

THE NEW YORK YANKEES IN THE 1950'S

Let's go back to the 1950s when I was in high school. Almost every boy wanted to be Mickey Mantle and every girl wanted to marry him. He was the young, strong, handsome, center-fielder for the New York Yankees (America's team). Mickey loved to have fun and he drank too much. Way too soon, alcohol brought him to his deathbed in a hospital in Dallas.

Teammate Bobby Richardson had witnessed to him through the years, trying to get him to accept Christ, all to no avail. Bobby went to see him in Dallas to try again but before he could say anything, Mickey flashed his big Oklahoma smile and said, "Bobby, I have accepted Jesus. I am a Christian."

When Bobby got back to the hotel room, he told his wife and she found it difficult to believe and went to see for herself. She asked Mickey if he was sure he was going to heaven and he smiled and quoted John 3:16:

"For God so loved *Mickey Mantle* that He gave His only-begotten son so if *Mickey Mantle* believes (*puts his trust*) in him he will never perish but will have eternal life."

When Jesus Died.

Matthew 27:50; Mark 15:37; Luke 23:46a

When Jesus shouted, "It is Finished" the earth shook; some recently buried people left their graves and walked away; the heavy temple curtain was torn from top to bottom so anyone in Jesus can approach God and a Roman Captain said, "Surely this man was the Son of God." But next, when he died, he whispered a prayer to his heavenly Father, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit." He quoted *Psalms 31:15a* Bible verse *and* the prayer every Jewish mother taught her children to pray at bedtime. Facing death, all pretenses and secondary things fall away,

and we get back to basics- life, death, judgment and eternity. But most of all, we never get away from our Bibles.

Sixty-Six Years

I have been a child of God, a fully forgiven sinner, a pilgrim on his way to heaven for 66 years and this poem sums it up for me.

My Bible and I

We've traveled together, my Bible and I
Through all kinds of weather with
smiles and with sighs
In sorrow or sunshine, tempest or calm
Thy friendship unchanging
my lamp and my song
So now who shall part us,
My Bible and I
Shall "Scisms" or "Isms" or "New
lights" who try
Oh no my dear Bible, giver of light
the sword of the Spirit, that puts error
to flight
And still through life's journey, Until my
last sigh / we will travel together
my Bible and I

When Mendy was around two years old, she had to go through seven hours of kidney surgery. They put her on the rolling bed and I thought I was going to die. I had an out-of-body experience for seven hours. I apologized Sunday to everyone who came to see us in the waiting room because I did not remember one who came. When the surgery was over Dr. Murray came in and said, "I was more worried about Bob than I was about Mendy." The whole time she was gone I had one thing on my mind, Deut. 33:27 underneath are the everlasting arms."

My little girl was not in the hands of doctors and nurses she was in the hands of God. Are you in His hands today. If you live by the Bible, you can die by the Bible

Sunday's Message

"What is a True Hypocrite