

Let's Visit

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The Everlasting Arms

There is a meaningful passage of scripture found in Deuteronomy 33:27. The words come to us out of remote antiquity and are a part of Moses' farewell address to the Children of Israel. They are words that breathe a spirit of simple trust in the love and power of God. As Moses speaks to the people he says to them: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

The great lawgiver had led and suffered with these people for forty years. During that time they had been a nomadic, homeless people. The hardships they endured along the way had tried them sorely. Many had fallen by the wayside to perish. They had died on a dreary desert wasteland.

When Moses announced the time of his departure, it was a sad day. For comfort and consolation he pointed them to the eternal God. The God who was their dwelling place. The God on whose arms they should rely. To this melancholy group of people, there could not have been more precious words spoken.

When you think about those words, those words carry us back to childhood. To a sick child, a father or mother's arms mean so much. There are just some memories of childhood we can never forget. We can never forget the gentle, tender arms of mother. No matter how happy or unhappy intervening years are, we never forget the tender, gentle arms of mother.

When your heart was broken and troubles seemed unbearable, who did you go to? When we were learning to walk and little feet stumbled, in whose arms did we find relief? It does not matter how big or brave a man may be, he never forgets his mother and never feels he doesn't need her.

Yet, in this passage, it is the arms of a father that Moses is speaking of. He is speaking of the arms of God. In the life of that great man they meant something very definite. He was no doubt speaking from a heart of experience. He said, "underneath are the everlasting arms". As an infant, Moses' mother had nourished him. She held him in her arms and cared for him. When he grew older, he came to an understanding of things. He associated love and tenderness with the arms of mother. She taught him of God. She taught him the love, tenderness and power of God.

Can you not, by an ear of faith hear her relate to him the story of the floating cradle? It would have been a story he would hear many times. She would tell him of the Egyptian princess on the Nile. Kind Providence had rescued him from the wrath of Pharaoh. The arms of God had saved him and sustained him.

No doubt, Moses could recall the forty years of wilderness wanderings. During that time he repeatedly turned to God for guidance. He turned to God for strength to do his duty. Through it all, Moses found the arms of God to be "everlasting", never failing.

In spite of trials and hardships, he looked to the Lord for support and the Lord never let him down.

(Continued on page 2)

In Search Of The Lord's Way



Tune in to this Television Ministry
KSLA 12 – Shreveport -7:30 a.m. Sunday
DISH channel 239-6:00 a.m. Sunday
DIRECT TV channel 307 -6:00 a.m.

Gathered Here and There

The Everlasting Arms – continued from page 1

In his parting days he could speak out of a heart of experience telling his people of the everlasting arms he had come to depend on. After bidding his people farewell, he took a lonesome trail. A trail that led to the summit of lofty Mount Nebo. It was there, after viewing the landscape, like a tired child at the close of day, he went to sleep on the arms of God.

The strong, everlasting arms of God are a part of every Christian's experience. They can supply strength to our souls in hours of weakness. Remember the Hebrew writer tells us our High Priest, Jesus, has been tempted in all points like we are and we are to come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

The arms of God are warm and tender. They give comfort to those who lean upon them. In our heavenly Father, strength and tenderness are combined. Through all the varied experiences of life we might go through, those arms will never fail. No matter how often we lean on them, they never grow weary and they are never withdrawn.

Men and women may refuse to lean on the arms of God. They may neglect to lean on the arms of God. In doing that, we may be denied the blessings of God's arms, but God's arms are faithful and true and he never fails his people..

Some day our forms will have been bended low. The body will be worn out and we will be tired of this world. The evening shadows will gather and the soul will cry out for rest. When that time comes, and it will come for all of us, it is a comfort to know that we can find rest on the everlasting arms of God at the close of day.

And so we sing:

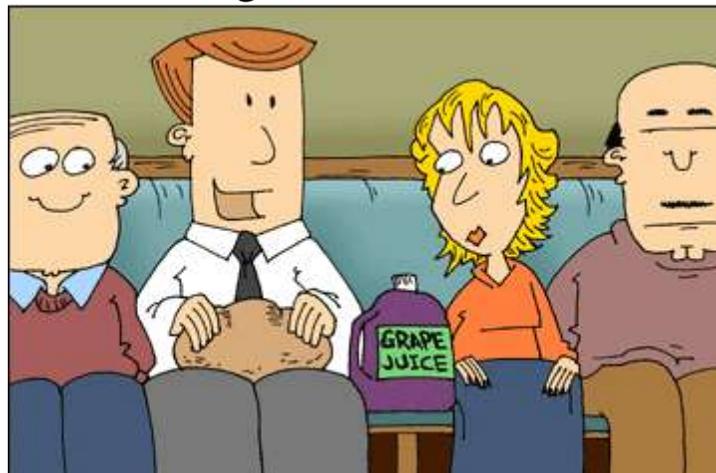
*“What a fellowship, what a joy divine.
Leaning on the everlasting arms.
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine.
Leaning on the everlasting arms.”*

tp

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*We can never profit by our mistakes as long as we
blame others for them.*

On The Lighter Side.....



I REALLY LIKE COMMUNION



*“I know of no better
thermometer to
your spiritual
temperature than
this, the measure of
the intensity of
your prayer.”*

C. H. Spurgeon

Persistence.....

When you feel that being persistent is a difficult task, think of the bee. A red clover blossom contains less than one-eighth of a grain of sugar; 7,000 grains are required to make a pound of honey. A bee, flitting here and there for sweetness, must visit 56,000 clover heads for a pound of honey; and there are about sixty flower tubes to each clover head. When a bee performs that operation 60 times 56,000 or 3,360,000 times, it secures enough sweetness for only one pound of honey. My, what could the church accomplish if we had the persistence and the faithfulness of the bee.

-borrowed

Miscellaneous



Those To Remember In Prayer

We extend our sympathy to the family of Ethel Holder. Ethel passed away on Tuesday and her services were conducted Friday at Watson & Sons Funeral home..

Our church family to remember in prayer

LaJuan Baugh, Anne Burson, Lee Ola Eaves, Dale Fincher, Martha Jean Golden, Rodney Golden, Sonya Golden, Sue Hagler, Alice Hall, Thelma Hinton, Ted Holt, Dora Livingston, Debra Pate, Jerry Pate, Betty Permenter, Mike Permenter, Melvin Williams, Betty Willis, Alda Yarbrough.

Our "extended family" to remember in prayer:

Jacob Benton (friend of Ann Burson) **Edward Lee Bradshaw** (Gene Bradshaw's Brother) **Pauline Bradshaw** (Gene Bradshaw's sister-in-law), **Jennifer Britt** (friend of Thelma Hinton) **Kaden Butler** (Debra Pate's great grandson) **Ronnie Emanis** (Sue Hagler's nephew) **Mary Fleming** (Mike O'Brien's aunt) **Hugh Fletcher** (Sarah Fletcher's brother) **Mike Fults**, **Jonica Glaze** (student from Tenaha injured in serious car accident) **Virginia Goodrum** (Debra Pate's sister-in-law) **Buddy Hancock** (Martha Jean Golden's brother) **Allison Harbison**, **Charles Paul Hughes** (Martha Bradshaw's cousin) **Larry Landry** (Glenna Noles Brother) **Vickie Lee** (friend of Sue Hagler) **Juston Lout** (Patricia Lout's son) **Shirley Lout** (Mike Lout's mother) **Glynn McCleod** (brother-in-law to LaJuan Baugh, Sherry Burgay and Trish Lout) **Mitchell McCleod** (LaJuan Baugh, Sheri Burgay, Trish Lout's nephew)), **Elsie Lee McDaniel** (Alice Hall's sister-in law) **Roger Scott** (LaJuan Baugh's son-in-law) **Robert Shull** (friend of Sue Hagler) **Winston Smith** (Thelma Hinton's brother) **Curtis Turner** (Norma Perkins Cousin) **Norman Turner** (Norma Perkins father) **Margie Weaver** (friend of Debra Pate) **Janice Williams**.

Those being treated for cancer:

Guadalupe Beltran (friend of Sue Hagler), **Denise Cox** (member at Joaquin) **Laura Cuzzi** (Ann Burson's niece) **Harold Dawkins** (friend of Thelma Hinton) **Reita Doty** (friend Ann Burson) **David Greer** (son of Gene Greer, former minister here) **Carla Holt** (Ted and Joyce Holt's daughter-in-law) **Dora Livingston**, **Connie Mettauer**, **Tem Morrison**, **Bobbie Smiley**, **Ronnie Stanfield** (friend of Tim & Norma Perkins) **Tina Vaughn** (Sue Hagler's daughter) **Jo Windham** (Betty Miller's sister-in-law)

Also remember **Leland Bradshaw**. (Gene and Martha's son) in Iraq.

Thank You!

To all the ladies who provided food for the Holder family, to those ladies who served in the kitchen we give a very heart-felt thank you to you for your service to the Lord.

Whenever there is a need for food for a bereaved family, we can always count on the ladies of this congregation to answer the call in an admirable way. We fed almost 40 family members after the service on Friday and they were very appreciative.

However, I wanted to express my personal appreciation to you for your hard work and willingness to do your part in the ministry of the Center Church of Christ. I know that the words "Thank You" might seem inadequate for all you do, but that is the best I can do. So, from the bottom of my heart, a personal "THANK YOU"!

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How was that again?

A rabbit and a lion came into a swanky restaurant, sat down at a table and examined the menu. "I'll have a head of lettuce and three carrots," said the rabbit, "and please omit the dressing."

"Excellent" replied the waiter. "And you, Mr. Lion?"

"Nothing, thank you" replied the lion.

"What's the matter?" demanded the waiter.

"Aren't you hungry?"

The rabbit just stared a hole through the waiter. "Now that's a silly question" he said. "If this lion was hungry, do you think I'd be sitting here?"

Upcoming Events

Friends and family Day
September 8, 2019

FOR THE PANTRY—Peanut Butter



Across The Preacher's Desk

Sometimes, I read things that are just too good not to pass along. I don't recall where this came from, but it needs to be shared.

It seems that the preacher had just concluded a hot and scathing sermon on the sin of swearing. He had stated several times that he knew that one of his hearers was guilty.

The Services ended. The worshippers one by one filed out the door. The first to go was a woman never suspected of using foul language. With a red and angry face she exclaimed, "I'll never darken this door again!" Before the astonished preacher could recover from the blast, another said, "Well preacher, if I had known you were near last week, I would have been more careful." A third said, "I think that you might at least have come to me privately about it, rather than telling it to the whole church." A fourth remarked, "I was never so embarrassed in all my life."

Then came the real culprit – the one at whom the preacher had aimed all his remarks. With a bland and innocent smile, he grasped the hand of the preacher and said, "Brother, that was what I call a real sermon. You certainly did pour it on them today."

Sadly, I have met that individual more than once over the past 50 years of preaching.

it's something to think about. . . .tlp

**Great Churches are built with
Commitment!**