



"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved." Hab. 2:1

July 15th, 2011

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Feature Article - Dr. Law and Dr. Grace -

A Meeting With Dr. Law

The greatest message in the Bible and the theme of the whole Bible is grace. Now grace is the free and unmerited favor of God and there is an unbreakable relationship between law and grace. With

that in mind, let me be the sinner because all have sinned and come short of the glory of God *“All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way...” “There is none that doeth good, no, not one.” “There is none righteous, no, not one.”*

Therefore, I know I’m having some serious internal trouble and so I head for Dr. Law. Dr. Law is always in his office and ready to see the sinner. The secretary told me that he was waiting for me. I stepped inside his office and started to relate my symptoms to which he said, “I will not need your help.” I said, “Do you think you can find out what is wrong with me?” And he said, “No, sir, I KNOW what is wrong with you. You have heart trouble. You’re just like all the rest of my patients.”

My old flesh rebelled. It didn’t make sense to me that every one of his patients would have the same disease. But after ail, dear friend, the law doesn’t make sense to the sinner because . . . *“The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”*

So the flesh gets ready to argue the issue and I say, “Dr. Law, you just don’t understand. I’m having trouble with my hands. I spend a lot of time dealing a deck of cards and I’ve even used them to fight with. My hands are giving me trouble.” And Dr. Law said, “No, it’s your heart.”

I said, “Doc, I’m going to have to argue with you. You may be a doctor, but you don’t understand me. I’m having trouble with my eyes. It’s nothing for me to sit two or three hours in one night and watch Hollywood and another hour reading worldly magazines and newspapers. My eyes are never satisfied so I must be having eye trouble” The old doctor said, “No, my friend, it’s heart trouble-just plain heart trouble.”

I said, “Dr. Law, be reasonable about this thing. I’m having trouble with my tongue. It says things that are sharp and ugly. Even smutty jokes come unrehearsed and unplanned so I believe there is something rotten about my tongue. Please examine my tongue.” Dr. Law says, “No, it’s heart trouble.”

By this time, my rebellion mounted up and I tried to tell Dr. Law it was my ears. They listen to ungodly gossip. It was my feet that would dance and carry me to places I ought not to go to. He answered, “You have a bad case of heart trouble.” Once more, in desperation, I said, “Dr. Law, surely there is something wrong with my taste. I’ve even cultivated a taste for intoxicating beverages and dope. There must be some way you can help my tastes.” And Dr. Law said, “That will be taken care of when your heart is fixed.”

In rebellion and desperation I said, “Dr. Law, I’m going to another doctor.” To which he said, “The woods are full of them, but you’ll never get well until your heart is made right.” I said to Dr. Law, “Would you recommend any other doctor for a consultation?” He said, “There is only one doctor I would recommend and if you won’t listen to me, you’ll never go to him. I’ll never recommend another.”

Chapter III - Dr. Religion and Associates

So I beat it down the street and knocked on Dr. Religion’s door and it seemed like he’s a real scout, he’s a regular fellow. He said, “Come on in, Lester Roloff, I’m glad to see you!” And I said, “Yes, I’m glad to see you. I’ve been to see old Dr. Law.” To which Dr. Religion said, “Oh, he’s ancient,

he's an antique. Modern folks don't go to him. He hasn't had the proper training. He doesn't know anything about the latest medical practices."

Well, that sounded good to me and I said, "I don't like him myself. Dr. Religion, would you just kind of run over me and see what's wrong?" He said, "Sure!" After his examination, he said, "Why, there's nothing seriously wrong with you. I recommend that you start going to church." And I said, "Which one?" "Oh," he said, "just any of them will be all right."

So the next Sunday, I was in church and the next but I didn't get any better. I went back to Dr. Religion and I said, "Dr. Religion, I don't believe I'm any better." He said, "Well, did you start going to church?" I said, "Sure. I've been going every Sunday." Then he said, "Did you join and get baptized?" "Why," I said, "no." He said, "Do that, that will make you feel better." I said, "I'll sure do it and get my wife to also."

So I went to church and joined it and got baptized, but I didn't feel any better and I went back to Dr. Religion and I said, "Dr. Religion, there's something wrong. I'm not really any better." "Well," he said, "are you really working at it? Take a job in the church and start helping others." And so I did.

But I got weary in the struggle and somebody recommended a couple of brothers who were doctors - Dr. Be Good and Dr. Do Good. I went to them, but to no avail. There was no certainty and no assurance of salvation. And then somebody recommended Dr. Hope So. After which I went to Dr. Think So and neither one of them was able to help me. And now - weary, tired, exhausted, in despair and at the end of self - I decided I'd go back to Dr. Law.

Chapter IV - Back To Dr. Law

Dr. Law was waiting for me, the same stern, obstinate old doctor with the same diagnosis, "It's your heart" to which I said, "What do you recommend?" He said, "Only one thing will do and that's an operation. Your heart will have to come out and you need a new one put in." I said, "Dr. Law, when will you operate?" And he said, "I don't operate." To which I said, "You mean I'm going to have to die even though you know what's wrong with me?" "I didn't say" returned Dr. Law, "that you had to die. As far as I'm concerned, you've got to die - I only make the diagnosis. But if you really want to live, I'll tell you what to do."

And so this trembling, perspiring sinner looked into the face of this unrelenting doctor and said, "Please help me!" And he took me by the hand and led me across the hall and knocked on an office door and a handsome, loving, smiling doctor came to the door and Dr. Law said, "Dr. Grace, this is Lester Roloff, and he's got the same trouble all my other patients that I've brought to you have had. He's coming to you for an operation."

The Operation

By that time, Dr. Law had slipped away and gone back to his office and left me standing alone in the presence of Dr. Grace and with fear and trembling, the questions began to come.

First, "Dr. Grace, will you let Dr. Law or some other doctor help you operate?" And he said, "No, I've never had any help." I said, "Dr. Grace, have you some good nurses?" He said, "No, sir. I've never had a nurse - I do it all." I said, "Dr. Grace, will you give me a good anesthetic and put me

into a deep sleep?” He said, “No, sir. I never give anesthetics because I want you to know what I did for you so you can tell the world about it.” I said, “Dr. Grace, will you let me call my wife and let her come and stand by me?” And Dr. Grace smiled and said, “No, son, this is a personal matter just between me and you. You can tell her about it after it’s all over.”

I said, “Dr. Grace, I’m scared,” and he said, as he placed his big hand on my trembling shoulder, “You don’t have to be afraid - I’ve never lost a case. This will be a successful operation.” I said, “Dr. Grace, what about the charges and the expense of this tremendous operation?” He said, “It’s already paid for.” I said, “Who paid for it?” He said, “A Friend of yours.” “Oh,” I said, “I’d like to meet Him.” He said, “After the operation, I’ll let you meet Him, I’ll introduce you to Him.”

I said, “Dr. Grace, is it true that you are going to take my old heart out and put in a new one?” He said, “Yes.” I said, “Where are you going to get the new heart?” He said, “You’ll find out after the operation.” And so just by faith, I lay down on the operating table and the great surgeon, Dr. Grace, took the knife and sliced open my heart section and out came the blackest heart with the most terrible odor — oh, it was so sickening! And for the first time, I realized that Dr. Law was right. It was heart trouble.

In a moment Dr. Grace had thrown that old heart away and brought a new one — so pure and clean and put it in and closed the incision, not even leaving a scar. I felt the flow of new life, color came to my spiritual cheeks and my tongue began to say, “Now I feel better! Fact is, I feel wonderful!” In a moment with a smile on my face and tears of gratitude coursing down my cheeks, I said, “Dr. Grace, when shall I come back for the check up?” He said, “Son, no check up will be necessary, the operation is a success and it is permanent.”

I said, “What do you recommend?” He said, “Just take some good exercise each day.” And I said, “Do you have any particular exercises?” To which he said, “Yes, kneeling and even raising your hands and praising God and at times, especially in privacy, stretch out on your face. Take some good walks through the community, knocking on doors. Exercise your vocal chords in praise.”

An Introduction To The Savior

I started out at the door and something inside said, “Go back.” I said, “Dr. Grace, you told me you’d introduce me to the Friend who paid my bill.” He said, “I thought you’d come back.” And stepping through a door came the loveliest Friend I’ve ever met. When He raised His hands, I saw nail prints. On His brow were thorn scars. When His lovely robe fell apart, I saw the spear print in His side. Dr. Grace said, “Jesus. I want you to meet Lester Roloff. And as I looked at that scar in His side, I said, “Dr. Grace, I now understand where my new heart came from. He gave me His.”

And I fell on my face, “It’s time to start my exercises.” After a season of praise and thanksgiving and adoring the One who died for me, I walked joyfully and victoriously down the sidewalk of life. I was reminded once again to go back to the old doctor that I first hated. When I walked inside, he met me with a smile. I extended my hand and his big strong hand gripped mine and I said, “Thank you, Dr. Law, for telling me what was wrong with me.” I was amazed that Dr. Law looked so handsome and seemed so different and I had sweet fellowship with him and I’ll always love him for leading me to Dr. Grace.

Sinner friend, I can now recommend these two great doctors. Dr. Law will show you where you're wrong and Dr. Grace will make you right. Commit your case to Dr. Law and Dr. Grace, dismiss all other hopes of being saved and come God's way.

By Evangelist Lester Roloff -

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Dynamic Equivalency and the Names of God -

(Modern Bible translators use a method of translation called dynamic equivalency. It is the opposite of formal equivalency. It does not translate the Hebrew and Greek words of the Bible into a modern language, but instead translates what the translator supposes God intended to say to man. This results in the translator producing a commentary on the Bible that expresses, not what God said, but what the translator would like for Him to have said. Many (most?) of the modern translations, such as Good News For Modern Man and the Living Bible were translated using this method. Here is an article I received some time ago that describes how these translators change the names of God in their perverted translations of the Holy Bible. - Ed.)

“The dynamic equivalency methodology even adopts pagan names for God. For example, the United Bible Societies and Wycliffe Bible Translators have used the following names for God: In Samba of Africa they used *Nyaama* (the sun); in Lamé in Chad they used *Yafray* (mother of the heavens); in Ga in Ghana they used *Ataa Naa Nyonmo* (the father mother God). Philip Noss of the American Bible Society says, “God reveals himself through his word and through each culture” (*“Bible Translation in History and into the Future”* Lausanne World Pulse, September 2009).

(For more on this see the report *“Dynamic Equivalency: Its Influence and Errors”* at the [Way of Life](#) web site.)”

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Rowland Hill and Lady Ann Erskine -

(Charles Spurgeon wrote a book called “Eccentric Preachers”, and in it included a chapter on Rowland Hill. Every preacher ought to buy and read this book. Here is another author's description of Rowland Hill preaching on the street. - Ed)

Once when Rowland Hill was preaching, Lady Ann Erskine happened to be driving by: she was in the outer ring of the circle, and she asked the coachman what all the people were there for. He replied, “They are going to hear Rowland Hill.” Well, she had heard a great deal about this strange man, accounted to be the very wildest of preachers, and so she drew near.

No sooner did Rowland Hill see her, than he said, "Come, I am going to have an auction, I am going to sell Lady Ann Erskine." (She of course stopped, wondering how she was going to be disposed of.) "Who will buy her?"

"Up comes the world."

"What will you give for her?"

"I will give her all the pomps and vanities of this present life; she shall be a happy woman here she shall be very rich, she shall have many admirers, she shall go through this world with many joys."

"You shall not have her; her soul is an everlasting thing; it is a poor price you are offering, you are only giving a little and what shall it profit her if she gain the whole world and lose her own soul?"

Here comes another purchaser—here is the devil.

"What will you give for her?"

"Well" says he, "I will let her enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, she shall indulge in everything her heart shall set itself unto; she shall have everything to delight the eye and the ear; she shall indulge in every sin and vice that can possibly give a transient pleasure."

"Ah! Satan, what did you ever do for her? You shall not have her, for I know what you are; you would give a paltry price for her, and then destroy her soul to all eternity."

But, here comes another—I know him—it is the Lord Jesus. "What will you give for her?"

Says he, "It is not what I will give, it is what I have given; I have given my life, my blood for her; I have bought her with a price, and I will give her heaven for ever and ever; I will give her grace in her heart now and glory throughout eternity."

And then he addressed her, "Lady Ann Erskine, you have heard the three bids—which will you take?"

Lady Ann Erskine fell down on her knees and cried out, "I will have Jesus."

From "The Company of Preachers" by David L. Larsen (p.401-402).

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Cartoons for the Wise -

(In Australia, we are enduring at present a labour government led by a radical socialist Prime Minister named Julia Gillard. About 9 months ago she revolted against the previous Labour Prime Minister, Kevin Rudd, and dumped him. He was appointed as Foreign Minister, and spends all his time outside the country, trying to make enough friends in overseas governments to get for himself a seat at the UN. Julia and her blunder-bus government have badly damaged the cattle industry (and are presently working at taxing the nation out of existence). Political cartoonist Nicholson depicts her (below) telling Kevin Rudd to fix the cattle mess. - Ed)

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No Excuses Sunday -

Pastors hear so many excuses from people they invite to church. A man once told me his wife had just had her teeth worked on so he couldn't come. We've all known people whose little one had the sniffles and the whole family had to stay at home to blow that poor child's nose! Well, how about having a special Sunday called "No Excuses Sunday" ?

To make it possible for everyone to attend church this Sunday, we are going to have a special "No Excuses Sunday":

- * Cots will be placed in the foyer for those who say, "Sunday is my only day to sleep in."
- * There will be a special section with lounge chairs for those who feel that our pews are too hard.
- * Eye drops will be available for those with tired eyes from watching TV late Saturday night.
- * We will have steel helmets for those who say, "The roof would cave in if I ever came to church."

- * Blankets will be furnished for those who think the church is too cold, and fans for those who say it is too hot.
- * Scorecards will be available for those who wish to list the hypocrites present.
- * Relatives and friends will be in attendance for those who can't go to church and cook dinner, too.

- * We will distribute "Stamp Out Stewardship" buttons for those that feel the church is always asking for money.
- * One section will be devoted to trees and grass for those who like to seek God in nature.
- * Doctors and nurses will be in attendance for those who plan to be sick on Sunday.
- * The sanctuary will be decorated with both Christmas poinsettias and Easter lilies for those who never have seen the church without them.
- * And we will provide hearing aids for those who can't hear the preacher and cotton wool for those who think he's too loud!

(And our critics say we are not "seeker sensitive?")

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Links In the Media Chain -

ETS (Emissions Trading Scheme) doesn't work and it's full of scams: London School of Economics, economist -

<http://wakeup2thelies.com/2011/07/09/ets-doesnt-work-and-its-full-of-scams-london-school-of-economics-economist/>
and
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=peIT-3uZqTY&feature=player_embedded

Robert H. Schuller Latest Drama of Crystal Cathedral Mess
<http://www.christianpost.com/news/robert-h-schuller-latest-drama-of-crystal-cathedral-mess-51858/>

A good site for good preaching and writing
<http://bibletruthforyou.com>

Want to shoot a bear?
<http://www.flixxy.com/bear-photography-national-geographic.htm>

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Deacon True Sez -

“The local atheist asked me the other day if I reckoned there might be intelligent life on other planets. I told him I think God is still looking for intelligent life on this one”.

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WCC Plans To Regulate Missionary Work? -

(This is an interesting item that came in my inbox today from an ecumenical convenor of pastors here in the Illawarra. Needless to say, I have nothing to do with the ministers’ fraternal. I suppose the link is the latest on the ecumenical front. I’ll paste it here to make sure it goes through:
http://www.5icm.org.au/Resources/ChristianWitness_recommendations.pdf)

The World Council of Churches announced that agreement has been reached on appropriate missionary conduct and have released a paper entitled “[Christian Witness in a Multi-Religious World: Recommendations for Conduct](#)”, a copy of which is on the 5ICM Community Page. “The recommendations regarding respectful behaviour on the part of missionaries, evangelists and other witnesses when sharing the Christian faith were issued following a five-year series of consultations among the World Council of Churches (WCC), the Pontifical Council for Inter-religious Dialogue (PCID) of the Roman Catholic Church and the World Evangelical Alliance (WEA).

The three bodies include Orthodox, Catholic, Anglican, Protestant, Evangelical, Pentecostal and independent churches with a combined membership of some two billion people representing nearly 90 percent of the world's Christians.” (from *Pastor Kevin Harris*)

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Deception In Our Pulpits -

Years ago, we received a brother's paper that contained an article by a well known Sword of the Lord conference speaker. He recounted one of his anecdotes about soulwinning. A church member asked him to go to the hospital to see her brother who was dying. He took his associate pastor with him. On the way he realised he didn't have his New Testament, so he asked his associate if he could borrow his. But his associate had forgotten his, too. So when he spoke to the man he took out his wallet and pretended it was his Bible. As he witnessed to the man he pointed to his wallet and said, “The Bible says 'All have sinned...', and 'The wages of sin is death...’”, so on through the Romans Road verses until the dying man made a profession of faith.

Back at church he rang the man's sister and told her about the “conversion”. Then he said, “I have an apology to make. I forgot my Bible so I used my wallet and pointed to it whenever I told him a Bible verse.” Then he told how the woman laughed and laughed (as we were supposed to do, I suppose) and she told him it was okay because her brother was blind. And then this famous soulwinner told her he felt better about tricking her brother since he couldn't see that he had been deceived.

I can't help thinking how Jer. 48:10 speaks of God's curse that is on the man who does the work of the Lord deceitfully. The soulwinner's attitudes and actions reveal much of what is cancerous among IB pastors and churches. Deceit and greed and shallowness and vanity and much terrible exposition of Scripture are all the tools of the pragmatists' toolbox.

I sat in a conference here in Australia a few years ago in which a leading IB pastor preached about the word, "power" in Matt. 28:18 and in Acts 1:8. A six year old could read (in a Strong's concordance) that they are two different Greek words with two different meanings. In Matt. 28, the Greek word for Christ's authority is “exousia” and always means “authority”. The Greek word in Acts 1:8 is “dunamin” and means “the power that makes things happen”. Though we, the "dumbed down" generation, seldom dig deeper than we have to, the verses are miles apart in meaning.

So how did he interpret these two verses? He told more than a hundred pastors that in both passages the word “power” referred to the authority of Christ (in Matt. 28:18, "All power is given unto me in Heaven and earth.") and that this authority was promised to preachers in Acts 1:8, "And ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you...." He taught them a gross error and no one called him to account for it.

They lapped it up. And why not? Now they had an “ex-cathedra”, and infallible decree from one of the IB popes (or at least an archbishop?) and they could go back home to their churches and use this terrible hermeneutic to hammer their members into submission.

Careless hermeneutics and sloppy interpretation of simple Bible words deceived those pastors into believing the error that they exercise the authority of Christ in their churches, instead of recognising that Christ alone is the head of the church. Is it any wonder we see little Baptist popes and anti-popes on all sides? Sadly, this man is still flavour of the month in the largest Bible conferences here in Australia.

I would ask, “How have the mighty fallen?”, but I fear using their terrible eisegesis and following them into the pit they have digged for our feet. The simple fact is, preachers are never mighty. They have been told by men that they were all glorious, but they are neither glorious nor mighty.

They were merely the sons of men, frail, feeble, faulty, fallible clay.

And they forgot it.

Lest we forget!

Bro. Buddy

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Grace Notes -

(Below is an excerpt from an interview of Dan Lucarini, the author of *Why I Left the Contemporary Christian Music Movement*. The full interview can be read at: <http://www.christianpost.com/article/20090722/interview-lucarini-on-why-he-left-the-ccm-movement/index.html>)

Lucarini on Why He Left the CCM Movement

Interview (excerpt): By Lillian Kwon

Christian Post Reporter

Wed, Jul. 22 2009 06:17 PM EDT

CP: So what would your definition of Christian music be? Would it be purely hymnals and would you say every other genre of music is secular?

Lucarini: At some point you have to get specific, right? What I learned was, first of all, I was involved in a style of music that's still very popular today that was invented around 1950, called rock music. I can sit and talk to anybody about why I think rock music is the wrong musical language to tie with praise to the holy God. They're incompatible. You see the results of it everywhere with the tension and church splits and even the younger generation. I have kids in their 20s, they're rejecting some of that now because they're seeing through it. They want what they call authenticity, right? And part of it is they just don't like this pop music trying to create an experience atmosphere thing that my generation brought into the church.

What I've learned is to study the scriptures and come up with a way to live my life and learn how to please God and apply that to every choice that I make. You can name any music style and we can sit down and have a conversation and say 'what does that music style do for us? What does it mean in the society that we're in? Will it carry conflicting messages that are ungodly with it? And what sort of troubles might we have taking that music away from that? And should we also look at other music styles that have been around so long that nobody thinks they're controversial any longer? And so we avoid that kind of stumbling block that has split so many churches and it's still doing it today. It's not just rock music, it's not just country music. It's about learning how to discern what pleases God and let's apply it to all the music choices we make. That's what I ask people to do now.

CP: So why can't rock music be used in a way of glorifying God?

Lucarini: Because the music itself was invented by wicked people, it's still used today by wicked people. It's the language. I would liken it to, "I'm going to serve you a nice juicy steak but I'm going to serve it to you on a garbage can lid." I can scrub that thing, use Clorox all over it, but you know what I'm talking about. Rock music is an idiom, it's a style that carries with it all kinds of messages in the culture we live in and I believe it's just difficult if not impossible for Christians to really separate from that.

CP: Can you give me some examples using today's CCM music/artists?

Lucarini: So, first of all, I stopped listening to them a long time ago.

CP: Last night, Sonicflood played a couple of songs here at this event. Is that the kind of music you're against?

Lucarini: I don't endorse it and I would tell people to stop listening to it.

Here's the dilemma. In my second book we pointed this out by using quotes from people like Sonicflood and Third Day and Delirious who started a lot of this. They have spent years trying to become so good at what they do musically in their craft, to the point where secular people don't say they're Christians. But they're good enough that they don't just say they're Christian music. This is a big issue in CCM. So how can you say that it's special? They're just imitating the same sound. That's all they're doing. And as the world around them changes, they listen, they're influenced by secular musicians. In fact, they have influences and they talk about it on their website. Take a close look at who their musical influences are – and you're not going to see a list of godly men or women.

And this is one of the other issues I think we need to address. Where are these people getting their influences from? Some of them would shock you. And they're so open about it today. 'I want to learn how to play like Jimi Hendrix' – a most wicked man, but these people think that they can learn how to play like him and there's no connection even though the man himself said there was when he wrote his music.

This is the problem I have with the "Sonicflood's" of the world. They just continue to become an imitation and they package God's message in something that I believe is incompatible with it.

Read more at:

<http://www.christianpost.com/article/20090722/interview-lucarini-on-why-he-left-the-ccm-movement/index.html>

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Poems That Preach -

Too Late -

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O, let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O, let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Tennyson

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Sermon Fodder - The Nature of Saving Faith

The old prospector's canteen was empty. His tongue was swelling. Stumbling now, he feared that if he fell he wouldn't get up again. Looking for any sign of water, he followed a faint trail for miles until he found the print of a horseshoe, and then a of a boot. The prints were old and weathered, but offered hope. Animals and people meant water. Another mile or so along was a tumble down miner's shack, and a pump beside it. He called out. No answer. Staggering down the hill to the pump, he lifted the handle, and pumped half a dozen times before he gave up. He tried again, but it was no use. The well was dry or the leathers perished. He pushed the door of the shack open. Dusty shelves sagged under ore samples, but there was no water inside.

A rock on the table held down a scrap of paper. Out of curiosity he lifted the rock and read the note. It said, "Welcome, traveler. There's plenty of water in the well. Never runs dry. The leathers dry out. Just needs priming. There's a rock beside the pump with a bottle of water under it. Use the water to prime the pump. It will take it all, but it works every time.

You can drink the water in the bottle, but if you do you'll die. No water for twenty miles in any direction. If you use all the water to prime the pump, you can pump all you'll ever want.

Fill the bottle and put it back under the rock.

Leave this note for the next thirsty traveler.

Help yourself. Stay long as you like."

The prospector faced the same decision every son of Adam faces. We are all dying for want of the water of life.

God provided all we will ever need, and more, in Jesus Christ. He offers us life. We can believe His words and live or we can doubt them and die. No one who believes on Christ ever goes away thirsty. If we doubt we die.

Those who believe and drink deep also desire that other thirsty travelers will have their thirst quenched.

The owner of the well did all he could to help the weary travelers. He dug the well. He put the pump on top. He filled the bottle with water and wrote the Bible to tell us how to have the Living water.

And He left us a part to do as well.

(Heard on a sermon tape in about 1968. Speaker unknown. - Ed.)

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Therapy For the Funny Bone -

A blonde was playing Trivial Pursuit one night...

It was her turn. She rolled the dice and she landed on Science & Nature.

Her question was, 'If you are in a vacuum and someone calls your name, can you hear it?'

She thought for a time and then asked, 'Is it on or off?'

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Alternate Meanings For Common Words –

From the readers of the Washington Post

1. Coffee, n. - person upon whom one coughs.
2. Abdicate, v. - Give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
3. Lymph, v. - To walk with a lisp.
4. Balderdash, n. - A rapidly receding hairline.

5. Intoxication - Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.
6. Giraffiti - Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.
7. Reintarnation - Coming back to life as a hillbilly.
8. Bozone (n.) - The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating.
(The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.)
9. Sarchasm - The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.
10. Inoculatte - To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.
11. Dopeler Effect - The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.
12. Beelzebug (n.) - Satan in the form of a mosquito, that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.
13. Caterpallor (n.) - The color you turn after finding half a worm in the fruit you're eating.
14. Arachnoleptic Fit (n.) - The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.

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Notable Quotes and Quotable Notes -

* Teasing - My grandson, Justus, age 10, and his sister Taylor, age 13, were always teasing each other. One day, Justus was getting "sensitive" about things his sister was saying to him. I reminded him that he had said the same types of things many times in days past. With quiet reflection, he spoke a gospel truth: "But it doesn't hurt as much coming out of my mouth as it does going into my ears." - *Sherry Bloom*.

* "Outward forms and services, music and genuflections (the act of bending the knee) do not constitute worship. They may even be hindrances to it. Real worship is that of the heart, when the Spirit of God takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us. As we are occupied with Him, true praise and adoration ascend to the Father." - *Harry Ironside*.

* The Roman Catholic Church would be gravely misunderstood if it should be concluded that her present ecumenical adventuresomeness and openness meant that she was prepared to reexamine any of her fixed dogmatic positions. What the church is prepared to do is to take...a more imaginative and contemporary presentation of these fixed positions. - *Cardinal Augustin Bea*, president, Vatican Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity.

* If I were entirely honest every time I sang a hymn or gospel song, here's how some of the old favorites might come out: "I Surrender Some," "He's Quite a Bit to Me," "I Love to Talk about Telling the Story," "Take My Life and Let Me Be," "It is My Secret What God Can Do," "Where He Leads Me, I Will Consider Following," and "Just as I Pretend to Be." - *Anonymous*.

* Immediately after the invention of printing, when every press in Europe was engaged in printing the Bible, there was one solitary exception. The first book ever printed in Italy was printed in 1465, and from that time the presses poured forth a perfect stream of literature of all kinds; **but never a**

book, never a chapter, never a verse of Scripture was printed off the Pope's press at Subiaco, near Rome.. - Robertson.

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Eddy-Torial - Shed Evangelism

“We can mend anything but a broken heart, and we know Who can fix that!”

My dad showed his love in many practical ways. When I was 14 years old he helped me to buy my first car. It cost \$50 because the motor was beyond repair. Dad said we'd find another one that had a good motor and a rusty old body, and we'd swap the motors. And so we did.

We had no shed to work in, and hardly any tools, but we did it, me and dad. I never had so much fun in my life. Grease all over, working under a shade tree at a friend's house, skint knuckles. What a kick we got out of driving it home to show mom and sis when we got it going. My first car! Dad loved me by doing that with me.

Before long, dad and mom saved up enough money for a shed at the end of our carport. I figured it would be for dad to tinker in, but he built two work benches in the shed, one for him, and one for me. I learned to tinker, hanging around dad and watching him make stuff. Before long I was making stuff, too. Dad loved me by doing that with me.

When Susan and I married, we never had a shed for years, so the kitchen table, the living room floor, and the garage were usually cluttered with stuff I was showing the kids how to make or repair. Our daughter says she got her start in art at the kitchen table on family night, when we covered the table with blank newsprint and doodled, all of us. Jeremy and I built balsa planes and had our own cupboard we called “Dad and Jer's hangar.” The girls all learned to cook with mom in the kitchen. It was all hands on. We loved them by doing these things with them.

In recent years we rented and then bought houses that had proper sheds, and I learned to carve wood. Some of my “decorative firewood” was bought by people with poor eyesight and I bought more tools, until now I have a firstclass workshop. All the kids in our street wander in and ask me to make things for them, and so we hammer together whatever it is they are interested in this week. Sniper rifles (wooden ones) and hand grenades (again, out of wood) and jet fighters and swords and a thousand other wacky devices come out of “Grandpa's Anything Factory.” I love them by doing these things with them.

Of course, kids aren't the only people that wander in wanting something made or repaired. Our neighbours do it, too, and it presents a golden opportunity for what I call “shed evangelism.” You see, I keep a Bible on my workbench. You'd be surprised how often it gets opened while we are doing a job together. I have Scripture plaques on the walls in my shed, and they get read by sinners who never darken the door of a church. Sometimes they ask why I am a Christian.

I play Cd's of hymns, and occasionally listen to a sermon while I carve. Many times lost people wander in and listen, at least for a bit. People give me wood, and I pass it on to woodcarvers who are just getting started. One of them died recently, and I preached his funeral, and then held a memorial service at his home, attended by 30 or 40 lost people. It was because he spent some time with me in my shed. A JW chap came yesterday to get some help with a carving he is doing, and we spent some time together with the Bible open. He's coming back next week to do some lathe work. A man who professes to be an agnostic (but sits on the second row at church every Sunday) lost all his money in the GFC. I hired him to do some work for me, and before long he took up carving for himself and is now selling his work. I get to preach to him every time he comes over to carve. One day recently I overheard him whistling "How Great Thou Art." He caught me listening, and commented, "That song has a nice tune, doesn't it?" to which I replied, "Yep, and the words are even better." I help them with the little projects that will all burn someday. I do it because I love them and don't want them to burn someday.

Every once in a while I read the apostle Paul's words about tentmaking, and wonder how much "workshop evangelism" he did? He doesn't say so, but I wonder if he was the one who led Priscilla and Aquilla to Christ? Did he do it at a tentmaker's workbench, with an awl in his hand, the gospel in his mouth, and the love of Christ in his heart?

I had a friend once who told me he worked for a company that made ceramic bathroom fixtures. A workmate on the same production line witnessed to him and won him to Christ. So they ganged up on the others and one after the other, they brought them to the Saviour. One day the boss of the factory stopped by and called all of them together and said, "I don't know what you guys are up to, but whatever it is, keep it up! You are turning out more work than anybody else in the factory!" (pardon me while I shout Hallelujah for a while!!!) It happened in the workplace, not in church.

There is a terribly deadening practice in our churches at present, at least in many of them. It is based on a weak-kneed mindset that sinners somehow get a better dose of salvation if they are converted in a church building, at the end of a hot gospel sermon. Many Christians seem to think that they are only to say anything to the lost about their need of Christ if they can do it at church. What foolishness! More people are won to Christ in homes (and in workplaces, and on the streets) than in churches. They certainly need to be baptised and join a good church after they are saved, but most people are converted elsewhere. I knew an old man who told me he came to Christ trying to dig a possum out of a hole. A brother who dropped in to our service last Sunday night told me he was converted on his motorcycle on the way to work, and I heard this week of a man who said he called on the Lord in the shower. And some people are even converted in a shed. It seems to me that if my Saviour was born in a barn, He wouldn't mind if His disciples were born again in a shed.

Shed evangelism is just one place people can be led to Christ. You would be surprised how much God will use a plain old shed, or a messy kitchen, for others' good and His glory, if we just consecrate it for His use. I challenge every man with a shed to turn it into a soul saving station. Many manly men let their guard down when they are in the shed working with you, and you can lead them to Christ. Somebody told me of a welding shop that had a sign on the wall that read, "We can mend anything but a broken heart, and we know Who can fix that!" Good sign! Great thought!

Let's do it because we love them.

Bro. Buddy Smith

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