

any sports. It feels like your stomach is up in your esophagus.

## STRESS

Doctor Hans Selwye, the recognized expert on stress believes it causes all diseases. I don't agree with that, but every doctor I've ever talked to says it causes half of them. Stress is very easy to define. It means, "*Feeling Out of Control*". And that is exactly what worry is.

When I came to my new church in Anderson in 1971, it was an administrative nightmare. There was no such thing as a church calendar. All the organizations did what they wanted to when they wanted to. One organization would not change their meeting the week we planned a revival, so I made everybody put on a calendar what they planned to do and if it interfered with something else they would have to change their date. Nobody likes to change, so they got mad at me. The only people who like change are babies and they cry while you do it.

The church had a budget of \$110,000. The problem was their offerings were \$90,000.

When your outgo exceeds your income then your upkeep becomes your downfall.

I told the Finance Committee this and we created a budget of \$100,000 to challenge the church a little bit. When we let people know they could not spend what was in that \$110,000 budget they jumped on me.

In order for our church to grow I knew we needed to appeal to young married couples because they would bring their children. I decided to have a couples Sunday School class, something Southern Baptists we're totally against. I shared it with the deacons they told me we didn't need couples classes. By that time I figured I wasn't going to last

long at that church so I said, before I leave, I'm going to get it right for the next guy. I started a couples' class and before the year was out we had 50 people coming and the offerings were above \$110,000 and things got better. (It always does when the money comes in.)

In all my life I had never been sick. I never missed one day of school in grades one through twelve (except the day my buddy and I decided to play hooky beside a creek). But during that first year I had a chronic sore throat. I gargled; I took pills. One doctor put me on steroids. Another doctor said I needed surgery. When he said that I made an appointment with a throat specialist in Atlanta, who I went to high school with.

Waiting for the appointment my family and I went on vacation and I was cured, my throat never hurt. We were driving home up I-85 and we came to the "Anderson County" sign. The instant I saw it, my throat started hurting.

I told my Dr. friend this and he said there is a little muscle inside our throats that gets tense when we are under stress. He gave me something called "Cerax", what we called back then "tranquillizers". My throat got well. Four hundred years before Christ Plato said

"The biggest mistake physicians make is treating the body but not the mind. They must be treated together because they go together."

I really thought I was leaving that church but God stepped in (the offerings went up) and I stayed. I became like the new preacher to whom a lady said, "I feel sorry for you, young man. You're going to have to please 300 people and you can't do it." He pointed upward and said, "Maam, I only have to please one person and that is God!" I've been doing that ever since.