Ministers: the congregation

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

Wednesday: 7:00 PM: Bible Study

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This Past Week: Worship-32 Wednesday-9 Contribution-\$870

For meditation: Ecclesiastes 6.10–12 To know a man, all you really need to know is that he is a *man*. What can we know about someone merely from the fact they are human?

Radio program: WGCY FM, 106.3 Sundays at 8 AM

## "I just don't neighbor"

The title of this little article comes from E. Stanley Jones, who told about a lady who told him, "I don't do anything bad or mean to my neighbors, but I just don't neighbor."

A lot of people don't. It's not that they hate the folks next door (although Chesterton famously said that the reason we're to love our neighbors and our enemies is that "generally they are the same people"), it's just that they're just too busy with work, or too preoccupied with their own problems, or too content to get no closer to another than on social media, etc. Consequently, many live isolated lives, having little or no contact with the folks in their neighborhood beyond waving at them when they walk out to get the mail.

I don't see any good way to square the "Idon't-neighbor" attitude with, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself" (Matt. 22.39). First Corinthians 13 makes it clear that love is the supreme thing in life, and love is active; it's hard to claim you love your neighbor when you don't neighbor.

And what happens when we don't neighbor? We consign ourselves to a diminished life and contribute to societal decay. Love is what holds life together (Col. 3.14), and neighborhoods turn into war zones where folks don't neighbor. Those who don't neighbor never meet the Lord (Matt. 25.31–46), which is a one-way ticket to the most unneighborly neighborhood of all.

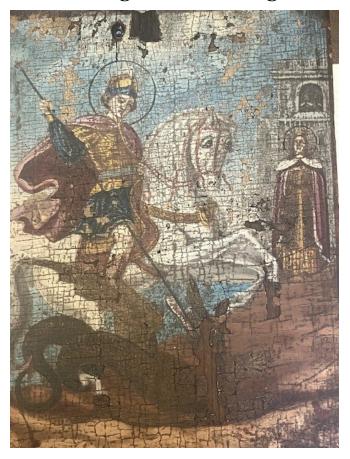
"Live for himself and think for himself, For himself and none beside, Just as if Jesus had never lived, And as if He had never died."

kenny

# Gibson City church of Christ

Highway 47 South, Gibson City, IL

### St. George and the Dragon



Sermon: Hebrews 11.11-12

The faith of Sarah

#### Jesus saw Himself as a bridegroom

Can the friends of the bridegroom mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? Matthew 9.15

I love the legend of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, but I can't imagine any men merrier than those who accompanied Christ during His public ministry. Imagine being a companion of One who daily brought smiles, health, joy, adventure, happiness, enlightenment, and laughter like you'd never known. Imagine being with One of whom it was regularly said, "We never saw anything like this!" (Mk. 2.12).

The backdrop to Christ's bridegroom reference was a question about fasting. The Law of Moses only required one fast each year on the Day of Atonement (Lev. 23.32), but the Pharisees had turned fasting into a favorite expression of piety (Lk. 18.12). The disciples of John (well meaning, but uninstructed) ask Christ why His disciples didn't follow the consensus view regarding the proper expression of mourning and sorrow—"Why do we and the Pharisees fast often, but Your disciples do not fast?" (Matt. 9.14). To their question, the Lord responded with a question, asking if it was proper to be gloomy and sad at a wedding? A lot of crying may go on at a wedding, but the tears shed are usually not tears of depression or dejection. A wedding is a time for joy and celebration, eating and drinking, not fasting (Matt. 11.19). So long as He was with them, said Christ, the order of the day was merriment, not sackcloth and ashes. There is a time for joy and gladness, and at such times, it's not a sign of spiritual maturity to opt for artificial despondency instead.

No metaphor is more suitable to illustrate the joy of Christianity, with its happiness, laughter, and hope, than a wedding.

In the Old and New Testaments, and the Apocrypha, the Messianic age—the time of divine salvation—is often pictured as a wedding feast or banquet. It's a time when all things are ready, and the invitation is given to Come to the feast. It's a time when men who accept the invitation and come to Christ, "go on their way rejoicing" (Acts 8.39).

Jesus was glad about His disciples' gladness. He wasn't resentful that they found something in Him to be giddy about.

To realize that our emptiness is filled with Christ's fulness and that our nakedness is covered by the robes of His love—isn't that enough to give us joy to last until we see our Father's face in heaven?

#### Lord, increase my hate

Years ago on a trip to Russia, I paid P7,000 rubles (\$105) for a painting on an old board I found in a Moscow flea market. The picture, dated 1898, is of St. George slaying the dragon. It now hangs in my house and is a prized piece of art. It also reminds of a theme in the first gospel sermon ever preached in Genesis 3.

Many imagine the serpent in the Garden of Eden as a snake, but I see it more as a dragon (Rev. 12.9). Talking snakes are rare in literature, but talking dragons are a dime a dozen. The serpent may have looked like Puff, but it dripped with the evil of Smaug (1 Jn. 10–15). In a time when silently praying across the street from an abortion clinic, or displaying your national flag, or refusing to admit there are more than two genders have been labeled *hate* crimes, I'm asking God to increase my hate.

- Love comes with a subset of hate. Hatred is a legitimate passion when someone we love is threatened by a third party. The mother who doesn't turn into a she-bear when her child is threatened is a woman who shouldn't be a mother. I need the level of hate possessed by loving mothers.
- *I need to hate evil more than I do.* Too often, I see the dragon who is a homicidal murderer as my friend. When I'm hungry, he tells me to fix myself a sandwich; when I need assurance, he tells me to put God to the test; and when the going gets tough, he tells me take the broad way that is an easy path—after all, the end justifies the means (Matt. 4.1–11). Too often I view his suggestions as being more sensible than Satanic.
- More than just hating evil, I need to abhor it (Rom. 12.9). To abhor something is to be horrified by it. The devil is no angel (2 Cor. 11.13–15) but the most hideous, sickening creature imaginable. To see him as he really is, pull up the videos of the Nazi death camps when they were being liberated; look at the freak shows on the nightly news where the deranged, the disturbed, and the disgusting are portrayed as normal; see the men and women reduced to living skeletons because of the drugs they're addicted to; check the body counts for all the wars currently being waged, and on and on and on.
- I need to hate myself for not hating evil more (Lk. 14.26). I've learned to live with unholiness, looking on it as the natural and expected thing. One of the terrible results of sin is our tolerance of sin. I need to hate myself more for coddling a dragon that means to eat me (1 Pet. 5.8).

kenny