

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

LIBERTY

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Helped Kill His Own Daughter

A young girl was crowned beauty queen in her high school, then accompanied her date to celebrate afterward.

Late that night her father was awakened and called to the scene of an accident. In a ditch lay the dead body of his lovely daughter, and pinned underneath the wreckage was the body of her date. On the pavement lay a broken bottle.

The father was seen wringing his hands, and he was heard to say, "If I could get my hands on the criminal who sold them that bottle, I'd wring his neck."

After going home he decided he needed a "shot" to bolster his nerves, so he reached into his usual spot for his bottle of "tonic." But the bottle was gone, and this note was in its place: "Daddy, we wanted to celebrate, so we borrowed your bottle. Sure you won't mind."

This father had the dubious privilege of buying the death bottle for his own daughter. The liquor ads don't show all the real life pictures of their product, do they?

If we do not live for Christ where God has placed us right now, we will not live for Him no matter where He puts us.

In Days Gone By

On June 27, 1950, President Truman ordered the Air Force and Navy into the Korean Conflict following a call from the United Nations Security Council.



Shake and shake the catsup bottle,
None will come and then a lot'll.

Is your place a small place?
Tend it with care—
He set you there.
Is your place a large place?
Guard it with care—
He set you there.
Whate'er your place it is
Not yours alone, but His
Who set you there.

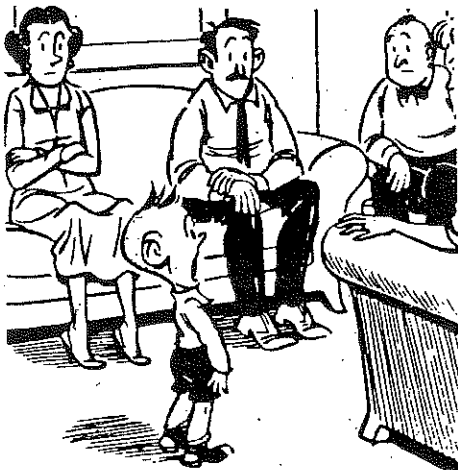
THE MASTER'S APPROVAL

Rudolph was a young musician in Vienna with a burning desire to write a symphony. Finally the time came when he was able to do so. After writing and rewriting it many times, he showed the score to some friends and asked for their opinion. Without exception they agreed it was an excellent work. But Rudolph continued to labor over it, polishing and perfecting what he hoped would be a masterpiece. At last, he was ready to present it to the public.

The orchestra performed his symphony beautifully. After the last movement ended, there was a brief pause. Then the audience broke out in thunderous applause. Rudolph, however, seemed unmoved until an old white-haired man approached him. Placing his hands on the young man's shoulder, he exclaimed, "Well done, Rudolph! Well done!" Only then did the young musician smile with satisfaction. He had received approval from the one he wanted most to please...his respected mentor.

That's how we should view our work for our Master and Saviour. Recognition is encouraging from people. But we should long to hear, above anything else, our Lord's "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" It is the Master's approval that really counts!

-copied



Why do they close church and Sunday School every time we have weekend company?

Crowned or Crucified?

*I stood alone at the bar of God, in the hush of the twilight dim,
And faced the question that pierced my heart: "What will you
do with Him?"*

*Crowned or crucified? Which shall it be?" No other choice was
offered me.*

*He held out His loving hands to me, while He pleadingly said,
"Obey;*

*Make Me thy choice, for I love thee so," and I could not say to Him
nay.*

*Crowned, not crucified, this it must be; no other way was open
to me.*

*I knelt in tears at the feet of Christ, in the hush of the twilight dim,
And all that I was or hoped or sought, surrendered unto Him.*

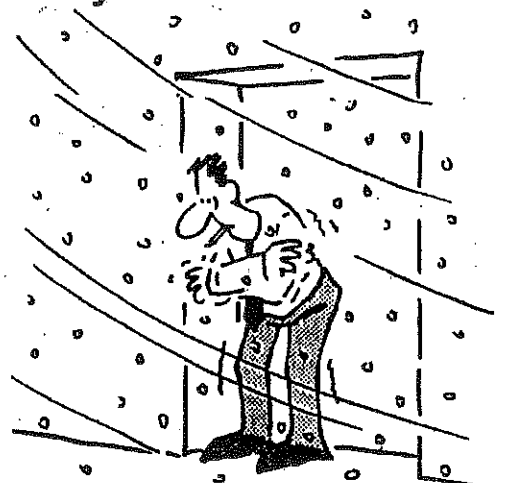
*Crowned, not crucified—my heart shall know no king but Christ,
who loveth me so.*

Story of a Fool

One day there was a little task God wanted me to do, but I said, "Lord, 'You'll have to wait - I've got no time for You. I have this little child to raise, and prices are so high; besides, we've found a house and lot we thought we'd like to buy.'" So I took on some extra work, no church - I was too tired, but I got up on Sunday morning, I had to - or get fired! And so I went along for years with never a thought for God; until one day my little child was laid beneath the sod.

The lovely home we'd bought for her seemed empty now - so bare. In anguish then I turned to God and cried, "It isn't fair that You should take my little one and cause my wife these tears; when we have been so happy here these few short, busy years." "Twas then I heard the voice of God come ringing in my ear - "I called upon you once but then My cry you would not hear. Now in your grief you cry for Me, 'Why must this sad thing be?' Your little child became your god, she took the place of Me.".....Oh, my dear friend, find time for God in everything you do.

Berry's World



Jim Berry

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ANOTHER REASON TO STOP SMOKING

THE SUPREME COURT AND THEIR DECISIONS

On March 6, 1857 the U.S. Supreme Court declared by a vote of 6-3 that BLACK PEOPLE were not persons deserving protection under the constitution.

On January 22, 1973 the U.S. Supreme Court voted 7-2 that the UNBORN are not persons deserving protection under the Constitution.

In the former case it was decided that the slave owner could dispose of his property as he saw fit.

In the latter case it was decided that the woman could dispose of her unborn baby as she saw fit.

ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN, the U.S. Supreme Court was wrong about black people and wrong about unborn babies!



LITTLE JOHNNY was trying to explain to the neighbor boy that it was wrong to work on Sunday.

"But what about policemen?" the neighbor boy asked. "They have to work on Sunday. Won't they go to Heaven?"

"Certainly not," Johnny replied dogmatically. "They won't be needed there!"

How to Save a Sad Mistake

*We fear to judge a water-melon
By the exterior view;
We plug it for a peep inside,
To see if it will do.*

*Now man is like the melon
That's sold down on the
mart;
We cannot rightly judge him
Unless we see his heart.*

*But since we haven't vision
This job to undertake,
We'd better leave it up to God,
And save a sad mistake.*

—Author Unknown

"You Never Did Let Go!"

As children bring their broken toys,
With tears, for us to mend,
I brought my broken dreams to God
Because He was my Friend.

But then, instead of leaving Him
In-peace, to work alone;
I hung around and tried to help
With ways that were my own.

At last I snatched them back and
cried,
"How can You be so slow?"
"My child," He said, "what
could I do?
You never did let go!"

—Author Unknown