

THE GREENWOOD BULLETIN

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You Expect Me to Believe That?

By Phil Grear

In the beginning there was nothing. And suddenly for no reason nothing exploded and created everything.

You expect me to believe that?

At some point, by chance the right chemicals happened to float together at just the right moment to be struck by an electrical charge and become life. You expect me to believe that?

Somewhere two non-human mothers each gave birth to a human child. They were born at the same time and in the same place, one was male and one was female. These two new "humans" gave birth to the human race. You expect me to believe that?

One of the descendants of these first humans was born with knowledge of right and wrong. No longer driven by instinct, this person suddenly was making decisions based on a morality for which there is no real explanation. You expect me to believe that?

I'm sorry. I don't have that much blind faith. It's all just too farfetched to be anything more than a fairy tale. I can't believe intelligent people claim it is "science" (cf. **1 Timothy 6:20**).

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"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" (**Genesis 1: 1**). I can believe that without stretching my imagination into the realm of the impossible. The universe was created by an all-powerful, all-knowing God. That I can believe!

The Battleship and the Lighthouse

Author Unknown

In the darkest part of the night, a ship's captain cautiously piloted his warship through the fog-shrouded waters. With straining eyes he scanned the hazy darkness, searching for dangers lurking just out of sight. His worst fears were realized when he saw a bright light straight ahead. It appeared to be a vessel on a collision course with his ship. To avert disaster, he quickly radioed the oncoming vessel. "This is Captain Jeremiah Smith," his voice crackled over the radio. "Please alter your course ten degrees south! Over."

To the captain's amazement, the foggy image did not move. Instead, he heard back on the radio, "Captain Smith, this is Private Thomas Johnson. Please alter your course ten degrees north! Over."

Appalled at the audacity of the message, the captain shouted back over the radio, "Private Johnson, this is Captain Smith, and I order you to immediately alter your course ten degrees south! Over."

A second time the oncoming light did not budge. "With all due respect, Captain Smith," came the private's voice again, "I order you to alter your course immediately ten degrees north! Over."

Angered and frustrated that this impudent sailor would endanger the lives of his men and crew, the captain growled back over the radio. "Private Johnson, I can have you court-martialled for this! For the last time, I command you on the authority of the

United States government to alter your course ten degrees to the south! I am a battleship!"

The private's final transmission was chilling--"Captain Smith, sir. Once again with all due respect, I command you to alter your course ten degrees to the north! I am a lighthouse!"

Many today have little respect for authority. Some operate as if rules can be changed to fit their personal needs and desires. Commercials egg us on: "Have it your way." In reality, we can't always have it our way. We have to conform our lives to a higher truth, a higher authority. Truth is not going to change to accommodate us. We are the ones who must change to conform our lives to what is true.

I Was Lost and You Were in a Hurry

Author Unknown

I attended your services Sunday evening. You wouldn't remember me. I was there looking for something - I think I would have found it if you had not been in such a hurry. You sang hymns about a loving Lord. I felt a tight choking sensation, and my heart beat faster. Your preacher's message was thrilling. I realized I was lost and from the way he spoke, it seemed important to have a Savior.

The preacher finished his appeal and asked you to stand and sing another of those beautiful songs you know so well. I swallowed a lump in my throat and wished I knew the joy of which you sang. I was about to answer the call of the Gospel, when I heard a buzzing beside me. When I looked around, you were picking up toys and telling your children to get ready to leave. In front of me were whisperers and gigglers. A couple had already headed for the door. The ushers rushed about stacking chairs and opening doors. Beside me, you were frowning at your watch as if time were running out.

Seeing what I saw, I didn't want to look anymore. My eyes burned, my throat hurt, my feet wouldn't walk down the aisle. I

could see that you really didn't care. This salvation the preacher had been telling about was not as important to you as getting out "on time." I only wanted to get away. I waited until services were over and walked out among you - alone unnoticed - and lost. Lost, because you were in a hurry. Lost, because it appeared you didn't really care if I was saved.