Travel Guide*, Lake Abaya "has a large population of crocodiles, which are said to be aggressive towards people and animals because the lake has few fish, their preferred food."

GOING BACK HOME

If I had the power to turn back the clock,
Go back to that house at the end of the block,
The house that was home when I was a kid,
I know I'd love it more now than I did.

If I could be back there at my mother's knee,
And hear once again all the things she told me,
I'd listen as I'd never listened before,
For she knew so well just what life had in
store.

And all the advice that my Dad used to give,
His voice I'll remember as long as I live;
But it didn't seem really important then,
What I'd give to live it over again.

And what would I give for the chance I
once had

To do so much more for my mother and dad;
To give them more joy and a little less
pain,

A little more sunshine, a little less
rain.

But the years roll on and we cannot
go back,

Whether we were born in a mansion
or in a shack;

But we can start right now in the
hour that's here,

To do something more for the ones we hold dear.

BEING A CHRISTIAN doesn't immunize us against
temptation or insulate us from the painful
consequences of our mistakes and sins.

THE CHRISTIAN is not defeated
and ruined by living in the
world, but by allowing the
world to live in him.

YOU'RE GROWING OLDER...

"WHEN!..."

Everything Hurts And What Doesn't
Hurt, Doesn't Work.

You Feel Like The Night Before and
You Haven't Been Anywhere.

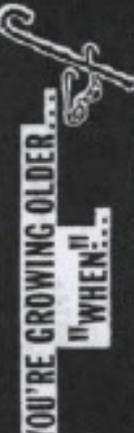
Your Mind Makes Promises Your Body
Can't Keep.

You Know The Answers, But Have
Forgotten The Questions.

You Sit In A Rocking Chair and Can't
Get It Going.

Your Back Goes Out More
Than You Do.

The Best Part of Your Day Is Over
When Your Alarm Goes Off.



Miscellaneous.

Leonard R. Dice, Editor and Asst. Pastor

*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS
*NEWS



WHERE IS THE PICCOLO

Sir Michael Costa was conducting a rehearsal in which the orchestra was joined by a great chorus. About halfway through the session, with trumpets blaring, drums rolling and violins singing their rich melody, the piccolo player muttered to himself, "What good am I doing? I might as well not be playing. Nobody can hear me anyway." So he placed his instrument to his lips, but made no sound. Within moments the conductor cried, "Stop! Stop! Where is the piccolo"?

Perhaps many people did not realize that the piccolo was missing, but the most important one did, the director.

In like matter you as a Christian may not think you are making a difference because no one seems to notice, but God knows when we are carrying out our assigned jobs, and He's the One that counts.

HOW WE SHOULD TREAT THAT ELDERLY PARENT

Mother was becoming quite odd, and it became necessary for her to move in with her son's family. Things were not working out too well, however, because the older woman did not always put items away and had a tendency to drop things.

One night at dinner while passing her plate, the older woman dropped and broke the plate. Needless to say, her daughter-in-law was outraged because this plate was from her set of fine china.

After dinner the younger woman told her son to go down to the local market and buy a tin plate. When he asked what it was for, he was told it would be used by his grandmother so she would not break any more of her fine china.

When the little boy returned from the market, his mother discovered that he had bought two tin plates—not one. She asked him why he had bought two plates. He answered, "The other plate is for you, Mom—when you get old."

NEVER BE AFRAID TO APOLOGIZE

D.L. Moody's son, in his biography, tells us that a man grossly and deliberately insulted his father. Momentarily, Mr. Moody flared up in anger at the unjust attack. Coming to the pulpit a bit later, however, he made this humble admission: "Friends, before beginning tonight, I want to confess that out in the hall I yielded just now to my temper. I have done wrong. I want to confess my error before you all, and if that man is present here whom I thrust from me in anger, I want to ask his forgiveness and God's. Let us pray." He made no excuse or tried to vindicate himself. The meeting was unusually blessed of God.