

WE ARE ALL BUILDERS OF ROADS

Text: “Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way” (Heb, 12:13)

Where would any of us be without roads?

The ease or the difficulty of travel depends on the roads others built for us and we build for others.

I. *The Bible Makes Much of the Figure of Roads and Road Building.*

Isaiah talks of a highway, the way of holiness: the Lord Jesus said, “I am the way.” Luke calls his early disciples “those of the way.”

II. *We Are All Road-Makers*

Every step we take is the making of a track even if it be only like a trail through a forest. Everybody goes the same way many times: acts become habits, and what was once a faint trail becomes a broad and open road. Yes, we are busy road making every day and every hour.

III. *What Kind of Roads Are We Making?*

Is there anything impressive and majestic about them? Do they suggest dignity and strength? Are they straight or crooked? Are they fearless roads, going straight to their destination? Are they winding and deceptive roads, leading to a precipice or ending in a swamp? Are we making rough roads, full of loose sharp flints or smooth roads, where the stones have been gathered and every thorn removed? What kind of roads are we making?

IV. *Why Ask the Question?*

Because somebody is following on and will use our roads. And perhaps the one following on is lame, or only a poor walker, and the character of the road is of infinite concern. The one following us may be lame in will and purpose! Or lame in desire and self-control! Or lame in affection! And the lame one is perhaps your own son, and he is coming down your road! What about it? Is it all right? Is it safe for the son and the family? Is it safe for anybody and everybody else? Will they stumble on your road? Will they go astray? Will they be pilgrims of the night or pilgrims of the light? Do your roads lead in the darkness, or into the dawn? Make straight paths for your feet, somebody is just behind! Make them scrupulously straight and put your best work into them, “lest that which is lame be dislocated”.

Someone was once walking on a New York road that was in terrible disrepair. He asked a friend, “How is it that this road is in such disrepair?” and the friend answered, “The stuff that ought to be in the road is in the contractor’s pocket!” and so it is: the roads we make are no better than ourselves.

THE SAGA OF TOBIAS JONES

Good morning, children,
I’m Miss Pool
Your teacher here
In Sunday School.

Now put away your toys and games and let me try to say your name.

Andrew, Sarah, Peter, Sue,
Todd and Bridget, Mary Lou,
Amanda, Douglas, and who’s there
Hiding underneath the chair?
Tobias Jones—come join us, Dear,
I have a space for you right here.

Let’s sing a song—what will it be?
Tobias, you are quick I see
What song? Oh, my! Don’t think I’m cruel, but
we can’t sing *that* in Sunday School.

Perhaps a prayer before we start
Let’s close our eyes and bow our hearts.
Both eyes, Tobias! “Now, Lord, begin to help us
learn of you. Amen.”

Today we’ll tell of Noah
And the ark he built from wood.
The animals entered two by two,
And then God sent a flood.
For forty days and – Tobias, please!
I don’t know how he caught the fleas!

But anyway the water rose
Around that boat so big.
Until they stopped and Noah said—
Who’s making noises like a pig?
Tobias, I am warning you—
What’s that?! The bell—Oh No!!
I haven’t finished and its times
For all of you to go.

Well, next week we will finish up,
Be here to start on time.
Good morning, Mrs. Jones. Tobias??
Oh, of course, he did just fine!

A FEW YEARS LATER...

Good morning, Junior Boys’ Class
I’m your teacher, Brother Ned,

I want to make it clear right now—
I’ll have to knock some heads,
If you do like you did last week
With the spit-wads and the planes
For a small reserve of patience,
Is now all that I retain.

Just don’t give me any trouble,
Do we understand each other?
That goes twice for you, Tobias Jones,
Since last year I taught your brother!

A FEW YEARS LATER...

Welcome, Junior High guys!
To your first weekend retreat,
I’ve come to be your chaperone,
And you can call me Pete.

We’re gonna have a real good time,
We’ll put you through your paces,
I’m glad your folks could pay your way
What with the current cost of braces.

Anyhow—one thing I’ll tell you
Before I let you go:
The girls’ side is off limits!

Did you hear me, Toby Jones?
Where is Toby? I just saw him
Sorting through his bag of junk...
Never mind—I hear a female shriek—
“Toby’s lizards in my bunk!”

AND FINALLY...

Now that Senior High School Youth Camp,
Always has at least one rebel,
Whose pranks may range from midnight raids,
To food fights at the table.
And I’m sure you’ve guessed by this time,
Where the likeliest prospect lay,
Yes—you guessed it—it’s not other
Than our own Tobias J.

So, you can probably imagine
Everybody’s great surprise
That night Toby came to Jesus—
They could scarce believe their eyes.

But it’s not quite so amazing
As it might appear to be.
You see, Toby had some teachers
Who had guided faithfully.
Through the years they’d helped to mold him
To the man he would become,
And the best part of this story
Comes a few years later on.

In the Junior Boy’s Department
Of the church at 5th and Rone
Where a young man says, “Good morning,
guys!”
I’m your teacher, Toby Jones!

-Judi Braddy, *Glad Tidings*



LIBERTY

Liberty Baptist Church, 318 1st Street, Carmi, Illinois

Pastor Stephen Dice - 540-808-7112

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Dice Family News:

There have been some big changes in recent days for my grandparents, Rev. Leonard and Mrs. Sharon Dice. Because of some health complications due to advancing years, this past week they moved up to Iowa. They are now living in the home of my parents, Pastor Kevin and Mrs. Lori Dice. I thank you for your friendship to these wonderful people that I have had the privilege to call Grandpa and Grandma and ask that you would keep them as well as my parents in your prayers in this transition time.

If you would like to write to them their new address is:

1615, 270th Street, Washington IA 52353

Young-uns are like puppies. A pup that knows a lot of tricks ain't smarter than others; it just had somebody spend time on it.



Be not concerned nor be surprised, if what you do is criticized. There'll always be some folks who can, find fault with every man.
 Mistakes are made, we can't deny, **BUT ONLY MADE BY THOSE WHO TRY!**

The Family Bible

Old Brother Higgins built a shelf
 For the family Bible to rest itself
 Lest a sticky finger or grimy thumb
 Might injure the delicate pages some.
 He cautioned his children to touch it
 not

And it rested there with never a blot
 Though the Higgins tribe were a
 troublesome lot.

His neighbor, Miggins, built a shelf
 "Come children," he said, "and help
 yourself."

His book is old and ragged and worn,
 With some of the choicest pages torn,
 Where children have fingered and
 thumbed and read.

But of the Miggins tribe I've heard it
 said, each carries a Bible in his head.

THERE ARE MANY BUSINESSES, institutions and organizations in every town and area that are important and useful. However, none of them can even begin to compare with the Bible preaching church. The church is so important to Jesus that He gave His life for it. The church is important to the Christian because he is spiritually fed and encouraged through it. We need her love, worship, warmth and fellowship. The church is important to lost people because she gives out the Gospel message of Christ, who alone is able to save and keep you. The church is the only institution that holds out a message of hope in the face of death.

I'LL JUST QUIT!

I've taught a class for many years,
 Borne many burdens, toiled through
 tears.

But folks don't notice me a bit.
 I'm so discouraged—I'll just quit.

Sometime ago I joined the choir
 That many folks I might inspire,
 But people don't seem moved a bit,
 I'm so discouraged—I'll just quit.

Christ's cause is hindered everywhere,
 And folks are dying in despair.
 The reason why? Just think a bit:
 The church is full of folks who quit.

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I
 shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in
 green pastures: he leadeth me
 beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul: he
 leadeth me in the paths of
 righteousness for his name's
 sake.

Yea, though I walk through the
 valley of the shadow of death, I
 will fear no evil: for thou art
 with me; thy rod and thy staff
 they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before
 me in the presence of mine
 enemies: thou anointest my
 head with oil; my cup runneth
 over.

Surely goodness and mercy
 shall follow me all the days of
 my life: and I will dwell in the
 house of the Lord for ever.

Little Things

Ruth Miller Denning

A little more meekness, by means of grace.
 A little more patience, in problems to face.
 A little more hope, to banish the tears.
 A little more confidence, to lessen the fears.
 A little of each, seems a tiny mite.
 But combined will expel, much wrong for
 right.