

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

LIBERTY

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November 26, 2023

Vol. XX, No. 47

IS SUNDAY SCHOOL IMPORTANT?

Mary had a little boy,
His soul seemed white as snow;
He never went to Sunday School,
'Cause Mary wouldn't go!



He never heard the tales of Christ
That thrill a childish mind;
While other children went to class
This child was left behind.

And as he grew from babe to youth
She saw to her dismay
A soul that once seemed snowy-white
Become a dingy gray!

Then when she knew that he was lost,
To church she started back;
But now this soul that once was white
Had turned an ugly black!

With tears she came back to the Lord -
Back to prayer-meeting too;
She pleaded to her pastor, "Please,
Please see what you can do!"

Her pastor tried and failed and said,
"We're just too far behind;
I tried to tell you years ago,
But you would pay no mind!"

And so another soul was lost
That once seemed white as snow;
Yes, Sunday School invited him,
But Mary wouldn't go!

The Trouble Lies Deeper

Perhaps you heard about the man who could not bear deceit in any form. Finding that a clock in his church was habitually too fast or too slow, he hung a placard on the wall above it, reading in large letters: "Don't blame my hands - the trouble lies deeper."

There is where the trouble lies with men when their hands do wrong or their feet or their lips or even their thoughts. The trouble lies so deep that only God's miraculous power can deal with it. Sin indeed goes deep, but Christ goes deeper.

The bringing of one soul to Jesus is the highest achievement possible to human life.

—George W. Truett

Bible Trivia Questions

1. Who prayed that the right girl might be sent as a bride for Isaac? _____
2. Who secured a bride by purchasing the right to her from a near kinsman? _____
3. Whose wife was so beautiful that he was afraid someone would kill him to get her? _____
4. What mother-in-law and daughter-in-law became models of devotion and fidelity? _____

ANSWERS: 1. Abraham's servant 2. Boaz
3. Abraham 4. Naomi and Ruth

DIARY OF AN UNBORN CHILD

OCTOBER 5— Today my life began. My parents do not know it yet, I am as small as a seed of an apple, but it is I already. And I am to be a girl. I shall have blond hair and blue eyes. Just about everything is settled though, even the fact that I shall love flowers.

OCTOBER 19— Some say that I am not a real person yet, that only my mother exists. But I am a real person, just as a small crumb of bread is yet truly bread. My mother is. And I am.

OCTOBER 23— My mouth is just beginning to open now. Just think, in a year or so I shall be laughing and later talking. I know what my first word will be: MAMA.

OCTOBER 25— My heart began to beat today all by itself. From now on it shall gently beat for the rest of my life without ever stopping to rest! And after many years it will tire. It will stop, and then I shall die.

NOVEMBER 2— I am growing a bit every day. My arms and legs are beginning to take shape. But I have to wait a long time yet before those little legs will raise me to my mother's arms, before these little arms will be able to gather flowers and embrace my father.

NOVEMBER 12— Tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. Funny how small they are! I'll be able to stroke my mother's hair with them.

NOVEMBER 20— It wasn't until today that the doctor told mom that I am living here under her heart. Oh, how happy she must be! Are you happy, mom?

NOVEMBER 25— My mom and dad are probably thinking about a name for me. But they don't even know that I am a little girl. I want to be called Kathy. I am getting so big already.

DECEMBER 10— My hair is growing. It is smooth and bright and shiny. I wonder what kind of hair mom has.

DECEMBER 13— I am just about able to see. It is dark around me. When mom brings me into the world it will be full of sunshine and flowers. But what I want more than anything is to see my mom. How do you look, mom?

DECEMBER 24— I wonder if mom hears the whispering of my heart? Some children come into the world a little sick. But my heart is strong and healthy. It beats so evenly: tup-tup, tup-tup. You'll have a healthy little daughter, mom!

DECEMBER 28— Today my mother killed me.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

SOMEBODY SAID that it couldn't be done,
 But he with a chuckle replied
 That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
 So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
 On his face. If he worried he hid it.
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
 At least no one ever has done it";
 But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
 And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
 With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
 Without any doubting or quiddit,
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
 There are thousands to prophesy failure;
 There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
 The dangers that wait to assail you.
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
 Just take off your coat and go to it;
 Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
 That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

EDGAR A. GUEST

IT IS ONLY THE FEAR OF GOD THAT CAN DELIVER US FROM THE FEAR OF MEN.

OUR PREACHER
 SAYS WE MUST
 KEEP THE FIRE
 OF THE SPIRIT
 BURNING IN OUR
 HEART



MY TROUBLE IS
 I COOL OFF
 TOO QUICKLY



I GUESS I'M WHAT
 YOU'D CALL AN
 AIR-CONDITIONED
 CHRISTIAN



ONLY ONE YEAR OR LESS!

One year to sing my
 Maker's praise;
 One year to fill with
 work my days;
 One year to strive for a
 reward
 When I should stand
 before my Lord—
 I think that I would spend
 each day
 In just the very selfsame
 way
 That I do now. For from
 afar
 The call may come across
 the bar
 At any time, and I must be
 Prepared to meet eternity.
 So if I have a year to live
 Or just one day in which
 to give
 A pleasant smile, a helping
 hand,
 A mind that tries to
 understand
 A fellow-creature when in
 need;
 'Tis one with me—I take
 no heed
 But try to live each day
 He sends
 To serve my gracious
 Master's ends.

—Mary Davis Reed

Not for a single day
 Can I discern the way;
 But this I know—
 Who gives the day
 Will show the way,
 So I securely go.