

St John Church of Christ

March 21, 2021

Worship
Service

Premiers
Sunday at 11:00



Welcome to Worship!

We're glad you're here with us!
We've been in quarantine for
so long, it's good to be back.

Our Adult Bible Class is still
being shared online at 10:30.
Just visit

www.StJohnChurchOfChrist.org

and select "Sermons" from the
menubar at the top, or click
this link to visit our page on
YouTube:

[St. John Church of Christ](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC...)



The Worst Host of All Time

Procrustes was very friendly, but he may have been the worst host of all time. He invited all passersby to stop and spend the night at his house. He even graciously offered them the use of his famous iron bed. There was only one problem: if the guest was too short, Procrustes would stretch them out until they fit his bed and, if they were too long, he would simply cut them down to size.

Of course, there truly is no such thing as "one size fits all" in clothing or in congregations. We are such a diverse lot aren't we? We have old and young, rich and poor, people with strings of degrees after their name and those without even a High School diploma.

We speak English, Spanish, Tagalog and Texan. We love spicy food and bland. Our diversity is our strength, but it can also become our greatest vulnerability. I truly fear those who would, like Procrustes, insist we all fit the same mold.

In the Corinthian church, some people loved listening to Paul. He wasn't a trained orator



and often talked too long, but the depth of his understanding has never been equaled. Then, there were those who loved the "Eloquent Alexandrian" Apollos. Others were entranced by the sincerity and first-hand knowledge of Peter.

How did they ever get along? What advice would you give them? Rupertus Meldeniuss (circa 1627) wrote:

"In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

Something to Think About

Why is it reasonable to believe in God? R.K. Hughes explains:

The argument from order is overwhelming. If I put ten pennies in my pocket and number them one to ten, then put my hand back in my pocket, my chances of pulling out the number one penny would be one in ten. If I place the number one penny back in my pocket and mix all the pennies again, the chances of pulling out penny number two would be one in a hundred. The chances of repeating the same procedure and coming up with penny number three would be one in a thousand. To do so with all of them (one through ten in order) would be one in ten billion!

Noting the order and design of our universe, Kepler—the founder of modern astronomy, discoverer of the “Three Planetary Laws of Motion,” and originator of the term satellite—said, “The undevout astronomer is mad.”

News & Prayer Requests

Teddy and Carol’s son-in-law, Brent, in Phoenix, is recovering from exploratory surgery. Please keep the family in your prayers.

Lisa will be flying to Houston later this month for knee surgery. Orvalee is having knee surgery the 22nd, and Marilyn continues to recover from her knee surgery.

Our prayers go out to Chet and Marla. Chet’s uncle, Gary Osenbaugh, passed away Monday afternoon.

Please pray for Deborah in Kansas City. In addition to wrestling with MS, she has just been diagnosed with cancer. Please con-

tinue to pray for Paul as he battles cancer in Washington state, and let’s continue to pray for Curtis in Pratt as he wrestles with cancer.

Don’t forget to continue to pray for little Emersyn, the daughter of Billy and Brianna Milton of Hudson and for Mauren the daughter of the Turner’s in Great Bend. We are receiving good reports on the progress of both little girls.

Joe Cornwell’s sister-in-law passed away this week. Our condolences go to the family for their loss.

Please begin praying about VBS for this coming summer.

A Smile and a Necklace Made of Daisies



Going through my mother’s things after she passed, I came across a plastic bag that held a necklace made of wild daisies. It was a memory that made me smile. My father promised my mother that when he retired, they would travel the world and he would show her the places he had visited. Sadly, dad died of cancer at 59 and they never had that opportunity. Shortly after that, I took mom with me to Israel.

Our favorite place was in one of the deserted Decapolis cities of Jordan. The ruins are magnificent and there were very few tourists. A busload of little Muslim schoolgirls arrived, but modesty prevented them from approaching a man, much less an American. They were very excited and studied us closely. Mom was tired so I left her sitting in an ancient theater while I climbed to the top to get an overview of the abandoned city.

It took my breath away, but then I saw a mob of children surrounding mom! They were so excited and jabbering. I was worried and started to run down the ruins to her rescue, but then I pulled up short. My mother had the most beautiful smile, and it was obvious she loved children more than these old stones. When I got to her, she was wearing a yellow neck-

lace some of the children made for her. She kept it carefully stored in a plastic bag for me to find thirty years later.

Here is the lesson. Mom couldn’t speak Arabic, and probably didn’t understand what the fuss was all about, but she could speak love. What a wonderful place this could be if we spoke her language!



Wanda McKeel in Jordan