

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—36
Wednesday—15

For meditation:
Ecclesiastes 12.3–4
What physical changes
come to us in old age?

Radio program:
WGCY FM, 106.3
Sundays at 8 AM

Thinking about thinking

**“As are thy habitual thoughts, so will be the
character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed
the color of its thought.”**

Marcus Aurelius

You’ve heard of wall décor, living room décor? In Philippians 4.8,9, Paul provides the décor for our mind: “Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things *are* noble, whatever things are just, whatever things *are* pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things *are* of good report, if *there is* any virtue and if *there is* anything praiseworthy—meditate on these things. The things which you learned and received and heard and saw in me, these do, and the God of peace will be with you.”

We are what we think. Our thoughts decide the kind of person we are. Our character will rise or fall to the level of our thoughts. Thoughts and feelings we harbor become the atmosphere our soul breathes. And just like our hand will be colored by the color of a dye we dip it in, so will our character become what we continually think about.

Thoughts can be unconscious. We can become so accustomed to thinking a certain way that we aren’t consciously aware of when we’re thinking that way. But just because we’re unconscious of our thoughts doesn’t mean they aren’t influencing us. If we can’t control our besetting thoughts, we’ll never control our besetting sins.

The décor of the mind that Paul lists in Philippians 4 will go a long way toward delivering us from our sinful and destructive self-absorption.

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Gibson City church of Christ

Highway 47 South, Gibson City, IL

Not in dumb resignation we
lift our hands on high,
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
content to do and die;
Our faith springs like the eagle,
who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
“O Lord, Thy will be done.”

John Hay, 1891

Private secretary to Lincoln
Secretary of State under
McKinley and T. Roosevelt

Sermon: Matthew 6.9,10

Before we ask for bread

9 August 2026

The church and the truth

The church, wrote Paul, is “the pillar and ground of the truth.” When Paul wrote that, he probably had in mind one of the great Greco-Roman temples he’d seen. After the ground was leveled, a foundation of stone strong enough to bear the weight of the edifice would be laid. At the Temple of Jupiter in Baalbek (eastern Lebanon), three massive stones were put down, each measuring over sixty feet long, nearly fourteen feet high, and weighing between 750 and 800 tons. Upon those stones were placed pillars sixty-five feet tall to hold up the roof. With that image before us, what does Paul mean when he says the church is the pillar and ground of the truth?

1. He doesn’t mean the church gave the world the Bible.

Contrary to Roman Catholic claims, the Bible gave the world the church, not vice versa. The word of God is primary; the church is corollary. The church’s authority derives from the truth, not truth from the church. No word is authoritative because the church preaches it; a word is authoritative because it was inspired by God. The truth sets free; the church is the freed.

2. The church supports the truth. As the ground of the truth, the church believes in the solid historical foundation of Christianity. From old, God made known His *ways* to Moses and His *deeds* to Israel (Ps. 103.7). Further, God has no hands but our hands; preaching, defending, and practicing the truth is the business of the church.

3. The church promotes the truth. Just as pillars hold up a temple’s roof, so the church—the people of God—holds aloft the light of God’s truth so that it may shine far and wide in a heathen world. “You are the light of the world . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven” (Matt. 5.14,16). It is the chief business of the church to uphold, proclaim, and publicize the word of God. Tertullian said that in his day, the heathen wouldn’t read the Gospels but instead judged the Christianity by what they saw in the lives of the Christians they met. A church only justifies its existence when it spreads the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

The church is a vital necessity if the truth of God is to operate as designed for the salvation of the world.

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“One more time”

McGuiggan tells a story from his childhood, when at lunch the boys would do chin-ups to impress the girls. The record was ten, but Little Kenny was doing well if he managed seven.

One day, “Kenny did eight and tried for nine! Painfully, he managed it, and still held on. The little crowd was astonished as Kenny dragged his tortured body up for another. Now he hung, unable to go up again, but unwilling to let go. The group stood hushed, the champ was nervous, but Kenny looked beaten. Then the familiar voice of his sister rang out from the back. “Okay, now, Kenny, one more time!” That did it! Up he went, almost rupturing, but he matched the record.”

When there are times in life when we’re so worn out we don’t think we can take another step, we need someone to yell out, “One more time.”

When we’re ready to stop trying in our marriage; when it seems the harder we work the less we’re appreciated; when pain and loneliness are our constant companions and dying seems easier than living; when an evil habit seems all powerful and we’ve lost faith in our ability to break it; when we’re on the verge of letting go and just drift with the current—at such times we need to hear, “Come on Kenny, one more time!”

I was on a bike ride the other evening when I crossed paths with Mitch, who was out on his. I’ve known Mitch since eighth grade. We went to high school together and later, served on the high school board together. Mitch is a good guy. For years he was on the village fire department.

I can’t remember how it came up, but Mitch told me about once being called out to a suicide on the train tracks just a stone’s throw from where we were chatting. The victim was Lynn, a boy I’d known for a long time. His grandpa was the next farm north of us. Lynn was a gentle boy, but he was fat, which made him the butt of endless jokes and ridicule. He’d laugh with everyone else, but it’s obvious now that he was dying inside. One day, unable to endure the pain any longer, he stepped in front of a southbound train on the Illinois Central. Mitch was one of those who cleaned up the mess.

If you’re hanging by your fingertips, hang on, one more time. If you know someone like Lynn, tell them, he or she can do it, one more time . . . and tell them before it’s too late.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR JIM MCGUIGGAN: https://youtu.be/Jtorkf_AmXc

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