

Life's Two-Minute WARNING



About every contest has one. They have something to signify that the end is near. In Nascar, it is the white flag to let the drivers know that there is just one more lap left in the race. In the NBA, it is the clock winding down in the fourth quarter towards zero. In the NFL, it is the referee's whistle blowing to pause the game for the two-minute warning when there are only two minutes left in the game.

Whether the device is a flag, or a clock, or a whistle being blown, when the contestants realize that there is little time left, the contest often takes on a different dimension. Every move, every play, is critical. The participants know that the outcome may rest on just how the remaining time is utilized.

Life is no different. Since the beginning, God has made it so that life as we know it has only so much time. Solomon made this point with "there is a time to be born and a time to die" (Ecclesiastes 3:2). The writer of Hebrews affirms it with this concise statement, "And just as it is appointed for man to die once, and after that comes judgment (Hebrews 9:27). The writer of the 90th Psalm understood that for any of us, our time is limited here on earth as he concludes that "The years of our life are seventy, or even by reason of strength eighty (Psalm 90:10).

If any would doubt this sobering fact of life, I would encourage them to take a stroll through a cemetery. There you will perhaps find those who lived beyond 100 years along with every age in between. It's the sobering realization that if Christ doesn't come first, someday, and perhaps without any advanced notice, we will be taking our own place among those graves, If you will allow it, this should serve as our own two-minute warning from God. It will be the wise person who not only accepts this reality but uses it to motivate them to make every day they have left to count.

"Do this, knowing the time, that it is already the hour for you to awaken from sleep; for now salvation is nearer to us than when we first believed. The night is almost gone, and the day is near. Therefore let us lay aside the deeds of darkness and put on the armor of light (Romans 13:11-12).

~ Larry Macomber, Vicksburg, MS
(via Magnolia Messenger, Church of Christ, Kosciusko, MS) ~

Three essentials: a faith to live by, a self to live with, and a purpose to live for.

News & Notes

FACE COVERINGS REQUIRED: Our Elders have decided that masks or face shields will be **required for EVERYONE in ALL of our assemblies** whether seated in the auditorium or the balcony. Please comply.

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES: Sunday Worship, 10:30 a.m., 5:30 p.m., and Wednesday, 7:00 p.m.

MEN'S BIBLE STUDY: Resumes this Tuesday, Sept. 28th at 7:00 p.m.

ELDER/DEACON NOMINATIONS: Forms must be submitted by this Wednesday, Sept. 29th. Please give your nominees prayerful consideration. Leave your completed form in the basket on the table in the foyer.

MEN'S BREAKFAST: Next Saturday, Oct. 2nd, 8:00 a.m. at EJ's.

SCHEDULE FOR NEXT SUNDAY, OCT. 3rd: Abbreviated a.m. worship immediately followed by a congregational information meeting. **The evening service will be dismissed for this Sunday only.**

PICTURE GALLERY OF PAST MEMBERS: Submit pictures (black and white or color) to David Malcomson.

PANTRY: Cereal and oatmeal.

SICK & SHUT-IN: WEIRTON MEDICAL CENTER: Barbara Shafer, Rm. 812 (Docie Moore's mother). **BEAVER MEDICAL CENTER:** Michelle Helton & Kim Keys (Pat Allison's daughters). **SEWICKLEY HOSPITAL:** Cam Adamson.

AT HOME: MaClay & Dewey Moore III, Nick Call (Linda Parkes' son), Skip & Sue Haught, Carrie Wright, Cindy Miskimen, Bob Riley, Randy Beagle, Jim Hadley, Marilyn Miller, Barb DeLong, David McCoy, Marlene Evans, Russell Martin, Emma Rine, Rick Beck. **CALCUTTA HEALTH CARE:** Sarah Miller (Room 6). **VALLEY OAKS CARE CENTER:** Fred Larrimore (Room 210). **IN FLORIDA:** Ilene Rayl.

GOSPEL MEETINGS

Bridge St., N. Martinsville --- Oct. 3 - 6 (M-W 7:00 p.m.)---Phil Sanders
Weirton Heights----- Oct. 17-22 (M-F 7:00 p.m.) ---Steve Stevens

OMISSIONS

It is not so much the things I do that cause me to regret,
It's the little things I leave undone, the things that I forget.
It's the words I fail to utter, the songs I fail to sing,
The letters I forget to write that they may comfort bring.
It's the little acts of kindness, the joy I fail to give,
The smiles I fail to scatter as day by day I live.
It's the sick I fail to visit, the flowers I fail to send,
It's the hand I fail to offer unto a fallen friend.
It's not so much the little things I do that cause me to regret,
It's the little things I leave undone, the things that I forget.

- Author Unknown -

