

You Tell Me I Am Getting Old

By Dora Johnson

*You tell me I am getting old;
I tell you that's not so!
The "house" I live in is worn out
And that, of course, I know.*

*Its been in use a long, long while;
Its weathered many a gale;
I'm really not surprised
you think
Its getting somewhat frail.*

*The color changing on the roof,
The windows getting dim,
The walls a bit transparent and
Looking rather thin,*

*The foundation not so steady as
Once it used to be -
My "house" is getting shaky, but
My "house" isn't me!*

*My few short years
can't make me old.
I feel I'm in my youth,
Eternity lies just ahead,
A life of joy and truth.*

*I'm going to live forever, there;
Life will go on - it's grand!
You tell me I am getting old?
You just don't understand.*

*The dweller in my little "house"
Is young and bright, and say,
I'm just starting on a life to last
Throughout eternal day.*

*You only see the outside, which is
All that most folks see.
You tell me I am getting old?
You've mixed my house with me!*

God Reigns

On the 15th of April 1865, there came the news that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated in Washington.

This horror was a kind of final disaster, following hard upon the multitudinous disasters of the Civil War. The foundations of the national house seemed to be shaken; the very timbers of the roof seemed to be cracking to their fall.

What could hold the nation together now that the great president was gone?

In this blackest hour of our country's history, there rose a man to speak an unforgettable word. The man was James A. Garfield, himself later to be president. Facing the unutterable terror of that awful moment of dismay, Garfield said calmly to his stricken countrymen, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

So with man, in any hour of his destiny! However great the disaster, however bleak and black the prospect - God reigns and the universe still lives.

-John Haynes Holmes

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*Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet
and show my people their transgression...*
Isa. 58:1



*For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound,
who shall prepare himself to the battle?*
1 Cor. 14:8

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The Pastor's Paragraph

Welcome to this July edition of the Trumpet. I will be including some patriotic articles since this month brings us Independence Day. I hope you love America. We are certainly not perfect, but we are a mighty good Country. Let's be proud Americans. I hope you like the front page article about the flag.

Pastor Cole

*Note: If you ever miss an issue of the Baptist Bible Trumpet, you can go to our website and find it.
www.thefaithbaptistchurch.com.*

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**FAITH BAPTIST
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*Red, White and Blue:
The Colors of Our Freedom*
Here is a clever piece that John J. Daly wrote
(1917) that speaks for me.

*Old Glory
Here's to the Red of it -
There's not a thread of it,
No, nor a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it Red.*

*Here's to the White of it -
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it
But feels the might of it
Through day and night?
Womanhood's care for it
Made Manhood dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
Keeps it so White.*

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Here's to the Blue of it -
Beauteous view of it,
Heavenly hue of it,
Star-spangled dew of it,
Constant and true.
Diadems gleam for it;
States stand supreme for it;
Liberty's beam for it
Brightens the blue.

Here's to the whole of it -
Stars, stripes and pole of it;
Body and soul of it,
Oh, and the roll of it,
Sun shining through.
Hearts in accord for it
Swear by the sword for it,
Thanking the Lord for it -
Red, White and Blue.

Sentence Sermons

- The hardening of the heart ages more people than hardening of the arteries.
- Religion without the Savior is like a lamp without oil.
- If you want to fight your own battles, God will step aside and give you the job, but you will be the loser.
- One cannot successfully walk with God while running with the world.
- In spite of inflation, the wages of sin remain unchanged.
- More people are killed by worry than by work because more people worry than work.
- The ships that come in while we sit and wait are mostly hardships.

TRICKY TRIVIA

This Month's Question

What Old Testament Prophet was ridiculed by children because of his bald head?

Answer to last month's question.
In last month's "Tricky Trivia" question we asked:

What person in the Bible sneezed seven times?

Answer:
The child that Elisha raised to life. II King 4:35

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Pastor William Cole

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Lord, Give Me Courage

I saw a little bird one day.
'Twas sitting on a wire.
The air was cold and frosty
And one longed for the fire.

The little bird stretched wide his beak
And melody flowed out.
He didn't seem to mind the cold,
Just sang and looked about.

From out his feathered throat there
came

A song of pure delight
The wind blew hard; the snow swirled
by.

He sang with all his might.

I bowed my head and said,
"Dear Lord,
Make me like that small bird.
When things are cold and Drear,
O Lord,
Please make my song be heard.

"If I can sing when harsh winds blow
And things are drear and cold,
I'll be help to kindred hearts
Who've almost lost their hold.

"Lord, give me courage to sing out,
Though skies above seem gray;
And may I, like the little bird,
Help make a happy day."

-Glenn Wagoner

No Victory at Bargain Prices

On the eve of D-Day, June 6, 1944, when the Allies invaded France in World War II, General Dwight Eisenhower briefed his soldiers thus: "There is no victory at bargain prices!" He knew that the sandy beaches of Normandy would be crimsoned with the blood and strewn with the mangled bodies of heroic men!

The Christian life is a warfare. Each one of God's children is a soldier: "Therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" (II Tim. 2:3).

*Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to
win the prize
And sailed thro' bloody seas*

Isaac Watts

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