



Today's Sermons

Morning: The Spirit of Compromise
 Evening: Song Service

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FOR THE RECORD

Sunday Bible Study	31
Sunday AM Worship	44
Sunday PM Worship	27
Wed. Bible Study	22
Offering	\$1684

To Which Church Do YOU Belong?

DATE	PLACE	BUILDER	NAME
33 A.D.	Jerusalem	Jesus Christ	Church of Christ
606 A.D.	Rome	Boniface III	Roman Catholic
1520 A.D.	Germany	Martin Luther	Lutheran
1534 A.D.	England	Henry VIII	Episcopalian
1536 A.D.	Switzerland	John Calvin	Presbyterian
1550 A.D.	Holland	Robert Brown	Congregational
1607 A.D.	England	John Smyth	Baptist
1739 A.D.	America	John Wesley	Methodist
1830 A.D.	America	Joseph Smith	Mormon
1830 A.D.	America	William Miller	7th Day Adventist
1866 A.D.	America	Mary Baker Eddy	Christian Science
1872 A.D.	America	Charles Russell	Jehovah Witnesses
1871 A.D.	America	Stephen Munford	Church of God



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Times of Services:
Sunday
 Bible Study:... 10:00am
 AM Worship:...11:00am
 PM Worship:...6:00pm

Wednesday
 Bible Study:.....7:00pm

Radio Program
 Sunday:.....7:30am
 "Back to the Bible"
 AM 580 WSKS
 93.5 FM

**We Extend A
 Warm &
 Cordial
 Welcome
 To All Our
 Visitors!**

THE HELL-BOUND TRAIN
 Author Unknown

"The poem you are about to read, with the exception of a few changes, was placed in the hands of Jim E. Waldron by a young man in the State Correctional Institution at Lebanon, OH in 1983. The Author is unknown. The bit of fiction incorporates phrases that give a glimpse of the horror of being lost."

Tom Gray lay on a barroom floor,
 Having drunk so much he could drink no more,
 And fell asleep, with a troubled brain.
 He dreamed he rode the hell-bound train.

The engine, with blood, was red and damp,
 The cabin was lit with a brimstone lamp,
 An imp, for fuel, was shoveling bones,
 The furnace roared with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with whiskey and beer,
 And the devil himself was the engineer.
 The passengers were such a motley crew,
 Church member, Atheist, Gentile, and Jew.

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags,
 Handsome young ladies and withered old hags,
 Yellow and black men, red and white,
 Chained together, it was a terrible sight.

Continued Inside

Faster and faster the engine flew,
Wilder and wilder the country grew,
Louder and louder the thunder crashed;
Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed.

Hotter and hotter the air became,
Until the clothes were scorched on human frame.
And at the throttle they heard Satan yell,
“Ha! Ha! Ha! We’re nearing hell.”

And, Oh, How the passengers shrieked with pain,
For the devil to stop the hell-bound train.
But he roared aloud and danced with glee
He laughed and joked at their agony.

“Faithful friends,” he said, “you’ve done my work
And I can never a pay day shirk.
You have bullied the weak and robbed the poor,
And turned the hungry from your door;

You’ve gathered wealth where canker rust,
And given full vent to your devilish lust.
You drank and rioted, cheated and lied,
And mocked at God in your foolish pride.

You paid full fare, so I’ll see you through,
For it’s only right that you get your due,
For every laborer is worthy his hire,
And the wages of sin is the lake of fire.

For in your life you were worldly clever
And now you’ll be tormented forever.”
Suddenly Tom awoke with a horrible cry;
His clothes soaked wet; his hair standing high.

And he prayed as he had never prayed before
To be delivered from hell and the devil’s power,
He began to read God’s Word and not in vain,
For he obeyed Christ and never rode the hell-bound train.

Finding Patrick

by Ken Upchurch, missionary to Tanzania, Africa
(Tanzania Report, March 2004)

On a recent visit to Tanzania I had the privilege to go with Cy Stafford, Boaz Auma, Don Montgomery and Jonathan McCain to the city of Wanza up on the shores of Lake Victoria. We drove clear across the Serengeti plains in Tanzania and arrived about dark. Boaz found us a place to stay and then told us he was going to find Patrick. Understand this is the second largest city in Tanzania with over a million people and Boaz is on foot setting out at dark to find a man who has no phone and no address. About three hours later Boaz returned to where we were staying and announced, " I have found Patrick and have gotten the address to Isaac's house. We will go there in the morning." (Patrick is the adopted son of Francis and Margaret Wechesa). Well, my first question was, "Boaz how in the world did you find Patrick?" Boaz replied, " I tracked him down through his Bible studies. I asked a man if they knew Patrick and he told me he did not know the man's name but there was a fellow who was teaching the gospel in that area and he gave me directions to the street where he had been teaching and I went there. I talked to others who had heard him and eventually found someone who knew where he lived." Unbelievable!! A million people, one fellow, no phone, no address, dark at night - go figure!! Only in Africa.

I got to thinking about my own life and wondered if anyone could track me down by the people I had been teaching the Gospel to. I would not be far from the mark to say there was a sudden shame that came over me at the realization that, while I would be considered faithful to the Lord, and evangelistic in nature with a desire to spread the truth I could not honestly think of any street in my home town where people could tell a stranger that " We know a man who has been teaching the gospel and we will take you to him." No question about it - I must do better. God said to teach his word and it would not come back void. He said to plant the seed(his word) and he would bring forth the increase. That's what I need to be doing. One day someone may be trying to find me and I would hope someone would tell them, " I know this man, he is teaching the gospel; let me show you where he lives." Thank you, Patrick for demonstrating where he lives." Thank you, Patrick for demonstrating what I should be and do in the Kingdom right in my own city.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- July 5 – Men’s Business Meeting & Ladies’ Bible Class
- July 25 – Cookout here at building – begin about 3:00 pm
- Please give support money for Chinese orphans to Minnie Kennell