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

LIBERTY

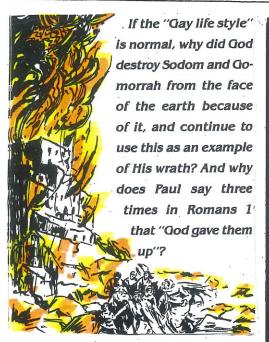
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Pastor Randy Love

Leonard Dice, Editor

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In Days Gone By

On August 28, 1840, Ira Sankey, a Christian songwriter, was born.

THIS IS NOT THE TIME

This is not a time for Christians to run and hide.

This is not a time for Christians to make excuses.

This is not a time for Christians to sit back or back down.

This is not a time for Christians to give in or give up.

This is not a time for Christians to leave the issues to the liberals, the atheists and the socialists.

THIS IS THE TIME

This is the time for Christians to pray fervently.

This is the time for Christians to find their voices and use them.

This is the time to get right with God and stay in His will.

This is the time to make our presence felt.

This is the time for our pulpits to be alive, bold and fired up.

COUNT THE MANY CHURCHES

When you're driving place to place in this rich land, Worried that the problems here are out of hand, Count the many churches, name them one by one. And it will assure you that the Spirit's come. Pray for churches, name them one by one Pray for churches, every single one, Pray for churches, sheltered by the Son, Pray for all the churches, see what God has done.





God Sends a Professional

A woman was at work when she received a phone call that her daughter was very sick with a fever. She left her work and stopped by the pharmacy to get some medication for her daughter. When returning to her car she found that she had locked her keys in the car. She was in a hurry to get home to her sick daughter, she didn't know what to do, so she called her home and told the baby sitter what had happened and that she did not know what to do.

The baby sitter told her that her daughter was getting worse. She said, "You might find a coat hanger and use that to open the door". The woman looked around and found an old rusty coat hanger that had been thrown down on the ground possibly by someone else who at some time or other had locked their keys in their car. Then she looked at the hanger and said, "I don't know how to use this."

So she bowed her head and asked God to send her some help. Within five minutes an old rusty car pulled up, with a dirty, greasy, bearded man who was wearing an old biker skull rag on his head. The woman thought, "Great God. This is what you sent to help me?????" But, she was desperate, so she was also very thankful.

The man got out of his car and asked her if he could help. She said "Yes, my daughter is very sick......I stopped to get her some medication and I locked my keys in my car, I must get home to her. Please, can you use this hanger to unłock my car."

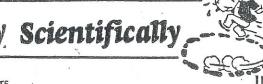
He said, "SURE". He walked over to the car, and in less than one minute the car was opened.

She hugged the man and through her tears she said, "THANK YOU SO MUCH... You are a very nice man."

The man replied, "Lady, I am not a nice man. I just got out of prison today. I was in prison for car theft and have only been out for about an hour."

The woman hugged the man again and with sobbing tears cried out loud....."THANK YOU, GOD, FOR SENDING ME A PROFESSIONAL"

How to Worry Scientifically



- 1. Never worry over rumors or what "they" say. First get the facts.
- 2. Know definitely your worry problem. Write it down. Face it.
- 3. Worry about only one problem at a time.
- 4. Set a definite day, afternoon, or night for worrying.
- 5. Never worry in bed, in the dining room, living room, or at church.
- 6. Select an air-conditioned room. Lean back in an easy chair.
- 7. Set a time limit. If you must go beyond it, give

- yourself credit time-and-a-half.
- 8. Never worry with a frowning face. Smile, sing or whistle.
- 9. Never worry when you are tired, sick, angry or depressed.
- 10. Never worry while working, playing, visiting, shopping or gossiping.
- 11. There are two times never to worry: when you can. help the situation and when you cannot.
- 12. Never worry alone. Take it to the Lord and leave it there (Prov. 3:5, 6).

am still with thee...

After an extended illness, a Christian woman was taken to the hospital for surgery. Noticing her distress as she was being prepared for the operation, an attendant took her hand and whispered softly, "Madam, you have nothing to fear. Only one of two things could possibly happen to you-and both of them are good. If you should die, you will be with Jesus. If you should live, Jesus will be with you. In either case, both of you will be together."

What a precious comfort! In health or in sickness, in joy or in sorrow, in life or in death, both of them-Jesus and shewould always be together!

That is the Christian's comfort in every dark moment, especially in the dark moments of illness. The night may be long and trying, the sleep fitful and feverish, the body faint, and the heart anxious; but no matter what the trial of the night may be-"when I awake, I am still with thee." To be with Christ-what greater comfort could there bel.

We need not be sick or in trouble or in danger to experience the thrill and joy of this constant and unbroken companionship. Every night of our lives, when the toils of the day are done and the lights are turned out and we lay our head upon our pillow to invite sweet rest and slumber, we can close our eyes in the confident assurance that "when I awake, I am still with thee"-either here in my home or else up there in Thine.

Nothing in life can harm us if through faith in Christ the Saviour we have placed ourselves securely into the Father's hands for time and for eternity. His presence will go with us in every circumstance of life; and in His presence no evil can come nigh us.

No Time to Play

My precious boy with the golden hair Came up one day beside my chair And fell upon his bended knee And said, "O Mommy, please play with me!" I said, "Not now, go on and play; I've got so much to do today." He smiled through tears in eyes so blue When I said, "We'll play when I get through. But the chores lasted all through the day, And I never did find time to play. When supper was over and dishes done, I was much too tired for my little son. I tucked him in and kissed his cheek And watched my angel fall asleep. As I tossed and turned upon my bed, Those words kept ringing in my head, "Not now, son, go on and play; I've got so much to do today." I fell asleep and, in a minute's span, My little boy is a full-grown man. No toys are there to clutter the floor; No dirty fingerprints on the door; No snacks to fix; no tears to dry; The rooms just echo my lonely sigh. And now I've got the time to play; But my precious boy is gone away. I awoke myself with a pitiful scream And realized it was just a dream; For across the room in his little bed Lay my curly-haired boy, the sleepy-head. My work will wait 'til another day For now I must find some time to play.

-Dianna Neal

Leonard R. Dice, Editor and Asst. Pastor

*STORIES

VIEWS.



SOME SURE SIGNS OF ANSWERED PRAYER

If you rise from prayer forgiven and clean inside, prayer has been answered.

If you rise more conscious of God's greatness, goodness, mercy, love and nearness, prayer has been answered.

If you rise with with greater love and compassion for other people, answered prayer is transforming your selfish nature.

If you rise with an abiding sense of peace in spite of the great problems that beset your life, God has answered by preparing you to confront these difficulties.

If you rise with clearer vision, greater purpose, a more positive outlook, renewed strength, and fresh inspiration, rest assured that your prayer has been answered.

One day, a little girl is sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly notices that her mother has several strands of white hair sticking out in contrast to her brunette hair. She looks at her mother and inquisitively asks: "Why are some of your hairs white, Mom?" Her mother replied: "Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white." The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then asked: "Mama, how come all of grandma's hairs are white?"

GUESS MY NAME:

1. I am a prophet who was taken up by a whirlwind into heaven. (II Kings 2:11)

2. While I lay under a juniper-tree, an angel touched me and told me to arise and eat. (I Kings 19:5)

3. The widow made a cake for me, and I increased her supply of meal and oil so that she and her family ate for many days. (I Kings 17:13-15)

4. I dwelt by the brook Cherith and was fed by the ravens. (I Kings 17:5-6)