

News & Notes

Sunday, March 29, 2009

Remember in Prayer: Robbie Alberson; Mary Bailey; Christian Burns; Blaire Chapman; Freeman Duncan; J.C. Enlow; Sherry Fewell; Lettie Mae Hunt; Lonnie Hurt; Dot Ketchum; Billy Liming; John and Deliah Mann; Curtis Mauney; Diane Mize; Alva Powell; Ann Ray; Brandon Ray; Calvin Ursery; Joan Wilkerson; Alvie Williford;

Pantry item for the month of March is spaghetti sauce.

Ashland Events: Today: Fellowship meal following morning service and early afternoon service at South Ashland; April 4: Ladies Day; April 11: Area-wide singing;

Area Events: Beginning today: Memphis School of Preaching Lectureship; April 2: Partnership dinner with Heritage Christian University at the Ripley church building; April 17: Six-state gospel singing at the Southwind congregation in Memphis;

Sermon in Preview:

AM: Jonah – Seeing the God of Second Chances
PM: Early afternoon service with South Ashland

For the Record (March 22, 2008):

Attendance: 72 Contribution: \$1535.00 Budget: \$1459.00

The Ashland Church of Christ

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Sunday:

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

Wednesday:

Bible Study 7:00 PM

Shepherds:

Barney King
Jeff Roberson
Carrol Street

ASHLAND ANNOUNCER

“Note Those Who So Walk”

Philippians 3:17

2Thessalonians 3:14

“Scrambled Eggs”

Jim Shelton

One of my favorite things to do on a Saturday is to rise early, read the newspaper with my morning cup of coffee, and then cook breakfast for the girls. I went outside, put a skillet on the side burner of the grill and cooked some bacon. Nothing smells better when it is cooking than bacon and I took some sort of sadistic satisfaction in thinking the smell wafting over the neighborhood would make the neighbors envious. After breaking the bacon into very small pieces, I mixed it with eight eggs and added some cheese, a little milk, and some minced onion. My version of an omelet.

I poured the concoction into the skillet and started to stir. The egg yolks began to break apart and what had been eight very distinct centers became an unrecognizable, but soon to be delectable, mixture. As I stirred, I thought about how difficult it would be – yea, impossible – to put those eggs back together. I briefly wondered if men of science, should they ever undertake such a task, could unscramble eight scrambled eggs – an adult contemplation of Humpty Dumpty. Almost immediately I decided only God could pull off such a feat.

As my omelet slowly cooked, I looked around the backyard. The woods behind our house were in full fall splendor. The little black gum tree had lost nearly all of its leaves, but there were some left that were still a brilliant red. The maples were absolutely indescribable in their hues that ranged from red to

orange to yellow. A cold front had moved through and the sky was now a brilliant blue as the sun began to peak over the corner of my house onto the deck. As I looked around, I wondered how anyone could believe all of nature just happened.

I must confess that sometimes as I listen to all of the paleontologists, geologists, and other experts proclaim the “fact” of evolution with such confidence, my faith often wavers. I entertain the thought, “What if they are right?” After all, I cannot even begin to comprehend God. However, as I think about it, I have just as much trouble comprehending something coming from nothing. Non-life producing life. Disorder producing order. How could unintelligent randomness produce man who can be intelligent and rational? If we are nothing but matter in motion, then why do we contemplate things like beauty, morality, and truth? How can the haphazard collision of molecules over eons of time in the vacuum of space produce such questions in the mind of man? Surely it takes as much faith to believe that God is not as to believe that God is.

However, we are constantly pelted with the “fact” that all of us are monkeys’ uncles or rather have monkeys for distant uncles. When you listen to evolutionists, they can make a very impressive sounding case as to how man and ape are related. The “ape thing” has perturbed me. If God created the universe as described in Genesis, then why did he create the ape? Was it just to confuse us – to throw us off? Is it possible that God created the ape so He could show us what man would be like without a soul? Is it possible that God created other creatures similar to us physically in order to make us see our spiritual nature? Instead, we look at the ape, only seeing the physical, then look in the mirror and think, “monkey.” How sad.

I have decided that although I don’t have all the answers, and never will, I will put my faith in God. Until some of these overconfident experts so sure of evolution can figure out a way to unscramble my eggs, I am not that interested in their telling me how we got here with their attempts to unscramble the universe.

“Got Milk?”

Frank Bell

To me there is nothing better than a tall glass of cold milk to refresh you. If you really get into it you might even come out with a milk mustache. Today with all the advertisement about drinking milk, it has become more of a status icon. You see actors, athletes, and other notable people appearing in advertisements with milk mustaches to encourage people to drink more milk. “Got Milk?” That is the question.

Peter wrote in I Peter 2:1-2 to the Christians to “lay aside all malice, all deceit, hypocrisy, envy, and all evil speaking, as newborn babes, desire the pure milk of the word...” He was showing them that as a newborn would desire milk so should they as newborns in Christ should desire the “pure milk of the word.” So “Got Milk?” Do you desire milk? As a newborn in Christ we should desire the pure milk of the word but as we grow in Christ we should desire more solid food.

The Hebrew writer talked about Spiritual immaturity and said to the people that “by this time you ought to be teachers”, but “you need someone to teach you again the first principles of the oracles of God; and you have come to need milk and not solid food.” (Heb. 5:12) If a newborn does not grow as the years go by we would worry that something was wrong. We would take him to all kinds of physicians to get him to grow. If a newborn in Christ does not grow as the years go by we think nothing of it. We do not turn to the Great Physician for guidance.

If you could put on a special pair of glasses and looked around at the people at church how many would have a spiritual milk mustache? If you looked at yourself in a mirror would you have a spiritual milk mustache? The Hebrew writer said in 5:13-14, “For everyone who partakes only of milk is unskilled in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe. But solid food belongs to those who are of full age, that is those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.”