

What's Wrong With Mrs. Craig?



Nashville Banner, June 19, 1956:

PORTER, OKLAHOMA - Mrs. Ella Craig, age 81, hasn't missed Sunday School attendance in 1,040 Sundays, a perfect record for 20 years.

1. Doesn't Mrs. Craig ever have company on Sunday to keep her away from church?
2. Doesn't she ever go anywhere on Saturday night and get up tired on Sunday morning?
3. Doesn't she ever have headaches, colds, nervous spells, tired feelings, sudden calls out of town, business trips, Sunday picnics or any trouble of any kind?
4. Doesn't she have any friends at all, friends who invite her on a weekend trip to the seashore or mountains?
5. Doesn't she ever sleep late on Sunday mornings?
6. Doesn't it ever rain or snow on Sunday mornings?
7. Doesn't she ever get her feelings hurt by somebody in church?
8. Doesn't she ever get mad at the preacher or Sunday School teacher?
9. Doesn't she have a radio or television so she can listen to "some mighty good sermons from out of town?"

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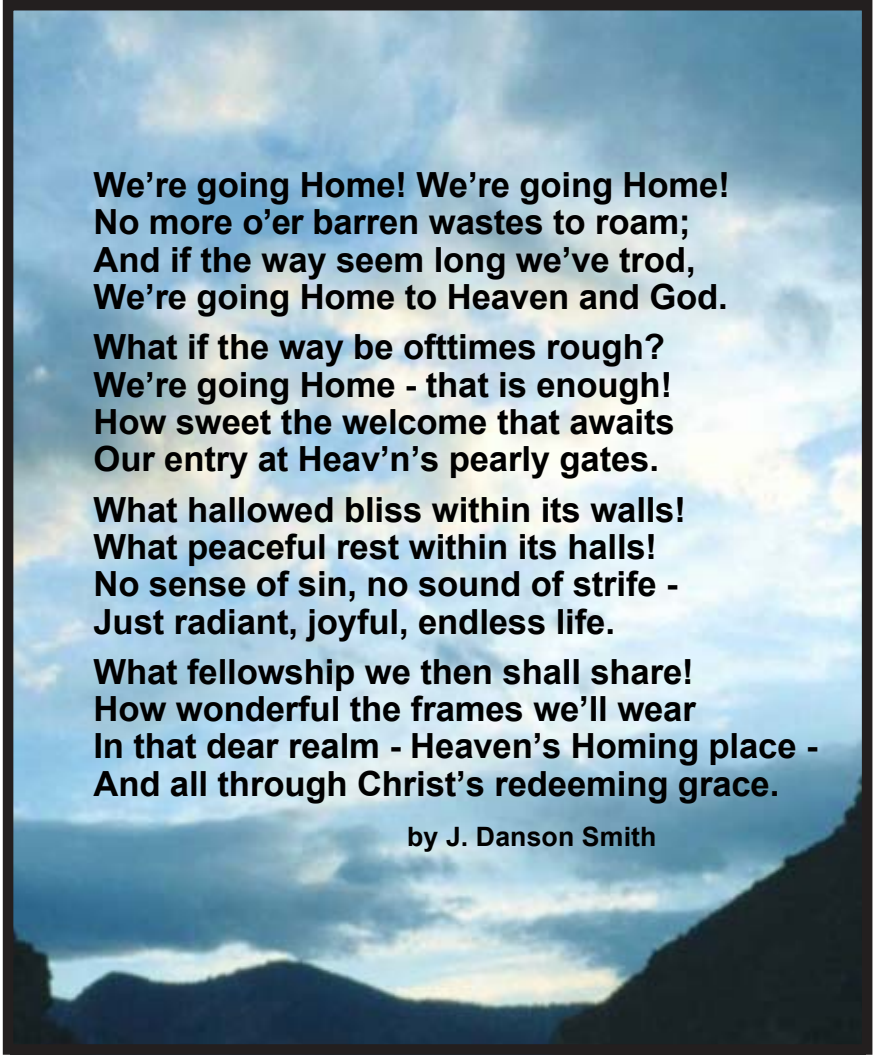
Pastor Devers asks:

Is faithfulness outdated?

Is putting Christ first outdated?

Are we Laodicean? Rev.3:14-16

Are we "neither hot nor cold"?



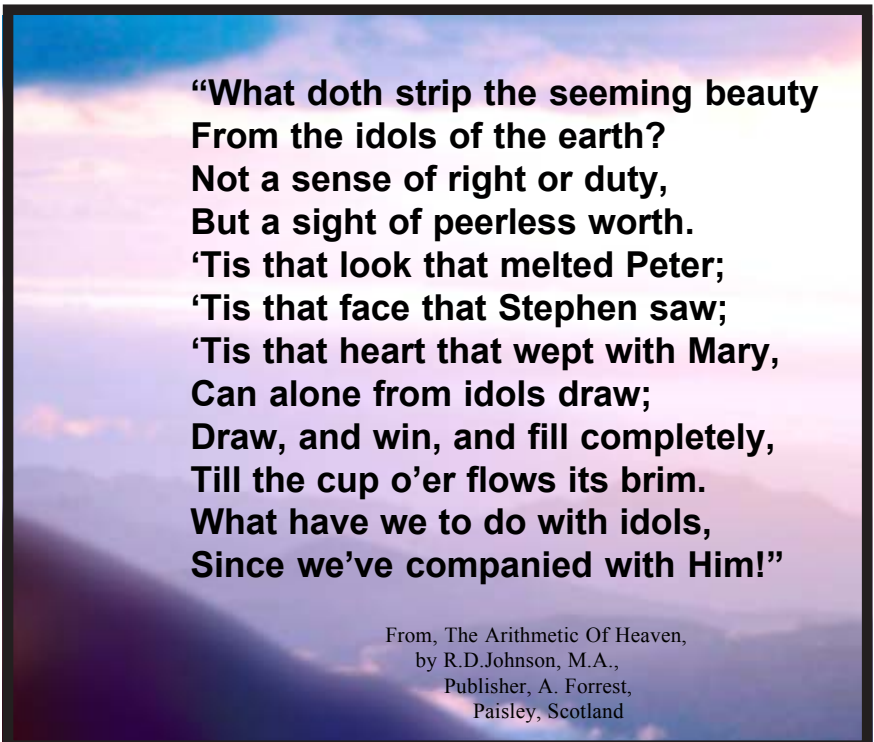
**We're going Home! We're going Home!
No more o'er barren wastes to roam;
And if the way seem long we've trod,
We're going Home to Heaven and God.**

**What if the way be oftentimes rough?
We're going Home - that is enough!
How sweet the welcome that awaits
Our entry at Heav'n's pearly gates.**

**What hallowed bliss within its walls!
What peaceful rest within its halls!
No sense of sin, no sound of strife -
Just radiant, joyful, endless life.**

**What fellowship we then shall share!
How wonderful the frames we'll wear
In that dear realm - Heaven's Homing place -
And all through Christ's redeeming grace.**

by J. Danson Smith



**"What doth strip the seeming beauty
From the idols of the earth?
Not a sense of right or duty,
But a sight of peerless worth.
'Tis that look that melted Peter;
'Tis that face that Stephen saw;
'Tis that heart that wept with Mary,
Can alone from idols draw;
Draw, and win, and fill completely,
Till the cup o'er flows its brim.
What have we to do with idols,
Since we've companied with Him!"**

From, *The Arithmetic Of Heaven*,
by R.D. Johnson, M.A.,
Publisher, A. Forrest,
Paisley, Scotland