



BLODGETT CHURCH OF CHRIST

9278 FM127, Pittsburg, TX 75686

Email: blodgettcofc@gmail.com

Website: blodgettcofc.com

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: 903-452-1887

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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Why did Jesus Fold the Napkin?

The Gospel of John (20:7) tells us that the napkin, which was placed over the face of Jesus, was not just thrown aside like the grave clothes. The Bible takes an entire verse to tell us that the napkin was neatly folded and was placed at the head of that stony coffin. Why did Jesus fold the linen burial cloth after His resurrection?

Early Sunday morning, while it was still dark, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb and found that the stone had been rolled away from the entrance. She ran and found Simon Peter and the other disciple, the one whom Jesus loved. She said, "They have taken the Lord's body out of the tomb, and I don't know where they have put him!" Peter and the other disciple ran to the tomb to see. The other disciple out ran Peter and got there first. He stopped and looked in and saw the linen cloth lying there, but he didn't go in. Then Simon Peter arrived and went inside. He also noticed the linen wrappings lying there, while the cloth that had covered Jesus' head was folded up and lying to the side.

Was that important? Absolutely! Is it really significant? Yes!

In order to understand the significance of the folded napkin, you have to understand a little bit about Hebrew tradition of that day. The folded napkin had to do with the Master and Servant, and every Jewish boy knew this tradition.

When the servant set the dinner table for the master, he made sure that it was exactly the way the master wanted it. The table was furnished perfectly, and then the servant would wait, just out of sight, until the master had finished eating. The servant would not dare touch that table until the master was finished.

Now when the master was through eating, he would rise from the table, wipe his fingers, his mouth, and clean his beard, and would then toss the napkin onto the table.

The servant would then know to clear the table. For in those days, the wadded napkin meant, "I'm finished." But if the master got up from the table, folded his napkin, and laid it beside his plate, the servant would not dare touch the table because *the folded napkin meant* "I'm coming back!"

Our website has been updated to include the church directory. The password is 2023.

Father Knows Best

Some of you are familiar with my dog Molly. She was a faithful companion to me for more than eighteen years. She wanted to go wherever I went (and usually did), especially if I went in my old black farm truck. I would take her with me and when I got to my destination, she would faithfully wait at the truck until I returned.

During the cold weather, Molly got used to coming into the house at night. Being spoiled as she was, she continued to come inside at night and usually slept under my bed. Once on a hot summer day, I had to leave in my black truck and knew that I would be gone at least five hours, maybe longer. Where I was going I couldn't let her outside, so she would have had to stay in the hot cab of the pickup. I didn't want to leave Molly inside the pickup for that length of time, so I decided not to take her. She was going to have to stay at home and not go.

She was inside the house when I went outside and started the black pickup. As I was backing out of the drive, I saw her looking through the front glass door with a look of "Why are you forgetting me. Here I am." Caring for her as I did, her pitiful look really touched my heart, but I knew what was best for her. While she didn't understand why she wasn't going, I did. I had a bigger scope of the day ahead and made a decision of what was in her best interest. It would be unkind and even dangerous to leave her inside the hot cap of my pickup for that length of time.

I told this story because it reminds me of our prayers to God. Sometimes it may be as if we were looking out the glass door of life and asking for certain things. Our Heavenly Father, who has a bigger perspective of the future, knows what is best for us and sometimes declines our prayer request. While Molly didn't understand why I refused to take her, I knew what was best. While we may not understand why some of our prayer requests are not answered, our Heavenly Father Knows Best regarding what is best for us.

~ Larry

*1 Peter 5:7 Casting all your care upon him; **for he careth for you.***

Family News

- **Darlene Caldwell** spent a few days in the hospital with pneumonia, and Frank had a battery replaced in his pacemaker.
- **Carla Hines** had a cortisone injection in her knee hoping to alleviate her arthritis pain.
- Today is our monthly covered-dish luncheon. All are invited with a special invitation to our guests.
- This Wednesday is our first Wednesday of the month and will be singing night.
- HRR pantry item for April is boxed macaroni and cheese.
- There will be an Easter egg hunt at **Robert and Pat Slone's** next Saturday, April 8 beginning about 2:00 p.m. Hot dogs will be served. See Pat if you want to help.
- The church in Mt. Vernon is having a gospel meeting with B. J. Clarke of Memphis, TN on April 16-19. Weeknight services begin at 7:00 p.m.
- The church has been invited for lunch at Vaughn's Catfish following the Sunday morning service on April 16.

Grandmas ARE Smart!!

I was out walking with my grandson. He picked up something off of the ground and started to put it in his mouth. I took the item away from him and asked him not to do that.

"Why?" my grandson asked.

"Because it's been on the ground; you don't know where it's been, it's dirty and probably has germs. Sometimes germs make little boys sick and not feel good," I replied.

At this point, my grandson looked at me with total admiration and asked, "Grandma, how do you know all this stuff? You are so smart."

I was thinking quickly and said to him, "All Grandmas know stuff. It's on the Grandma Test. You have to know it, or they don't let you be a Grandma."

We walked along in silence for 2 or 3 minutes, but he was evidently pondering this new information. "Oh...I get it! He beamed, so if you don't pass the test, you have to be the Grandpa."

"Exactly," I replied with a big smile on my face.