

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

LIBERTY

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SEEDS FOR THOUGHT

• No matter how palatial the home in which we live, we still dwell in "tents"—either content or discontent. Some may even be a malcontent.

• There is nothing wrong in praying for a good harvest, but do not neglect to keep on sowing and hoeing.

• What a man stands for isn't everything. What he "falls for" counts too!

• The person who never makes a mistake must get very tired of doing nothing!

ABOUT BEING RICH

A little girl had been given a fifty-cent piece by a visitor in her house. That night after her mother had prayed and tucked her in she heard her little daughter crying.

"Is something bothering you, honey?"

The child replied with a sob, "O Mommy, if Jesus comes tonight, I don't want to be caught with ALL THAT MONEY!"

In Days Gone By

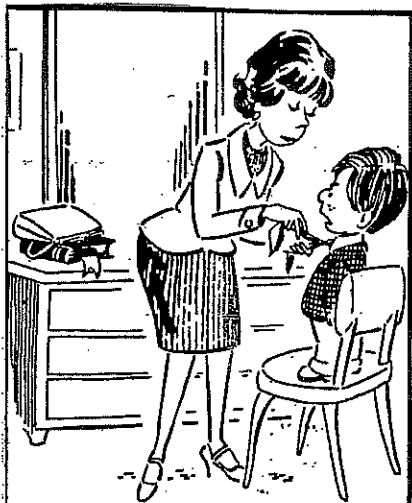
On Oct. 3, 1863, President

Abraham Lincoln declared that the last Thursday in November would be celebrated annually as Thanksgiving Day.

On Oct. 3, 1940, Hitler and Mussolini met at Brenner Pass in the Alps to discuss help from Italy in fighting the British.

GOD KNOWS BEST

Our Father tests us often
With Suffering and with sorrow,
He tests us, not to punish us,
But to help us meet tomorrow...
God never hurts us needlessly,
And He never wastes our pain,
For every loss He sends to us
Is followed by rich gain.



JESUS DIDN'T HAV' TO WEAR A TIE TO CHURCH.

RAIN

GREAT WORK OF GOD



By JOHN PIPER

"I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause: Which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvelous things without number: Who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields" (*Job 5:8-10*).

If you said to someone: "My God does great and unsearchable things; He does wonders without number," and they responded, "Really? Like what?" -- would you say, "Like rain"?

When I read these verses from Job recently, I felt, at first, the way I did on hearing some bad poetry that went something like this: "Let me suffer, let me die, just to win your hand; let me even climb a hill, or walk across the land." Even? I would suffer and die to have your hand, and *even* walk across the land? As if walking across the land were more sacrificial than dying? This sounded to me like a joke.

But Job is not joking. "God does great and unsearchable things, wonders without number. He gives rain on the earth." In Job's mind rain really is one of the great, unsearchable wonders that God does. So when I read this a few weeks ago, I resolved not to treat it as meaningless pop musical lyrics. I decided to have a conversation with myself (which is what I mean by meditation).

Is rain a great and unsearchable wonder wrought by God? Picture yourself as a farmer in the Near East, far from any lake or stream. A few wells keep the family and animals supplied with water. But if the crops are to grow and the family is to be fed from month to month, water has to come from another source on the fields. From where?

Well, the sky. The sky? Water will come out of the clear blue sky? Well, not exactly. Water will have to be carried in the sky from the Mediterranean Sea over several hundred miles, and then be poured out on the fields from the sky. Carried? How much does it weigh? Well, if one inch of rain falls on one square mile of farmland during the night, that would be 27,878,400 cubic feet of water, which is 206,300,160 gallons, which is 1,650,501,280 pounds of water.

That's heavy. So how does it get up in

the sky and stay up there if it's so heavy? Well, it gets up there by evaporation. Really? That's a nice word. What does it mean? It means that the water stops being water for a while so it can go up and not down. I see. Then how does it get down? Well, condensation happens. What's that? The water starts becoming water again by gathering around little dust particles between .00001 and .0001 centimeters wide. That's small.

What about the salt? Salt? Yes, the Mediterranean Sea is salt water. That would kill the crops. What about the salt? Well, the salt has to be taken out. Oh. So the sky picks up a billion pounds of water from the sea, takes out the salt, carries the water (or whatever it is, when it is not water) for three hundred miles, and then dumps it (now turned into water again) on the farm?

Well, it doesn't dump it. If it dumped a billion pounds of water on the farm, the wheat would be crushed. So the sky dribbles the billion pounds of water down in little drops. And they have to be big enough to fall for one mile or so without evaporating, and small enough to keep from crushing the wheat stalks.

How do all these microscopic specks of water that weigh a billion pounds get heavy enough to fall (if that's the way to ask the question)? Well, it is called coalescence. What's that? It means the specks of water start bumping into each other and join up and get bigger, and when they are big enough, they fall. Just like that? Well, not exactly, because they would just bounce off each other instead of joining up if there were no electric field present. What? Never mind. Take my word for it.

I think, instead, I will just take Job's word for it. I still don't see why drops ever get to the ground, because if they start falling as soon as they are heavier than air, they would be too small not to evaporate on the way down. But if they wait to come down, what holds them up till they are big enough not to evaporate? Yes, I am sure there's a name for that too! But I am satisfied for now that, by any name, this is a great and unsearchable thing that God has done. I think I should be thankful --- lots more thankful than I am.

Prayer

by Gertrude R. Johnson
From the First Psalm

LORD, I want
To be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of Living Water.
I want my roots
To dig deep and firm
Into the nourishing soil,
Spreading,
Giving strong support
That my visible self might shoot
Straight and tall,
Unbroken by buffeting winds.

I want my branches
To give themselves willingly
To those who need refuge,
To the pruning of the Gardener's hand.
I want my leaves to be well-formed
And pleasing, my blossoms
To give forth fragrance
Which sweetens the air around me.

I want to bear fruit
In the proper season.
Lord,
Make me willing
To wait for Thy harvest time.

I want the scars of knife-blade,
Disease, and disfigurement
To heal with the naturalness
Of time.
Give me grace to accept Thy healing.

I want an inner beauty—
That when I am stripped
Of my foliage, my whole self
Will be a silent,
Strong sentinel,
Pointing to God.

Pocket Edition: Twenty-third Psalm

Beneath me—green pastures.

Beside me—still waters.

With me—my Shepherd.

Before me—a table.

Around me—mine enemies.

Trailing me—goodness and mercy.

Beyond me—the house of the Lord, forever!

—Jean L. Phillips

Miscellaneous.

Leonard R. Dice, Editor and Asst. Pastor

*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS.
*NEWS



WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT LETTER?

A young man had been appointed to a mission board to go to Africa. The thrill was dampened by just one thing. The girl who had been his sweetheart down through the years would not marry him if he accepted the appointment.

To all of his pleas and reasonings, her answer was a definite no. One month before the time he was to sail, he decided to write her one more letter. He hoped something had happened to change her mind. After he wrote it, he added a postscript which read, "If this letter has made you miserable, just throw it in the wastebasket and don't answer it."

Something had happened and with a joyous heart she wrote and told him in a dozen different ways she loved him enough to go to the end of the world with him. When she started to the post office to mail it, however, she found it was raining so hard she hesitated, then told her younger brother she would pay him if he would run and mail it.

Anxiously she watched for a letter. None came. The months dragged by on leaden feet and she learned that he had gone without her. Years later, when the family was moving to another house, she found an old coat that belonged to her brother. In the pocket was her letter

It's important to do what we say we will.

*** A Cincinnati man spent 10 summers at King's Island riding a roller coaster 10,000 times. Just east of there is the Fellowship Tract League. This ministry, through mostly volunteer labor, is printing multiplied millions of Gospel tracts and sending them around the world with many thousands writing and letting them know they have been saved. Think of the man who is wasting his life for the hollow applause of the world, then think of those who are giving their time and talents to help get out the Gospel. How do you spend your time? Some day it will make a great difference.

DID YOU KNOW that "Life Magazine" once described the Sun-say School as "the most wasted hour" in the United States? It may be in some circles, but a Sunday School properly organized and Biblically run can be one of the most effective hours in the United States or anywhere else. A good Sunday School is the reason many people are saved. The Sunday School feeds the church and is extremely important. You should never miss if you want to make your time count for the Lord.