

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

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

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*A traveler crossed a  
frozen stream  
In trembling fear one  
day;  
Later a teamster drove  
across,  
And whistled all the  
way.*

*Great faith and little  
faith alike  
Were granted safe  
convoy.  
One had the pangs of  
needless fear;  
The other, all the joy.*

† Never give up on anybody;  
miracles happen every day.

—Curtis Hutson

## A Little More

We recall the kind old grocer,  
When the sugar he would pour,  
How he'd tip the scales to balance,  
Then he'd add a little more.

And his business, how it prospered,  
Folks were always in his store,  
For he gave an honest measure  
And he'd add a little more.

So it is with life, my brother,  
We would write a better score,  
When we've done what is expected,  
If we'd add a little more.

## In Days Gone By

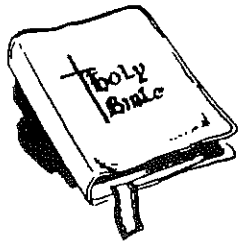
On July 17, 1764, Isaac  
Watts died. He was a  
famous hymnwriter and  
wrote the beloved song,  
"At The Cross."

"I'm not selfish," a father of three said to his parents. "I just want my children to be able to give their parents all the things I could never afford to give to you."

Our pastor called the other day and told my wife that at her age she should start thinking about the hereafter.

"Oh, I do, I do," she told him. "No matter where I am, I ask myself 'What am I here after?'"

THE DEVIL WILL EXTEND PLENTY OF CREDIT,  
BUT THINK OF THE PAYMENT!



## NOT BY BREAD ALONE

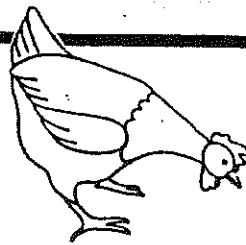
There was a time I tried to live  
On things this world supplied,  
And after many years I found  
They never satisfied.  
And then one day my hungry soul  
By faith touched Heaven's throne,  
'Twas then I found to live this life  
Was not by bread alone.

There's something more within this frame  
That must be daily fed,  
And not on things this world supplies  
But on the Living Bread.  
The Word of God from Heaven sent  
The manna for the soul,  
And all who feast upon this Bread  
Forever shall be whole.

This Bread is Christ the Word of God  
Who gave Himself one day,  
A ransom for the souls of men  
That only He could pay.  
And in such pain and agony  
Up Calv'ry's road He trod,  
To die upon a cross of shame  
For sinners far from God.

We cannot live without His love  
Though hard as we may try,  
For nothing in this world can feed  
Our souls or satisfy.  
The lesson that we all must learn  
If we the truth would own,  
It's only by God's Word we live  
And not by bread alone.

- Walt Huntley



## WATCH OUT FOR PRIDE

Old "Speckle" rose from off her nest,  
And cackled with much vigor,  
As if to say, "That egg's my best--  
No hen could lay a bigger."  
While Johnnie, standing near the gate,  
In mute contempt was gazing,  
As if he could not tolerate  
The fuss the hen was raising.  
His protest took her down a peg,  
He raised his voice to say it,  
"You think you're smart-- God made  
that egg--  
You couldn't help but lay it!"

## You Tell On Yourself

You tell on yourself by the friends you seek,  
By the very manner in which you speak,  
By the way you employ your leisure time,  
By the use you make of dollar and dime.

You tell what you are by the things you wear,  
By the spirit in which your burdens bear,  
By the kind of things at which you laugh,  
By the records you play on the phonograph.

You tell what you are by the way you walk,  
By the things of which you delight to talk,  
By the manner in which you bear defeat,  
By so simple a thing as how you eat.

By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf;  
In these ways and more, you tell on yourself;  
So, there's really no particle of sense,  
In an effort to keep up false pretence. - Copied

# PLAN AHEAD

## THE PIG WALKED AWAY



One evening in October  
When I was far from sober  
And dragging home a load with manly pride,  
My feet began to stutter,  
So I laid down in the gutter  
And a pig came up and parked right by my side.  
Then I warbled, 'It's fair weather  
When good fellows get together,'  
Till a lady passing by was heard to say,  
"You can tell a man who boozes  
By the company that he chooses"  
Then the pig got up and slowly walked away.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF GREY HAIR!



Grey hair, the experts tell us is,  
A rather certain sign,  
That indicates intelligence,  
A mind that's super-fine.  
It is the outward mark of one,  
Possessing high IQ,  
The learned, or the studious,  
Life's upper crust, it's true.  
Just look about at businessmen,  
Or those with intellect,  
And somewhere on their heads I'm sure,  
Some "star-dust" you'll detect.  
Professors and top surgeons, and  
I say this not in jest,  
All proudly wear this badge that sets  
Them high above the rest.  
Now these are facts, and all quite  
true,  
And surely I should know,  
For underneath this old soft hat,  
My hair is white as snow! - Copied

# Miscellaneous.

Leonard R. Dice, Editor and Asst. Pastor

\*STORIES  
\*EVENTS  
\*VIEWS  
\*NEWS

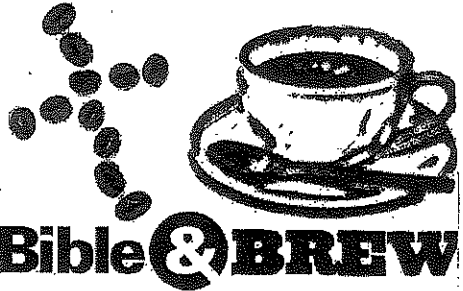


## IT DOES 'T SEEM WORTH IT TO ME!

If you yelled for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days, you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee. Hardly seems worth it, does it? It is a supposed fact of physics but also a result of spirit.

Most fussing, yelling, and cursing causes far more harm than good and usually isn't worth the effort. All the good it does over the years probably isn't worth a cup of hot coffee. Not that I advocate coffee.

The next time you are inclined to huff and puff and blow off steam by raising your voice with five minutes of yelling at something or someone, remember with another 8 years, 7 months, 5 days, 23 hours and 55 minutes of yelling, you could have a cup of hot java.



(Prov 15:1) A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Is the hot cup of coffee worth stirring up with anger? Coffee doesn't hear you. People do. And it only takes one second of yelling to heat them up. Reminds me of a sign on the door of a room in my college dorm: "Be Cool or Be Gone."

-copied

## JUST KEEP ON LOOKING UP

The pressure's on, the memory's gone, the kids have wrecked the car.  
Your power's off, you've got a cough, you wonder where you are.

The cookies burned, the stomach's turned, there's dog dew on the floor.  
It's - "hold your plate - the supper's late" as grace goes out the door.

The Preacher called, the baby bawled, the bath tub over-ran.  
The gold-fish died, the TV fried. the fat has hit the fan.

When times are tough and roads are rough, and things are out of whack;  
Just give the Savior all the stuff, He'll pick up all the slack.

For if the Son shall set you free, you shall be free, indeed.  
There's Joy and Peace, eternally, He'll meet your every need.

So, when you're feeling down and out, let Jesus fill your cup.  
He knows what you are all about, so, Just Keep Looking Up !!!

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