



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

LIBERTY

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LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

In a certain mountain village in Europe several centuries ago, a nobleman wondered what legacy he should leave to his townspeople. At last he decided to build them a church.

No one saw the complete plans for the church until it was finished. When the people gathered, they marveled at its beauty and completeness. Then someone asked, "But where are the lamps? How will it be lighted?"

The nobleman pointed to some brackets in the walls. Then he gave to each family a lamp which they were to bring with them each time they came to worship.

"Each time you are here the area where you are seated will be lighted," the nobleman said. "Each time you are not here, that area will be dark. This is to remind you that whenever you fail to come to church, some part of God's house will be dark."



In Days Gone By

On Oct. 12, 1933, John Dillinger escaped from a jail in Ohio. The sheriff was killed by his gang.

What Want I More?

Spoken by a saintly woman
Dying on an attic floor,
Having not one earthly comfort:
"I have Christ! What want I
more?"

You may have gold and grandeur
And yet be counted poor;
He alone has riches truly
Who has Christ, though nothing
more!

Ready For The Revival

If all the Sleepers would wake up,
And all the Grumblers would cheer up,
And all the Doubters would lock up,
And all the Christians would pray up,
And all the Non-tithers would pay up,
And all the Gossipers would shut up,
And all the Quarrelers would make up,
And all the Slothful would catch up,
And all the Babies would grow up,
And all the Cold ones would warm up,
And all the Fallen would get up,
And all the Hypocrites would clean up,
And all the Members would show up,
Our church would be ready to go up!



It's in the valleys I grow!



Sometimes life seems hard to bear,
Full of sorrow, trouble and woe
It's then I have to remember
That it's in the valleys I grow.



My little valleys are nothing
When I picture Christ on the cross
He went through the valley of death;
His victory was Satan's loss.

If I always stayed on the mountain top
And never experienced pain,
I would never appreciate God's love
And would be living in vain.



Forgive me Lord, for complaining
When I'm feeling so very low.
Just give me a gentle reminder
That it's in the valleys I grow.

I have so much to learn
And my growth is very slow,
Sometimes I need the mountain tops,
But it's in the valleys I grow.



Continue to strengthen me, Lord
And use my life each day
To share your love with others
And help them find their way.

I do not always understand
Why things happen as they do,
But I am very sure of one thing.
My Lord will see me through.



Thank you for valleys, Lord
For this one thing I know
The mountain tops are glorious
But it's in the valleys I grow!

FOUR LOOKS AT LIFE

Life is currently described in one of four ways: as a journey; as a battle; as a pilgrimage; and as a race. Select your own metaphor, but the finishing necessary is all the same. For if life is a journey, it must be completed. If life is a battle, it must be finished. If life is a pilgrimage, it must be concluded. And if it is a race, it must be won. Live every second of your life.

Church, Preachers, and Sunday School

After a long, dry sermon, the minister announced that he wished to meet with the church board following the close of the service. The first man to arrive was a stranger. "You misunderstood my announcement. This is a meeting of the board," said the minister.

"I know," said the man, "but if there is anyone here more bored than I am, I'd like to meet him."

On the way home from church a little boy asked his mother, "Is it true, Mommy, that we are made of dust?"

"Yes, darling."

"And do we go back to dust again when we die?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, Mommy, when I said my prayers last night and looked under the bed, I found someone who is either coming or going."

Pastor: Isn't this a beautiful church? And here's a plaque for the men who died in the service.
Marc: Which one . . . morning or evening?

The young girl of the house, by way of punishment for some minor misdemeanor, was compelled to eat her dinner alone at a little table in a corner of the dining room. The rest of the family paid no attention to her presence until they heard her sulkily praying over her repast: "I thank thee, Lord, for preparing a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Member: Pastor, how did you get that cut on your face?

Pastor: I was thinking about my sermon this morning and wasn't concentrating on what I was doing so I cut myself while shaving.

Member: That's too bad! Next time you'd better concentrate on your shaving and cut your sermon!

The sermon was very long this Sunday morning and Denny was getting more restless by the minute.

Suddenly, in a whisper too loud for his mother's comfort, he blurted out, "If we give him the money now, Ma, will he let us go?"

HE PRAYED



He prayed upon the mountains,
He prayed for you and me,
He prayed in humble dwellings,
He prayed beside the sea.

He prayed in early morning,
Prayed with all his might,
He prayed at noonday and at dusk,
He prayed all thro' the night.

He prayed for those who scorned Him,
For those who killed Him, too,
He prayed, "Father forgive them
They know not what they do.

He prayed when He was lonely,
He prayed when He was sad,
He prayed when He was weary,
He prayed when He was glad.

He prayed for those in sorrow,
He prayed for those in sin,
He prayed for those in trouble,
That they might come to Him.

God Cares for Me

The way I may not always see,
But this I know: God cares for me.

It matters not what seems to be,
Since this is true: God cares for me.

Though tempests rage on land and sea,
I'm safe because God cares for me.

From doubt and fear He keeps me free;
My surety this: God cares for me.

—Glenville Kleiser

"God Doesn't Live at Our House"

Five-year-old Margaret was a frequent visitor in the home of a neighbor. One of the never-ending wonders of the neighbor's home was the prayer time. Little Margaret loved to be there at that time. The daddy in the home read out of a big, black Book. Afterwards he talked to God as if God were very near and dear to them all. Sometimes, the family would join in singing a song of praise.

One morning when little Margaret had been present at the prayer time, the mother in the home asked, "Margaret, don't you pray at your house?" Margaret shook her head sadly and said, "No. You see, God doesn't live at our house like He does at yours."

How sad that a little girl like Margaret had to go next door if she wanted to meet God, the Heavenly Father. God wasn't included in her family circle.

Miscellaneous.

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*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS
*NEWS



MAN SEES THE SINNER... GOD SEES THE MAN!

History, when viewed from God's standpoint is quite different than when it's viewed from our standpoint. We are so limited in our understanding but God knows the beginning from the end.

Because we can only see the outside and the immediate, we tend to make judgments about people that are completely wrong. God says, "My ways are not your ways," and illustrates this by saving and using the most unlikely people for a great work. Man sees the sinner but God sees the man and his possibilities.

Let's look at some unlikely people that God has used in a great and mighty way:

JOHN NEWTON reached the depths of human depravity. No one respected this man, yet God saw in him a poet, theologian, preacher and song-writer. After grace had done its work, he wrote these words:

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me..."

JOHN BUNYAN was a profane tinker, a bungler so inept no one thought well of him. But when God looked at him and saved him he recognized one who could produce "Pilgrim's Progress," written while in prison, under persecution.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was a saloon keeper, a dealer in sorrow and death, destroying lives and homes. But God looked at this man and saw what he could be. He saved him and made him one of the greatest preachers of all time.

D.L. MOODY was a shoe clerk in Boston with no ambition, desire or thought of serving God. But God saw in him the potential of becoming one of the greatest evangelists this world has ever known. His church, at the time, saw so little in him they gave him no help or encouragement for a year.

SAUL OF TARSUS hated Christians so much he had them imprisoned and killed. But God saw in him a man who could be used in a great and mighty way. God saved him, made him an Apostle, and we all know what a man of God he became. Even though persecuted, hated, despised, beaten, jailed, stoned, plus much more, he remained faithful unto death, writing 14 books of the Bible. This man became the Apostle Paul who claimed himself to be the chiefest of sinners before he was saved.

MAN SEES THE SINNER... BUT GOD SEES THE MAN!