

**Schedule of Meeting Times:**

WKAC 1080 AM Sunday 7:30 AM

*Speaker, Robert Emerson*

Study Sunday 10:00 AM

Worship Sunday 11:00 AM

Worship Sunday 5:00 PM

*Singing every 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday evening*

Study Wednesday 7:00 PM

**Preacher / bulletin editor:** Kris Vilander**Phone:** (256) 472-1065; (256) 472-1042**E-mail:** kris@haysmillchurchofchrist.org**Website:** www.haysmillchurchofchrist.orgCome study  
with us!**Servants during December:****Songleader:** Larry (2); David (9), Chandler (16), Dwight (23), Stanley (30)**Reading:** David**Announcements:** Robert**Communion:** Larry, Chandler, Mike, Lakin**Wednesday Lesson:** Mike (5), Larry (12),

Stanley (19), Kris (26)

**Lawn Mowing (week beginning):**

On winter vacation...

**Singing:** The Leopard's (30)**Area Meetings:****Hays Mill church of Christ**

21705 Hays Mill Road

Elkmont, AL 35620

**The Bible .  
Examiner***"Examine everything carefully..." -1 Thessalonians 5:21 NASB**Volume 1**December 16, 2018**Number 38***AN EMPHASIS ON BAPTISM***By Robert Turner*

The story is told about a preacher who preached on the subject of baptism, sermon after sermon. Finally one member, in desperation, asked him to preach on Genesis 1:1, or creation.

The preacher began, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth—the clouds, the land, and the water—which reminds me..." so they had another sermon on baptism.

It is expedient for us to discuss more thoroughly those subjects about which there is greatest misunderstanding; hence, baptism has had a multiple work-out. Some of us may have emphasized this subject to the neglect of other important topics, but we have not violated the scriptures in teaching the necessity of baptism.

The great commission, sending the Apostles into all the world, and putting in motion the church as a teaching institution, is very clear on the subject. Matthew records Christ as saying, "—make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them—" and Mark reports, "He who has believed and has been baptized shall be saved—," Mt 28:19; Mk 16:16. In the first application of this

commission (Acts 2:38), Peter commands, "Repent, and each of you be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."

In the cases of conversion recorded in the Acts of the Apostles one must be blind indeed not to see baptism. On Pentecost, in Samaria, the eunuch, Saul, Cornelius, Lydia, the Philippians, Corinthians, Ephesians—all were baptized. The evidence is so profuse that discussion is limited by space and time—not material. Then the epistles confirm our findings from Acts of the Apostles. Paul wrote, "Or do you not know that all of us who have been baptized into Christ Jesus have been baptized into His death? Therefore we have been buried with Him through baptism into death, so that as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we too might walk in newness of life," Rom 6:3,4. Did Paul "overemphasize"?

Water was the dividing line between a sin-cursed generation and the clean new world in Noah's time; and Peter said, "Corresponding to that,

baptism now saves you...,” 1 Pet 3:21 The negative clause (“not the removal of dirt from the flesh...”) eliminates direct physical cleansing (“water salvation” as some put it) but actually strengthens the truth. Baptism, a figure, is a God-given figure, required of all who would be saved.

Whatever God requires of us in order to effect our salvation, may be said to “save” us. This is true of faith. If God had not made faith a condition of

salvation, there would be no propriety in saying we are “saved by faith.” Thus, when Peter says we are saved by this figure, baptism, he is fully consistent with every passage that shows baptism is commanded “for the forgiveness of sins,” (see Acts 2:38).

Should we emphasize “baptism”? To the extent this is needed in order to save men’s souls—YES! And woe to the weak in faith who ignore it.

— Via **Plain Talk**, October, 1964 

## *Pennies in the Road*

*By Jason Moore*

It was just a penny. Not even a new penny. Just an old, dirty worn one. I saw it on the sidewalk as I was walking to the grocery store. I saw it like you do so many things as you busy yourself during the day. I was barely conscious of seeing it. It was just “something” I noted along my path like the car that I waited to pass before crossing the street or the bird that landed by the puddle and flitted away. The penny was not an important thing. It was just “something,” another “thing.”

To stop and pick the penny up was too much of a bother. I had other pennies in my pocket. Another penny would just be another coin to fall out of my pocket when I sat in a chair or when I retrieved my keys. It was just another object to empty from my pockets at home, or, being overlooked, to wind up in the washer or making a racket in the dryer. The penny was not worth the trouble. I didn’t muse over all these things when I saw the penny. Those are just some of the reasons that the penny received so little thought. The only thought that

went through my mind was “penny” before it was shoved aside by more important thoughts.

I saw the penny again later—I don’t know how much later. It wasn’t worth taking note of how much time had passed since I saw it last. I’m sure I had passed its exact location many times without seeing it. This time it was on the street. Perhaps I had even kicked it there unknowingly, or, knocking it on several occasions, moved it there in increments. I saw it and I thought “same penny but now in the street” (or something like that) and I thought no more.

Much later—again I know not how long—I passed the dirty, worn penny. It had traveled to a place in the road that had been patched with asphalt. The heat of the sun had softened the asphalt and the frequent passage of traffic over that spot had pressed the penny into the asphalt until it was flush like a sort of seal. I was hardly fascinated with the spectacle though I gave the penny a fleeting second more thought than I had

previously—not for the penny’s sake, but only for its new predicament.


I fear that some people receive as much attention from me as the penny now on the sidewalk, later in the road. I pass by them often, maybe over them at times. I may even nudge or kick or step on them—certainly not on purpose but just because my attention is elsewhere. I don’t think of them as unimportant. I know better. I just don’t think of them at all. To think of them is to be bothered with them and I’m bothered with so many things already. If I carry their burdens along with my own, that’s just something else to fill up my already bulging pockets. That’s just something else to fall out on the floor and interrupt my leisure when I try to sit. That’s just something else to become tangled with other receipts, notes, memos, names and phone numbers stuffed in my pockets. That’s just another thing to come out in the wash—which is fine, but I have enough laundry of my own. It’s just another problem to go round and round with a racket in my mind like a washed and worn penny in the dryer.

It’s not that I muse all those thoughts about other people and their troubles. Those are just a few of the reasons why I give so little thought to them at times. Sometimes I only think “person” and go on my way. They are just another “someone” like the so many “someones” and “somethings” that are

in my path—the “car” that I must wait to pass, the “bird” that drinks from the puddle. Or the “penny” on the asphalt. I’m afraid sometimes such people fall off the sidewalk and into the traffic without my notice—maybe even on my account. It’s not until I just happen to look—not because I was looking for them, but just because I was looking around—and see that they’ve become pressed into one of the ruts on the road. “Now they’ve done it,” I think. “They’ve gotten themselves stuck, and I can do nothing to help, lodged as they are. Wonder why they never asked for help?” Then, my thoughts run on to other things. I gave them a fleeting more second’s thought than I had previously. I briefly pity them for their new predicament and walk on jingling the change in my pocket, oblivious to the pennies in the road.

“Lord, when did we see You hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not take care of You?” Then He will answer them, “Truly I say to you, to the extent that you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to Me,” Mt 25:44,45.

I didn’t drop the penny that fell on the sidewalk and wound up in the road. I just didn’t pick it up.

—Via **Southside Sunday bulletin**, in the **Needmore church bulletin**, Sept 11, 2005 

## *Remember in Prayer*

Lois Adams’ sister, Glenys, died this past week; and at the time of this writing, Dwight’s brother, Kenny Paul, is in hospice care.

Please remember Lois Adams and her brother, Ted; Ruth Black, Carolyn Dennis, Tim and Dot Hice, Polly McNatt, and Hazel Teeple; as well as Buddy’s friend, Herbert Sides. 