

Newsletter

Vol. 52, No. 25
Sunday, June 24, 2018

Be sure to welcome Anna Street's newest member, Felicia Harris. Add her to your church directory at 6101 I-40 W. #40. Her phone is 654-5953.

Pat Greenwood's mom fell and broke her hip. She had surgery at BSA on Saturday.

Ben James made it home from the hospital Sunday. Gene Smith's back surgery is set for

June 29. Wardell's doc is trying steroid shots before replacing his bum knee. Joyce Ladd asks us to be praying as she begins cancer treatment.

Ben and Connie Parks request our prayers for a granddaughter who will be teaching English in a village in Kenya for the next five weeks.

All of us are invited to enjoy the annual patriotic concert of the Amarillo Community Chorale at 7 p.m. on Friday, the 29th, at Washington Avenue Christian Church.

Come enjoy a fellowship meal with us on Wednesday, the 27th. Hotdogs and hamburgers will be provided. Please bring chips, drinks, and desserts. These meals are a great time for us to share Anna Street with our friends.

Clark Alexander called us from Rhode Island to let us know that his dear wife Lucina passed away last week.

The Drummonds took Cole to Lubbock to Summer Excitement last Sunday afternoon.

This summer our little flock is roaming. The Stewarts spent last week cruising in the Gulf. The Hansons are seeing shows in Vegas. The Read clan plan to cruise around Hawaii for about ten days. The Ladds went to play grands in DFW last weekend. The Kendles are joining their kids at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. And the list goes on . . .

Worship Assignments for This Lord's Day

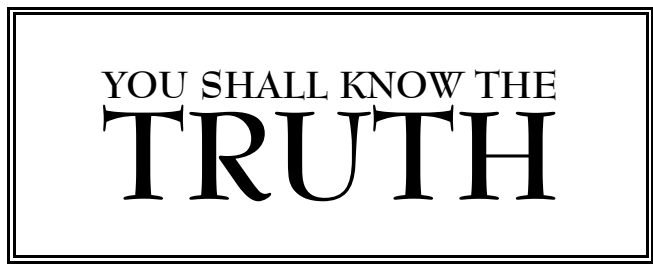
In charge, Danny Sr.; Prayer, Gaylord; Reading, Jim (Lk. 12:35-48); Bread, Henry; Wine, Bryan; Serve, Tyler, Ron J.

Nuggets of Wisdom
By Dr. Joe Barnett

"I wouldn't swap my perch on your pew
for a front-row seat at the Oscars.
There are miracles on every pew."

"Everyone you've ever met—or ever will meet—
knows something you don't."

"The size of your God is measured
by the size of your faith."



Truth in Error

I chuckled out loud when, two or three years ago, I spotted the typo in AOL's news-teaser line that told us, "Southeast Asian Nations Vow To Intensify Efforts to Rescue Migrants Stranded at See."

Of course, I knew what they meant to write, but the unintended truth of what showed up in print was dazzling. We have produced a generation of humans who indeed are "stranded at see." They spend every waking hour with their eyes glued to some sort of screen.

Like the clean-cut family of four who sat across from me at McDonald's last week. Both parents and both kids—the youngest still a pre-schooler—sat at their table thumb-punching cell phones or iPads. I don't think they exchanged half a dozen words in half an hour. They were stranded at see.

Like the young driver in the left-turn lane next to me just a while ago. She was so busy texting that she never knew when the turn arrow lit up and the half dozen cars in front of her zipped through the intersection. Nobody behind her made it. Like her, all of them were stranded at see.

Were you as surprised and disappointed as I was to see the latest stats on how many hours a day the average American spends watching TV? Add to that the time many of those same people are forced to spend every day at work in front of a computer screen, and it becomes clear that we are indeed a people stranded at see.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not some kind of Luddite who thinks we'd be holier folks if we could turn back the communication clock to use smoke signals or party lines. But I do fear that our present visual obsessiveness may block us from contemplating important truths and realities that are unseen and unseeable.

One deadly source of sinfulness, according to the apostle John, is "the lust of the eyes." Sin first invaded our universe when Eve "saw" that the fruit Satan had pointed out to her looked good.

Now that our culture baptizes itself in daily doses of public pornography, hardly a day passes without a new headline about some teacher or priest or preacher who got caught having sex with a kid. The apostle Peter would say that these perps have "eyes full of adultery." In a truly sad sense, they have been stranded at see.

The biblical writer of Hebrews suggests a workable solution for all this when he says, "Let us fix our eyes on Jesus."

By Gene Shelburne