

June 25, 2023

The View

“Sir, we wish to see Jesus” - John 12:21

Welcome Visitors

Our goal at the Folsom church of Christ is to do everything according to God’s word, including respecting its silence. We are not a denomination, not part of anything larger than this local church; we have no earthly “headquarters. “ The six elders oversee this church and, ultimately, we answer only to Christ. The comments you hear today are primarily for the benefit of our own members, as we examine Scripture and seek to be built up in our faith in Christ. If you don’t understand something, please do not hesitate to ask the preacher or one of the elders. We welcome and appreciate your comments and questions on any issue and especially if you see or hear anything that you feel does not correspond to God’s word. We are here to serve; please help us do that.

**Please fill out a visitor’s card and put it in the collection plate when it is passed.
We do not solicit donations from visitors. See page 4 for more information.**

Schedule

The Lord’s Day

9:30 AM Bible classes

Auditorium: “Love Your Bible” (Part II)

Young Adults Class (room 12: “A Study of Ruth, and 1 John: Trust & Love”

10:30 AM Assembly

Preaching Today

Jarrett Ferguson

Livestream at 10:30AM at <https://tinyurl.com/5f2cbm3y>

Bible Class: 5PM @ the Building

“Praying the Psalms” (Auditorium)

High School Class @5 PM - at David & Christie’s home

*Middle school class: monthly, contact David Sanderson (david.r.sanderson@intel.com)
or Seth Reagan (sethreagan@gmail.com)*

There are several on-going Bible classes in the homes of members. Check with David Posey or one of the other elders if you would like to join one of those classes.

Wednesday 7PM @ Building

Bible classes for all ages

Auditorium: “Love Your Bible” (Part II)

Young Adults Class (room 12: “A Study of Ruth, and 1 John: Trust & Love”

Articles published in the View reflect only the thoughts and opinions of the author alone, not necessarily the editor, the elders or any member of the church at Folsom.

Make Sunday Special

Dee Bowman

Sunday is special. It's the day of His resurrection. It's the day of devotion to God, a day for spiritual service and rejoicing. It's the day God ordained for worship and service. It's the day when we keep the memorial of Jesus' death, the Lord's Supper. It's a day for singing and praying and being together. It's a day for spiritual feasting.

Sometimes I think we take the Lord's Day for granted. We become so familiar with it that we fail to give it the thought and emphasis it deserves. If we're not careful, it can become plain, ordinary.

Please allow me a few observations on how you can make Sunday even more special. These are suggestions, not rules; but they are worth consideration, methinks.

Dress appropriately. If Sunday is a special day, it deserves some special things. Appropriate dress is one of them. Now, please be advised that no one here is demanding that a dress code be observed, but it just makes sense that the importance and significance of the Lord's day is not made special by excessive casualness. We should not be casual in our observance of the various blessings of the Lord's day and it just makes good sense that, if things are to be done, "decently and in order" (I Corinthians 14:40), that proper attire is one of them. Incidentally, it might interest you to know that the Greek word translated with our word "decently" is defined as "denoting gracefully, becomingly, in a seemly manner" (Vine). Sometimes it even means "honorable."

Leave early. It just makes sense to get here on time. First of all, it indicates interest and concern. No one is advocating that we "tail-gate," getting ready for the services, but being here in a timely manner makes lots of things possible: 1) you have time to get settled and ready for worship or study; 2) you have time to get your mind focused so that when the services commence your mind is already receptive to what is about to occur; 3) you have time to divest yourself of any thoughts or anxieties that might preclude you getting the best from the services. And all it takes is a little planning. How hard can it be here a little early?

Smile. Show people you're happy to be here. When you look like it's a chore to attend, it has an effect on everybody concerned, visitors especially. A sad countenance makes the day dreary. It makes such a difference when people smile. Wrinkles disappear when faces light up. Attitudes, both yours and their's, are affected when you smile at folks. Actually, a smile can change someone's day, bring some sunlight into an otherwise dreary time for somebody. Solomon said it well (Proverbs 15:13): "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken." Show people a merry heart. Smile.

Greet folks. Few things are more enjoyable than a vibrant and cheerful greeting. It makes people feel good about being here. And what's more, it makes you feel good about being here, too. "A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth; and a word spoken in due season, how good is it!" (Proverbs 15:23). A word spoken in due season seldom better used

than when you give someone reason to believe that they are welcome, that you genuinely care for them. Greet the older people, but greet the kids, too. It's good, too, to leave the place where you sit and greet some folks on the other side of the building. It'll do them good that you came over.

Participate. Participation is an indication of interest. It means, as the word indicates, that you are taking part—part-taking. The Lord's day is a good day to divest yourself of worldly things and think on the good things in the gospel, to get involved in spiritual matters, matters of the soul. Meditation means that we give our minds over to things that have a greater value, things that are really substantive, not just temporary. The Lord's day is a time for contemplation of who we are, how well we are doing spiritually, how our course to heaven is proceeding, what we need to do to make course corrections, and where our real devotions lie. "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies" (Psalm 119: 59). Be part of the whole service and you will bring a satisfaction to your soul.

Don't hurry. Take time to be holy. Need more be said about that? I think not.

You realize, of course, that nobody can make rules of the things I have suggested. They are just that—suggestions; and it's up to you what you do with them. But they work. I've seen them work.

Sunday Morning In Morton

Dee Bowman

The morning sun shines in a special way in West Texas. There is a glow about a Spring morning on the South Plains I have not seen anywhere else. I think it's because of the dust. You can endure a dust storm one day and some of the dust particles seem to get caught suspended in the Spring atmosphere, making the morning glow almost iridescent.

Sunday morning was always special at our house when I was growing up. I can remember how the field larks would sing as they darted back and forth in the morning sunshine. And how good the covers felt, and how we could smell the newly broken ground from the farms all the way into our town. We had hardwood floors, polished many times with sock feet, and they had a kind of inviting glow about them, especially after the air became filled with the sweet aroma of country fried ham from the kitchen.

We wore the best we had on Sunday. I can still remember the smell of "Shineola" and real shaving soap as we got ready to go to the church building. And I can almost feel how a starched collar felt on a new sunburn. I used to complain a lot about having to wear wool pants that "scratched," but I lost all my sense of rebellion when Phillis Eakin or Twila Deen Dannel told me I looked "nice" (boys never looked "pretty") between class and church. And there's a graphic picture in my mind of how it felt to "come back" to Mom and Dad after having chased Lonnie Cooper's black dog (the one

with the ear that crooked over) back to his house as we walked to church on Sunday morning.

Bible classes were special. We had a little card with a picture on front, a short lesson on the back. But the most important thing on that card was the memory verse. How the class would laugh as you went through almost mortal torture trying to remember the next word! And I was always amazed at how Jay always knew his verse when I never saw him practice at home. After class we had fun! We chased the girls, wrestled our buddies and dreaded the sight of one of the parents coming to call us in to services. Some of the time we would bring a friend to church. He would be the "star of the show" between class and church. Later, he would ask why we didn't have a piano or why we had the Lord's Supper when it was six weeks yet to Easter. And do you know what? We knew! Yes sir, we could tell him why!

The services weren't fancy, but there was a certain dignity about them that gave you a nice feeling about being there. We'd begin with prayer. Brother Abey would lead. Then my Dad (everyone called him "Lefty") would lead songs. He was good. Real good. And how we would sing! Nobody but my Dad and Alvin Ray and a couple of ladies (my Mom included) knew anything about music, but we made the rafters ring.

Some of the time we didn't have a "regular" preacher. A man from Littlefield named Mitchell would come some and once in a while Billy Blackstone's granddaddy would come. The old man was nearly blind now, but he could preach! He could paint a picture of hell that would scare the life out of you. Sometimes, somebody would come forward to be baptized. When it was all over we'd all gather around and, if it was like Nell Brown, or somebody younger, we'd all want to know how it felt to be baptized.

The Lord's Supper was always special somehow. The table was always covered with a heavily starched cloth. The removal and folding of the cloth was almost a ceremony in itself. I remember that R.C. Strickland could do it best. And I have a vivid recollection of how the glass cups sounded when being replaced in the trays. I also fondly remember how a kid who came with Carl Ray tried to put his money in the bread plate when it was passed. We all about died.

There have been times in my life when I wandered away, but I always came back somehow. I think Sunday morning in Morton had something to do with that. I am thankful to God for my parents, my brothers, and Sunday mornings in Morton.

The Last Fight

Robert F Turner

On the ruins of a theater in Ephesus there is a memorial to an athlete of the 2nd century A.D. which reads: "He fought three fights, and twice was crowned."

Watch out for that last step! You see, those "athletes" fought to the death. A man's last fight was always fatal.

So, the crown meant only that one changed opponents; and sooner or later the last would slay him. What a difference in this crown, and that of the apostle Paul:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day..." (II Timothy 4:7-8).

Paul did more than fight "unto death" -- he fought unto life, eternal. If his fight of faith cost him his earthly life, it only meant he was now free to claim the crown that counted most (Revelation 2:10, II Cor. 5:6ff.). How different from those who die without hope.

Paul sought an enduring victory -- one that could not be taken from him. He exhorted Timothy, "Lay hold on eternal life..." (I Timothy 6:12). This called for training, perseverance, and above all, self control (I Corinthians 9:24-27). The athlete trained his body only to prolong the day when it would fail him; but Paul trained his that it might the better serve the Lord, and thus serve his eternal purposes.

We are all engaged in some sort of battle, and in a very real sense it is "unto death." The fatalist, the fool, resigns himself to shortchange. Though he fights 3,000 times, he can expect but 2,999 temporal crowns, not one of which he can take with him beyond that last fight. The futility of it all is enough to make a man throw in the towel.

The Faith gives purpose to life. The Christian fights, hard and often. But he has submitted himself to God's will, "strives lawfully" (II Timothy 2:5), and his fight is never in vain. Jesus Christ has provided for him a crown and not for him only, "but unto all them also that love his appearing."



Read your Bible