



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

LIBERTY



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HERE COMES
THE FLAG!

Here comes the flag,
Hail it!
Who dares to drag
Or trail it?
Give it hurrahs—
Three for the stars,
Three for the bars.
Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it
Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it,
The unsullied white of it,
The blue and the red of it,
And tyranny's dread of it!

Here comes the flag!
Cheer it!
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it,
Children caress it,
All shall maintain it,
No one shall stain it.
Cheers for the sailors that fought on
the wave for it,
Cheers for the soldiers that always
were brave for it,
Tears for the men that went down to
the grave for it.
Here comes the flag!

—Arthur Macy

4th of JULY

INDEPENDENCE DAY



No nation is better than its sacred book. In that book are expressed its highest ideals of life, and no nation rises above those ideals. No nation has a sacred book to be compared with ours. This American nation from its first settlement at Jamestown to the present hour is based upon and permeated by the principles of the Bible. The more this Bible enters into our national life, the grander and purer and better will that life become.

—David J. Brewer

In Days Gone By

- On June 30, 1958, Alaska became our 50th State.
- On July 1, 1864, The Battle of Gettysburg took place.
- On July 2, 1881, President Garfield was assassinated.

WHAT ALMOST DEFEATED HIM

Several years ago, a reporter was interviewing a man who had walked across the United States on foot... from the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, California to New York City, New York.

The newspaper reporter was interested in knowing what was the greatest difficulty the traveler had encountered on his long hike. He suggested that perhaps the mountains along the trail had been the greatest barrier, but the traveler assured the reporter that it was not that. Then the reporter suggested that perhaps swollen streams, which cut across the

adultery, nor drunkenness, nor drugs, no lying or stealing that is causing the defeat of many of God's children... but it is the sand of the Word in our spiritual shoes. Let us all stop for a moment and shake the sand out of our spiritual shoes.

One day Bill came away from a sale with a live parrot. "Now I wonder why I bought this stupid bird?" he muttered. "Stupid?" said the parrot. "who's stupid? Who do you think was bidding against you?"

A mother was urging her little boy to eat everything on his plate. "Now eat your spinach," she said. "It's good for you and will put color in your cheeks."

"Mabe so," he said, "but who wants green cheeks?"



- The best place out of this world to build a strong life is in the local church.
- The best place out of this world to rear children for the Lord is in the local church.
- The best place out of this world to strengthen your marriage is in the local church.
- The best place out of this world to please God is in the local church.

THE HOLY ALPHABET

Although things are not perfect
Because of trial or pain
Continue in thanksgiving
Do not begin to blame
Even when the times are hard
Fierce winds are bound to blow
God is forever able
Hold on to what you know
Imagine life without His love
Joy would cease to be
Keep thanking Him for all the things
Love imparts to thee
Move out of "camp Complaining"
No weapon that is known
On earth can yield the power
Praise can do alone
Quit looking at the future
Redeem the time at hand
Start every day with worship
To "thank" is a command
Until we see Him coming
Victorious in the sky
We'll run the race with gratitude
Xalting God most high
Yes, there'll be good times and bad, but...
Zion waits in glory... where
none are ever sad!

WE DRINK FOR WHAT?

Ponder this from the January, 1990, Reader's Digest: "We drink for joy and become miserable. We drink for sociability and become argumentative. We drink for sophistication and become obnoxious. We drink to help us sleep and awake exhausted. We drink for exhilaration and end up depressed. "We drink to gain confidence and become afraid. We drink to make conversation flow and become incoherent. We drink to diminish our problems and see them multiply." (Richard Blummer).

A POOR FELLOW
lying on the
operating table
looked up
at the surgeon
and said,
"You'll have to
pardon me for
being so nervous,
doctor.
You see, this
is my first
operation."
The doctor
looked kindly
down at his patient
and replied, "Yes, I
know how you
feel. This is
my first operation,
too."

When our God beholds us there,
Wrestling in the piece of prayer,
Then the tide of battle turns,
Then the flame of conquest burns,
Then the faltering wall of fear
Turns to victory's ringing cheer:
Then the flag of truth prevails,
Foes sink back and Satan quails.
Bring us, Lord, oh, bring us there,
Where we learn prevailing prayer.

STUFF . . . and MORE STUFF

Every year I again try sorting through my stuff. There is closet stuff, kitchen stuff, attic and basement stuff, and lots of other stuff. I separate the good stuff from the bad stuff; stuff the good stuff in a closet; then, I stuff the bad stuff anywhere not too overstuffed until I decide if I really need it. I never seem to decide.

There is a lot of stuff . . . cleaning stuff, knick knack stuff, inside and outside stuff. Stuff we need to make us smell better, stuff to make our hair look good and stuff to make us look younger. Stuff to hold us in and stuff to fill us out. Stuff to read, stuff to look at, stuff to wear, and stuff to play with. I bought storage stuff and had an extra closet built so I would have a place to put all the stuff too good to throw away and too bad to put with the good stuff. I wonder what life would be like if I didn't have to spend so much time with all this stuff?

When the Lord calls me home, my children will inherit my stuff to add to all the stuff they already own. They will have to sort through all my stuff since they will only want the good stuff. Then, the bad stuff will be stuffed in bags and taken to the dump where everyone else's stuff has been taken.

So, my life is overstuffed with stuff . . . good stuff, bad stuff, little stuff, big stuff, useful and useless stuff. I just hope that when my time comes, I will be remembered for the loving stuff I said, the helpful stuff I did, and the good stuff that I instilled in my children instead of the number of bags and boxes of stuff that I left for them to sort through and stuff into their own homes, since after all, some of the stuff they did learn from me, was . . . well . . . how to keep stuff.

Thankfully, when I die, what happens to my stuff won't matter anymore because the only important stuff is the good stuff God has prepared for me in heaven. John 14:3, Amos 4:12.