

News & Notes

Sunday, April 20, 2008

Remember in Prayer: Daryl Alberson; Tommy Alberson; Venetta Alberson; Mary Bailey; Melvin Bennett; Vikie Cobb; Melba Cox; Mary Ann Duke; Lettie Mae Hunt; Charles Johnson; Shirley Judge; Dot Ketchum; Sam Kidd; Wayne Kidd; James Luna; John and Deliah Mann; Diane Mize; Ann Ray; Jerry Ray; Jonell Rutledge; Katherine Shaw; Chris Spence; Jamie Spence; Calvin Ursery; Alvie Williford;

Pantry item for the month of April is Dial or Safeguard soap.

Sympathy is extended to the family of Earl Jones.

We are in need of the **cardboard cylinders** of paper towel rolls for Vacation Bible School projects.

Ashland Events: April 27: Homecoming with Donald Roberson; May 3: Trip to the zoo;

Area Events: April 26: Ladies day at the Estes church of Christ in Henderson, Tennessee;

Sermon in Preview:

AM: Amazing Grace (Ephesians 2:8-9)

PM: Amazing Results (Ephesians 2:12)

For the Record (April 13, 2008):

Attendance: 77 Contribution: \$1410.00 Budget: \$1452.00

The Ashland Church of Christ

P. O. Box 25
Ashland, MS 38603-0025
www.ashlandcoc.org
acoc@ashlandcoc.org

Sunday:

Bible Study 9:30 AM
Worship 10:30 AM
Worship 5:00 PM

Wednesday:

Bible Study 7:00 PM

Shepherds:

Barney King
Carrol Street

Romans 11:33

ASHLAND ANNOUNCER

Increasing in the Knowledge of God



“He Counted His Blessings”

Gary M. Irwin

She’s a girl scout. She’s smart. She has friends. She’s a good kid. Her daddy liked thinking like this. He liked thinking about his daughter.

He liked remembering her birthday. Her “birth” day. She had all her fingers and toes. Everything seemed to be in the right place. She was his brand new baby daughter. Mommy and baby were doing fine. Daddy was floating around on the clouds.

The baby grew. She grew in so many ways. She learned to walk. She learned to talk. She learned to talk some more. Then she learned to talk some more. She was always giving hugs and getting hugs. She was taking up some of daddy’s time. Daddy liked that. That’s what he was there for.



She learned to read. She liked to read by herself. She liked to have daddy read with her. She liked to read all sorts of books. She liked to read the Bible. She liked to have daddy read the Bible with her. She liked to hear daddy tell her favorite story from the Bible. She asked questions about Christians. She was talking about being baptized.

She liked to play. She played with Barbie dolls. She played spies. She played tag and freeze tag and hide and go seek. She was happy. Oh yes, she played kickball, too. She was sad. She laughed. She cried. She was growing up.

Her daddy liked thinking about his big little girl. He was a little apprehensive about his responsibilities toward his big little girl. He prayed. He got some answers. He had a lot of questions. He listened to others. He made mistakes. He did some things right.

He counted his blessings. He thought about all the happy times his daughter blessed him with. He thought about the blessings of being able to comfort her in the sad times. He thought about the lessons he had learned from his daughter about raising children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He learned a lot about how greatly blessed he was to be loved and cared for and guided by and disciplined by a heavenly father who was as loving and patient as God is. He counted his blessings.

“The Great Race”

Frank Bell

As I stood there on the side of the road yelling out the times for the runners, I could see that the first ones didn't need as much cheering on as those who came later. I could see in the distance one poor tuckered out soul slowing down. “You can do it, you can make it,” I yelled out. Their pace

quicken and they seemed to be able to push on a little further. You could tell they were tiring and the race was taking its toll on them. “Pace yourself,” I yelled. I wasn't exactly sure what that meant but they seemed to stride forward a little more confident. As the racers came near the finish line you could see the pain on some of their faces but they ignored it because they saw their destination ahead. They didn't look back or side to side but straight ahead. People stood at the finish line and cheered the runners on. Smiles spread across our faces as the last ones in the race crossed the finish line. What a wonderful feeling to cheer on those in the race.



Everyday we are in a race for heaven. We should be cheering those on that are struggling in the race. “You can do it, you can make it,” should be what we are yelling to them as they strive along. But what we end up saying is “What a problem you are to those around us. Look at yourself, if I couldn't do any better than that I would just quit.” Many times that is just what they do because they feel no one cares enough to give them a kind word of encouragement. When the race is over I would hope that we all would be standing with Jesus at the finish line on the Day of Judgment cheering on our brothers and sisters in Christ. But if we don't cheer them on now, they won't hear us when we are gone. Even the rich man wanted to send Lazarus back to tell his brothers to straighten up their act but Moses said that if they wouldn't listen to the law and the prophets they would not listen to a dead man. Give someone struggling an encouraging word to help them in the race. What is important is not who finishes first but who finishes.