

# I Am the New Year

by Tom Wacaster

I am the new year; three hundred and sixty five days of unspotted, unspoiled, and unused time. I am a clean slate of opportunity, a reflection of what might be rather than what has been. My diary contains unlimited resolutions, once made in earnest and then broken in haste. I am the fresh breeze of opportunity that blows across the fields of yesterday's broken and forgotten promises.

My features are a mystery, for no one can tell what is in store for tomorrow. Each day brings new insight to what I will be after I have completed my journey. I am the opportunity to achieve those things which for some reason or another were left undone in the previous year.

To the financier, I am interest accumulated at a fixed percentage rate. To a student, I am that one step closer toward receiving an education. To the small child, I am another summer camp, Thanksgiving holiday, or Christmas wish. To a parent, I contain the joy of watching a child grow and mature. To the young, I am dreams and hopes dressed in daily determination. The youngster wonders why I do not come around more often; the aged wonder why I come so often. For some, this year will bring unparalleled opportunities. For others it will bring disaster and ruin. To all, it will bring us twelve months closer to eternity.

- Weaver Church of Christ - Weaver, AL

*Happy New Year!*

I do not know, I cannot see  
 what God's kind hand prepares for me.  
 Nor can my glance pierce through the haze  
 which covers all my future ways.  
 But yet know that o'er it all rules  
 He who notes the sparrow's fall.  
 Farewell, Old Year, with goodness crowned,  
 a Hand Divine hath set my bound.  
 Welcome the New Year, which shall bring  
 fresh blessings from my God and King.

- Author Unknown -

Deposit God's Word in your memory bank, and you'll draw interest for life.

## News & Notes

**REQUEST FOR PRAYERS:** Holly Phares has requested prayers for her mother, Marlene Reynolds due to health problems.

**CARE & SHARE BEARS:** Each Tuesday at 9:00 a.m. Join the ladies to help make bears for children.

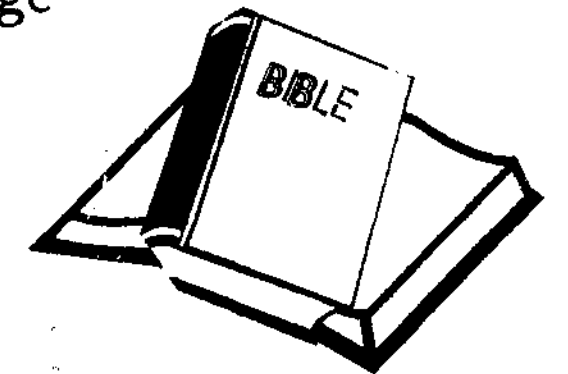
**PANTRY:** Tuna & noodles.

**THOSE WITH HEALTH CONCERNS:** City Hospital: Ruth Brewer, Betty Carlin. Weirton Medical: Beulah Rice. Beaver Medical Center: Crystal Baker. Ruby Memorial Hospital, Morgantown: Marilyn Sprout. At Home: Linda Wiersbicki, Marlene Reynolds, Sue Haught, JoAnn Webb, Gene Miller, Dan Williams, Ella Beagle, Harry Nice, Randy Beagle, Bette Gentry, Virginia Rickerd. **Encourage others confined to their homes and in nursing homes. Check the bulletin board.**

## JUST USE ME

Most of us resent being used. Therefore, it seems strange when we find someone with a different philosophy. I have a friend who actually invites others to use him. His calling card offers his assistance in any possible way he can help. It is a no-holds barred, no strings attached, sincere offer to be used. I know him, and he means what he says. He will help in any way he can, and not expect anything from you in return. You have to watch out for people like that because they could change the world.

There is something else which could change the world, and it is crying out to be used:



Just use me — I am the Bible.

I am God's wonderful library.

I am always — and above all — the Truth.

To the weary pilgrim, I am a good strong staff.

To the one who sits in gloom, I am a glorious light.

To those who stoop beneath heavy burdens, I am sweet rest.

To him who has lost his way, I am a safe guide.

To those who have been hurt by sin, I am a healing balm.

To the discouraged, I whisper glad messages of hope.

To those who are distressed by the storms of life, I am an anchor.

To those who suffer in lonely solitude, I am a cool, soft hand resting on a fevered brow.

O, child of man, to best defend me, just use me!

- Author Unknown - via Pulpit Helps