

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

LIBERTY

A Ministry of Grace Baptist Church, Pittsfield, Illinois - 217-285-5230

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December 12, 2021

Vol. XVIII, No. 50

What Kind of a "Nut" Is He?

He wants to run his own business.

He wants to select his own doctor.

He wants to make his own bargains.

He wants to select his own reading matter.

He wants to provide for his own old age.

He wants to make his own contracts.

He wants to select his own charities.

He wants to educate his own children as he wishes.

He wants to make his own investments.

He wants to select his own friends.

He wants to compete with ideas.

He wants to provide his own recreation.

He wants to compete freely in the marketplace.

He wants to grow by his own efforts.

He wants to profit from his own errors.

He wants to be a man of goodwill.

What kind of a "nut" is he? He's an American who understands and believes in the Bible, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—that's what kind.

And don't you wonder why so many of our fellow Americans are trying so hard to destroy the kind of life that has made us the aim and the envy of every other people on earth?

Nothing will show more accurately what we are than the way in which we meet trials and difficulties.

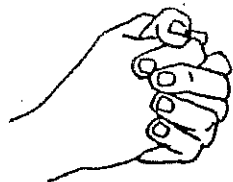
Old worry came and rang my bell,
And awakened me from slumber;
I yelled, "See here, old guy; move on.
You've knocked at the wrong number."

Days Gone By

On December 12, 1901,

the first radio signal was picked up near St. John's, Newfoundland. The signal was transmitted from 2000 miles away. The inventor was Guglielmo Marconi.

DEAR OLD TREMBLING HAND



Old hand, why are you shaking,
Quivering like a leaf?
A few short pleasant years ago,
I'd have laughed in unbelief!

That baseball once within your grip,
Released like from cannon shot!
Now, old hand, you tremble,
Like that of a little tot.

When young the energy boundless,
It never did run out!
But now you're all a-tremble,
What's this all about?

O fingers, will you fail me?
And not do what I command?
Until this day how swift you've been,
My dexterious, lovely hand!

But now, pray tell what's happened,
To that inate, wondrous cunning?
Will you become like winded horse,
Forever tired of running?

But, hand, you've been so good to me,
Served faithfully for years!
So even though you're somewhat frail,
I won't succumb to tears!

I'll remember days of youth now past,
When I walked on you, my hands!
It was something like a circus,
And many were your fans!

Wellnigh those days are over,
Now plainer fare you see,
Just performing mundane tasks,
Content you'll have to be!

But cheer up, dear old hands of mine,
Some good news I must share!
One day yet in God's future,
To new hands you're becoming heir!

Then they'll never tire at all,
But clap and praise in glee!
And when I get to Heaven,
These new hands I will see!

You tell me I am getting old;
I tell you that's not so!
The "house" I live in is worn out,
And that, of course I know.
It's been in use a long, long while,
It's weathered many a gale;
I'm really not surprised you think
It's getting somewhat frail.

The color's changing on the roof,
The window's getting dim;
The walls a bit transparent,
And looking rather thin.
The foundation's not so steady,
As once it used to be-
My "house" is getting shaky,
But my "house" isn't ME!

My few short years can't make me old;
I feel I'm in my youth;
Eternity lies just ahead,
A life of joy and truth.
I'm going to live forever, there;
Life will go on- it's grand!
You tell me I am getting old?
You just don't understand.

The dweller in my little "house"
Is young and bright and gay;
Just starting on a life to last
Throughout eternal day.
You only see the outside,
Which is all that most folks see;
You tell me I am getting old?
You've mixed my "house" with ME!

GROWING STRONGER EVERY DAY



*This frail old shell in which I dwell
Is growing old, I know full well...
But I am not the shell.*

*What if my hair is turning gray?
Gray hairs are honorable, they say.
What if my eyesight's growing dim?
I still can see to follow Him
Who sacrificed His life for me
Upon the cross of Calvary.*

*Why should I care if Time's old plow
Has left its furrows on my brow?
Another house, not made with hand
Awaits me in the Gloryland.*

*What though my tongue refuse to talk?
What though I falter in my walk?
I still can tread the narrow way;
I still can watch and praise and pray.*

*My hearing may not be as keen
As in the past it may have been;
Still, I can hear my Saviour say
In whispers soft, "This is the way."*

*The outward man, do what I can
To lengthen out this life's short span,
Shall perish and return to dust,
As everything in nature must.*

*The inward man, the Scriptures say,
Is growing stronger every day.
Then how can I be growing old
While safe within my Saviour's fold?*

*Ere long my soul shall fly away
And leave this tenement of clay;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the 'everlasting prize.'
I'll meet you on the streets of gold,
And prove that I'm not growing old.*

FOR SENIOR CITIZENS ONLY

- > Remember...Inside every older person is a younger person wondering what happened!
- > yes, I am a SENIOR CITIZEN! I'm the life of the party...even if it lasts until 8 p.m.
- > I'm very good at opening childproof caps with a hammer.
- > I'm usually interested in going home before I get to where I am going.
- > I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.
- > I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a thing you're saying.

Miscellaneous.

Leonard R. Dice, Editor and Asst. Pastor

*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS
*NEWS



LIFE IS A WONDERFUL JOURNEY

Don't give up when you still have something to give. Nothing is really over until the moment you stop trying.

Don't be afraid to encounter risks. It is by taking chances that we learn how to be brave.

Don't shut love out of your life by saying it is impossible to find. The quickest way to receive love is to give love; the fastest way to lose love is to hold it too tightly; and the best way to keep love is to give it wings.

Don't dismiss your dreams. To be without dreams is to be without hope. To be without hope is to be without purpose.

Don't run through life so fast that you forget not only where you have been, but also where you are going.

Life is not a race, but a journey to be savored each and every step of the way.

ALL ABOUT CELL PHONES AND BIBLES

What if we treated our Bibles as we do our cell phones:

1. We would carry it around in our purses or pockets.
2. We would go back and get it if we forgot it.
3. We would flip through it several times a day.
4. We would use it to receive messages from the text.
5. We would treat it as if we could never live without it.
6. We would give it as gifts to our children.
7. We would use it often as we travel, on vacations, etc.
8. We would use it in cases of emergency.
9. We would show to others how important it is to us.
10. ALSO, we would never have to worry about being disconnected because Jesus has already paid the bill.

THINGS THAT ARE THE MOST HELPFUL

A small act of kindness can mean a lot. A touch can mean much. Nothing is as touching as a tear, as needed as a hug, as rewarding as a kind deed, as timely as a friend, as appreciated as kindness, as needed as love, as tender as a touch.

-Ted Camp

NO LICENSE TO DO WRONG

Wickedness starts out with the cry of freedom, but that cry is sometimes a hypocritical sham. Liberty which includes the license for evil will destroy the liberties of all of us.

- Dr. Wendell Evans

FAILURE IS NOT FALLING DOWN...IT'S STAYING DOWN.

Remember that failure is not final!