Ministers:
the congregation

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

Wednesday:
6:30 PM: Bible Study

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This Past Week:
Worship–29
Wednesday–15

For meditation:
Psalm 3
This psalm was written when David was dealing with a rebellious child. Parents in similar situations often have a hard time sleeping. What enabled David to get a good night's sleep despite the fact Absalom, his son, had declared war against him?

Radio program:

Pray for the Christians in Orel

In 2010, on a trip with Kenny Marrs to Orel, Russia (200 miles south of Moscow), I met Andrei Maltsev, who preaches for the church in Orel. Ever since, the Gibson City church has sent Andrei monthly support. The disruption in commerce due to the Ukraine-Russia war has made it extremely difficult to get funds to Andrei, but where there's a will, there's a way and we've been able to continue his support.

The Orel church has had a tough go of it. Orel was in the direct line of fallout from the Chernobyl accident in 1986. At least three of the young women in the church suffered from radioactive-related cancer, and one of them, our precious translator, Lena, died from it.

Last week, I got a letter from Andrei telling me Orel has been hit repeatedly by Ukrainian drones and missiles, resulting in great loss of life in town. The Christians in Orel live under the strain of sudden bombardment.

To supplement the income Gibson provides, Andrei had taken a job in Moscow; attempts to find work closer had proven futile. Every week, he would take the train to Moscow, stay all week away from his family, the come home on the train for the weekend. This schedule was taking a heavy toll on his health, and recently the job ended.

I'm writing this to ask that everyone who reads it say a prayer for Andrei and the saints in Orel. They are enduring adversities we can't imagine. If you don't know what to pray for, ask God to send them grace, mercy, and peace (2 Tim. 1.2).

Thank you for doing so.

kenny

Gibson City church of Christ

Highway 47 South, Gibson City, IL

"I'll think about it"

In his life of the Spartan king Agesilaus, Plutarch tells a story of when Agesilaus sought help from the king of Macedonia against their common enemy the Thracians. When the Macedonian king received the request he said he "would take time to deliberate," Agesilaus replied, "Let him deliberate; we will go forward in the meantime" (some translations have it, "Tell him that while he is considering it, we will march").

Has your child ever asked you for something—"Can I spend the night at so-and-so's?" "Can so-and-so spend the night with me?" etc.—and you replied, "I'll think about it"? Sometimes, "I'll think about it" is a postponement, a tabling of a motion (committees are good at doing this), a dodge for the fact we don't want to think about it.

Of course, there's nothing wrong with thinking something over. But some situations call for action rather than thought—"Man overboard!" for example. There are times when what's demanded is action!

Sometimes we hear of someone's misfortune and our compassion fills us with a generous impulse. But instead of acting, we stop to think about it, and the moment is gone. The Romans had a saying that went, "He who gives quickly, gives twice." When promptness is required, be prompt. Don't stop to think about it, or you might never do what your heart says you ought to have done.

kenny

Sermon: Psalm 1

Conclusion to the Sermon on the Mount

15 November 2026

Did you hear what they did to Santa?

This past week it was reported that someone broke into a French basilica and stole some fragments of bone belonging to Nicholas of Myra (early 4th century)—known to Catholics as St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children and the inspiration for Santa Claus—which he then burned and ground to powder.

What follows doesn't concern the fairy tale of Santa Claus or the patronage of saints by the Catholic Church; it concerns the level of hatred that would cause an individual to break into a church, smash a display case, grab a piece of bone, and burn it.

Such depth of hatred has become known as "derangement syndrome." To hate at this level is to despise, to detest and hold in utter contempt a fellow human made in the image of God. It isn't a temporary mood but a deep-seated loathing often supports injuring the one hated, whether verbally/reputationally (Matt. 12.24, Jn. 8.41) or physically (Lk. 4.29, Jn. 8.59). It'ss a murderous lust that wishes the destruction of the one hated (1 Jn. 3.12–15). Ancient Edom had an anger that pursued his brother with the sword, cast off all pity, tore perpetually, and held onto his rage (Amos 1.11). Moab, who burned the bones of the king of Edom into lime" (Amos 2.1). These peoples had derangement syndrome.

I have a number of friends who are as sweet and kind as they can be. But on occasion, when they've gotten on the subject of politics, I've heard the vilest, most vitriolic, hateful things imaginable come out of their mouth. They were not as sweet and kind as I thought they were (Jas. 3.9–11).

What's worse is when Christians,—who are called to bless, pray for, and do good to those who curse them—have joined in the vicious, repugnant rants voiced by the world.

Christ said that to say to a brother "Raca" is to insult his head/intelligence; to call him a fool/Gr. moron is to insult his heart. To attack a brother's mind and/or heart is dehumanizing and partakes of the sin of murder even if no one is actually killed. In the judgment of heaven, any hateful attitude, mindset, or words that contribute to murder constitutes murder. Hatred puts one in danger of hell fire (Matt. 5.22).

To any of my friends reading this and worried about how the recent vandalism in France has affected me, let me reassure you that, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus"! <smile>

kenny

I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in

Diamond C Aloes

There's nothing the matter with me,
I'm just as healthy as can be,

I have arthritis in both knees,
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak, my blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

All my teeth have had to come out,
And my diet I hate to think about.
I'm overweight and I can't get thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

And arch supports I need for my feet...
Or I wouldn't be able to go out in the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night,
But every morning I find I'm all right.
My memory's failing, my head's in a spin...
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Old age is golden I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder, as I go to bed.
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
And my glasses on a shelf, until I get up.

And when sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
The reason I know my Youth has been spent,
Is my get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went!
But really I don't mind, when I think with a grin,
Of all the places my get-up has been.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the obits.
If my name is missing, I'm therefore not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and jump back into bed.

The moral of this as the tale unfolds,
Is that for you and me, who are growing old . . .
It is better to say "I'm fine" with a grin,
Than to let people know the shape we are in.