



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

LIBERTY

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Washington prays at
Valley Forge

Presidents' Day

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The Load of the Presidency

Our very first Chief Executive, *George Washington*, upon completion of his first term, said, "I'd rather be in the grave than in the Presidency again."

John Quincy Adams summed up his tenure as "the unhappiest four years of my life."

After leaving the Capitol, *Thomas Jefferson* sighed, "Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power."

James Buchanan told his successor, *Abraham Lincoln*, "If you are as happy, dear sir, on entering this house as I am leaving it, you are the happiest man in the country."

And after *Lincoln* had been in the White House for awhile, he had this to say about being President: "I feel like a man who was tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail."

James Polk simply said, "I shall be a happier man in my retirement."

**PRAY FOR YOUR PRESIDENT AND
YOUR COUNTRY TODAY!**

Presidents With Bible Names

These six presidents have first names that are also found in the Bible.

In the drawing below, write in the name of each, thinking of Bible people with the same name.

JEFFERSON

TYLER

HARRISON

JOHNSON

BUCHANAN

LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us —

— That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion.

— That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

— That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom.

— And that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Quotations From George Washington

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to a political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.

I am certainly near the end, and I look forward to the hour of dissolution with perfect resignation.

Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue?

It is impossible to govern the world without God.

He must be worse than an infidel...that has not gratitude to acknowledge his obligation.

We can have but little hope of the blessing of God if we insult Him by our blasphemies.

Let us rely upon the goodness of the cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hand victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions.

[All would have been lost but

for] that bountiful Providence which has never failed us in the hour of distress.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.

Honor and obey your parents, whatever may be their condition.

The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained.

Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion; the one cannot exist without the other.

Without integrity, the finest talents...can never gain the respect...of the truly valuable part of mankind.

The love of my country will be the ruling influence of my conduct.

Knowledge is, in every country, the surest basis of public happiness.

Miscellaneous.

Leonard R. Dice, Editor and Asst. Pastor

*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS
*NEWS



General Pickett's Old Friend

The Confederate Soldier's Widow
Visited by Mr. Lincoln

I was in Richmond when my soldier fought the awful battle of Five Forks. Richmond surrendered, and the surging sea of fire swept the city. News of Five Forks reached us, and there was a report that General Pickett had been killed. I did not believe it, but I was very anxious.

The day after the fire there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Northern troops, and my environment had not taught me to love them. With my baby on my arm, I opened the door and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes, who asked: "Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "But he is not home."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The president!" I gasped.

The stranger shook his head. "No, ma'am; no, ma'am. Just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby," was all I could say. I had never seen Mr. Lincoln, but I remembered the love and reverence with which my soldier always spoke of him.

My baby pushed away from me and reached out his hands to Mr.



Lincoln, who took him into his arms. As he did so, an expression of rapt, almost divine, tenderness and love lighted up his sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other countenance. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy, infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, he shook his finger at him playfully and said: "Tell that rascal, your father, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

He turned and went down the steps talking to himself and passed out of my sight forever. But in my memory those intensely human eyes, that strong, sad face have a perpetual abiding place—that face which puzzled all artists but which revealed itself to the intuitions of a child.

—From *The Heart of a Soldier*
by Mrs. La Salle Corbett Pickett