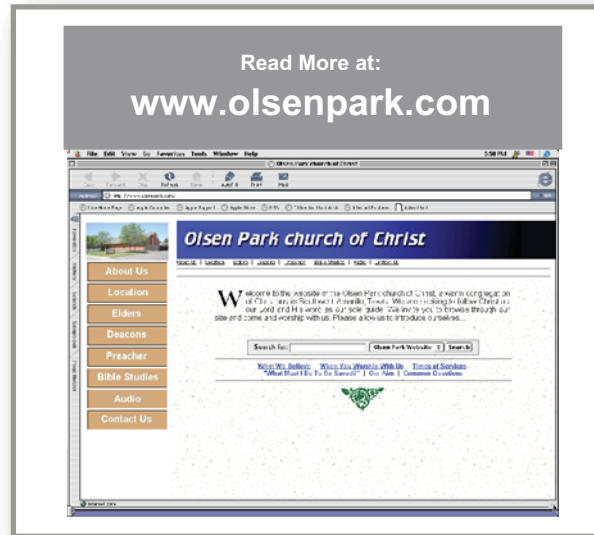


We all understand that. Why don't we understand that when it comes to the awesome gift of God's word, an awesome gift given by the greatest Person there is, to His children whom He loves more than we can possibly imagine? Why do we tamper with His words and commandments in the Bible? It just makes no sense. Even if we take things out and try to replace it with something else, even if it seems "close enough," it's not anything close to the perfect gift of God. The Psalmist said: **"I love Your commandments more than gold, yes, than fine gold! Therefore all Your precepts concerning all things I consider to be right; I hate every false way"** (Psalm 119:127-128).

So, the next time we think about replacing God's awesome gift with something cheap and perishable, think about



my Pappaw's coins and don't do it. God's words are so awesome and perfect that replacing them with anything is a foolish and horrible thing to do and it's going to have eternal consequences if not quickly corrected.

By Curtis Carwile

Welcome Visitors

We are so glad that you joined us today.
Please come again.

Please Visit Our Website — www.olsenpark.com
Articles • Audio Sermons • Outlines • Powerpoint Files

Faithful Sayings

Olsen Park Church of Christ

4700 Andrews Avenue Amarillo, Texas 79106
(806) 352-2809

Vol. X, No. 43

October 26, 2008

Services

Sunday: 9:30 a.m.
10:20 a.m.
6:00 p.m.
Wednesday: 7:00 p.m.

Elders:

Ken Ford
Charles Kelley
Pat Ledbetter

Deacons:

Dean Bowers
Eddie Cook
Bill Davis
Pat Goguen
Neil Ledbetter
Jeff Nunn
Fred Perez
Rusty Scott

Evangelist:

Kyle Pope

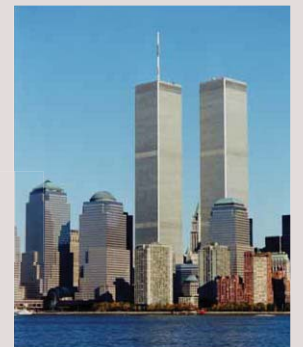
VISIT US ON THE WEB:
www.olsenpark.com

Seven Years Ago & 2000 Years Later

September 11, 2008: People always remember where they were and what they were doing when something amazing happens. My grandmother can remember when we invaded

Normandy. My mother can remember when Kennedy was shot. I can remember when the Berlin Wall came down. We remember important events.

Seven years ago this morning, the United States was attacked by extreme radical terrorists, resulting in the deaths of over 3000 US citizens and irrevocably damaging many of this great nations intangibles. I remember that day. I got up and went to my girlfriend-of-one-day's apartment. There, we watched in horror as the second plane crashed into the World Trade Center. I remember the grim realization that this was going to be one of those events that would shape the future forever. Sadly, I remember the pure hate I had for those involved. I remember hating Muhammad, these wicked murderers' god. I remember the anger coursing through my veins and the unquenchable thirst for JUSTICE! I remember a lot from that day that I wish I didn't.



That day will haunt me the rest of my life the way, I'm sure, the attack on Pearl Harbor haunts those who witnessed it. I'm sure it has and will haunt you no differently. It's times like **this when I wonder about the Cross with the Son of God hanging there on the cross for the "sin" of equating Himself with God—the "sin" of being their King.** I wonder about a number of things. I wonder **what God must have felt when this** injustice of injustices occurred. I'm sure, even though He had seen it coming and even planned on it, it had to be hard for Him. How His heart must have broken to see the wickedness of His people reject the One that He, God, loved and sent to save them.

I wonder about those who witnessed the crucifixion. I have wondered how badly that day haunted them. To see a Man they had seen go around doing good deeds, healing the sick, teaching people how to love each other, be put to death among common criminals. How did it affect them? Did they regret being caught up in the moment? Did they ever wish they could go back and change it?

Again, I wonder about God. I don't wonder why He allowed such a thing to happen or why He would even plan on it. However, I wonder how it is that He could forgive the very ones who shouted **"Crucify Him!"** (Mark 15:13). How hard was it for God to do that? **Finally, I wonder about today.** I wonder what goes through God's mind when we reject Him and sin today. I wonder how many times His heart has been broken because of it. I wonder about those sinning without remorse, whether their sins haunt them—**whether they realize what they are shouting to God "We have no king, but Caesar!"**

(John 19:15). And, I wonder about God; how does He find it in His heart, which has been broken so many times before, to forgive those who sin against Him?

Now, here we are, looking at seven years ago and, in some aspects, 2000 years later. I wonder what we have learned. What I'm saying is, in some way, I want us to think about the great injustice that was done seven years ago and 2000 years ago. In other ways, I want us to see our own great injustices to God. I want us to be haunted by those horrible events and I want us to never forget them. I want us to remember the atrocities of 9/11, of the crucifixion, of each and every one of our sins. And, yet, I want us to think about the great patience and humble love of God; that, even though we have committed these great acts of terrorism against God, He still wants us to come to Him to be forgiven and to be given an eternal life with Him in Heaven.

For the last five years, I have joined with those who shout out with the words "We Will Never Forget!" **I pray that we never forget the injustice of the hateful acts committed, whether on the 11th of September, 2001, or on the day they crucified my Lord for the many times we sinned against Him.** This year, I would like to add to that thought one of the most beautiful things Jesus ever said: **"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life"** (John 3:16). May we never forget THAT!

By Curtis Carwile

Coins For the Soul

My Pappaw was one of the greatest people I have ever known. He was one of the most caring, intelligent, hard-working, honest, thoughtful, kind, and noble men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. I probably respect him more than anyone else I have ever known.

On my 10th birthday, he gave me a set of newly minted coins from 1978 (the year I was born) in a hard plastic case. In reality, it was only worth 91 cents, but in mind, it was priceless. It wasn't priceless because of the collective value of the coins. It was priceless because of what it represented and who gave it to me and why he gave it to me. I had that as proof that the greatest man I had ever known loved me enough to remember when I was born and the life I'd lived since. They mean even more to me now that he has passed away. I kept those coins in my desk for years. I still keep them there, years after his death. They have a special place in my heart and in my house so, when people ask

about them, I can say, "My Pappaw loved me."

Now, suppose I was a little short on cash one day and really thirsty. So, I broke that plastic case and took one or more of those coins out to buy a coke. Later, when I had the cash, I repaid that to myself with some spare change. Is it the same? I don't know anyone that would argue that it would be. Even if I put back the exact change, it wouldn't be the same. What's worse, I would have ruined a beautiful gift from the man I love the most that loved his only grandson so much. And, the only way I would ever be able to fix that is to restore it to the way it was given to me.

