## **Hamburg Pike Happenings**

The 2014 Spring Mill Bible camp is scheduled for June and July. Registration forms are available in the foyer. Please see Clint Smith Jr. for details.

Summer Quarter Bible classes begin Sunday June 1st and Wednesday June 4th. Thanks and appreciation to the Spring Quarter Bible teachers. Let's pray and plan for a successful summer quarter. See you in Bible class!

A note from Eric Welch: "We just wanted to take a break from the very busy time of packing, chunking, and donating to tell you what a joy knowing that we will be with you in just two weeks. We'll need another big moving van just to put our excitement in! Love to y'all, The Welch family"

Leadership

**Elders** Hayward Blanton, Jerry Casey **Deacons** Clint Smith Sr, Clint Smith Jr,

Robby Stocksdale, Joe Sweeney

Pulpit Minister

Associate Minister Irvin F. Williams

...

Panama Missions

Evans Campbell Pablo Sanchez

We Offer Free Personal Bible Studies and Bible Correspondence Courses - Phone (812) 284-3125

Schedule of Services

Sunday

Bible Class 10:00 AM

Wednesday

Bible Class 7:00 PM

6:00 PM

Morning Worship 11:00 AM

**Evening Worship** 

Visit Our Website: <u>Hamburg Pike church of Christ Home Page</u>

Email: <u>church@hamburgpikecofc.org</u>

Those Privileged to Serve

Those i fivileged to derve					
AM Service		PM Service		AM & PM Services	
Song Leader	Michael Hawkins	Song Leader	Clint Smith Jr	Announcements	Jerry Casey
Opening Prayer	David Blackwell	Bible Reading	John Keaton	Lord's Supper	Matt Johnson
Scripture	Hank Tincher	Selection	34	Offering	Rick Martin
Sermon	Irvin Williams	Prayer	Clint Smith Sr	Usher	Harold Tincher
Lord's Supper		Sermon	Singing Emphasis	Count Offering	Harold Tincher
Message	Joe Sweeney	Closing Prayer	Hayward Blanton	Assist Count	Hank Tincher
Attendant	Marc Owens	If you are unable to serve,		Last Sunday	
Attendant	Greg Blanton	Call Art Patrick 502-819-9481		Contribution	Attendance
Closing Prayer	Robby Stocksdale	Or Harold Tincher 288-5956		\$3265	81



3108 Hamburg Pike, Jeffersonville, IN 47130 Ph. (812) 284-3125 Volume 3 Issue 21 www.hamburgpikecofc.org May 25, 2014

## The Old Fisherman

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. We 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 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 illness 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.

"The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart" (1 Samuel 16:7b).

Author not identified http://www.vscoc.org/Bulletinfdr/old\_fisherman.htm

## **Sermon**

Morning: "Spiritual Riches/Earthly Wealth"
Luke 12:13-21
Evening: Singing Emphasis

## **Light Up the Church Building**

A short story that illustrates the importance of attendance for worship and bible study goes like this:

In a certain mountain village in Europe several centuries ago, a nobleman wondered what legacy he should leave to the people in his town. At last he decided to build them a church building.

No one saw the complete plans for the building until it was finished. When the people gathered, they marveled at its beauty and completeness. Then someone asked, "But where are the lamps? How will it be lighted?"

The nobleman pointed to some brackets in the walls. Then he gave to each family a candle which they were to bring with them each time they came to worship.

"Each time you are here the area where you are seated will be lighted, "the nobleman said. "Each time you are not here, that area will be dark. This is to remind you that whenever you fail to come to church, some part of God's house will be dark."

This is just a story but it has a stinging point. Those who seldom, if ever, attend worship or Bible study may be like those of whom it was said: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up" (Matt. 4:16). That is, if they happened to see the church building in the evening from a distance.

Jesus also said, "14 "You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hidden. 15 Nor do people light a lamp and put it under a basket, but on a stand, and it gives light to all in the house." (Matt. 5:14-15).

Attending all services of the church is letting your light shine -- after all you come to worship God and study His word -- then leave to serve Him.

It would be good for each of us to pray, "For it is you who light my lamp; the Lord my God lightens my darkness." (Psalm 18:28).

Prayer List: MARTIN BONNEY, Larry Coulter (Lou Ann), JAYNE CRAVENS, Jerry Crick (Ann), Esther Davis (Marian), JANICE DIMMITT, MYRNA DIMMITT, PATTY DIMMITT, MILDRED ELLIOTT, Zachary Ferguson, Elma Fielder (Marian), Lillian Foster, Diana Fulks (Norma), FRANK HARRIS, Pricilla Hudkins, ALLENE HUSTON, Elise Jackson (Christine), Alice Jenkins (Ann), Charles & Marlyn Jenkins (Ann), Arletha Kenty (Nathan), Josephine King (Polly), MERLE & JOYCE KNUCKLES, FRANCES LAWTON, SUE LINNE & Rhea, Shelly Marshall, POLLY MCCLINTOCK, JERRY & SARA MONROE, JERRY & SONJA MONTGOMERY, CAROL MOUSTY, Gary Peyton (Jean), Jerrie Phillips, CHRISTINE RHOTON, Cindy Roeder (Christine), Wendell & Betty Smith (Polly), Lynn Sullivan (Ann), THRESA TEMPLE, FERN TINCHER, Lynn Tincher (Fern), Kedza Turner (Jean), Fulton Wilson (Ann) Military Service: Stephen Blanton, Scott Viers, Zach West