

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1969

"O give thanks unto the LORD; call upon His name: make known His deeds among the people. Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works,"
Psalm 105:1,2.

We WELCOME Brother and Sister Roberson this morning and trust they return to us, refreshed and strengthened. Brother Roberson will be ministering to us today. Communion Service this morning.

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TUESDAY NIGHT . . .

The WOMEN'S MISSIONARY COUNCIL will be holding the first meeting of the Fall Season this Tuesday night at the Church.

PRAYER REQUESTS . . .

Sister Auker, Brother George Behm, young David Sheffield (facing spinal operation), Sister Hoopengartner, Brother Bogdan (behind the Iron Curtain); our Men in the Armed Forces, our Missionaries.

Friday, Sept. 12th,
at 7 P.M., Linda Kochmer
will become the bride of
Kenneth Ambrose, here at
the Tabernacle.

Brother Roberson will
be performing the Ceremony.....May God bless
this young couple as they
begin a life together!



PRAYER MEETING—

is your opportunity to
talk with God. Come
to this HOUR OF POWER
expecting real blessings

FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK!

"For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus
unto good works, which God hath before ordained that
we should walk in them."
Eph. 2:10

You remember the story of the engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge. During its building he was injured. For many long months he was shut up in his room. His gifted wife shared his toils, and carried his plans to the workmen. At last the great bridge was completed. Then the invalid architect asked to see it. They put him upon a cot, and carried him to the bridge. They placed him where he could see the magnificent structure in all its beauty. There he lay, in his helplessness, intently scanning the work of his genius. He marked the great cables, the massive piers, the mighty anchorages which fettered it to the earth. His critical eye ran over every beam, every girder, every chord, every rod. He noted every detail carried out precisely as he had dreamed it in his dreams, and wrought it out in his plans and specifications. And then as the joy of achievement filled his soul, as he saw and realized that it was finished exactly as he had designed it - in an ecstasy of delight he cried out: 'It's just like the plan; it's just like the plan.'

Some day we shall stand in the glory and looking up into His face, cry out: "O God, I thank Thee that Thou didst turn me aside from my wilful and perverse way, to Thy loving and perfect one. I thank Thee that Thou didst ever lead me to yield my humble life to Thee. I thank Thee that as I day by day walked the simple pathway of service, Thou didst let me gather up one by one the golden threads of Thy great purpose for my life. I thank Thee, as, like a tiny trail creeping its small way up some great mountain side, that pathway of life has gone on in darkness and light, storm and shadow, weakness and tears, failures and falterings, Thou hast at last brought me to its destined end. And now that I see my finished life, no longer 'through a glass darkly' but in the face-to-face splendor of Thine own glory, I thank Thee, O God, I thank Thee that - it's just like the plan; it's just like the plan."

James H. McConkey

THINK. . .

OBEDIENCE BELONGS to us, but results belong to God.