

### **How Do You Live Your Dash?**

*I read of a man who stood to speak  
At the funeral of a friend.  
He referred to the dates on her tombstone  
From the beginning ... to the end.*

*He noted that first came her date of birth  
And spoke the following date with tears,  
But he said what mattered most of all  
Was the dash between those years.*

*For that dash represents all the time  
That she spent alive on earth ...  
And now only those who loved her  
Know what that little line is worth.*

*For it matters not how much we own:  
The cars ... the house ... the cash.  
What matters is how we live and love  
And how we spend our dash.*

*So think about this long and hard ...  
Are there things you'd like to change?  
For you never know how much time is left,  
That can still be rearranged.*

*If we could just slow down enough  
To consider what's true and real,  
And always try to understand  
The way other people feel.*

*And be less quick to anger,  
And show appreciation more  
And love the people in our lives  
Like we've never loved before.*

*Selected*

### **You Can't Fool God**

You can fool the hapless public,  
You can be a subtle fraud,  
You can hide your little meanness,  
But you can't fool God!  
You can advertise your virtues,  
You can self-achievement laud,  
You can load yourself with riches,  
But you can't fool God!  
You can criticize the Bible;  
You can be a selfish clod;  
You can lie, swear, drink, and gamble;  
But you can't fool God!  
You can magnify your talent,  
You can hear the world applaud,  
You can boost yourself somebody,  
But you can't fool God!

**The Sword of the Lord**

## THE BAPTIST BIBLE TRUMPET FROM FAITH BAPTIST CHURCH

*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**

The Pastor and members send you greetings and hope you enjoy this August issue of The Trumpet. We sincerely hope that something within will minister to you spiritually. Since a Divine God created us, we need Divine principles to feed us, inspire us, and to teach us. The idea is that the following articles will meet a spiritual need in your life.

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](http://www.thefaithbaptistchurch.com).*

### **FACEBOOK**



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### **It All Started With a Drink**

*Leonard J. Pearce went to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting last fall but drank beer before and after the session.*

*He wound up stealing a four-wheel-drive vehicle from the Webster Fire Department but didn't bother opening the garage doors of the fire station before taking off.*

*Pearce, 22, of Rostraver Township, entered guilty pleas for burglary, theft, receiving stolen property and criminal mischief before Judge Daniel Ackerman in Westmoreland County Common Pleas Court.*

*He said he had a quart of beer before the AA meeting and later got a ride to a bar in Donora where he had another dozen beers or so. He was unclear on how he stole the vehicle from the fire station. Authorities said that in addition to crashing through the garage door, Pearce donned a fireman's hat, coat and boots. He drove the vehicle about 14 miles and left it parked in Stockdale in Washington County.*

*Assistant Public Defender Richard Victoria told Ackerman that Pearce, who has had previous problems with alcoholism, had been examined recently by psychiatrists and was competent to stand trial (Greensburg Tribune-Review, Greensburg, Pennsylvania).*

*I have long lost the date on this article, but I would say it was sometime around 1983-85. Regardless, I was always amazed by that title "It All Started With a Drink."*

*How many broken homes can say that it all started with a drink?  
How many unwanted pregnancies can say that it all started with a drink?*

*How many fights can say that it all started with a drink?  
How many murders can say that it all started with a drink?  
How many serious car wrecks can say that it all started with a drink?*

*How many backsliders can say that it all started with a drink?  
How many prisoners will say that it all started with a drink?  
The Bible says, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" (Prov. 20:1).*

*-Warren "Chip" Roy,  
Stephens City, Virginia*

### **THE BAPTIST BIBLE TRUMPET**

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Visitors Always Welcomed

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Sunday Worship Service: 11:00 a.m.  
Sunday Evening Service: 6:00 p.m.  
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## The Cell Phone vs The Bible

Ever wonder what would happen if we treated our Bible like we treat our cell phone? What if we carried it around in our purses or pockets? What if we flipped through it several times a day? What if we turned back to go get it if we forgot it? What if we used it to receive messages from the text? What if we treated it like we couldn't live without it? What if we gave it to kids as gifts? What if we used it when we traveled? What if we used it in case of emergency? This is something to make you go ... hmm ... where is my Bible? Oh, and one more thing. Unlike our cell phone, we don't have to worry about our Bible being disconnected because Jesus already paid the bill. Makes you stop and think "where are my priorities?"

## Sentence Sermons

- When a Christian is in the wrong place, the right place will be empty.
- Gossip is like mud thrown against a clean wall: it may not stick, but it leaves a mark.
- Temper is what gets most of us into trouble, pride is what keeps us there.
- Most people who flee from temptation, usually leave a forwarding address.
- Religion without the Savior is like a lamp without oil.
- If you insist on fighting your own battles, God will step aside and give you leave, but you will be the loser.
- When God measures a man, he puts the tape around his heart, not around his head.

## TRICKY TRIVIA

### This Month's Question

Can you name the eight writers of the New Testament?

Answer to last month's question.

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

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

Answer:

Answer: Elisha  
II Kings 2:23-25

## WLBG Radio Programs:

860 AM, 104.1 FM or WLBG.COM

### Monday-Friday:

8:15AM - "Sixty Second Sermons"  
Asst. Pastor Jonathan Hall

Monday-Wednesday, Friday  
12:30PM - "Five Minutes of Faith"  
Asst. Pastor Jonathan Hall

### Sunday

8:30AM - "Sermon & Song Program"  
Asst. Pastor Jonathan Hall  
12:30PM - Sunday Afternoon Service  
Asst. Pastor Jonathan Hall  
4PM - The Unshackled Program

## Married to a Buzzard

Mother Dove and Father Dove were more than just proud of their little teenage daughter. She was all they had, and their lives not only were centered around her, but all of their attention and devotion had been applied to her upbringing. They had taught her the value of a good, clean nest! They took her each Sunday morning to the Bible class run by the Right Reverend Hoot Owl. They had taken great pains to see that she was exposed to the finest of culture, and to the most honorable Ringneck sons of their friends.

But one day their little teenage daughter told mother and father that she was old enough, now, to fly in the woods by herself! "All of my friends are laughing at me, the way I've become a little homebody!" she complained. So she took to flying, first in the neighborhood, then farther out each day, until finally she came across the carcass of a three-day dead rabbit. Above the carcass she saw young Cock Buzzard. "Why do you stoop so low at mealtime as to eat an old dead rabbit?" she cried, filled with horror! "Well, sweet thing," he replied, "I have never had a chance in life like you. My daddy was an old buzzard. My mamma was an old buzzard. In my neighborhood, all I had to run with were buzzards, and I have been pushed back to the corner of culture so long that I find myself doing things like this just from force of habit, and for survival." "But do you have the desire to change?" she asked. With eyes of lust he peered at her and croaked, "Oh, if only I had someone like you to watch over me, and teach me, and encourage me, I know I would change!" And with such words the old buzzard swept little dove off her twig.

Mother and Father Dove were horrified at the news! "But, daughter," cried Father Dove, "you hardly even know the young man! And besides this - he is a BUZZARD!" "But, Daddy, that's just the thing; he has been treated like a buzzard all his life! He hasn't had a chance to be anything else. He has made efforts, so he told me, to fly with other birds, but they will have nothing to do with him. Whenever he tries to perch on the same limb as other birds, they all flee in horror! Don't you see, Father and Mother, he just needs love! And I love him. I am going to marry him, and take him to my little love nest, and make a new bird out of him!"

The wedding day was set. Of course, Mother and Father Dove were not there! Nor were Cousin Turtledove and Uncle Ringneck Dove. Even the black sheep of the Dove family, Nephew White Wing, refrained from attending. But the wedding was supplied with many guests! All the buzzards were there! And as buzzards do, they had invited their close friends to attend. There was the Raven family, and the Bluejay clan, along with old Amos Magpie. The best man, Billie Butcherbird, adjusted the tie of young groom Buzzard, and the procession began. Two crows seated the relatives present, and two members of the branch water kin sang, "I can't give you anything but love, baby!" as the lovely bride walked down the aisle!

They stood before Judge Bald eagle, who turned to little Miss Turtle Dove and said, "Do you take this ... er, ah, buzzard ... to be your lawful wedded husband?" And the silly little thing cooed, "I do!" "And you, Buzzard; do you take this sweet little dove to be your lawful wedded wife?" and with eyes filled with lust, and with a wing crawling with lice wrapped around his lovely little bride, he croaked, "I do!" Rice was thrown, and as they flew off for their honeymoon, little Mrs. Buzzard was heard to whisper to her bridesmaid, "I will take him to my little love nest now and you just wait and see the change in a week or two!"

All went well for a few days; then, one night, Mr. Buzzard failed to come home. Little Dove waited anxiously. Hours turned into a day, and frantically she flew here and there looking for him! She went to their old dating tree, and seeing an old acquaintance she cried, "Have you seen my darling buzzard? Have you seen him? Have you seen him?" was her cry all that day, but each cry received no answer. He was nowhere to be found!

Then in desperation, Little Dove flew out to the old haunt where she had first met Mr. Buzzard, and to her horror, there he was! He and several of his cousins were perched on the carcass of an old dead horse, pulling rotten meat from its bones with their hooked beaks! With magots crawling on his feet, there stood her husband, fighting for his share! "Oh you promised me, darling, that you would never go back to this kind of life! You promised me! Haven't I been a good cook? Haven't I given you the love you lacked? And haven't I pulled you out of the corner and given you a chance?"

But the greedy eyes of the buzzard glanced her way just long enough to say: "Head for home, you silly dove you. I got what I wanted when you married me; now I want what I had besides! Go home to your mother if you want. Go back to your church and their silly religion. Leave me alone. I'm hungry, and am satisfying myself with the kind of food I was made to eat!" And with the smell of putrefaction on him, he dug his beak into the sorry rotten flesh of the carcass and ate deeply, stopping only long enough to sigh and belch before eating again.

And with weary wing, languished heart, and broken spirit, Little Turtle Dove wept her way back to mother, crying, "You were right ... you were right, he's just a sorry old buzzard." Take note, dear reader: YOU JUST CAN'T REFORM AN OLD BUZZARD!

Phil Shuler