**SERVICE SCHEDULE for February 21, 2021**

**Announcements for the Week** Buck Phillips

**Morning Service Evening Service**

**Prayer-** Buck Phillips **Prayer-** Buck Phillips

**Song Leader-** Connor LaChappelle **Song Leader-** Mark Tally

**Communion:**

**-- Comments –** Andy Fuller **Comments –** Connor L

**-- Assisting –** Dean Shacklock **Communion –** Cliff Davis

**-- Assisting –** Jared Davis

**-- Assisting –** Brandon Esque

**-- Assisting –** Curran LaChappelle

**-- Scripture –** Lucian Griffing **Scripture –** Jared Davis

**Closing Prayer-** Ben Wofford **Closing Prayer-** Darryl Griffing

**Wednesday Night – February 24, 2021**

**First Prayer–** Connor LaChappelle

**Song Leader –** Jason LaChappelle

**Invitation –** Buck Phillips

**Closing Prayer –** Cliff Davis

**Sunday Evening Service –** Curran LaChappelle

**Upcoming Assignments**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **February** | **Communion** | **Cleaning** |
| **21** | Johnson | Please try to pick up after services |
| **28** | N Griffing |  |

**Good Thoughts --**

**Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.**

**To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism; to steal from many is research. Nevertheless, it is still stealing.**

**Satan wants you to think that you are diagonally parked in a parallel universe.**

**No matter how “poor” you think you are, as long as you are in Christ, your are rich beyond compare.**

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***Schedule of Services***

**Sunday: 9 a.m., 10 a.m. & 5 p.m. Wednesday: 7:00 p.m.**

**Phone Bridge Call: (678) 701-5124**

**Wi-Fi Password: church1234**

**This bulletin is published weekly. Edited by Bill McIlvain.**

**Send any articles for the bulletin to** [**Preacher@covingtonchurchofchrist.com**](mailto:Preacher@covingtonchurchofchrist.com)

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**Elders: Jason LaChappelle, Bill McIlvain**

**Deacons: Cliff Davis, Darryl Griffing, Buck Phillips**

**February 21, 2019**

***Killed By Beasts***

1. What son of Jacob, according to his brothers, was killed by a wild animal?

2. What prophet saw two female bears devour the children who had poked fun at his baldness?

3. What animals devoured the foreigners who had moved into Israel?

4. What animal killed a man for disobeying the old prophet of Bethel?

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***The Room***

**Author Unknown**

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endlessly in either direction, had very different headings.

As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I have liked." I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one.

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***The Room***

**Continued**

And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match.

A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird. "Books I Have Read,” “Lies I Have Told," "Comfort I have Given," "Jokes I Have Laughed at."

I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. The sheer volume of the life I had lived overwhelmed me. Could it be possible that I had the time in my 50 years to write each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.

When I pulled out the file marked "Songs I have listened to," I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly, and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of music, but more by the vast amount of time I knew that file represented.

When I came to a file marked "Lustful Thoughts," I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me.

One thought dominated my mind: "No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it

Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. And then I saw it. The title bore "People I Have Shared the Gospel With." I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand.

And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that the hurt started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key.

But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him. No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments that I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did He have to read every one?

Finally, He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me. Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files.

Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no, " as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, and so alive.

The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side. Reaching the blood of Christ in baptism allowed this to happen.

He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished." I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written. Where do I go from here?

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**Answers from page 1**

1. Joseph [Genesis 37:33]

2. Elisha [2 Kings 2:24]

3. Lions [2 Kings 17:24-25]

4. A lion [1 Kings 13:20-32]

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