



Pastor John David Creamer

Pastor Sam Lee

REMEMBER GOD KNOWS

“Ya know God gets blamed for a lot of things these days. There’s all this stuff going on around the world. And we wonder why doesn’t He do something? Why doesn’t He stop it? Ya know I really don’t know. I wonder if God ever wants to ask us the same question.”

That was a quote from Pastor Chris in the film “To Save a Life.” It seems we are all so quick to blame God or to put the blame on God for all that is going wrong in the world but we do not want to take responsibility for any of it. We allow things to happen because “we don’t want to get involved” or we feel it is someone else’s duty to do or say things. We just don’t want to go out of our way to help or do anything.

Many times we don’t get involved because we don’t feel we are worthy enough to get involved. We feel someone else would be “better qualified to handle the situation.” That is the problem. No one ever comes along to handle anything and things get out of hand. That is why we see things like bullying, molestation, sexual abuse, child abuse, partner abuse, drug abuse, alcoholism, pornography, cutting, kidnapping, raping, friend disputes, injustices, neighbor disputes, gossiping, relationship unfaithfulness,

and the list goes on and on and on and on . Why is it that we feel that we don’t feel it is our place to get involved? We ARE supposed to be our brother’s keeper are we not? We are to lend that helping hand. We are to reach out to offer ourselves to one another.

According to *1 John 3:16* it says *This is how we know what love is: Jesus Christ laid down his life for us. We ought to lay down our lives for our brothers.* Lay down our lives. Hmmm. We can’t even give our time much less lay down our lives. What is it going to take for us to get on board? What is it going to take for us to give of ourselves; to actually do what is required of us as Christians? Sure we say we are Christians. According to the Word of God, to be a Christian is to be “Christ-like.” That means to be LIKE CHRIST. We go to church on Sundays, sometimes on Wednesdays, and then act how we want the rest of the week. That is not living LIKE CHRIST. That is having a social life and making an appearance at church and living LIKE YOU! Let’s read *John 13:35* *By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.*”

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We may make flimsy excuses for missing church services, but remember God knows the real story. We blame many things for us not being able to give 100% of ourselves to God, but remember God knows the real story. We may try to hide behind reasons which we have concocted, but remember God knows the real story. We may act as if we are the best of the best Christians at church, but remember God knows the real story.

We all need to examine our own lives and determine are we doing all we can for God. God gave His all (Jesus, His ONLY begotten Son) to us. To die on a cross so we could be saved. *John 3:16-“For God so loved the world that He gave His Only begotten Son.”* Jesus gave His all (His life-to die) for us. Now we must give our best for Him. Can we you ask? We should strive to do it. It will not be easy and we may fail, but we always need to try.

You may be able to make all kinds of excuses, come up with all kinds of reasons, and hide behind so many things but unless you are giving yourself totally unto God you cannot be pleasing to Him. The things of this world may seem good and honorable but they are only temporal and only good for a season. What we do for God lasts throughout all eternity.

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Do you have love for one another? And what about *1 John 3:10 This is how we know who the children of God are and who the children of the devil are: Anyone who does not do what is right is not God's child, nor is anyone who does not love their brother and sister.* God is more interested in you loving your brother and sister than He is in what you are doing for yourself. I think another reason we are unable to get involved is because we are harboring unforgiveness towards those who are needing the help. We would rather watch them hurt because, after all..... they hurt us so don't they deserve to hurt too? NO!!!! They deserve your forgiveness. Not for them but for you. When you hold unforgiveness in your heart you are allowing it to grow inside you like a cancer and it will eat away at you and eventually totally consume you. You have got to forgive them if you ever want to be totally free. *Ephesians 4:32 Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you.* In order for you to receive your freedom, you have got to let it go. God will not be able to use you to your fullest capacity if you are holding on to unforgiveness and bitterness in your heart. He wants you to be pure and holy so you will be able to be used for His glory.

Today, won't you reach out to someone He is placing in your path to give Him the glory He deserves? Won't you allow Him to shine through you and use you to touch someone else's life? You never know how you will be able to minister to them. Give Him the opportunity to use you. Give him the opportunity to shine through you. You will be blessed to do so.

Be blessed!

Cheesy Crockpot Chicken

Total Time: 7 hours, 10 minutes

Prep Time: 10 minutes

Cook Time: 7 hours

Ingredients:

- 6 boneless, skinless chicken breasts
- 10 oz. can condensed cream of chicken soup
- 10 oz. can condensed Fiesta cheese soup
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. chili powder

Preparation: Place chicken breasts in 3-1/2 to 4 quart Crockpot. Pour the undiluted soups over the chicken, add the pepper and chili powder, and stir to combine. Cover Crockpot and cook on low 6 to 8 hours, until chicken is tender and thoroughly cooked. Serve over rice or noodles. 6 servings

In Florida, an atheist became incensed over the preparation for Easter and Passover holidays and decided to contact his lawyer about the discrimination inflicted on atheists by the constant celebrations afforded to Christians and Jews with all their holidays while the atheists had no holiday to celebrate.

The case was brought before a wise judge who after listening to the long, passionate presentation of his lawyer, promptly banged his gavel and declared, "Case dismissed!"

The lawyer immediately stood and objected to the ruling and said, "Your honor, how can you possibly dismiss this case? Surely the Christians have Christmas, Easter and many other observances. And the Jews -- why in addition to Passover they have Yom Kippur and Hanukkah... and yet my client and all other atheists have no such holiday!"

The judge leaned forward in his chair and simply said "Obviously your client is too confused to know about or to celebrate the atheists' holiday!"

The lawyer pompously said "We are aware of no such holiday for atheists, just when might that be, your honor?"

The judge said "Well it comes every year on exactly the same date-- April 1st!"

**"The fool says in his heart, "There is no God."
Psalm 14:1, Psalm 53:1**

(Submitted by Jean Rhodes)

The Beautiful Flower In The Broken Pot (Author Unknown) (Submitted by Nathan Caffey)

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. We lived downstairs and rented the upstairs rooms to out patients at the clinic.

One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful looking man. "Why, he's hardly taller than my eight-year-old," I thought as I stared at the stooped, shriveled body. But the appalling thing was his face, lopsided from swelling, red and raw.

Yet his voice was pleasant as he said, "Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, and there's no bus 'til morning."

He told me he'd been hunting for a room since noon but with no success, no one seemed to have a room. "I guess it's my face... I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments..."

For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me: "I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning."

I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch. I went inside and finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. "No thank you. I have plenty." And he held up a brown paper bag.

When I had finished the dishes, I went out on the porch to talk with him a few minutes. It didn't take a long time to see that this old man had an oversized heart crowded into that tiny body. He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her five children, and her husband, who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury.

He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact, every other sentence was prefaced with a thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He thanked God for giving him the strength to keep going.

At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the children's room for him. When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded and the little man was out on the porch.

He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favor, he said, "Could I please come back and stay the next time I have a treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair." He paused a moment and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind." I told him he was welcome to come again.

And on his next trip he arrived a little after seven in the morning.

As a gift, he brought a big fish and a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen. He said he had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice and fresh. I knew his bus left at 4:00 a.m. and I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us.

In the years he came to stay overnight with us there was never a time that he did not bring us fish or oysters or vegetables from his garden.

Other times we received packages in the mail, always by special delivery; fish and oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk three miles to mail these, and knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious.

When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbor made after he left that first morning.

"Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose roomers by putting up such people!"

Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice. But oh! If only they could have known him, perhaps their illnesses would have been easier to bear.

I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint and the good with gratitude to God.



Recently I was visiting a friend, who has a greenhouse, as she showed me her flowers, we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, "If this were my plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!"

My friend changed my mind. "I ran short of pots," she explained, and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it out in the garden."

She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in heaven. "Here's an especially beautiful one," God might have said when he came to the soul of the sweet old fisherman. "He won't mind starting in this small body."

All this happened long ago - and now, in God's garden, how tall this lovely soul must stand.

God judges persons differently than humans do. Men and women look at the face; God looks into the heart.

1 Samuel 16:7 (MSG)

Upcoming Events

May 4, 6:30pm

Game Night

May 18, 6:30pm

Movie Night

June 1, 6:30pm

Game Night

June 15, 6:30pm

Movie Night

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HOW COME THE WAITRESS GETS 15% AND GOD ONLY GETS 10%?

My Friend

By Ina Davis

Though my days be dreary
Jesus Christ is always there
And when I am weary
I go to Him in prayer

He is a friend, Oh such a friend
He sets my heart aglow
Yes Jesus will be with me
Though I am weak and low



Sometimes I think that no one
cares
And I feel so all alone
Jesus all my sorrow shares
He with me my burdens bear

My poor heart will ache
When trouble here befalls
But Jesus He will undertake
He is my all in all

One day my soul will be at peace
When Jesus calls me home
And I will go to be with Him
This weary world no more to
roam



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