



BLODGETT CHURCH OF CHRIST

9278 FM127, Pittsburg, TX 75686

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Time of Services:

Sunday: 10:00 A.M. class, 11:00 A.M. worship, and 6:00 P.M. worship

Wednesday: 7:00 P.M. class

Preacher:

Larry Black (cell) 903-588-4253 email: lblk@peoplescom.net

Benevolence - Jimmy Jones: 903-767-3636

Evangelism - Heath Hines: 903-717-1423

Edification - H. L. Robertson: 903-856-5461

Building Maintenance - Dwayne Porter: 903-285-5548

Grounds & Van - John D. Porter: 903-563-5945

Finance - Larry Reynolds: 903-767-0742

Wednesday Devotional Speaker: Gary Fallis



BLODGETT CHURCH OF CHRIST

PUTTING YOU ON THE RIGHT PATH

BLODGETT CHURCH of CHRIST Bulletin

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Something In A Name

There is something in a name. About this time of the year in 2000, I drove down to Salado, Texas on what proved to be a life changing experience. We went to Tenrock Ranch and bought our first four goats. Once we got them home, one of the first things we did was to give them what we considered meaningful names. One we named Tacky because of her dominate attitude toward the other three. She was indeed tacky to them. For no apparent reason, she would lower her head and ram another unsuspecting goat in the side.

To another we named Freckles because of her appearance. She had little freckle looking spots on and around her face. Then there was Blondie. She had a big blonde color spot on the center of her back. It almost looked like a blonde saddle. Finally there was Dolly. Dolly was the low goat in the dominance chain. She was the one all the other three goats knocked around, especially Tacky. We felt sorry for her and tried to give her some special attention.

A lot of things have happened on Little Creek Farms since that beginning. The goats got to the point that they were not as personal but some of them were given fitting names. One year each newborn kid was named after a soldier in the middle-east war.

Well, after twenty years I am longer in the goat business but instead we have rabbitry, and like the goats, we have named just about every rabbit. A name gives them special identity. Names are important. The name you have all so often speaks of your character and nature. The reputation associated with your name will give others an impression about you; be it good or bad. The wise man Solomon had this to say about a name. (*Prov. 22:1 KJV*) *A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.* A good name leads to a good reputation, and a good reputation is more valuable than the wealth of riches. I am thankful that my forefathers left me the legacy of a “good name” to uphold.

Later Solomon would write these words, (*Eccl. 7:1 KJV*) *A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.* God saw the importance of a name, so on several occasions He changed a person's name to describe more accurately that person. For instance, in Gen. 17:5 Abram's (meaning “high father”)

name was changed to Abraham (meaning “father of multitudes”). Later in Gen. 35:10, Jacob’s (meaning “heal-catcher” or “supplanted”) name was changed to Israel (meaning “He will rule as God”). Because of this name change, Jacob’s descendants were called Israelites and not Jacobites. These Israelites had a standard to uphold because they were descendants of Israel and their behavior was a reflection upon the name they wore.

In like manner, we today wear the name Christian. That name says something about who we are. When you tell someone that you are a Christian, right away they form an opinion about you and expect a certain behavior. (*Acts 11:26 KJV*) *And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.* A Christian is a disciple; a follower of Christ, and associated with the name Christian is a standard of conduct that is expected.

Depending on the way a person lives, he either brings honor and respect, or disgrace and shame to his family’s name. The same is true with the spiritual name Christian. ~ Larry

GOD'S ROSEBUD

A new minister was walking with an older, more seasoned minister in the garden one day. Feeling a bit insecure about what God had for him to do, he was asking the older preacher for some advice. The older preacher walked up to a rosebush and handed the young preacher a rosebud and told him to open it without tearing off any petals. The young preacher looked in disbelief at the older preacher and was trying to figure out what a rosebud could possibly have to do with his wanting to know the will of God for his life and ministry. But because of his great respect for the older preacher, he proceeded to try to unfold the rose, while keeping every petal intact. It wasn't long before he realized how impossible this was to do. Noticing the younger preacher's inability to unfold the rosebud without tearing it, the older preacher began to recite the following poem.

*It is only a tiny rosebud, a flower of God's design;
But I cannot unfold the petals with these clumsy hands of mine.
The secret of unfolding flowers is not known to such as I.
God opens this flower so easily, but in my hands they die.
If I cannot unfold a rosebud, this flower of God's design,
Then how can I have the wisdom to unfold this life of mine?
So I'll trust in God for leading each moment of my day.
I will look to God for guidance in each step of the way.
The path that lies before me, only my Lord knows.
I'll trust God to unfold the moments, just as He unfolds the rose.*

Family News

- Last Wednesday evening **John D. Porter** asked for the prayers of the church.
- **Kinan Burk**, former member at Blodgett, passed away last week.
- **Pauline Campbell** fell last week and had to go to the ER.
- The devotional at the Mt. Vernon House for today has been canceled.
- This Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, **Gary Fallis** will provide a mission update.
- On Feb. 4 & 5, the church in Mt. Vernon is having a “Make Me a Servant Workshop” with a variety of speakers. Details are posted on the bulletin board.
- HRR pantry item for January is canned green beans.

Be ye fishers of men. You catch 'em -- He'll clean 'em.

Dancing In the Rain

It was a busy morning, about 8:30, when an elderly gentleman in his 80's arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 a.m. I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound. On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry. The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife. I inquired as to her health. He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's Disease.

As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late. He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now.

I was surprised, and asked him, “And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?”

He smiled as he patted my hand and said, “She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is.” I had to hold back tears as he left, I had goose bumps on my arm, and thought, “That is the kind of love I want in my life.” True love is neither physical, nor romantic. True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be. The happiest people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the best of everything they have. Life isn't about how to survive the storm but how to dance in the rain.