

PRICES CREEK CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN

8578 MONROE CENTRAL ROAD

WEST MANCHESTER, OHIO 45382



NEWS FROM THE CREEK

Volume 23 Issue 61

January/February 2013

MESSAGE FROM PASTOR DON

3...2...1...HAPPY NEW YEAR!!! Well, here we stand again; looking back at the end of one year and looking forward to the coming year. 365 days to live for God; to show people His love, peace, hope and joy. The New Year is always filled with our hopes and dreams. What are we hoping for in 2013? What dreams do we hope to accomplish? Are we hoping that this is the year Christ returns? Will it mess up our plans if He does?



Many people make new years resolutions; they resolve to do certain things in the New Year to make their lives better. Most new years resolutions don't last too long, even though they are good thoughts all about improving ourselves, our lives and our families.

Have we made any new years resolutions? One thing we should all strive to improve each year is our Bible study and our relationship with Christ. 2 Tim. 2:15 in the King James Version says "*Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.*" Do we study God's word to show ourselves approved by God? It is imperative that Christians KNOW God's word! The word of God is the only offensive weapon in the Christian's Gospel Armor. It is sharper than any two edged sword. We use it to fight off temptations, and to spread comfort, joy and peace. How well do we know our Bible? If we didn't have one, would we still be able to tell someone about Jesus?

Do we realize that not only is our Bible our sword of the spirit Paul talks about in Eph. 6:17 "*And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God*" it is Jesus in our hand. John 1:1-3 "*In the beginning was the word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. 2 He was in the beginning with God. 3 All things were made through Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made.*" John 1:14 "*And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.*" Therefore since the word of God is Jesus, the Bible is Jesus in our hands. Jesus promised to never leave us nor forsake us. He is as close to us as the nearest Bible. How well do we know the "Word of God"?

Good communication is vital to a good relationship. Christianity is not a religion; Christianity is a relationship with a living Savior. Communication involves listening as well as talking. God gave us two ears and only one mouth; so maybe He is telling us that we need to listen twice as much as we talk. We talk when we pray to God; we listen when we read and study His word. How is our communication with God? How is our relationship with Christ?

Because we are living in the last days, it is vital that all Christians know God's word. The Bible is the inerrant word of God. How well do we know it? Do we believe the Bible? Do we share what we know? Jesus is coming again! It could be any day now; it could be another 2000 years: Jesus told us in Matthew 24:36 "*But of that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, but MY Father only.*" Will we be ready when Christ returns? Are we looking forward to that day? While we wait for Jesus to come back, we need to be about our Father's business. His business is saving lost sheep. Are we out looking for lost sheep? Can we tell them how to find Christ? Do we show them His love? Do we communicate to them that He is their only hope? That He alone can give them the joy and peace they are seeking? May 2013 be a year filled with great blessings for you and yours! May we all be about our Father's business! May His will be done!

Your co-worker in Christ,

Pastor Don

Pastor Don, Patty, & Faith extend their thanks to all who pray for them, help them with the work of our church, and gave them gifts for Christmas. Thank you for being their friends. May God bless you and keep you.

ONE FINGER FOR THE LORD

I once ministered to a one-room church within the boundaries of the Great Smokey Mountains National Park. My congregation was composed of vacationers and campers mixed with about a dozen local mountain families.

Because there was no regular pianist, I always asked for a volunteer musician. On one occasion no one responded so I asked, "Is there one present who would like to volunteer the musical ability of someone else?"

A teenage girl quickly replied, "My Dad can play the piano."

After hesitating a moment, a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman walked down the uncarpeted aisle between the rows of homemade pews. As he began to accompany us, it became apparent that he was boldly playing the piano with only one finger. But he never missed a note and his timing was perfect. Never has a cathedral choir sung more joyfully than those hundred voices who were motivated by the willing talent of one whom they had never known.

At the conclusion of worship, we learned he was a surgeon in a large northern city. What a neat surprise! His action made an unforgettable impact on us all that day.

What an inspiration and what a challenge he must have been to his children who saw the surgeon-hands of their dad playing the piano as best he could for the whole worship hour.

What conviction must have gripped some worshippers there who at times had excused themselves from the work of Christ back home by saying, "Somebody can do it better than I."

What challenge and what blessing still come to all present each time we remember how a willing doctor offered to God and to us the small musical talent he possessed, one finger for the Lord.

And he did it without shame or apology and he did not make an excuse that he had no more to offer. It was a small talent but a large gift unto God.

That day he gave in full measure what God had given him. That's all that God expects! And we should expect no less—and no more.

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Sarah Barker's report about the offering from Christmas Eve said that the results was \$732.00. Glory to God for generosity!!!!

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Bread & Cup Communion will be during Services on January 20th.

Do not look forward to the changes and chances of this life in fear; rather look to them with full hope that, as they arise, God, whose you are, will deliver you out of them.

He is your Keeper, He has kept you hitherto. Do you but hold fast to His dear hand, and He will lead you safely through all things; and, when you cannot stand, He will bear you in His arms.

Do not look forward to what may happen tomorrow. Our Father will either shield you from suffering, or He will give you strength to bear it.

Saint Francis of Sales (1567-1622)

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IT BEGAN IN A MANGER

BY MAX Lucado

It all happened in a most remarkable moment ...a moment like no other. For through that segment of time a spectacular thing occurred.

God became a man. Divinity arrived. Heaven opened herself and placed her most precious one in a human womb.

The omnipotent, in one instant, became flesh and blood. The one who was larger than the universe became a microscopic embryo. And he who sustains the world with a word chose to be dependent upon the nourishment of a young girl.

God had come near.

He came, not as a flash of light or as an unapproachable conqueror, but as one whose first cries were heard by a peasant girl and a sleepy carpenter. Mary and Joseph were anything but royal. Yet heaven entrusted its greatest treasure on these simple parents. It began in a manger, this momentous moment in time. He looked anything but a king. His face prunish and red. His cry still the helpless and piercing cry of a dependent baby.

Majesty in the midst of the mundane. Holiness in the filth of sheep manure and sweat. This baby had overseen the universe. These rags keeping him warm were the robes of eternity. His golden throne room had been abandoned in favor of a dirty sheep pen. And worshiping angels had been replaced with kind but bewildered shepherds.

Curious, this royal throne room. No tapestries covering the windows. No velvet garments on the courtiers. No golden scepter or glittering crown. Curious, the sounds in the court. Cows munching, hooves crunching, a mother humming, a babe nursing.

I could have begun anywhere, the story of the king. But, curiously, it began in a manger. Step into the doorway, peek through the window.

He is here!

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Thanks to everyone who helped with the play on Christmas Eve. Yes there were some things that were not planned like sickness but the play was done well and many comments were given..

And hoping that the snow storm didn't stop the blessings that come from a Great Lord that loves His children.

I believe that the winter of 2013 will have more snow than the winter of 2012. Keep the shovel sharp.

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If you're going to be able to look back on something and laugh about it, you might as well laugh about it now.

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When I was a child, my father was the pastor at Grace Lutheran Church in Rankin, IL. At one time he gave his sermon in Swedish at the first service and English at the second service.

On Sunday he would leave early, and the job of getting five children to church on time was left to my mother and older sister. On one winter Sunday morning, colder than usual, we heard the order to be sure our shoes were shined.

There was no time for shoe shining, so we grabbed the next best thing we could find for the job. It happened to be a large jar of Vicks VapoRub. We rubbed it on our shoes to a pretty good shine.

The steam radiators in church were at their best that morning, and we cleared the heads of all the people in the pews.
Al Karlstrom

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A Sunday school teacher asked the children just before she dismissed them to go to church, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?"

Annie replied, "Because people are sleeping."

{Not at Prices Creek}

One beautiful December evening Huan Cho and his girlfriend Jung Lee were sitting by the side of the ocean. It was a romantic full moon, when Huan Cho said, "Hey baby, let's play Weeweechu."

"Oh, no, not now, let's look at the moon", said Jung Lee. "Oh, c'mon baby, let's you and I play Weeweechu. I love you and it's the perfect time." Huan Cho begged.

"But I'd rather just hold your hand and watch the moon." "Please Jung Lee, just once play Weeweechu with me."

Jung Lee looked at Huan Cho and said, "OK, we'll play Weeweechu." Huan Cho grabbed his guitar and they both sang.

"Weeweechu a merry Christmas.

"Weeweechu a merry Christmas. Weeweechu a merry Christmas And a Happy New Year!"

Did you figure where this one was going?

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The teacher was having trouble with little Johnny in school. She told him that the way he was acting, he could never grow up to be President. Then after a little thought she added, but with your absentee record you might make it to the Senate.

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Dreaming is much easier than thinking.