



Newsletter

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Sunday, April 29, 2018

Gene plans to be back in our pulpit Sunday. He and Nita made it back home last Sunday evening.

Henry and Misti Sena are in Japan right now. They expect to return home next weekend.

Gaylord and Linda have gone to the DFW area so he can have a battery of tests to follow up on the major problems he

was treated for a couple of years ago. They'll be there most of this week.

If you see Kenny DeVenney, thank him for his latest generous gift to our congregation in memory of Baxter Loe.

Elizabeth Hunt was airlifted from Wellington to BSA last week. She was suffering cardiac blood clots and some lung problems to boot. She has been moved now to a rehab center nearer to her son who lives in the DFW metro area. Elizabeth was a sister to Melba's late husband, deacon Meade Joy.

Tommy and Judy Stewart sent a sweet note to thank us for the way our people have reached out to J' Amy.

In our adult Bible study on Sunday mornings, we're just starting into the second chapter of 2 Timothy. In our 6 p.m. Sunday study we're working our way through 2 Chronicles. This week we'll open chapter 23.

Last Sunday provided a good illustration of the ebb and flow of all healthy churches. Some people none of us had ever seen sat on one of our pews. Across the building sat another visitor, a fellow Gene baptized up in Indianapolis 50 years ago. No church survives long without new faces showing up in the flock. But the richness of our fellowship also depends on continued contact with those who blessed us in the past. What are you doing to keep this cycle moving?

Worship Assignments for This Lord's Day

In charge, Danny; Prayer, Ryan; Reading, Lee (Rom. 8:1-17); Bread, Bryce; Wine, Ben P.; Serve, Ben J, Ron J.

Nuggets of Wisdom

By Dr. Joe Barnett

"Today you are what yesterday's choices have made you. Tomorrow you will be what today's choices have made you."

"Do it today. You have no guarantee of tomorrow."

"Happiness is not a destination; it's enjoying the journey."

In the name of JESUS

Two Tables

Let me share with you a rerun of a column I penned almost four decades ago.

Yesterday in a packed restaurant I ate a schizophrenic meal.

On one side of me were three ladies. When they came in, I was impressed by the way the younger two strongly but lovingly assisted the wee, wobbly gray-haired woman with them. Was she their mother or grandmother? I wondered.

As I ate almost elbow to elbow with them, I could not keep from hearing the spate of hells and damns and s.o.b.'s that issued from their table.

They weren't angry. This was obviously their normal way of conversing—especially for the youngest of the three, a mannish 40-year-old who sat and sipped a massive goblet of beer and seemed unaware that the cut of her severe black dress plunged recklessly toward her navel.

On the other side of me dined two pastor friends, one of them bordering on obesity and doing his best that day to cross the border. They ordered rather loudly and, when their salads appeared, gave thanks to God in a timbre that made me uncomfortable.

Somehow the profanity of the ladies seemed less offensive to me than the preachers' pretentious praying. (Am I a pagan?)

Talking in tones that invaded every other conversation in the cafe, the clergymen proceeded to consume roasted colleague for lunch. Telling tale after tale, they catalogued the sins of their fellow-pastors and found fault with most of the policies of their fellowship.

After 40 minutes of "going over the brethren," the fat preacher wheezed a chuckle and asked his companion, "Have we covered all the gossip yet?"

Evidently not. He immediately brought up another pastor's name and, in lurid detail, started confessing that man's sins.

Meanwhile, with divided attention, I heard the three ladies visiting, still speaking with mild profanities, but expressing evident feelings of affection for one another. The details of the conversation I overheard at that table were positive, constructive, good-spirited comments about life in general and about their friends in particular.

Had Jesus walked into the cafe that day, which of the two tables do you think he would have joined?

By Gene Shelburne