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James
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If you have no joy in your religion, there's a leak in your Christianity somewhere. — Billy Sunday

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The Car in The Cellar

By Bill Brinkworth



Years ago a group of friends met in the basement of their city home. A crazy idea popped up probably in conversation during a friendly game of billiards. "Wouldn't it be funny," one may have suggested, "if we could build a Model-T, right here in the basement?" Soon the group of mechanics was chuckling at the idea. They all offered to pitch in. Everyone volunteered to help bring the pieces of the automobile, one by one, through the only entrance, the up-stairs doorway and down into the cellar.

The joke and dare became a real project. Just as promised, each man brought a piece of the car down the steps and into the

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Voices

Author Unknown

- ☹️ I planned an ultra modern home, but a Korean citizen whispered, "I have no home at all."
- ☹️ I dreamed of a country place for the pleasure of my children, but an exiled Hungarian lad kept saying, "I have no country."
- ☹️ I decided on a new cupboard now, but a child of India cried out, "I have no cup."
- ☹️ I started to purchase a new automatic washing machine, but a Polish woman said softly, "I have nothing to wash."
- ☹️ I wanted a quick-freezing unit for storing larger quantities of food, but across the waters came the cry, "I have no food at all."
- ☹️ I ordered a new car for the pleasure of my loved one, but a war orphan sobbed, "I have no loved ones."
- ☹️ I planned a stain glass window above the church's choir stalls,

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The Car in The Cellar

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cellar. As more pieces arrived, the assembly progressed. After a long period, the car was completely assembled: fenders, tires, engine, interior, and every other part. The professional mechanics even got it running. What a neighborhood joke the car in the basement must have been.

Time passed. One by one, the weekly meeting lost another of its members. The original builders even forgot about their project. Soon, even the house was sold. The new owners chuckled at what was downstairs, but soon the novelty of the car was forgotten.

Many years later, as I recall the story, the house was condemned. After the residence was destroyed, the old Ford was rolled away and sold. The house was gone and all the people, but still the “treasure” remained.

What a similarity that Model-T is to what happens to many lives. Little things, that really have no importance, become far too paramount in lives. Many lives have been wasted, marriages destroyed, and families split-up because priority was given to hobbies, friends, jobs, and “things”. Once their life is over, the possessions will be still standing, but what was important was destroyed, or never given the priority and time it deserved.

Vast numbers of people have died with quite an impressive number of “things”, but spiritually they were destitute. They had all

this world offered them, but died and went to hell because their eternal destination never was a priority. No one can take the things of this world with them when they die.

“For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” Mark 8:36

“Things” are not that important. They do give temporary enjoyment, but that joy is not permanent. Relationships with people are far more important. Our children, family, and friends should be given higher value than temporal things. What are we to profit if we have big cars and houses, but our children have had to raise themselves and have ruined their lives? How are we rich when we have large bank accounts, but our family does not talk with us anymore? What joy will that fancy car, that you sacrificed to have, bring you when you have no one to share it with? When our life is over our “things” will still remain, but will the influence we had on others be remembered? Will our life have made a difference?

You say, “If I had a little more, I should be very satisfied.” You make a mistake. If you are not content with what you have, you would not be satisfied if it were doubled. A man's contentment is in his mind, not in the extent of his possessions.
— Spurgeon

When the “house” of our world perishes, is what remains that important? On deathbeds, the shiny frills of this world are hardly mentioned. It is the assurance of heaven and regrets for poor relationships that usually are the primary concerns. Do not wait until death is eminent to make your priorities right!

It's Just Vapor

By Bill Brinkworth

“O LORD, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.” Jeremiah 10:23

On through the mist the boat journeyed. The wisps of fog were not going to ruin my fishing trip. Soon the curls of cloud obscured the view of land.

I was not going to panic. Just before the last glimpse of our starting point I stopped, pointed the boat toward our destination, and took the compass setting. From that sightless moment, we looked forward into the gloom for obstacles and steered to the proper compass setting.

It was not long before I got to the end of the lake. There was no fog at that end. By just following the proper magnetic guidance, I arrived not far from where I had intended to be. Following the compass worked.

At that clear end of the lake, there still remained some small wisps. They were well off the lake, but their layered tufts were still blocking an almost perfect, sunshiny day.

As I looked up at the patches, it became clear that all the trouble, scariness, and confusion I had just traveled through were caused by only water vapor. A little mist between me and the sun would have stopped me from my destination, if it were not for the guidance of the compass.

I can't help but think of so many Christians that got off life's course because of a little of its uncleanness. If only they would open, read, and follow God's Word. It is His compass for life and will direct them, if they would follow. They would have less heartaches, fewer destroyed lives and make fewer mistakes. We should not be discouraged and frightened by a little bit of vapor. God will guide us through; using His Word as our compass.



Voices

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☹ But a Mexican pastor spoke softly, “My church has no walls.”

“Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.” *Philippians 4:11*