

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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Christ.com](http://gibsoncitychurchofchrist.com)

This Past Week:
Worship—36
Wednesday—16

For meditation:
Ecclesiastes 12.6–8
What “division” will
be undergone at death?

Radio program:
WGCY FM, 106.3
Sundays at 8 AM

The Davenport Gassers

When I was a sophomore in high school, my biology teacher, Mr. Davenport, asked me and three of my friends to be his lab assistants our junior year. We all jumped at the chance. Mr. Davenport was the kind of teacher you would have followed into battle. Smart, funny, fair, engaging, and more (he let us play nerf ball in the back of the room where the snakes and mice were kept), he became my ideal for what a teacher should be. Steve B., Marlon H., Kenny K., and I thus became Big D’s (he was 6’7”) lab assistants. We four became close friends and started calling ourselves “the Davenport Gassers”; “Davenport” after Big D, “Gassers” because I worked at my uncles’ gas station where my friends would hang out when I was working.

Marlon, Steve, and Kenny were good guys. They didn’t go to church with me, but they never got me in trouble. They didn’t drink, smoke, cuss, or use drugs. There was never any peer pressure from them to do something wrong. We were capable of mischief but not illegality. God used them in the shaping of my life.

I had a friend who referred to his childhood friends as “happy little pagans.” They all belonged to blue-collar, lower class families in which alcoholism was rampant. They weren’t religious, but their friendships saved them from their grim, hard life and gave them some happiness.

In the Bible, there are “pagans” who on occasion acted more godly than the righteous. I’ll let God deal with judging them. As for me, I’ll thank God for every friend, even the ones who never went to church, that He used to bless me.

kenny

Gibson City church of Christ

Highway 47 South, Gibson City, IL

Do what you can, and do your best

“But there were some who were indignant among themselves, and said, ‘Why was this fragrant oil wasted? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred denari and given to the poor.’ And they criticized her sharply.

But Jesus said, ‘Let her alone. Why do you trouble her? She has done a good work for Me. . . . She *has done what she could*’” (Mk. 14.5–6,8).

Our job is always to do what we can and to do it the best we can. The elements that makes up this world do what they can, and they do the best they can. A raindrop only has so much water in it. When it falls to earth, it holds nothing back, it gives all it has, and no one blames it for not giving more. It’s the same with the sun and stars. They give us all the light they have to give, and they always give their best. Nature functions to full capacity and so should we.

In one of Brownlow’s books, he wrote, “If it’s right to live up to [our] potential, it’s wrong to drop below it.”

In whatever endeavor we’re in, let’s do all we can do. Not even the angels can do more than that.

If more needs to be done, trust God to see to it.

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Sermon: Matthew 6.13–15

Does God try to get us in trouble?

23 August 2026

The world needs big men

Old Testament scholar George Adam Smith had some fine things to say on this verse from Isaiah: “And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land” (Isa. 32.2). Wrote Smith,

In the East the following phenomenon is often observed. Where the desert touches a river-valley or oasis, the sand is in a continual state of drift from the wind, and it is this drift which is the real cause of the barrenness of such portions of the desert at least as abut upon the fertile land. For under the rain, or by infiltration of the river, plants often spring up through the sand, and there is sometimes promise of considerable fertility. It never lasts. Down comes the periodic drift, and life is stunted or choked out. But set down a rock on the sand, and see the difference the presence makes. After a few showers, to the leeward side of this some blades will spring up; if you have patience, you will see in time a garden.

Plants are fragile and blowing desert sand is relentless. If plants are to survive, they need help, like a rock that blocks the wind and gives shade from the sun. It’s important to see that *by the influence of our character, we can be a rock to another*. “Great men,” writes Smith, “are not the whole of life, but they are the condition of all the rest; if it were not for the big men, the little ones could scarcely live” (*The Book of Isaiah*, I, 251, 252).

I’m a little man who could scarcely live without big men. To write, I use 12¢ Bic ink pens (blue, medium point). I couldn’t make a Bic if my life depended on it. But Marcel Bich could. Marcel is a big man in my book for inventing Bics. And so are all who had a big imagination, intellect, and the know-how to make things that make my life pleasant. (Side note: democracy is as susceptible to rot and corruption as any other form of government. Wherever the love of money is found, every sort of evil will be found. But give democracy this—when it works right, it gives men the freedom and incentive to be big men, pursuing their ideas to come up with things that have given us little people a quality of life such as the world has never known.)

Maybe we can’t invent a Bic, but can we make others feel wanted, important, needed? Can we point them to Christ? Can we be a rock in the desert who comforts the troubled and can offer something that will enrich another’s life in an eternal way? If so, don’t be surprised if you being a rock results in another becoming a garden.

kenny

The King’s ear

I read the story of a believer in the seventeenth century who wrote to a pious, godly friend, asking his friend to pray for him. “When you have the King’s ear, remember me,” he asked.

The ministry of intercessory prayer, I think, is one of the more underappreciated blessings of the Christian faith. Christ’s intercession in John 17 offers a model (v 9, “I pray for them,” i.e., the apostles; and v 20, “for those who will believe in Me through their word”). In intercession, we’re going to God on behalf of another. That may involve calling someone to God’s attention, recommending them, advocating for them, etc., but somehow or other, intercession is a request that someone receives special favor from God.

I say intercession is a great blessing because of its accessibility. Anyone, anywhere can bring another person to God’s attention (which is not to imply that the one we’re praying for doesn’t already have God’s attention). In families, one member is well within his or her rights to mention another family member to their father. And while a good father gives all his children a fair hearing, good fathers can be swayed by the recommendation or endorsement of one child on behalf of another. It happens all the time in families, doesn’t it.

Intercession is great because of its range. No matter where someone is in the world, no matter how long it has been since you last saw them or communicated with them, blessing can reach them because of a prayer you prayed.

Paul used intercessory prayer often. He prayed on behalf of others. He named them. More often than not, he simply asked God to give them the help they needed, believing God always knew better than he what should be done.

Her’s two things I’ve thought about lately. One, who do I know whom I believe has the King’s ear? If I’m going to ask someone to pray for me, whom would it be? Second, do I have the King’s ear? Am I, like Abraham in Genesis 18, someone who could delay judgment for another by my praying for them? Like Moses, I could pray and atone for Israel (Ex. 32)?

Intercessory prayer can make someone’s live better, richer. Making it one of our life’s ministries is a worthy goal.

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