



BLODGETT CHURCH OF CHRIST

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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 – Rick Toland: 903-220-9825

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: Rick Toland



BLODGETT CHURCH OF CHRIST

PUTTING YOU ON THE RIGHT PATH

BLODGETT CHURCH of CHRIST Bulletin

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Hot Water Bottle

This is a story written by a doctor who worked in Africa. One night I had worked hard to help a mother in the labor ward; but in spite of all we could do, she died, leaving us with a tiny, premature baby and a crying two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive; as we had no incubator (we had no electricity to run an incubator). We also had no special feeding facilities. Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous drafts. One student midwife went for the box we had for such babies and the cotton wool that the baby would be wrapped in.

Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle. She came back shortly in distress to tell me that in filling the bottle, it had burst (rubber perishes easily in tropical climates). “And it is our last hot water bottle!” she exclaimed. As in the West, it is no good crying over spilled milk, so in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over burst water bottles. They do not grow on trees, and there are no drugstores down forest pathways.

“All right,” I said, “put the baby as near the fire as you safely can, and sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from drafts Your job is to keep the baby warm.”

The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with any of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle, and that the baby could so easily die if it got chills. I also told them of the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died.

During prayer time, one ten-year-old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt conciseness of our African children. “Please, God” she prayed, “Send us a hot water bottle today. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, as the baby will be dead, so please send it this afternoon.”

While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added, “And while You are about it, would You please send a dolly for the little girl, so she'll know You really love her?”

As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say "Amen?" I just did not believe that God could do this. Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything; the Bible says so. But there are limits, aren't there? The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending me a parcel from the homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never, ever, received a parcel from home. Anyway, if anyone did send me a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? I lived on the equator!

Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door. By the time I reached home, the car had gone, but there on the verandah was a large 22-pound parcel. I felt tears pricking my eyes. I could not open the parcel alone, so I sent for the orphanage children. Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly. Excitement was mounting. Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box. From the top, I lifted out brightly-colored, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children looked a little bored. Then came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas -- that would make a batch of buns for the weekend.

Then, as I put my hand in again, I felt the.....could it really be? I grasped it and pulled it out. Yes, a brand new, rubber hot water bottle. I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could. Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, "If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly, too!" Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully-dressed dolly. Her eyes shone! She had never doubted!

Looking up at me, she asked, "Can I go over with you and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?"

"Of course," I replied!

That parcel had been on the way for five whole months, packed up by my former Sunday school class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator.

And one of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child -- five months before, in answer to the believing prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it "that afternoon."

Before they call, I will answer. (Isaiah 65:24)

**I DON'T SUFFER FROM INSANITY; I ENJOY EVERY
MINUTE OF IT.**

Family News

- We rejoice in the decision of **Bill Money** to make Blodgett his church home.
- Last Sunday evening **Dwayne Porter** asked for the prayers of the church. He also received a good doctor's report.
- **Jimmy Jones** is recovering from surgery.
- **Darlene Caldwell** continues to have trouble with her sodium level.
- **David Ballard** is scheduled to be here Wednesday, September 27 to give us a mission report.
- HRR pantry item for September is canned ravioli.

You Get To

We at times hear the expression, "Do I have to?" The honest answer to that is no you don't. The only thing we absolutely have to do is face judgment. But in considering the question, let me suggest the following answer, "No, you get to." Notice a few illustrations of what I mean.

A teenage girl is told by her mother to wash the dishes. She asks, "Do I have to?"

"No," the mother says. "You get to. The fact that we have dirty dishes implies that you were blessed with something to eat and that your body is healthy enough to digest the food. What a blessing it is to get to wash the dishes."

Later the girl's younger brother is told to clean up his room. His reply is, "Do I have to?"

"No, you don't have to, you get to," his mother said. "To clean up your room means that you have a room, a place out of the weather that is comfortable and dry. To clean it up also implies that you have things to clean up and that your body is healthy enough to clean it. You have clothes to wear, toys, a bed for sleeping. No, you don't have to clean it, you get to. Many would love to have a room and the health to clean it"

One of his children asked a father, "Do I have to go to church today?"

"No, you don't have to go, you get to go," the father answered. "The fact that there is a church speaks of the great love Jesus has for you. The fact that we get to go shows the freedom we have in this country and that we have a means of transportation. It means that you have an opportunity to learn about a person that endured tremendous suffering both physically and emotionally for you. No, you don't have to go, you get to."

The list of illustrations is endless because the fact is everything we do is a blessing from God. Let us not consider any task as a "have to" but as a privilege and a blessing that we "get to."