

Schedule of Meeting Times:

WKAC 1080 AM Sunday 7:30 AM
 Study Sunday 10:00 AM
 Worship Sunday Morn 11:00 AM
 Worship Sunday Eve 5:00 PM
Singing every 2nd Sunday evening
 Study Wednesday 7:00 PM

Preacher / bulletin editor:

Kris Vilander, (256) 472-1065

E-mail: kris@haysmillchurchofchrist.org

Website: www.haysmillchurchofchrist.org

“...But wishing to justify himself, he said to Jesus, ‘And who is my neighbor?’”

—Luke 10:29

**Servants during July, August:**

Songleader: Stanley (7/27), Larry (8/3), Dwight (10), Stanley (17), Larry (24), Dwight (31)

Reading: Mike (Jul); Larry (Aug)

Announcements: Stanley (Jul); Marty (Aug)

Table: Larry, Marty, Mike (Jul); Mike, Larry, Stanley (Aug)

Wednesday Lesson: Stanley (7/30), Kris (8/6), Larry (13), Stanley (20), Kris (27)

Lawn Mowing (week starting): Larry (7/27), Kris (8/3), Marty (10), Stanley (17), Larry (24), Kris (31)

Hays Mill church of Christ

21705 Hays Mill Road
 Elkmont, AL 35620

The Bible . Examiner

“Examine everything carefully...” 1 Thessalonians 5:21 NASB

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Your Neighbor

By Marty Pickup

You may or may not know me by name. I’m the guy who works the same shift at the plant. I’m the woman who sat at a nearby table the other day at the doughnut shop. I’m the grease-stained mechanic who periodically works on your car. I’m the old man who walks his dog past your house every morning. I’m the teenage hot-rod who cut in front of you on the freeway yesterday, and then glared back in disgust as if it was your fault. I’m the feeble old lady who lives in seclusion in her house down the street. I’m that obnoxious beer guzzler you had to sit by at last night’s baseball game, whose loud mouth you endured through extra innings.

No, I’m not a Christian. I’m just your neighbor.

You might not like the way I live or the way I act. As I see it, a little dishonesty now and then is natural, even necessary. I can use profanity as well as anyone, and I don’t mind

proving it on occasion. I think that happiness in life depends on what you have, what you can get, or what you can accomplish. My life is centered totally around self. Isn’t everybody’s? Maybe God is up there, but I’m not concerned with him. If he has any concern for me, why did he take away my loved ones? I suppose religion is fine for some people, if that’s what they want. But I think those fanatics who let it control their lives are fools. Life is too short, there are too many problems, there’s too much pain. Why should I burden myself with something so restricting? And yet, no matter how hard I try, I don’t ever seem to be able to find the happiness I’m looking for. I don’t understand why.

I’m not a Christian; I’m just your neighbor.

You can see what my problem is even though I can’t. My concepts of God, morality, and true happiness are

distorted. I've misunderstood the purpose for my being here. I don't see sin for what it really is, a crime against my Maker and a cruel oppressor that holds me captive. And I don't realize that eternal punishment is only a heartbeat away. But you understand all this. Will you allow me to continue in my ignorance without even lifting a finger to help? Isn't there anything you can do?

Perhaps if you'd show me some kindness even when I don't deserve it. Strike up a friendly conversation, show an interest in me. And don't be afraid to mention God or morality. Yes, I'll probably think you're a little strange at first but don't you see I need help in thinking about such matters. If left up to me those things would rarely enter my mind. Show to me the joyfulness that you say accompanies one who serves God. Let me see that there really are some people who have found contentment in life. Prove to me that total dedication to Christ lifts a man's

burdens instead of becoming an additional one.

But don't stop there. Invite me to come to worship with you. Ask me to come join you in a Bible study. If I say "no" at first, don't give up on me. Tell me about God's plan of salvation; teach me those noble truths that you know so well. Above all, be patient with me. Don't become easily frustrated when those passages so clear to you do not appear so to me. Slowly and gently remove the scales of denominational religion from my eyes. Help me to be what I should be. Help me so that my soul can be saved too.

You may or may not know me by name, but I'll tell you who I am. I'm one who was going down the road from Jerusalem to Jericho who fell among thieves. I was stripped, I was beaten, and I was left half dead. Some have already seen me, and yet have passed me by. *I'm not a Christian. Won't you please be my neighbor?* 

It Never Rains

By John Gibson

About 34 years ago, while unmarried and living in Beckley, WV, I would occasionally receive a call from my good friend Alan Rich, also single at the time, to ask about playing a round of golf. Though I knew Alan was going to outshoot me, I always enjoyed playing with him and some of

the other members of the church, but there were times I would question Alan about the advisability of driving all the way out to Grandview because of the threat of bad weather. After asking the question a few times, I came to know what the answer was going to be— "It never rains on the

golf course." If he had enough time off from work to play, we were going to play and a little rain wasn't going to stop us.

But then there was the day we were at the Grandview golf course and while the rain had begun to fall, we continued to play. Eventually, I found myself trying to stand upright in a fierce wind, being pelted by hail as I prepared to swing my club, a.k.a. lightning rod, and there came a lightning bolt and clap of thunder that seemed to be simultaneous. Alan looked at the rest of us and said, "It's raining," and we all headed for cover.

As members of a local body, we have obligations to God and one another. We might start with the exhortation to "consider one another in order to stir up love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together," Heb 10:24,25. There is also the obligation to speak to one another and teach and admonish in song, Eph 5:19; Col 3:16. When a church commits itself to authorized financial endeavors, 2 Cor 8, 9, each member should feel an obligation to contribute to meeting that need, 1 Cor 16:1,2. Perhaps it could be summed up this way: "every joint" is to supply what it can and

"every part" is to do its share in contributing to the building up of the body, Eph 4:16.

Now what does this have to do with the story about rain on the golf course? There are going to be times when the most devoted saints, disciples who delight in worshipping God and being with their brothers and sisters, will not be able to assemble. There may come a time when health concerns render one permanently unable to gather with the saints, but I want us to honestly ask ourselves if we are approaching our worship assemblies as we should. Shouldn't those who seek first God's kingdom and righteousness, Mt 6:33, be of the mind that "it never rains on Sunday or Wednesday?" Shouldn't it take, figuratively speaking, hail and lightning to keep us home instead of a few clouds or even a light drizzle?

Please understand, I do not question the legitimacy of all absences, for I know that sickness and failing health can prevent our doing what we most want to do. However, I have observed through the years that when it comes to missing the assemblies of the saints, it takes a lot less "rain" for some than it does for others. 

Remember in Prayer

Please pray for **Barbara; Betty; Carolyn; Deborah and Serenity; Hazel; Kathy M; Pam B, Julie and Violet; Mark Horton; Pam McNatt; and John, Sylvia, and Paige Pollard.**

Kaylee is still hospitalized; **Chandler** is back from the hospital having recovered from his illness; and **Callie** is still dealing with kidney issues. 