



Sermon In The Fireplace

A member of a certain church, who had been attending services regularly, stopped going. After a few weeks, his Pastor decided to visit him. It was a chilly evening. The Pastor found the man at home alone, sitting before a blazing fire. Guessing the reason for the minister's visit, the man welcomed him, led him to a comfortable chair near the fireplace and waited. The pastor made himself at home but said nothing.

In the grave silence, he contemplated the dance of the flames around the burning logs. After some minutes, the pastor took the fire tongs, carefully picked up a brightly burning ember and placed it to one side of the hearth all alone. Then he sat back in his chair, still silent. The host watched all this in quiet contemplation. The lone ember's flame flickered and diminished, and then its fire was no more. Soon it was cold and dead.

Not a word had been spoken. The pastor glanced at his watch and chose this time to leave; he slowly stood up, picked up the cold, dead ember and placed it back in the middle of the fire. Immediately it began to glow, once more with the light and warmth of the burning coals around it. As the minister reached the door to leave, his host said, "Thank you, Pastor. I shall be back in church next Sunday."

**One reason for attending church!
"that I may be comforted together
with you by the mutual faith both of
you and me." Romans 1:12 -**



The "Titanic's" Last Hero

Four years after the "Titanic" went down, a young Scotsman rose in a meeting in Hamilton, Canada, and said, "I am a survivor of the Titanic. When I was drifting alone on a spar on that awful night, the tide brought Mr. John Harper of Glasgow, also on a piece of the wreck, near me. "Man," he said, "are you saved?" "No," I said, "I am not." He replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt

be saved." The waves bore him away, but, strange to say, brought him back a little later, and he said, "Are you saved now?" "No," I said, "I cannot honestly say that I am." He said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shortly after that he went down, and there, alone in the night, with two miles of water under me, I believed. I am John Harper's last convert." [*Acts 16:31]



My House Isn't Me

You tell me that I'm getting old,
I tell you that's not so!
The house I live in is worn out,
And that, of course, I know!
It's been in use a long, long time,
It's weathered many a gale;
I'm really not surprised you think
It's getting somewhat frail.

The colour's changing on my roof,
The windows are getting dim,
The wall's a bit transparent
And looking rather thin;
The foundation's 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'm getting old?
You just don't understand.

The dweller in my little house
Is young and light and gay;
Just starting on a life to last
Throughout eternal day
You only see the outside,
Which is all most folks see,
You tell me I am getting old?
You've mixed my house with ME.

"For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house [our new/perfect body] which is from heaven." 2 Corinthians 5:2