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



LIBERTY

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About OLD AGE

There is a great deal of senseless praise of longevity, as though it were a wonderful achievement to live a good while.

Ah, my friends, it is not how long we live, but how well we live and how usefully we live.

A man who lives to eighty years and accomplishes nothing for God or humanity might better have never lived at all.

Methuselah lived 969 years, and what did it amount to? In all those more than nine centuries he didn't accomplish anything which seemed worth recording.

Paul lived only a little more than sixty, but how many Methuselahs would it take to make one Paul? Who would not rather have Paul's sixty years than Methuselah's 969?

Robert McCheyne died at thirty, and John Summerfield, at twenty-seven; but neither earth nor Heaven will ever hear the end of their usefulness.

Longevity! Why, an elephant can beat you at that, for it lives a hundred fifty or two hundred years.

Gray hairs are the blossoms of the tree of life if found in the way of righteousness but the frosts of the second death if found in the way of sin.

-T. DeWitt Talmadge

GENUINE GRIT

Once Daniel in the lion's den

Said to the king of beasts.

"I'm not concerned about your roar,

And I care not for your feasts;
For when I gaze upon your crowd
I have a certain hunch,
You'll never dare to chew me up
Or eat me for your lunch!"

The leader looked at Daniel bold—
He's not like other men;
I think we'd better pass him by
And chase him from the den.
It wouldn't do to eat this man
I'm sure he isn't fit,
The most of him is pure backbone,
And the rest is simply grit.!"

In Days Gone By

On Nov. 28, 1783, the first Post Office was established. This has helped tremendously in getting out the Gospel of Christ.

A diplomatic husband said to his unhappy wife: "But dear, how do you expect me to remember your birthday when you never look one day older?"

THE HIGHWAYS OF HISTORY ARE STREWN WITH THE WRECKAGE OF THE NATIONS THAT FORGOT GOD! HOW LONG AND HOW FAR WILL GOD LET AMERICA GO?

Coca-Cola

Began as a Headache Cure!

Remember the old slogan, "Things go better with Coke"? Well, back in the late 1800s, it might have been just as accurate to say, "Headaches get better with Coke."

Yes, Coca-Cola started out not as a soft drink, but as a headache cure.

More than a century ago, in May 1886, an Atlanta druggist, John S. Pemberton, stirred a dark syrup mixture in a thirty-gallon brass kettle hung over a backyard fire.

The mixture was the result of several months of experimenting with various flavors and oils to come up with a flavorful, nonalcoholic tonic. He and his bookkeeper called the new brew Coca-Cola, but it wasn't the "Real Thing" as we know it today.

Pemberton's new "Intellectual Beverage and Temperance Drink" was a potent medicine that intended not only to bring headaches to a halt, but also to cure a host of other ills. He sold it in drugstores as a "brain and nerve tonic," which could cure "all nervous afflictions—Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Melancholy, etc."

This cure-for-whatever-ails-you tonic didn't come ready to drink, however. Coca-Cola came in green, pint-size bottles of syrup with instructions to mix it with water!

Formula's Still a Secret

But what was in that special syrup? and could it really stop a splitting headache or take away the blues?

The still-secret formula that gave Coca-Cola its curative "kick" included extracts of the African kola nut and South American coca leaves, both strong stimulants. In fact, as its name indicates, Coke was one of the thousands of exotic patent medicines sold back in the 1800s that actually contained a trace of cocaine! Cocaine was legal back then and was considered a harmless substitute for alcohol.

Some customers nicknamed the potent soft drink "cold dope" and said it gave "a shot in the arm." Some physicians even began to complain that Coca-Cola was stealing their patients!

But the thing that made Coke a huge success and transformed it into one of America's favorite soft drinks began with an accidental discovery.

One summer's day, shortly after the new drink was introduced, a customer walked into a drugstore complaining of a headache and requested a bottle of Coca-Cola syrup. To get instant relief, he asked the soda-fountain clerk or "soda jerk" to mix up a glass on the spot.

Rather than walk to the other end of the counter in order to mix it with cold tap water, the clerk suggested using soda water. The man with the headache obliged and, after drinking it, remarked that it really tasted great. The druggist kept offering the refreshing mix, word got around, and soon Coca-Cola in a fizzy, carbonated form was born. The rest, as they say, is history.

By 1913, though, the use of cocaine became controversial, and the Coca-Cola Company decided to use only "spent coca leaves"—what's left after the cocaine has been removed. It also stopped advertising Coke as a cure for headaches and other ills and instead promoted it simply as a "delicious beverage to be enjoyed."

Soon after, the company even hired artists such as Norman Rockwell to paint beautiful "Coke" illustrations for magazine back covers and outdoor billboards. Sales kept booming throughout the U.S., and soon it was shipped abroad.

Today, Coke is sold in 160 countries around the world. And, although a bottle of Coke may no longer cure a headache, it is about as all-American as Mom and apple pie.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE FEW?

Only a few who are willing to pray;

Only a few who are found in "The Way." While the task greatens and many are lost, There are only a few who are paying the cost. Only a few who will study God's plan, So they might be Jesus' witness to man, Taking a lesson from Christ's Holy life, Only a few who will enter the strife. Only a few who in battle will stand, Facing the foe with God's heavenly band. Only a few who are weighing the price; Only a few that the world can't entice. Only a few in the world who will hear of a Saviour, Who counted their lives to Him dear. A Saviour who willingly went to the cross, Suffiring the shame and not counting it loss. Only a few to harvest fields go, Telling the lost ones of Him Whom they know. Only a few who will lay down their all, Willing to suffer -- if need be, to fall. Take courage, my brother, for in that glad day, God's chosen few will be there for alway. For God, in His wisdom, has planned you'll not rue, The day you left all to be One of the few!



-Calvin Eastwood

GOD'S PROPHECIES 100% ACCURATE

The Bible foretells the future with 100 percent accuracy—and usually hundreds of years before the events occur. How can that be? Because it is God's living Word. God knows the end from the beginning, and He not only foretells the future but determines it.

God is the supreme Ruler of the universe. He operates in total freedom as the eternal I AM who possesses all power and all knowledge and controls and operates all things after the counsel of His own will, in harmony with His attributes. What God decrees will happen; and what He forbids will not.

*STORIES



TEN THINGS MY CHURCH PROVIDES FOR ME

- Christian worship through which I learn to practice the presence of God.
- Christian preaching with its spiritual instruction and its challenge to holy living.
- Christian reminders of the possibility of abundant new life through surrender to God and daily communion with him.
- Christian instruction through which I learn to think high thoughts and discover spiritual truths.
- Christian fellowship which will strengthen the best that is in me.
- Christian evangelistic opportunities through which I can make my life count for God.
- Christian training opportunities through which I can find myself and grow in the Christian life.
- Christian service opportunities through which I can make my life more useful to God and humanity.
- Christian missions through whom I can make my influence for good felt throughout the world.
- Christian stewardship opportunities through which I can express my gratitude to God for His grace in my life.

A woman went to the doctor's office where she was seen by one of the new doctors. After about 4 minutes in the examination room, she burst out, screaming as she ran down the hall. An older doctor stopped her and asked what the problem was, and she told him her story. After listening, he had her sit down in another room and told her to relax. The older doctor marched down hallway to the back where the first doctor was and demanded, "What's the matter with you? Mrs. Terry is 63 years old, she has four grown children and seven grandchildren, and you told her she was pregnant?" The new doctor calmly continued to write on his clipboard and without looking up said, "Does she still have the hiccups?"

Time is still the best answer, forgiveness is still the best pain killer and God is still the best healer.