

Senior Christian Day

Saturday, April 14, 9:30 a.m. - 11:45 a.m.

Speakers: Denver Cooper, Terry Jones

Lunch Provided 12:00 noon to 1:00 p.m.



GROWING OLD WITH CHRIST

Old age should be the best time of all. While it's thrilling to partake of youth's nectar, old age is the zenith of human existence (Proverbs 23:22). Every age group is beset with its own special problems; old age is no exception. The physical man waxes old with time (2 Corinthians 4:16-18), as the sand continues to drip in the hour glass. The aged walk a darkened path that lurks with pain, loneliness, depleted income and the imminence of death. Yet, God has just as exciting a plan for the December of our lives as He does for our June.

Old things are often adorned with the most sparkling beauty. Old houses, old dresses, and old books often go to the highest bidder in the market of life. The old redwoods of California and the ancient streets of Europe and Palestine have attracted the tourists of the world. Any attempt to update them with newness would diminish their worth. So, life on the western slope is the most beautiful and charming of all. **"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."** (Proverbs 16:31). There is no beauty in a life that grows old without Christ. The gray head of a sinner is a symbol of shame and disgrace - it signals a life of spiritual failure. Conversely, those who face the sunset with their Saviour wear crowns of conquest as they mellow with age. **"The glory of young men is their strength; and the beauty of old men is the gray head."** (Proverbs 20:29).

Old age is crowned with beauty. Responsibilities have diminished; lusts have subsided (Ecclesiastes 12:1-2); wisdom is garnered by a multitude of years (Job 32:7); and our Christian character reaches the pinnacle of its power. Youth must bow before age, for therein is the reservoir of knowledge and wisdom. Old age has been where youth has yet to travel. Through the lens of a thousand yesterdays, the aged see clearer the providence of God. In youth, we WONDER; in old age we KNOW. **"I have been young and now am old; yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."** (Psalms 37:25). On the clear day of old age, you can see forever; on the magic carpet of memory, you can see God's hand in the dark valleys of your past life; on the hilltop of "threescore and ten," we may see good in many things that once looked evil.

So, in the late autumn of your life, praise the Lord for such a long journey. Face the sunset with the blessed assurance that a graceful old age is the childhood of immortality.
- Harold G. Taylor, via *Bulletin Digest*

"For You are my hope, O Lord God; You are my trust from my youth." "Do not cast me off in the time of old age; do not forsake me when my strength fails."

- Psalms 71:5, 9

"Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, do not forsake me, until I declare Your strength to this generation, Your power to everyone who is to come."

- Psalms 71:18

Age is only a matter of mind; if you don't mind, it doesn't matter.

News & Notes

CONFESSION: Jenny Rhodes.

CARE & SHARE BEARS: Each Tuesday at 9:00 a.m. All the ladies are invited to help with this good work.

PANTRY: Canned vegetables.

SUNDAY EVENING SINGING: April 15th following the evening worship period. All are invited to participate.

DEBT REDUCTION DAY: Sunday, April 29th. This Sunday's entire contribution will be used to reduce the debt on our building. Plan for and pray about this day of giving.

SICK & SHUT-IN: AT HOME: Jackie Parsons, Herb Rice, Mary Beth Robinson, Lloyd Cowdery, Mabel Sprout, Virginia Rickerd, Bette Gentry, Fred & Jean Larrimore, Sr., Fred Larrimore, Jr., Cheryl Stackpole, George & Betty Dunn (Pat Wright's parents). NURSING HOMES: Fox: Ray Baker. Calcutta Health Care: Glenn Beagle, Virginia Clutter (sister-in-law of Eva Stefl). Nentwick: Ruby Kenny. Rivendale: Ione Asher. Weirton Geriatric Center: Edna McKitrick, Ila Plum.

The Passing Years

Life passes by so fast, Lord—I know I'm sure to miss

A vital part unless You keep reminding me of this.

There's so much that I want to do, a lot I've left undone,

So many plans discarded—and a few I've not begun.

Life passes by so fast, Lord—How often I've been told,

It always does around the time we're growing old,

"For everything there's a season" is wise as well as just,

But I had rather wear me out—Than fall apart with rust.

Life passes by so fast, Lord, the days, months, the years,

Lord keep a smile upon my lips, and blot away my tears

Teach me to lean upon Your arm—when pain and sickness strike,

To tell the facts from fancies, that sometimes look alike.

Life passes by so fast, Lord, and yet how kind You are

In granting me the precious years that I have had so far.

So let the days grow shorter, the darkest shadows part,

But put the wrinkles on my face. . . And please, Lord, never on my heart!

- Grace E. Easley -

MEETINGS

Reader.....	Apr. 15-20	F. Higginbotham
Hillview Terrace	Apr. 15-20	Michael Phillips
Southern Hills.....	Apr. 22-25.....	Jeremy Main
Weirton Heights.....	Apr. 22-26	Steve Stevens
Horse Cave, KY.....	Apr. 29-May 2	F. Higginbotham
St. Clair Ave., ELO.....	May 6-9.....	Roger Rush