

Ministers:
the congregation

Kenny Chumbley
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Sunday:
8:00 AM: WGCY
9:00 AM: Worship

Wednesday:
6:30 PM: Bible Study

[gibsoncitychurchof
Christ.com](http://gibsoncitychurchofChrist.com)

This Past Week:
Worship—28
Wednesday—11

For meditation:
Ecclesiastes 12.13–14
Our minimum obligation to God at every moment is for our total man to love Him totally.

Radio program:
WGCY FM, 106.3
Sundays at 8 AM

Growing old

On more than one occasion I've been told, "Never grow old." I may have even said this to others on occasion.

As far as advice goes, here's what can be said about the advice, "Never grow old."

First, it's impossible. If we could physically stop the aging process, we'd all fight to be first in line at the fountain of youth. We try to fend off old age, and we've figured out incredible ways to cover-up the deterioration of our skin/hair/teeth/eyesight/weight/skinny lips/fat hips, etc., but our cover-ups stop nothing. We're slowly, constantly nearing the defilement of the grave.

Second, *never grow old* is bad advice. Since it's impossible advice, it's bad advice, because it leaves those who take it seriously frustrated. Further, people who take the advice often end up embarrassing themselves—as when someone who is old tries to look like they're young. It's almost never attractive when someone old tries to dress, talk, or act in a way that makes them appear younger. To grow old gracefully, we should accept our years without resentment and live believing our current age is full rich blessings.

Grow old along with me! / The best is yet to be.

Browning

Our years should bring us wisdom—an awareness of what's important and what isn't. Our years should bring the blessed assurance of God's promises. Our years should bring patience, sympathy, and a readiness to forgive. Our years should bring conviction of the enabling grace of God, as we look back over our life and realize that "there but for the grace of God go I." The experience of our past should give us confidence for the future (Rom. 5.1–5).

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Gibson City church of Christ

Highway 47 South, Gibson City, IL

The Celestial Catering Co.

"They spake against God; they said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" Psalm 78.19

Led by God into the wilderness of the Sinai, the Hebrews quickly realized they were in a place where there was no food—certainly not enough to feed multitude of ex-slaves who recently left Egypt—and they turned on God, accusing Him of egregiously mismanaging their situation.

But instead of raining down fire and brimstone on their unbelief, God rained down manna from heaven (Ex. 16.4).

Here are some guesstimates about the amount of food He provided Israel six days a week for forty years.

2,000,000 Hebrews left Egypt (est.)

They were given 1 omer of manna/person/day (Ex. 16.16)

An omer is thought to have been about 6 pints

2,000,000 × 6 pints = 12,000,000 pints/day

1 dry pint = 10 ounces

12,000,000 pints × 10 oz. = 120,000,000 oz./day

120,000,000 oz ÷ 16 = 7,500,000 lbs./day

7,500,000 lbs. ÷ 2000 = 3,750 tons/day

Weight limit for a standard 18-wheeler: 25 tons

Three thousand seven hundred fifty tons/day = 150 fully loaded semis, stretching two miles end-to-end, rolling daily into the Hebrew camp with "bread from heaven."

The next time you read John 1.16, Rom. 5.20, 2 Cor. 12.9, Eph. 3.20, and a hundred other similar texts, remember that God can set a feast for you in your wilderness.

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Sermon: Matthew 6.25–34

Anxiety

4 October 2026

Found in my reading: Jesus & money

“We might have thought, if we had been asked what a divine teacher was most likely to teach, that he would have left inferior persons to give directions about money; and himself spoken only concerning faith and love, and the discipline of the passions, and the guilt of the crimes of soul against soul. But not so. [Jesus] speaks in general terms of these. But He does not speak parables about them for all men's memory, nor permit Himself fierce indignation against them, in all men's sight. The Pharisees bring Him an adulteress [Jn. 8.–11]. He writes her forgiveness on the dust of which He had formed her. Another, despised of all for known sin, He recognized as a giver of unknown love [Lk. 7.36–50]. But He acknowledges no love in buyers and sellers in His house. One should have thought there were people in that house twenty times worse than they;—Caiaphas and his like—false priests, false prayer-makers, false leaders of the people—who needed putting to silence, or to flight, with darkest wrath. But the scourge is only against the *traffickers and thieves*. The two most intense of all the parables: the two which lead the rest in love and terror (this of the Prodigal, and of Dives), relate, both of them, to management of riches. The practical order given to the only seeker of advice, of whom it is recorded that Christ ‘loved him,’ is briefly about his property. ‘Sell that thou hast. [Matt. 19.21]’

John Ruskin, *Time and Tide*

To understand what Christ thought about money, remember that:

1. He was poor; He had not where to lay his head.
2. He never gave the slightest indication that how much money we have makes any difference to God. We fear poverty like the plague, but Christ didn't.
3. Jesus told a rich man He loved (Mk. 10.21) to sell his possessions, give the money to the poor, and “come, follow Me.”
4. Two of Christ's severest parables of doom were aimed at men of wealth. In the story of Lazarus, the rich man ends up in torment and misery. And the farmer who replaced his barns and cribs with bigger ones is called a fool and never lived to enjoy his bumper crop.
5. As Ruskin noted, Christ could have driven the Pharisees, Sadducees, and priests out of the Temple, but instead he drove out the businessmen, the sellers and moneychangers.
6. Try as we might to make our life an ellipsis around two foci, our life always ends up a circle around one center. We must choose whether that center is God or gold (Matt. 6.24).

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“That's my Barney!”

It's my favorite line from Meredith Willson's *The Music Man*. The silver-tongued con man, Professor Harold Hill, has been found out. Just when the townsfolk are ready to tar and feather him, in comes the band—the kids whose parents had bought instruments and uniforms. Hill is speechless, not knowing that Marion the librarian had been working to teach the boys a modicum of music. Handed a baton, Hill implores, “Think, men, think” (Professor Harold Hill's “Think” System). To Hill's surprise, the band plays the “Minuet in G,” sounding like any grade school band might after a week of lessons. But the parents are mesmerized by it all, and one of the fathers shouts out, “That's my Barney! That tuba's my Barney!”

I wish a lot more fathers would be willing to shout out with pride like this about their children.

Speaking from my experience, “the greatest generation,” the kids who grew up during the 1930s and became parents during the 1950s, were often hesitant to praise their child. However well their kid did, the parents gave the impression he or she ought to have done better. They loved their child, but their ambition for him or her compelled them to almost ruthlessly push their child. John Newton, who wrote “Amazing Grace,” said, “I knew that my father loved me, but he seemed unwilling that I should know it.” Many kids said or thought, “Why is it that I never seem to be able to do anything to please my father/mother?” Many of my fellow baby boomers will identify with this sentiments. I've no doubt that many struggled growing up due to the misguided demands and expectations of the parents.

Youth is characterized by irresponsibility; children need correction and guidance. They don't need a parent who never smiles approvingly of their accomplishments or takes note of their successes. Children need a parent who will love and comfort them when they invariably fall short in some attempt. Martin Luther put it this way, “‘Spare the rod and spoil the child?’ Certainly! But beside the rod keep an apple to give him when he does well.”

William Barclay writes that someone once asked Scottish author Robert Louis Stevenson if fame was all that it was cracked up to be. “Yes,” said Stevenson, “when I see my mother's eyes.”

May every child be blessed with parents' whose eyes light up and who yell out, “That's my Barney,” no matter how pathetically they just played the “Minuet in G.”

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