

Calvary Christian Fellowship Mennonite Church

October 27, 2013

✚✚✚ Welcome to our Worship Service! ✚✚✚

Devotional:----- Jason Yoder
Message:----- Henry Nissley
Offering:----- School
SS Lesson:----- Hebrews 13

Adult and Youth Verse: By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name. Heb. 13:15

Intermediate Verse: Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. 1 Cor. 6:20

Junior Verse: By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace. Heb. 11:31

Primary & Preschool Verse:
Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Ex. 20:8

SS Lesson for next week: Proverbs 1

Adult and Youth Verse for next week: My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother:

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. Prov. 1:8,9

Today's Host: Elmer & Pauline Yoder

Next Sunday Host: James & Elsie Yoder

☐ ○ ☐ CHILDREN'S CORNER ○ ☐ ○ ☐

Did God Make Poison? (September 12, 2012)



When people raise poison dart frogs in their homes, the frogs aren't poisonous at all. They're just pets with beautiful colors. And that gives us a hint about the way things would have been when God made a perfect world.

Poison Dart Frog

In the beginning—just as Genesis 1 says—everything was “very good.” That includes animals that are now poisonous. God didn't make them dangerous originally.

So, what happened?

Take a look at Genesis 2–3. God placed Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden to take care of the animals and plants there. But instead of listening to God, Adam disobeyed, and his disobedience caused pain and death. This is called the Fall.

Creation scientists are still researching how animals changed after the Fall, but we do know that animals began eating other animals. Poison may seem bad to us, but it protects some smaller animals—such as poison dart frogs—from being lunch.

You could say that it's actually God's way of taking care of some of the tiniest creatures. -Kids Answers <http://goo.gl/5Pwk7b>

Announcements:

- ✓ This Evening: Free Evening
- ✓ Wednesday Evening: Prison Service (NRU) 5:00 PM. To go: Ervin, Everett, Elmer & Nevin-devotions.
- ✓ School devotions this week by: Robert Martin
- ✓ Just a reminder: Daylight Saving Time is next Sunday, Nov. 3. Set your clocks back one hour.

~BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES~

Oct. 27, Happy Birthday! Kandace Yoder, 2008

Oct. 27, Happy Anniversary! Everett ♥ Elmina, 1989

Oct. 29, Happy Birthday! Janice Nissley, 1972

Oct. 29, Happy Birthday! Maria Yoder, 1997

The Old Fisherman

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. We lived downstairs and rented the upstairs rooms to out patients at the clinic. One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful looking man. “Why, he's hardly taller than my eight-year-old,” I thought as I stared at the stooped shriveled body. But the appalling thing was his face — lopsided from swelling, red and raw. Yet his voice was pleasant as he said, “Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, and there's no bus 'til morning.”

He told me he'd been hunting for a room since noon but with no success, no one seemed to have a room. “I guess it's my face...I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments...”

For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me: “I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning.” I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch. We went inside and finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. “No thank you. I have plenty.” And he held up a brown paper bag. When I had finished the dishes, I went out on the porch to talk with him a few minutes. It didn't take long time to see that this old man had an oversized heart crowded into that tiny body. He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her five children, and her husband, who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury.

He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact, every other sentence was prefaced with a thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He thanked God for giving him the strength to keep going. At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the

children's room for him.

When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded and the little man was out on the porch. He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favor, he said, "Could I please come back and stay the next time I have a treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair." He paused a moment and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind."

I told him he was welcome to come again. And on his next trip he arrived a little after seven in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish and a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen. He said he had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice and fresh. I knew his bus left at 4:00 a.m. and I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us. In the years he came to stay overnight with us there was never a time that he did not bring us fish or oysters or vegetables from his garden. Other times we received packages in the mail, always by special delivery; fish and oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk three miles to mail these, and knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious.

When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbor made after he left that first morning. "Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose

roomers by putting up such people!"

Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice. But oh! If only they could have known him, perhaps their illness would have been easier to bear. I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint and the good with gratitude to God.

Recently I was visiting a friend who has a greenhouse. As she showed me her flowers, we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, "If this were my plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!"

My friend changed my mind. "I ran short of pots," she explained, "and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it out in the garden."

She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in heaven. "Here's an especially beautiful one," God might have said when he came to the soul of the sweet old fisherman. "He won't mind starting in this small body." All this happened long ago — and now, in God's garden, how tall this lovely soul must stand.

The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart" (1 Samuel 16:7b).

http://www.vscoc.org/Bulletinfdrr/old_fisherman.htm