



BLODGETT CHURCH OF CHRIST

9278 FM127, Pittsburg, TX 75686

Email: blodgettcofc@gmail.com

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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: Heath Hines



BLODGETT CHURCH OF CHRIST

PUTTING YOU ON THE RIGHT PATH

BLODGETT CHURCH of CHRIST Bulletin

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Man's Best Friend

Abe was an elderly gentleman who lived alone since his wife had passed away. While the children were worried about him, they were glad that Dad had Daisy. Daisy was a ten-year-old half Chihuahua and constant companion of Abe.

One day Abe had to be admitted into the hospital, and Daisy was to stay with Rachel, Abe's daughter, until he was to be released. The only problem was that no one explained it to Daisy.

The first night at Rachel's house, Daisy never slept. She paced and whined all night. The second night Rachel let Daisy sleep in the yard. That night Daisy began to dig. She tunneled out before dawn. Rachel called all of the family at 6:30 the next morning and told them Daisy was missing. They knew the news would devastate Abe, so they set out and scoured the neighborhood, posting signs on all the poles. No one had any news of Daisy.

Meanwhile, the hospital staff was mesmerized by a stray dog. The dog just sat by the emergency entrance, and every time the doors opened the dog would run in. Someone would chase the dog out only to have it turn around and run back in. The dog did this for hours. Employees considered calling the pound, like they do with other strays, but this dog seemed different. This dog was clearly looking for someone. It even made it into the main hallway and was sniffing at the doors. One of the paramedics took it over to dispatch where they fed it and soothed it with a blanket. Then the dog curled up and slept. Dispatch tried to page the master. "Will the owners of a light tan dog please come to security?"

By 6:30 that night, Abe's children made the trip to the hospital to tell him the news of Daisy. Since he was coming home the next day, they had to let him know Daisy was missing. When he found out, Abe tried to get out of bed to hunt for Daisy himself. As Chris, the son, went into the hallway to compose himself, he told the story of Daisy to anyone who would listen. A woman overheard Chris and said the hospital had been paging all day for the owner of a lost dog. Chris called security who called the dog "Daisy" to see if it was a match. Her ears shot up right away.

A guard told Chris that he couldn't bring the dog into the hospital, but that if he didn't see Chris do

it, there was nothing he could do about it. When Chris brought Daisy into the hospital room, Abe let out a yell and Daisy started barking. The rest were crying like babies.

Daisy's love for her master reminds me of how devoted I need to be to my master, Jesus Christ. I must never give up hope of seeing my Master. I need to constantly seek His presence and to go to any length to find Him because I know He loves me. And when I am re-united with Him, there will be great rejoicing.

What Counts

***It isn't how fast you're going – but which way;
It isn't how loud you're talking – but what you say.
It isn't the tune you're playing – but the music of your touch;
It isn't how long you live that counts – but how much.***

BLIND BUT HAPPY

O what a happy soul am I! Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world contented I will be;
How many blessings I enjoy that other people don't!
To weep and sigh "I'm blind" I cannot, and I won't.

Fanny Crosby (wrote many of the songs in our song book)

**When I am right, nobody remembers...when I am wrong,
nobody forgets.**

The Preacher and Little Alex

One Sunday morning, the preacher noticed little Alex was staring up at the large plaque that hung in the foyer of the church building. The plaque was covered with names and small American flags were mounted on either side of it.

The seven-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the preacher walked up, stood beside the boy, and said quietly, "Good morning Alex."

"What is this?" Alex asked.

"Well, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who have died in the service."

Soberly they stood together, staring at the large plaque. After a time of silent observation, little Alex's voice was barely audible when he asked, "Which one, the 9:00 or 10:30 service?"

Family News

- We extend our condolences to the **Ken Masters'** family in the death of Ann.
- We also extend our condolences to **Chris Warren** in the death of his father.
- **Mike Fields'** sister, Emily, is in the wound care section of the hospital in Texarkana and needs prayers.
- **Jimmy Jones** continues to have health problems.
- **Bill Money** (who spent some time in the hospital last week) will deliver tonight's message.
- Following services tonight, there will be send-off party for **Dwayne Porter** as he will be moving to Georgia. Dwayne and Lisa McManus will be getting married. The wedding will be here in the building followed by a reception, refreshments, and fellowship in the fellowship building.
- The Southside congregation is having a gospel meeting Nov. 5-8 with Tyler Sams of San Antonio doing the speaking.
- Our ladies have been invited to a "ladies' day" on Nov. 11 at North Jefferson.

**Lucky parents who have fine children usually have lucky
children who have fine parents.**

WE ALL NEED A TREE!

I hired a plumber to help me restore an old farmhouse, and after he had just finished a rough first day on the job, a flat tire made him lose an hour of work, his electric drill quit and his ancient one-ton truck refused to start!

While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

When opening the door, he underwent an amazing transformation. His face was wreathed in smiles as he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss.

Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree, and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier.

"Oh, that's my trouble tree," he replied. "I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing's for sure, those troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home and ask God to take care of them. Then in the morning I pick them up again."

"Funny thing is," he smiled, "when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before."