

Washington church of Christ

27 Grand Avenue, Washington, NJ 07882

Phone: 201-546-1284

washingtonnjchurchofchrist.com

The Washington Messenger

Volume 2 – Number 26

July 28, 2013

Notes on Saturday, April 27, 2013 at 1:31am

By Dan Wydro

Order of Services Sunday, August 4, 2013

Song Leader	Derald Sanchez
Prayer	Antonio Ruggiero
Preaching	Bob James
Lord's Supper	
Prayer for the Bread	Scott Thomas
Prayer for the Cup	Stan Thompson
Prayer for the Collection	Dan Wydro
Assisting at the Table	Bob Celentano Jr.
Scripture Reading	Brian Jeffries
Morning Closing Prayer	Arnold Thompson
Evening Opening Prayer	Lee Redd
Announcements	Matt Grimaldi

Schedule of Weekly Services

Sunday Morning Bible Classes	9:30 am
Sunday Morning Worship	10:30 am
Sunday Evening Worship	6:00 pm
Wednesday Evening Bible Classes	7:30 pm
Thursday Morning Bible Study	11:00 am

I grow old, I grow old, I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Another chapter of my life comes to a well-written and poetically appropriate end and in light of leaving my home for the last 2 years,

I can only try to keep in mind this concept: it is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting...

I feel closer to a real understanding and knowledge of thankfulness; though I have so much to learn and so much to lose, things to lose that I haven't even begun to consider being thankful for, things that others would sacrifice a limb to have, yet I expect and demand as part of the contract I've signed with God. I feel as if I've learned the true meaning of love and sacrifice; though I know no length of years in a mortal body could lend me the full scope of that other-worldly concept that is lent by God to people who have been sapped of love by sin. I feel like a Brother who has been the recipient of true brotherhood, and I want to carry this incredible closeness and camaraderie to those I encounter in the future who have never experienced the kind of fellowship that only God can offer to His children when they are together; yet so often I am the brother who betrays his own, who forsakes and ignores and hates those who wouldn't consider doing the same themselves.

I feel I understand the true meaning of service; but I look at how I live this concept out in real life and I see how far in the distance the true ideal of service is from my weak and incomplete understanding of it, and I feel justified and proud of being tired from my simple little idea of service, and I catch myself desiring the sweet sleep of the laborer without daring put forth the labor that God truly calls me to...yet the more I serve others in my childish ways the more I want to live a life that craves to serve and diminishes even the very acknowledgement of self.

I feel as if the Bible has come alive to me, and that I see it now more than ever as a complete and cohesive plan masterfully and perfectly put together by God: yet every time I open it there is something I haven't seen, someone else's thought that I haven't yet considered, some intricate concept that I am not yet Christ like enough to appreciate: yet I keep learning that part of the spiritual power surrounding this book is that its

denseness and complexity drives me to drink from it more and more, rather than to set it down and walk away.

I just can't get enough of it, and there is a dying world around me that is uglier than me, lonelier than me, poorer than me, more depraved than me, more hated than me, more lost and confused and betrayed and beaten down than I have ever been - and what can I do but share with them this message that was intended to guide the very footsteps of men?

I feel as though I've mastered the concept of discipline; yet I complain and cry at the tiniest hint of Fatherly discipline, forgetting that He is treating me as a son, and would be content to be an illegitimate one for the sake of putting off His yoke that I find too burdensome, too obtrusive, too radical; but were I to truly hunger and thirst to share in His holiness, I would blanch at the thought of wasting a day, or wasting an hour; yet I still blanch at the thought of losing one to Him instead. And I feel as if I've truly come to know and love Jesus...yet this is the most foolish and most childish of the thoughts I've written so far. I cry at the ridiculousness and pettiness of it.

Were I to truly know Jesus...know Him from the beginning, as He who was God Himself from the very beginning, who spoke the world into existence with the simple plan of creating creatures who would willingly and longingly reach out to Him, yet watched as they became content to live in and revel in simple mortal bodies, to crave and lust and destroy each other to lay hold of the gifts that He designed for them to acquire through love and patience and Godliness, to concoct their own ideas of beginnings and ends and every in-between imaginable; the Jesus who watched and waited and tried, then when all hope seemed lost became a man himself. The only man in the world to become what man was truly meant to be; a man that was emptied of human desires, and fully absorbed and filled with the desire and will of His Father.

The Jesus who was not only killed one day on the cross, but killed every day his mortal nature, and became the only true man that has ever walked the earth, so much so that he rose again to walk on it. And by that rising He sealed and completed for me, a man in the very vein of selfish, corrupt, adulterated flesh that has walked the earth since the first sin, a plan that would repair a bridge that crumbled into the sea long before I became flesh. A plan that would not only repair the bridge, but would give me legs when I had been lame to walk across it, eyes that had been blind to see my way, ears that had been deaf to follow His voice, and hands that had been clenched in fury and anger to do His will along the way.

And all of it culminating in what had been intended from the very beginning...a plan by which I might come to Him, where He would undress me of my filthy, stained flesh and further clothe me, that what is mortal may be finally swallowed up by life.

Our Prayer List...

For Spiritual Responsiveness – Georgia DeLorenzo ... Sondra DeLorenzo

For Physical Healing - Larry Smith (Sharon Ferencze's brother) ... Donna Banghart

For Wisdom and Good Judgment – The Leaders of our nation ... the leaders of our congregation

For God's Care and Good Providence – Our young people here at Washington ... our members who are traveling ... the men and women in military service ... our congregation.

"This is the confidence we have in approaching God: that if we ask anything according to his will, he hears us. And if we know that he hears us—whatever we ask—we know that we have what we asked of him." (1 John 5:14-15 NIV)

EVENTS AND NOTES

UPCOMING EVENTS THAT WE ARE AWARE OF ARE ...

- ✧ MEN'S BUSINESS/SPIRITUAL MEETING IS TODAY AT 4PM.
- ✧ THE NEXT THURSDAY MORNING BIBLE STUDY WILL BE AUGUST 8TH, AT 11:00AM.
- ✧ OUR NEXT "PICNIC IN THE PARK" IS SCHEDULED FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 11TH.
- ✧ THE WASHINGTON LADIES' RETREAT – SEPTEMBER 6TH & 7TH.
- ✧ OUR FALL GOSPEL MEETING WITH JOE WORKS OF THE FAIR LAWN CONGREGATION ON OCTOBER 11TH – 13TH.
- ✧ BOB IS SCHEDULED TO PREACH THE FALL UPPER WEST MANHATTAN GOSPEL MEETING PLANNED FOR SEPTEMBER 21ST – 22ND.
- ✧ SONG SERVICE AT THE EAST ORANGE CONGREGATION ON SEPTEMBER 21ST AT 5PM.