

University Heights Messenger

Volume 4--Number 2

January 8, 2012

GOSPEL PLAN OF SALVATION

- Hear the gospel (Romans 10:17)
- Confess faith in Jesus (Romans 10:9-10)
- Believe Jesus is the Christ (John 3:16)
- Be baptized for remission of sins (Acts 2:38)
- Repent from sins (Luke 13:3)
- Live worthy of the calling (Ephesians 4:1)

IN NEED OF PRAYERS

Recent Additions:

Faye Hensley (recovering from open-heart surgery) **Mary Wilson** (she is showing some improvement after being critically injured in a train accident), **Edith Tirey** (has improved and, at the time of this writing, was scheduled to come home in just a few hours), **John Thompson** (scheduled to have knee replacement surgery tomorrow).

List:

Our members: Jeff Howerton, Glenn Kimberlin, Arlena Poynter

Others: Glen Davis, Charlene Antle, Lala Whitson, Tom Curtis, Rita Pagan, Robin Miller, Vina Krassow, Courtney and Aubrey Reeves, John Bennett, Dennis Brennan, Robert and Sarah Brundige, Donald Dawson, Jean Gartland, Gail Stein, Michael Poynter, Taylor Osterling, CJ Nash, The Shepherd family.

Reminder: If you wish to have someone added to the prayer list please submit his or her name and condition to me *in writing*. Thanks.

WEEKLY READING

Sun: Dan 1, Ps 129, Heb 7-8
Mon: Dan 2-3, Ps 130, Heb 9
Tue: Dan 4-5, Ps 131, Heb 10
Wed: Dan 6-7, Ps 132, Heb 11
Thu: Dan 8-9, Ps 133, Heb 12-13
Fri: Dan 10-12, Ps 134, Jas 1-2
Sat: Hos 1, Ps 135, Jas 3-5

LEADERSHIP

ELDERS

Garry Banks
David Collins
John Thompson

DEACONS

Troy Antle
Richard Brundige
Neal Erickson
Adam Litmer
Bill Morelan
Jim Parsons
Pat Seabolt
Matt Thompson

EVANGELIST

Adam Litmer

SERVICES

Sunday

Bible Study: 9:45 AM
Worship: 10:45 AM; 6:00 PM

Wednesday

Bible Study: 7:30 PM

1st Fri. of Month

Singing: 7:30 PM

3rd Fri. of Month

Bible Study: 7:00 PM
(Ask for location)

**College/Young Adult
class begins today!
Material in the back.**

Listen Son!

by Gus Nichols

I have been looking for an opportunity to place this article in the bulletin. Though common language has changed a bit since its writing, few articles have touched me the way this one did. Though all will benefit from it, those of us with young children would do especially well to read and consider what brother Nichols has written. It has made me a better, more aware parent. I hope it does the same for you. AL

Listen son! I have a confession to make as you lie on your pillow, one little hand crumpled under your cheek, and the curls wet about your eyes, as though you had cried yourself to sleep.

Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper, a great wave of bitter remorse swept over my soul. I felt so guilty that I was forced to come to your bedside and seek relief.

As I tried to read my paper tonight, my thoughts rambled back over the day, and brought to me a hot, burning sense of shame and regret, because I had been so cross to you today. This morning, when you awoke and came in to put your little arms about my neck, I scolded you because you were not fully dressed. When you were dressing for school, I criticized you for merely giving your face a dab with the towel. You did not shine your shoes, and left some of your things upon the floor.

At breakfast I also found fault. You spilled some juice, gulped down your food, and put your elbows upon the table. I grew bitter and very unkind when you neglected to brush your teeth. And when you started off to school, and I was leaving for my work, you waved your little hand and said, "Bye daddy." But I only frowned and said, "Straighten up, and hold

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your shoulders back.”

Then it began all over again in the afternoon. As I was coming in from work, I spied you at play down on your knees upon the ground. I reproved you before your little friends, and made you march before me up to the house. I informed you that clothing is very costly, and that if you had to buy and wash your own clothes you would be more careful. How stupid! How foolish, to think that clothes is everything and a child is nothing! Imagine that, son, from a father!

And because you forgot to clean your feet when coming into the house, I drove you out. When you finally came back inside, I reproved you for wanting to laugh and play when there are always important things to be done. You were told that the living room is a place for company, and is not a place for kids to romp and play.

Finally, when I was reading my paper in my favorite rocker, you came in softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes. I glanced up and frowned at you for interrupting me, but you hesitated and stood still. Then I snapped out, “What do you want?” You said nothing, but made a tremendous plunge and landed in my lap. You threw your little arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again. You hugged me tight with affection which God planted in your little heart, and which my cruel neglect had not destroyed. Finally you went away, and off to bed.

Well, son, when I tried to read my paper again, it soon fell from my hands, and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself, as I really was, an unreasonable, and overbearing father. I felt sick at heart, and my thoughts troubled me more than I can express. What had habit been doing to me? The habit of bitterly criticizing and faultfinding? And why should such a sweet little boy have to suffer so much for simply being a child, and not a full-grown man?

Son, it was not that I did not love you, but because I put a man’s head upon a boy’s shoulders. There was so much in you that was lovely, beautiful and fine, that I should have acted upon the proverb that an ounce of praise is worth a pound of criticism. True, you are not perfect, but you are as fine and

good mannered as the best of children around us, and that in spite of the fact that your little heart has starved for love and appreciation. You did not deserve my treatment of you, my son. Your little heart is as big as the dawn at the rising sun, and as deep as the ocean wide.

This was demonstrated by your impulse to rush in and kiss me “Good night,” even when you feared what the outcome might be. But I am not too busy now, son! I have come to kneel at your bedside, choking with emotion, and in deep repentance! I know you could not understand these things if I were to say them to you in your waking hours. But I have come to make free and full confession, and I have prayed to God to strengthen me in my high resolve and purpose of heart.

Tomorrow, I will be a real daddy. I will chum with you, suffer with you, laugh and play with you, and help you to be happy. In the future all correction and discipline shall be exercised in wisdom and sweetened by love. I will bite my tongue when impatient criticism seeks utterance. I will keep saying over and over in my mind: “He is nothing but a mere child, and needs tender care.” Yes, I shall be cheerful and good-natured, and keep my home happy. I will be the father I should be. In the past I have asked entirely too much of you, my darling—too much!

Dear boy! My dear little son! I want to thank you for what you have done for me! Your unbounded love and unoffended innocence have brought me humbly to your little bed in the moonlight tonight this confession to make. God bless and keep you, my sweet little son, and make me more like you! I now kiss your little fingers and forehead. Good night! Good night, little son! Good night, my darling!

Sermons: **AM** What’s so important about authority? **PM** “The meekness and gentleness of Christ”

Reading: **AM** (Matthew 21:18-32) **PM** (Matthew 21:33-46)