



INFO

Words From The Path.

By Pastor Ben Murphy

One of the requirements in my hometown high school was to select a foreign language for our junior year. I made the mistake of choosing Spanish. A few years later, while working in apartment maintenance in Houston, Texas, I tried my Spanish out on my Mexican friend who was the postal deliverer for the complex. When I said to him, “Que hora es?”, (which I thought meant “what time is it?”) he began laughing uncontrollably. He laughed so hard that he was speechless. (I think it was my Southern accent that didn’t sound real Mexicanny!) He walked away, never answering, and mumbling and laughing to himself. Apparently the Spanish we learned in West Frankfort, Illinois just didn’t ‘jive’ with that spoken by true Mexicans. (But thanks Mrs. Fiori for the D+ anyway! That was one of the best grades I made in my 15 years of public schooling!)

One of the things that I do recall vividly in Spanish class is that we learned the customary greeting of the Hispanic speaking people early on in our studies. The Hispanic’s says, “**Buenos Dias**”, which basically translates into English, *hello* or *good day*. Normally people in The United States simply say, “**How are you?**” or “**How ya doin’?**” Since I’m not a normal person, I hardly ever greet with a **how are you?** The reason may be because I don’t really care how you are doing or don’t want to hear your

tales of woe! Or it could be that I am creative and try to think outside the box on ways to greet another person. I began trying to develop this method of non-typical greetings when I was eighteen years of age, working in a grocery store, bagging groceries. One day I was carrying two bags of groceries in my arms for an elderly lady by the name of Mrs. Collins. When we reached the door of the establishment, someone walking in said to her, “**Hello Mrs. Collins. How ya doin’?**” Well, I stood with those two bags of groceries while Mrs. Collins plodded through a litany of aches and pains and the cures she was using for each. By the time she was finished, I was nauseated to the point that I was secretly wishing that all people over the age of 35 would just somehow be put out of their misery and allow the rest of us “young folks” some peace and quiet. At least, we wouldn’t have to hear all this stuff about taking pills and hot water bottles and soaking our feet! And who is this Arthur Itis anyway? I could have cared less at that time.

Well, as luck would have it, after this diatribe of pain and woe had ended and Mrs. Collins happily said goodbye to the person, thrilled because she had had her “15 minutes” for that day, we moved on toward her car. But as we rounded the corner of the building, another acquaintance, (apparently ignorant

of what would happen when they asked her that question about how she was doing) said to Mrs. Collins, “**Hello Mrs. Collins. How ya doin’?**” I thought to myself, “**Oh no. I can’t bear this again.**” But to my surprise, Mrs. Collins, who by now was herself worn out from standing for such a long time said, “**I’m doing fine thank you.**” and on to the car we went! I couldn’t help but wonder why a person who was so distressed and out of sorts 25 seconds ago could have been so miraculously cured so quickly! (Maybe it was the ice cream running out of one of the bags and down my arm that brought her instant healing!)

Now I am not trying to be insensitive to other people’s concerns. Certainly we need to be *real community* and help to look out for one another, or just be good listeners to the needs of our fellow man. But each time we hear of someone else and the problems that they have, it is compounded by whatever number of persons talk with us. Bill Gaither wrote a song some years back, *The World Needs Some Good News Fast*. That is so true today. What, with the stock markets, massive destruction nation wide, if not world wide by deadly storms, earthquakes, terminal diseases with no cure in the future, marriage and family prob-



INFO GUEST COLUMN

By Jo Stewart

Do Everything Unto the Lord



Newsletter

Articles or information to be published in the Newsletter are due by the third Sunday of the month. Please submit to the church office.

Singers and Musicians

If you are on the monthly music schedule to sing and find you cannot do so, it is your responsibility to find a replacement. Please notify the church office of such a change. Our thanks to each of you who serve.

—The Ministries & Programming Council

When There Is A Death In The Family

If there is a death in your immediate family, (Parent, Sibling, Spouse, Child,) or in the family of a church member, please notify a member of the Benevolence Committee (listed below) so the church may send flowers and for food preparation when applicable.

—The Benevolence Committee

Mona Orr—Chair

Phyllis Belcher

Sue Ellen Fleming

Diania Murphy

Diana Mullins

Bloom where you're planted!

When Pastor Ben asked me to be the guest columnist for September's newsletter, my first inclination was to say no. Writing is not something in which I profess to have any expertise, so naturally I shun it. However, God intervened on the spot, as He so often does. He reminded me that not only did He provide me with three very different careers, but He afforded me an enormous number of opportunities to be His hands and feet in all of them.

My first profession was bookkeeper, the second a public school teacher, and the third --and current one -- an administrative assistant on a college campus.

As a bookkeeper, one doesn't usually have much of a chance to be a Christian witness, right? Working with figures? Well, what better way to be a witness for Christ than to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay? Honesty? Accuracy? Attention to detail? While bookkeeping -- and a myriad number of other jobs -- certainly can get a little repetitive, opportunities abound wherever there is a job to be done. In fact, I was happy to find -- as a young Christian -- that my bookkeeping job in a hospital office afforded many opportunities to witness.

Speaking to patients to provide them with information on billing and insurance issues, and speaking kindly and reassuringly during admission and discharge, those were rare opportunities to show God's love. Also, since my office was located in the middle of a busy clinic, I made many friends and acquaintances that helped to establish me in my community.

When I moved from bookkeeping to teaching, I moved from working with adults to working with children. Teaching little ones is one of the most challenging and rewarding jobs in the world. We all remember some of our teachers, but not all of us realize the incredible impact certain teachers have had on our lives. I was fortunate to teach every grade from Kindergarten through 8th, and I found that the age range might be wide, but the issues -- the needs -- in countless children were the same. Teachers have an incredible opportunity to show God's love. On any given day, a teacher may need to provide counseling, caring, food, rest, even a pencil and paper.

Each child needs individual attention. One of my kindergarten students came to school exhausted almost daily because her mother had died and she was staying with family members. She just needed

something to eat and a place to nap for an hour or two. When a baby cries, as parents we attempt to meet the baby's need. When a child is hungry at school, the teacher finds something for that child to eat. Teachers see children who have never attended Sunday School or Vacation Bible School or church, and have no knowledge that there is a Heavenly Father who loves them. While it is not permissible to espouse a particular faith or religion, a teacher can show love, compassion and empathy for children who are hurting. She may put in long hours looking for ways to help those little neglected ones who come in unwashed and unfed; she can dip into her own finances to buy clothing and adequate learning materials.

Unlike a factory worker who sees the new car roll off the assembly line, a teacher does not see how a student will "turn out." However, a teacher who brings kindness, understanding and love to her work, who "*suffers the little children to come unto me,*" can rest assured in the knowledge that she is doing the work of God.

The needs of children are great. And the rewards for a teacher are great, as well. In fact, teaching is its own reward. We are all called to be teachers, but not all of us have the opportunity.

"Do Everything" Cont'd on page 4.

“WORDS” cont’d from Page 1

lems; the list goes on and on of suffering and hurt. Such reports to us bring about a great deal of stress and pain.

I read this week about a stress management technique recommended in all the latest psychological texts. First, picture yourself near a stream. Birds are softly chirping in the crisp, cool, mountain air. No one knows your secret place. You are in total seclusion from that hectic place called "the world". The soothing sound of a gentle waterfall fills the air with a cascade of serenity. The water is clear. You can easily make out the face of the person you're holding under the water...trying to drown! There now...feeling better? (Yes. I would have used that one on Mrs. Collins!)

Well, maybe that's not the best technique on the market, but there are many attempts through transcendental meditation, medications, "squeezie balls" and other gadgets to help us try to relieve tension and stress!

I have read that the ancient Chinese had a unique method for presenting plays. In the theatre were two stages, an upper stage and a lower stage. On the upper stage, the end of the play, or "resolution" as it was called, was acted out. On the lower stage, the mystery and the drama unfolded in its entirety. Only a handful of people could see the upper stage from the audience.

It was the job of these few people to shout to the others below; **“Don’t worry. Everything will turn out alright!”**

Now, that sounds as if it would take the fun out of the viewing, does it not? But in all actuality, it was designed purposely this way to eliminate tension and stress. Remember, this was in very ancient days. This was before Hitchcock, Spielberg and King! These guys have no concern about their horror creations causing stress or tension. But apparently the ancient Chinese were concerned about causing stress that may be injurious to the viewing public.

Some years back, I was watching the Daytona 500 stock car race on TV. Of the thousands of races that I have watched in my life, this may have been the most exciting that I have ever witnessed. The father of the winning driver happened to be the TV analyst that day. His enthusiasm for his son took over his professionalism when they came into the last turn. He could not help but cry out for his son to come on and win the race, which he did. The father was elated to tears for his son's victory. I was literally standing in the middle of the living room floor jumping up and down and screaming in joy for the winner. Prior to that jubilant moment however, my heart was racing at 'light sound' speeds. I was so stressed

thinking that this driver would lose the race in the last corner. But to my great joy and that of his father, *we won!* That evening, I watched a video replay of the race. This time, I did so in a completely relaxed condition. There was no stress or tension thinking that another driver would pass the guy that I wanted to win. The tension was removed because I knew the outcome of the race.

We as Christians should know the outcome of life's race. We've read the back of the book. We've read the middle as well where Jesus is victorious over sin. So the question arises, **“Why all the tension and stress?”** World calamities. Stock market decline. Political idiocracy. Wars and rumors of wars. Earthquakes and devastating acts of nature. The Bible tells us all of this will happen, yet still we stress out. But we need to remember in all of this, God is still in control. He has never forsaken us. Tell those that you meet daily, **“Calm down friend. I've read the back of the book we win! Everything will be okay. Just keep the faith and stay on the path with Jesus!”**

**Special Dates**

- Labor Day, September 5, 2011
- Patriot Day, September 11, 2011
- National Grandparents Day, September 11, 2011
- First Day of Autumn, September 23, 2011

“Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them, for to such belongs the kingdom of God.” (Luke 18:15-17)

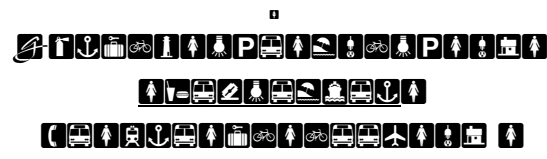
When I left teaching and entered the world of academia, I was reassured to find that my work as an administrative assistant has also given me ample occasions to show Christian love. Because several of my duties involve telephone contact with people from many places and many different walks of life, I have learned that a telephone personality can be as important as the real one. I often have the blessing of being able to perform a little task for someone, to provide needed information, or to give a word of encouragement – all of which demonstrate God’s love. Too, working on campus has given me an entirely new perspective on building relationships with young people. I am happily exposed to them daily: at lunch, at events sponsored by my department, or on the running track. We often have work study students in our office, and there are

multiple ways of interacting with them. Providing guidance, understanding and firm support, and exhibiting a benevolent and patient attitude are all ways of witnessing, with have the added benefit of preparing the college student for life after graduation. The rewards to this job are abundant: On a sunny Saturday afternoon, working in the sun or rain or snow, watching Alumni enjoying football games with their friends, giving hugs to -- and getting hugs from -- those wonderful people God has placed in my path: I am in my element. In fact, it just can’t get much better than that.

In any work we do, in any place we go, we are presented with numerous opportunities to do God’s work. 1 Cor. 10:31 says, *Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.* The acts we do on behalf of our heavenly father do not have to be grand gestures; small gestures on a daily basis can mean the world to someone. We

are never aware of the impact a simple smile, a kind word or an attentive ear lent to a co-worker, a compliment paid with nothing expected in return, or a prayer and a hug of support can have on the lives of others.

I look forward with joy to my fourth and continuing profession: joining the elite corps of God’s servant hearts. I believe I have been preparing for this one my entire life. I plan, God willing, to work with those older and less fortunate than I. Indeed, such a calling is a true privilege, for has God provided a more important “career” for us than to minister to the elderly, the infirm, the displaced, and the disenfranchised?



- Hard Candy, Lollipops
- Mints, Gum
- Ball Caps, Hair Clips
- Toy Jewelry / Watches
- Small Flashlights with Extra Batteries

Someone Who Cares

It’s easy to become discouraged when we pause to consider the needs all around us. So many worthy causes and pressing concerns require action. What can one person with limited resources accomplish?

Theodor Geisel (a.k.a. Dr. Seuss) said, “Unless someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better. It’s not.”

We’re most effective and fulfilled when we put our God-given talents and resources into areas he has uniquely shaped our hearts to be passionate for. Passion is the key. If you want to make a difference, find something you care a “whole awful lot” about and then dive in.