

# *Los Altos Church of Christ*

*"...being of the same mind, maintaining the same love,  
united in spirit, intent on one purpose." Philippians 2:2*

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## **This Sunday...Ninja Warrior**

We all know that “reality TV” is far from real. Whether people are hunting for a house, surviving on an island, singing for a contract, or waiting on a rose, there is a degree of unreality in all those shows...some more than others. ☺ In the Bible we find real people in real situations. They have not filled out applications to be placed on the show. They are often in the show because God chose them. And when casting for a ninja warrior, God chose a very reluctant contestant.



**Wednesday Night Fellowship**...Dinner at Terrie’s 6:30 and at 7:00 the video series, “Actions Speak Louder”.

**PRAYERS** *Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. Philippians 4:6-7*

- Big Al contracted covid in the rehab center. Pray that it goes through his system quickly and he can get back to his rehab.
- Terry (Campbell) Arnett-Cowen was hospitalized for 9 days with cellulitis on her neck, scalp and eyes. She is home now, feeling better with an eye still healing.

**Continue to pray** Jill’s recovery...Jennifer and John... Judy McClure... Patti...Amber’s step-father and sister...Lu... Peggy Spivey’s back problems...Autumn and Brooke...Christine’s mother... Berry... Barbara... Gwen and her son Caleb... City of Children... Healing Hands International... Japhet’s work in Zimbabwe...and New Hope Uganda.

***Thought for the week...***

*Whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable — if anything is excellent or praiseworthy — think about such things.  
— [Philippians 4:8](#)*

*Our actions follow our thoughts like a heat seeking missile follows the exhaust of a jet fighter's engine. So in a day when so much around us trains us to find the negative in life, we must aggressively think and pursue the character, the qualities, and the things of God's goodness. - Phil Ware*

## **The Baby Changed Everything**

By Rubel Shelly

“The Luck of Roaring Camp” is a piece of American fiction from Bret Harte (1836-1902) that captures something of the hope motif that is at the heart of the Christmas story. I’d never heard the story before a reference to it by Bruce Thielemann in a sermon several years back. Maybe it’s new to you as well.

Roaring Camp was portrayed as the coarsest, meanest, toughest mining town in the Wild West of 1805. It was a terrible place where theft and murder were commonplace, inhabited entirely by men – and one “coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman” named Cherokee Sal.

Sal died in the process of giving birth to a baby. The men in that harsh place took her infant and put him in a box that had shipped dynamite sticks with some old flannel rags under him. After burying Sal, they tried to figure out what to do with the baby. Send him to the closest camp with women that was forty miles away? There were too many dishonest, untrustworthy souls there to trust the baby’s welfare to them! Try to find a woman they could hire to come to Roaring Camp to be his nurse? No “decent woman” would come there, they decided!

To make a short story shorter still, they decided to keep the baby right there in Roaring Camp – where he thrived and was named “Luck.” Tommy Luck. They sent one of their number to a town eighty miles away to buy a real cradle. Another was dispatched to Sacramento to get proper blankets and supplies. But a rosewood cradle and baby blankets made the house they were in look filthy.

So those tough men got on their hands and knees and scrubbed the floor clean. That only made the dirty walls more apparent. They washed them down. But clean walls only made the bare windows look like they needed curtains. And so on and so on.

Since babies need lots of sleep, they stopped their raucous brawling and fighting. And as the boy began to imitate sounds and learn language, they cleaned up their vocabularies and stopped swearing. As he began to try to walk and eventually was big enough to play outdoors, they planted grass and flowers in a garden. That was better than the dust and sand and sharp rocks.

Trying to play with little Tommy, their huge hands looked so dirty. And they smelled. So pretty soon the general store was selling lots of soap and shaving gear. You’re following the story now, aren’t you? The baby changed everything.

On a far grander scale, that is the Christmas story. God is with us. There is hope for the worst and dirtiest and meanest of us. The baby changed everything.