

**NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK**

10:50 a.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Mary Byars  
Cradle Roll 2: Larry Byars  
Lord's Supper Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Shirley White  
Cradle Roll 2: Charity Crawford  
Wed. Evening Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Kristi Hooper  
Cradle Roll 2: Kelsey Moreno

**AND THE PEOPLE CAME...**

*Week of April 13, 2014*

Sunday School ----- 12  
Sunday Morning Service ----- 30  
Sunday Evening Service ----- 16  
Wed. Eve. Service, 04/16/14 ----- 19

**AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...**

*Week of April 13, 2014*

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 961.00  
Total Received for Week of 04/13/14: \$ 961.00  
Average amount of Undesignated Offerings needed  
to operate the church EACH WEEK,  
as a minimum = **\$ 1,400.00**

**LISTEN TO -**



ABIDINGRADIO.COM

**INSURANCE FUND REPORT FOR APRIL, 2014:**

Monthly Requirement ----- \$ 329.66  
Amount Received thusfar during April, 2014 ----- \$ 0.00  
Amount **STILL NEEDED** by 05/05/14: **-\$ 329.66**

**WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SAVED**

1. *Admit that you are a sinner.*
2. *Admit that God says all sins must be paid for.*
3. *Accept the fact that Christ took upon Himself the suffering necessary to pay for all your sins.*
4. *You must change your mind about sin and sinning (God calls this repentance).*
5. *By an act of your will, accept by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, who can save you from the penalty of sin. Then, tell God about this in a simple prayer. Believe that God keeps His promise to save you, and thank Him for His salvation.*



**Please Remember To Be Faithful to Give!**

As with everything else, the costs of keeping a church going never go down - they always go *up*. Bills wait for no one, and churches are no exception to this. An extra, sacrificial gift today by everyone present would go a long way...

We encourage all of our membership to practice obedience to God by being faithful every payday to give back to Him His tithe (10%). *If every family in our church would practice this one simple discipline, we would never have weeks where we have to put off paying some bills until the following week!*

Everything is expensive, especially for a small church like ours, but ours is a BIG God, and He LOVES to bless His children when they are obedient to Him!

If you are already a tither, we thank you, and encourage you to also give offerings as well. If you're currently not tithing, won't you please start *today* - OK? Thank you.

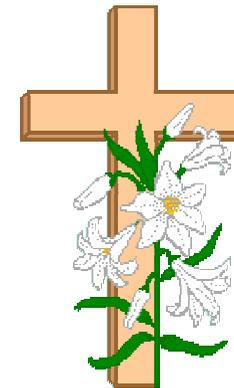
**Church Directory**

Todd W. White ----- Pastor  
Mickie Shatwell ----- Pianist  
Dickie Eberle ----- Greeter, Custodian  
Shayne Hooper, Caryn Quinnelly, Todd W. White ----- S.S. Teachers  
Larry & Mary Byars, Brian & Charity Crawford ----- Outreach  
Flowers ----- Shirley White, Charity Crawford

**REMINDER**

**HAPPY -**

**RESURRECTION DAY!**

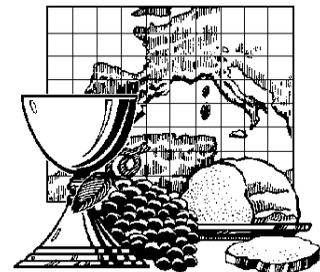


**BE SURE AND STAY FOR OUR ALL-CHURCH**

**FAMILY DINNER**

**FOLLOWED BY AN OBSERVANCE OF**

**THE LORD'S SUPPER**



# **HYMNS WE LOVE**

## **“Jesus Paid It All”**

**“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”**

**- Isaiah 1:18**

Mrs. Elvina Mable Hall, author of the text of this hymn, was born on June 4, 1820, in Alexandria, Virginia. She and her first husband were faithful members of the Monument Street Methodist Church there for more than forty years.

John T. Grape, Composer of the tune, was a successful coal merchant in Baltimore, who, as he once said, "dabbled in music for my own amusement." For many years, he was an active lay-worker in the Monument Street Church, working in the Sunday school as well as serving as the organist-choir director.

Again we marvel at the workings of God on our behalf. An obscure woman scribbles a poem on the flyleaf of her hymnal, an unknown pastor provides encouragement and another hymn is born that has since found an important place in our church hymnals and in turn has ministered spiritual challenge and blessing to countless numbers of people for more than a century.

This hymn, often used for our communion services, speaks pointedly about the truth of the certainly of our personal relationship with God.

The text was written by a lay woman named Elvina Hall. She wrote these words one Sunday morning, in 1865, while seated in the choir loft of the church, supposedly listening to the sermon by her pastor -

***I hear the Saviour say,  
“Thy strength indeed is small,  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in Me thine all in all.”***

***Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow.***

## **I Loved You Enough**

Some day when my children are old enough to understand the logic that motivates a parent, I will tell them:

***I loved you enough . . .***

to ask where you were going, with whom, and what time you would be home.

***I loved you enough . . .***

to insist that you save your money and buy a bike for yourself even though we could afford to buy one for you.

***I loved you enough . . .***

to be silent and let you discover that your new best friend was a creep.

***I loved you enough . . .***

to make you take a Milky Way back to the drugstore (with a bite out of it) and tell the clerk, "I stole this yesterday and want to pay for it."

***I loved you enough . . .***

to stand over you for two hours while you cleaned your room, a job that would have taken 15 minutes.

***I loved you enough . . .***

to let you see anger, disappointment and tears in my eyes. Children must learn that their parents aren't perfect.

***I loved you enough . . .***

to let you assume the responsibility for your actions even when the penalties were so harsh they almost broke my heart.

But most of all,

***I loved you enough . . .***

to say NO when I knew you would hate me for it. Those were the most difficult battles of all. I'm glad I won them, because in the end you won, too.

*-Author Unknown*



## **ONLY ONE LIFE**

*It matters so little*

*How much you may own,*

*The places you've been*

*or the people you've known.*

*For it all comes to nothing*

*when placed at His feet.*

*It's nothing to Jesus,*

*- just memories to keep.*

*You may take all the treasures*

*From far away lands.*

*Take all the riches*

*you can hold in your hands.*

*And take all the pleasures*

*that money can buy,*

*But what will you have,*

*- when it's your time to die?*

***Only one life!***

*- so soon it will pass!*

***Only what's done***

*for Christ will last!*

***Only one chance to do His will!***

***So give to Jesus all your days,***

*it's the only life that pays,*

***When you recall -***

*You have but one life!*

*The days pass so swiftly,*

*the months come and go.*

*The years melt away,*

*like new fallen snow.*

*Spring turns to summer,*

*summer to fall.*

*Autumn brings winter,*

*then death comes to call.*

***Only one life!***

*- so soon it will pass!*

***Only what's done***

*for Christ will last!*

***Only one chance to do His will!***

*So give to Jesus all your days,*

*it's the only life that pays,*

***When you recall -***

*You have but one life!*

## **WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN?**

*Someday we'll stand before our Lord, and He will look at us and say,*

*“My child, what did you do, with the life I've given you? The promises you were to claim, the power you had in My own Name?”*

*And I will have no crowns to lay before the feet of my dear Lord.*

*The gifts and knowledge that were mine, why didn't I redeem the time? The love He had for me was abundant and so free!*

*And then I'll meet Him face to face - I'll want to praise Him for His grace - and I will have no crowns to lay before the feet of my dear Lord.*

*How sad - no crowns to show my dear Lord.*

*We'll say, “Oh Lord! We had no time - no money, no talents, or gifts Divine!” And He will say, my child - you had everything in Me!*

***Wonder what could have been, if we'd have given all to Him?***

***Wonder what he would do, if only to Him we'd be true?***

***Wonder what we would see, if we from sin would be set free?***

***Wonder what miracles we'd see?***

*And oh! How He fills every need of my life, He wants to give me joy in my trials and my strife.*

*He wants to give more, so much more than I can know, but He's waiting to reap, until I sow. . .*

***Wonder what could have been, if we'd have given all to Him?***

***Wonder what he would do, if only to Him we'd be true?***

***Wonder what we would see, if we from sin would be set free?***

***Wonder what miracles we'd see?***

*What will I hear my Master say?*

*When I stand before Him on that Judgement Day?*

*Will I hear Him say, "Well Done" for the things I've said and done?*

*What will I hear my Master say?*

*If I trust in good things I can do, I will find out then that they are all worthless, too.*

*When the fire removes the dross, will my life reveal the Cross? If I trust in good things I can do?*

*If I let Him live His life through me, I will live in confidence, and dignity. And to Him my hands I'll raise - as I sing my Saviour's praise, if I let him live His life through me.*

*And to Him my hands I'll raise - as I sing my Saviour's praise - and I will share my Saviour's love, through Eternity.*

*- Robert & Anita Wagoner*