



The Good News Messenger



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The Christian Home

From Stories of Home Folks by Mabel Hale.

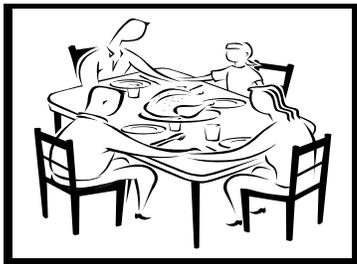
There is no institution upon earth as pure, as simple, and as satisfying as a Christian home. He who builds such a home builds well, making for himself a shelter, a stronghold, and a tower, against which all the tides of life may come and find his habitation impregnable.



A Christian home is a shelter for the HOME FOLKS from the storms of life. No matter how the winds may rage, the thunders may peal, and lightnings flash, all are safe and secure. When storm-clouds rise and obscure the sun, and winds of adversity chill or scorch, he who has a Christian home turns his steps thither, enters in, and is safe. The rains may dash upon it, the cold of snow lie about it, the pelting hail may clatter around it, the stinging frost may bite it, or the soft dew of heaven may moisten it; all within is the same—love, light, hope, and peace.

A Christian home is like a lighthouse tower from whose windows the beacons flash warning to the storm-tossed mariners on the sea of life. Many a weary wanderer who has lost his way and fears the breakers roaring on before is guided safely past the rocks because of the lights that shine out from Christian homes. And if perchance one of its own HOME FOLKS should wander away, the lights from the windows of home will guide the wanderer back again, safe in the old sweet tower.

A Christian home is like a living fountain whose waters flow forth continually, blessing everything they touch. Like a living stream whose banks are green verdure and shaded by the leafy tree, so the lives of HOME FOLKS that come from the Christian home go on to eternity, ever blessing as they go.



A Christian home is like a fortress, to which its inmates run, and closing the gates defy the worst their enemies can do. Their walls are firm and their weapons strong, so that evil and ungodliness must stay on the outside no matter how loudly they clamor to come in.

Happy is the nation filled with such fortresses.

The Christian home is the foundation of freedom. Rob a nation of its Christian homes, take away their influence and soon that nation returns to the carnage and strife of the barbarian. He who builds a Christian home trains up good citizens for his country.

A Christian home is the happiest, most heavenly place on earth. It matters not if the house is a palace or a cottage; whether it faces the busy street or the wide country fields; whether the HOME FOLKS are learned or unlearned—race, color, nationality, are all the same; Christ enthroned, the home made Christian, and the results are the same. He who builds a Christian home builds well.

The Story of Jenny Lind

Taken from "Mountain Trailways for Youth" by Mrs. Cowman
Supplemented also from an article in the March 17, 1945 Gospel Trumpet.

In the cemetery of an English town there is a tombstone which attracts the attention of many visitors. It marks the grave where the celebrated Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, known as the Swedish Nightingale, was buried, and upon the stone is the text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Jenny Lind was born in 1820. When only seventeen she came from her native land, and her lovely voice took the concert-loving people by storm. The good Queen Victoria often was found in her audience and signally honored "the slim girl with a marvelous voice," as she was called, by throwing to her a bouquet of flowers. From the crowned heads of Europe Jenny Lind received honor, and gifts were showered upon her from all sides. Wealth poured in, but all her success did not make her proud or exacting, as is so often the case, and she humbly wrote to a friend in her later years, "My unceasing prayer is that what I gave to my fellows may continue to live on through eternity and that the Giver of the gift and not the creature to whom He lent it may be acknowledged."

While she was singing in London in 1857, a strange incident occurred. A childhood friend of hers named Max Bronzden had become a gifted musician, but in the great city of London he had made a dismal failure of his life and had come down in to a hopeless condition of drunkenness. One day he heard that his childhood friend was singing in the great opera house. By stealth he crept into the building, and when she had finished on of her songs he arose to address her in her native tongue. All over the house people cried for the ushers to put the tramp out, but gentlehearted Jenny Lind could not see any slight fall even upon the tramp. When she stopped the ushers who were hurrying him to the exit, the young man speaking to her in Swedish reminded her of their childhood and their playing and singing together.

Then the great Swedish singer leaned forward and said, "Max Bronzden, my first and truest friend, stand, and let this vast throng look upon you. It was he who first created in my heart the ambition to become a singer. My stage was a lichen-covered log for a floor, and he showered upon me wild flowers which I prized more than I now prize the jewels and rare gifts which are emblems of my triumph this night. Arise, my friend," she said to him, "and be worthy of the trust and confidence I will ever give you through all the future years. I have struggled and conquered all difficulties. It is not too late. Be no longer the vagabond you say you are, but be a man worthy of my friendship."

Jenny Lind had a pure heart, a beautiful face, and a glorious, lovely voice. Her singing inspired thoughts of goodness in men's hearts. Bronzden, the poor vagabond, was struck dumb when the house roared a wild storm of applause. He said later: "I left that place a new man and with new aspirations and courage. And in all the years since that night, I have been by God's help a conqueror of sin. I have lived true to my word."

(Continued on Page 4)

The Matchless Pearl

Author Unknown



David Morse – American missionary to India – became great friends there with the pearl-diver, Rambhau. Many an evening he spent in Rambhau’s cabin reading to him from the Bible, and explaining to him God’s way of salvation.

Rambhau enjoyed listening to the Word of God, but whenever the missionary tried to get Rambhau to accept Christ as his Savior – he would shake his head and reply, “Your Christian way to heaven is too easy for me! I cannot accept it. If ever I should find admittance to heaven in that manner – I would feel like a pauper there...like a beggar who has been let in out of pity. I may be proud – but I want to deserve, I want to earn my place in heaven – and so I am going to work for it.”

Nothing the missionary could say seemed to have any effect on Rambhau’s decision, and so quite a few years slipped by. One evening, however, the missionary heard a knock on his door, and on going to open it he found Rambhau there.

“Come in, dear friend,” said Morse.

“No,” said the pearl-diver. “I want you to come with me to my house, Sahib, for a short time – I have something to show you. Please do not say ‘No’.”

“Of course I’ll come,” replied the missionary. As they neared his house, Rambhau said: “In a week’s time I start working for my place in heaven; I am leaving for Delhi – and I am going there on my knees.”

“Man, you are crazy! It’s nine hundred miles to Delhi, and the skin will break on your knees, and you will have blood-poisoning or leprosy before you get to Bombay.”

“No, I must get to Delhi,” affirmed Rambhau, “and the immortals will reward me for it! The suffering will be sweet – for it will purchase heaven for me!”

“Rambhau, my friend – you can’t. How can I bear you to do it – when Jesus Christ has suffered and died to purchase heaven for you!”

But the old man could not be moved. “You are my dearest friend on earth, Sahib Morse. Through all these years you have stood by me in sickness, in want – you have been sometimes my only friend. But even you cannot turn me from my desire to purchase eternal bliss...I must go to Delhi!”

Inside the hut Morse was seated in the very chair Rambhau had specially built for him – where on so many occasions he had read to him the Bible.

Rambhau left the room to return soon with a small but heavy English strongbox. “I have had this box for years,” said he, “and I keep only one thing in it. Now I will tell you about it, Sahib Morse. I once had a son...”

“A son! Why, Rambhau, you have never before said a word about him!”

“No, Sahib, I couldn’t.” Even as he spoke the diver’s eyes were moistened.

“Now I must tell you, for soon I will leave, and who knows whether I shall ever return? My son was a diver too. He was the best pearl diver on the coasts of India. He had the swiftest dive, the keenest eye, the strongest arm, the longest breath of any man who ever sought for pearls.

What joy he brought to me! Most pearls, as you know, have some defect or blemish only the expert can discern, but my boy always dreamed of finding the ‘perfect’ pearl – one beyond all that was ever found. One day he found it! But even when he saw it – he had been under water too long... That pearl cost him his life, for he died soon after.”

The old pearl diver bowed his head. For a moment his whole body shook, but there was no sound. “All these years,” he continued,

“I have kept this pearl – but now I am going, not to return, and to you, my best friend – I am giving my pearl.”

The old man worked the combination on the strongbox and drew from it a carefully wrapped package. Gently opening the cotton, he picked up a mammoth pearl and placed it in the hand of the missionary.

It was one of the largest pearls ever found off the coast of India, and glowed with a luster and brilliance never seen in cultured pearls. It would have brought a fabulous sum in any market.

For a moment the missionary was speechless and gazed with awe. “Rambhau! What a pearl!”

“That pearl, Sahib, is perfect,” replied the Indian quietly. The missionary looked up quickly with a new thought: Was not this the very opportunity and occasion he had prayed for – to make Rambhau understand the value of Christ’s sacrifice? So he said, designedly, “Rambhau, this is a wonderful pearl, an amazing pearl. Let me buy it. I would give you ten thousand dollars for it.”

“Sahib! What do you mean?”

“Well, I will give you fifteen thousand dollars for it, or if it takes more – I will work for it.”

“Sahib,” said Rambhau, stiffening his whole body, “this pearl is beyond price. No man in all the world has money enough to pay what this pearl is worth to me. On the market a million dollars could not buy it. I will not sell it to you. You may only have it as a gift.”

“No, Rambhau, I cannot accept that. As much as I want the pearl, I cannot accept it that way. Perhaps I am proud, but that is too easy. I must pay for it, or work for it...”

The old pearl-diver was stunned. “You don’t understand at all, Sahib. Don’t you see. My only son gave his life to get this pearl, and I wouldn’t sell it for any money. Its worth is in the life-blood of my son. I cannot sell this – but I can give it to you. Just accept it in token of the love I bear you.”

The missionary was choked, and for a moment could not speak. Then he gripped the hand of the old man. “Rambhau,” he said in a low voice, “don’t you see? My words are just what you have been saying to God all the time.”

The diver looked long and searchingly at the missionary, and slowly, slowly he began to understand. “God is offering you salvation as a free gift,” said the missionary. “It is so great and priceless that no man on earth can buy it. Millions of dollars are too little. No man on earth could earn it. His life would be millions of years too short. No man is good enough to deserve it. It cost God the life-blood of His only Son to make the entrance for you into heaven. In a million years, in a hundred pilgrimages, you could not earn that entrance. All you can do is to accept it as a token of God’s love for you -- a sinner.

“Rambhau, of course I will accept the pearl in deep humility, praying God that I may be worthy of your love. Rambhau, won’t you accept God’s great gift of heaven, too, in deep humility, knowing it cost Him the death of His Son to offer it to you?”

Great tears were now rolling down the cheeks of the old man. The veil was beginning to lift. “Sahib, I see it now. I have believed in the doctrine of Jesus for the last two years, but I could not believe that His salvation was free. Now I understand. Some things are too priceless to be bought or earned. Sahib, I will accept His salvation!”

Answers to the Questions on Page 3

1. “What good thing must I do that I may receive eternal life?”
2. All of them
3. To sell all his goods, give his money to the poor, and follow Jesus.
4. Because he loved his riches more than he loved God.



A Young Man Goes Away Sad

Matt. 19:16-30; Mark 10:14-31

Taken from Egernier's Picture Story Life of Christ

As Jesus and his disciples went to another place, a young man came running to meet them. This young man was very rich, and he wore beautiful clothing. But he knelt down in the dust before Jesus, and said, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may receive life in the other world?"

"Why do you call me good?" asked Jesus, adding, "for there is none good but God. You know the commandments – 'Do not kill'; 'Do not steal'; 'Do not speak falsely'; 'Honor your father and your mother.'

"Yes, I know the commandments of Moses," answered the young man, "and I have kept them from childhood. But I seem to lack something yet. O Master, tell me what it is!"

Jesus looked tenderly into the anxious face of the young man before him, and he loved this man. He longed to help him. But he knew the one things that hindered this man from being contented and happy. He knew the one thing that stood between this man and the hope of life in the other world. Just one thing; but unless that one thing should be taken away, the rich young man could never enter heaven. So he said, "You lack one thing, just one. If you would be perfectly happy, go home and sell all that you have, and give your riches to the poor people. Then you will have riches in heaven. Afterwards you may come back and be my disciple."

What a change came over the young man's face when he heard these words! He bent his head forward and walked very slowly away, for he was sad and deeply troubled. Jesus watched him go away, and Jesus, too, was sad. Then he turned to the disciples and said, "How hard it is for rich men to enter into the kingdom of God!" He knew this young man loved his riches more than he loved God, and that he was unwilling to sell his possessions and give his money to the poor. Because he loved his riches he could not be contented and happy, for his heart was not right in God's sight. Always he felt that something was lacking, that something clouded his hope of life in heaven. But he turned away from Jesus, choosing rather to be rich in this world than to be a disciple of the Lord.

Questions and Answers

1. What great Question did a rich young man ask of Jesus?
2. How many of Moses' commands had the young man kept?
3. What did Jesus tell him to do if he wished to please God?
4. Why did the young man turn away from Jesus with a sad heart?

(See page 2 for the answers.)

Jesus Came to Love Us

"You cannot stay here," the man said.

"I have all the people I can take."

"But where can we sleep?" Joseph asked.

"Mary is going to have a baby."

The man looked at his animals.

"You may sleep with them," he said

"It is all I have."

So Mary and Joseph went to sleep with the animals.

That night Mary had a little baby.

"We will call him Jesus," Joseph said.

"That is what God said we should do."

"This baby is God's Son," said Mary. "That is what God said."

"This baby has come to love us," said Mary and Joseph.

"And he has come to save us from our sins,"

said Mary and Joseph.

"And he has come down to help us as well."



He Maketh Me to Lie Down

By: C. W. Naylor



The Psalmist says of the Lord, his Shepherd, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,' or, as the Hebrew has it, "in pastures of tender grass." What a world of significance there is in this little sentence: "The Lord is my shepherd.

"He maketh me to lie down." He doth not compel me. That is not the Lord's method; he findeth a better way. If he compelled me to lie down, there would be no pleasure in it. When a sheep is compelled to lie down, it is in fear; it cannot but dread what is to happen to it. So the Lord doth not compel me. He leadeth me in the pastures of tender grass, and I eat until I am satisfied, and being satisfied with the sweet and luscious pasturage, I lie down, content. While the sheep is hungry, it will not lie down in the pasture; it desireth to eat. But when it hath eaten its fill, it lieth down and resteth and is satisfied. So he feedeth my soul day by day; the good things of his kingdom doth he give unto me. He satisfieth my soul with fatness. My soul desireth nothing more than what he giveth. If I hunger, he hath a supply, and he giveth me, and that with a generous hand. He knoweth all my needs. He supplieth every one, that I may be "fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright."

There are many enemies about, but "he maketh me to lie down." I am in quietness. My heart is not afraid. The Shepherd standeth between me and those ravening wolves. The lion and the bear cannot harm me, for the Shepherd standeth as my protector. His eye shall watch while I lie down. His ear shall hearken and shall hear the sound of their footsteps if they come near. I trust the Shepherd; therefore my heart is not afraid, and I shall lie down safely. It is trust that enableth me to lie down. If I were afraid, I could not thus rest. I should be watching and fearful and trembling. Every noise would alarm me. I should forget the tender grass. But he is watching. He hath his weapon in his hand. He doth not fear my enemies, and while he is watching I do not fear them, for he is strong and mighty. He is greater than my foes. They know it and are afraid. They tremble at his voice. They flee away, but I lie safely. He hath said, "I will feed them in a god pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel: ... in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel."

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." When I grow thirsty, the river lieth at the foot of the mountain, and down the slope he will lead me, and there in the shade, in the quiet, restful coolness, I shall drink of the waters of quietness and shall be satisfied, and my soul shall delight in him. The path down which he leadeth me may be steep; there may be thorns along the way; but so long as I permit him to lead me where he will, he will lead me safely. I must not choose my own way. I must not run ahead of him. I must not leave the path. I must follow close to him. I must listen to his voice, and then he will lead me to the still waters, and there I shall rest in his love. Then as the evening falleth, he will lead me to his fold, and inside its walls of security I shall rest during the hours of the night. I shall not fear the darkness, for the Shepherd is watching. I shall not fear the wild beasts round about, for they cannot harm me. He will watch over me and bear me up when I am weak. I can rest secure. My shepherd is the Good Shepherd. He loveth his sheep. They are a pleasure to him.

Though he sometimes may needs lead by a rugged way, yet I am safe, for he careth for me. He will lead me in the way that I should go. He will enrich my soul with his goodness. Yea, "goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The Story of Jenny Lind

(Continued from Page 1)

A certain writer has remarked, “Nothing is more astonishing about the career of Jenny Lind than its comparative shortness. She sang in the English opera for only two years and retired practically in five years after her first appearance in London, though she appeared occasionally during the next few years, but chiefly for charities.”

To many it would seem strange circumstances which led a young girl to abandon such a promising career and retire to the quietness of an English country home. On one occasion she sat on the seashore, reading a Bible, when one who greatly admired her beautiful voice saw her and asked, “How is it, madam, that you abandoned the stage at the very height of your success?” Jenny Lind gave the following reason: “When every day it made me think less of this”—laying her hand upon the open Bible, “what else could I do?” What a beautiful answer and how convincing! It was the knowledge that this precious Book had brought her—the knowledge of a Savior’s love which led her to abandon what the world counts of such value—riches, honor, and popularity.

One of her great successes was in the oratorios in which she sang with deepest feeling, “The Messiah,” and doubtless the words of it meant more to her than human voice could express. She knew the Lord Jesus as her Redeemer, the One who loved her and gave Himself for her, and that love constrained her to withdraw from the stage and henceforth live “unto Him who died and rose again.”

The Wise Men Give Their Best

“Look at the star,” a wise man said. “I see it,” said another. “We must follow that star. It will take us to a new king.”

They knew this King was a special king. He was only a little baby now, but God had sent him.

The wise men went on camels. They took their best gifts. They would give them to the baby king.

The wise men went for many days. They went every place the star went. One day the star stopped. It was over Bethlehem. “This is the place,” the wise men said. “The baby king is here.”

The wise men went to see Jesus. They gave him their gifts. They were happy the star had led them to baby Jesus.



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Spanish interpretation is available in the services.

Service Times:

Wednesday Prayer Meeting	7:00 p.m.
Sunday School	9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Worship	10:30 a.m.
Sunday Young People’s Service	4:45 p.m.
Sunday Children’s Service	5:00 p.m.
Sunday Evening Worship	6:00 p.m.

We have literature available for those who would like to study the Word of God in the confines of their home. Let us know if you are interested by contacting us at the above telephone number, address, or website.

The Pearl

By: Lonnie Chancellor

“Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.” (Matt. 13:45-46)

It being a pearl of great price would indicate, among other things, that its value was such as to be able to purchase many things for its possessor. Also, it was of one source and not many. Another thing, it took the selling of all others to purchase this one. It does cost to get this pearl, for this merchant man had to sell and buy, even as Jesus said, “buy of me gold tried in the fire.” The term “buy” suggests a trade, the giving up of one thing for another, and so it is in the plan of salvation. We are possessors of valuables even while living in sin, but to forsake the pleasures of sin for a season – so long as we remain upon earth – is part of the payment for greater wealth in heavenly things.

Jesus likened the kingdom of heaven to various things, and in the simplest term I can put it, it means salvation, the gospel, the work wrought by the gospel in the lives of men and women. Hence, the search of salvation, or the attainment of salvation, is likened to a merchantman seeking, searching for some satisfying portion for his soul. The many pleasures of the flesh and sensual living could not bring the happiness sought after, nor offer consolations of peace. False religions do not satisfy the soul, and do nothing more than plague the mind with uncertainties. The peace of mind which some get comes from their assuming that the nature which they have, will be tolerated, and all the evils that attend it accepted as incurable in this life. What a loss to stop short of the one pearl which could be found by additional searching.

The kingdom of heaven, being salvation, is therefore nothing more or less than Jesus Christ reigning in the soul – being the affections of the heart and life. No one can purchase this possession without giving up all other pleasures, the devices of sin and worldliness. Oh yes, there are some who think they can come into possession of this and still retain possession of forbidden things, but Jesus went on record by saying that if we loved mother or father, son or daughter more than him, we were not worthy of him.

When you being to consider what Christ is to us, the field is larger. He is our all and in all, our source of comfort, peace, love, grace, temperance, longsuffering, joy, righteousness and hope of heaven. By now you can see that I haven’t named a very large list of what can be found in Christ, in the possession of him. All things of worth consist by him – he is before all things. (*see Colossians 1:16-18*).

Wisdom, do you need it? The true wisdom is found in Christ! But let me leave it to you to think of all the treasures there are in serving Christ, of having him as the center of your affections. He replaces all other sensual treasures, which in comparison of him are as nothing. Do you have an experience of salvation? Then you have Christ enthroned within, reigning over your heart and its affections. Instead of looking for pleasure in entertainments of the world, you find it in worship and fellowship, in obedience and service. Zealously affected believers are looked upon by the world as a people gone out of their minds, they are the rubbish of society in their withdrawn state – they appear to live in an imaginary world; but the truth is, their soul has caught a vision not perceptible to the human eye and it is after the glory of that vision that they live and deny themselves. Do you have possession of this pearl? Have you found your source of satisfaction in Christ? If not, you too can search until your soul is abundantly satisfied with joy unspeakable and full of glory!