

“FOLLOW ME” I.O.U.

Inside

BLOWN UP or BLINDED in 3 SECONDS would have been the disastrous results of a person I was training to work in the printed circuit electroplating room I was the director of. This trainee was clearly someone who detested anyone telling him, “You FOLLOW ME; follow my instructions. When filling this tank put the large amount of water in first and then add this dangerous acid. Do you understand? Do you follow?” The explosion was averted, but the teacher – student relationship was caustic from that moment on. In the workplace, in yours and mine, rules and instructions protect lives leave no place for stubborn independent actions.

I remember a childhood teacher/student, leader/follower game that was one of my early favorites; maybe yours too...Follow-The-Leader. The more followers I had and the longer they FOLLOWED ME, the higher my ego climbed. Little did I realize then what a dangerous journey I began.

I'm now reading a book of the life and character of the giant-killer that became king. Many of its pages are filled with scripture and sadness. My struggle often, is to continue reading. I'm seeing again the terrible murderous consequences that are harvested when David was a hero to be followed on the battlefield, but then shirked his “FOLLOW ME” leadership at home.

As I read, my spirit continues to ask me if I've displayed a double standard “FOLLOW ME” as God-assigned leader of my home. In our homes do we try the “Do as I say, not as I do” process, and then wonder why God is not honored by every family member? This segment reminds me of the FOLLOW ME – I. (Inside)

Outside

Wings the size of a football field flexed as the Goliath of jet aircraft came into view with cautious adjustments for perfect runway alignment. The 32 plus tires will have little clearance for miscalculation. The engines large enough to swallow a bus, are throttled back and this actual aircraft makes contact with the runway. This monster airplane took its time to come to a stop with no other aircraft challenging its position. The pilot must have imagined the little truck with the yellow beacon to be grasshopper-sized as it moved with confidence out in front of the Goliath jet. The little truck turned so it was facing the same direction as the jet. A switch was flipped on and a large sign on the back of the truck came to life with large bright letters that told the pilot, “FOLLOW ME”.

Without hesitation two of the monster engines became louder, and the monster followed the grasshopper. But why not? You see, under the two bright words, “FOLLOW ME” were two smaller words that spelled out, “AIRPORT AUTHORITY”.

Like a big semi-tractor trailer truck following a little kid pulling a little red wagon, the two vehicles made their way along the well lighted taxiway to the assigned parking spot for the 32 tires and all they carried. It doesn't take hours in pilot training to understand the little FOLLOW ME truck knew exactly where he was going... he'd been there many times before... his goal was to get the Goliath jet safely to the right place.

In stark contrast, you can see the many passengers getting off the jet and entering the airport corridors. Many are intent on using their pocket communicators and obeying the rules of their favorite social network; something like Twitter for instance. Thumbs fly over the miniature keyboard following

the “FOLLOW ME” rules of engagement. But that's where the disaster begins. Social networking prides itself on all the secrecy and free thinking of every person. Using secret codes and made-up names welcomes deceit, deception, and disaster anyone anywhere on earth, where thumbs respond to the “dead-end” FOLLOW ME's. There is no accountability; no “communicator authority”. There is no more perfect garden for evil actions and daily disasters.

Upward

Duck-Talk Translation is not one of the gracious gifts God has given me. But I witnessed a parade of 9 little fuzzy balls with feet, stopping a second to bite a blade of grass and then scurry back up in line following their beautiful Canadian Goose mom. While mom is looking side to side for danger, I'm guessing her soft quack-quacks are “FOLLOW ME and stay close” life saving commands.

Sitting in my car near the lakeside I soak up the warm sun and smile at God's incredible school all around me. In almost any direction I look, I'm reminded by His gift of nature and all its tender and sometimes terrifying reminders for me to “FOLLOW HIM”. I feel a very special position in His creation in that I'm to FOLLOW HIM, not by instinct with robot actions, but by faith and love as child follows their parent.

I can't remember how many decades ago I began thinking of my earthly existence as a school; a daily – almost moment by moment classroom filled with walls, books, and blackboards endlessly echoing to me, “FOLLOW ME. I have made you and all you see. No one loves you more than me. FOLLOW ME”.

Sunday mornings I would put on my best clothes, glance around the inside of our log cabin home made with railroad ties and the large limestone fireplace. In a few moments I was in my junior class reciting with joy, “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want...”

How is it that 6 decades later I still hear the “FOLLOW ME”? The problem with this FOLLOW ME is that “ME” is actually me; myself. I make myself my own leader. With no more brains than a duck, we can see this spells trouble; the kind that would take any jet airplane down in flames with no survivors.

The on-course life must understand that making Christ our Savior and thanking Him for our salvation paid for by His shed blood is not the only credo for the strong happy Christian. He must nothing less than our Savior AND LORD. The “and Lord” is our making His “FOLLOW ME” voice through His word, our daily destination. Our daily steadfastness to His FOLLOW ME leading must be so clear and consistent others can be drawn to the Lord Jesus as we disciple them in word and deed.

THE ULTIMATE is the very near event for every born-again Christian everywhere. It will be when He appears in the clouds and calls us to FOLLOW HIM to a heavenly home. That promised home He has prepared for us to spend a blessed eternity praising Him for all goodness; that is to each person that has made the life-choice to FOLLOW HIM”.

A Walking Black Hole by Gramps Curtis

“**A monstrous black emptiness**” might be the start at describing what astronomers identify as a particular space object that pretty much defies description. I think I just met a walking black hole yesterday and it really set me to thinking.

A black hole in space contains such intense gravity that it won't even let light out. No light shines toward us, so we see only a black nothing.

Seated in my booth, I began munching on my order of french fries, wondering how I might be of use to the Lord with fries in my hand. A mother and her twentyish daughter were in a booth within earshot. The daughter, we'll call Judy, was talking on her cellphone to her boyfriend. Judy repeated to him several times, “I need to get a job!” Her statements were easy to hear, even without serious eavesdropping.

With my french fries almost gone, and Judy still talking to her friend, I asked her mom if Judy had a resume. “No” was a surprise answer to me. “Well, what kind of skills does she have?” “She's a graphics designer.” “Well, that could cover a lot of things. Specifically what kind of artist is she?” At that point, Judy (still on the phone) overheard the Q and A I was having with her mother, and terminated the call.

The surprises continued as I learned this graphics designer of stationary, cards and other items, has no business cards, no website that showcases her work – nothing. She was a twentyish walking black hole of identification. I made several suggestions and even offered to discuss a preliminary website, I would provide at no cost. (I've done this for many missionaries and churches.) As they were leaving, I handed her mom my business card as a contact point.

With serious eye contact with both ladies, I stressed the importance of being ready always, at a moment's notice, to identify one's mission and only pertinent contact information. “Here's my card, though I'm not selling anything on my website,” I said with a courteous smile. I wished them well and left.

Since that encounter, I've thought a great deal about we Christians and our job identified in the Great Commission. You and I are dealing not with a designer job, but the eternal future of those who are lost and without any hope in this life and beyond. The question I ask myself (and you) is, “How prepared are we?” How prepared am I, at a moment's notice, to clearly and compassionately identify the mission of Jesus Christ and His 'job', that only He could do by His shed blood on the Cross of Calvary?

My desire is to present Him in something more concise than a tract with very small print that takes thirty minutes to read. Caution reminds me that many around us have poor vision and inadequate reading skills. This requires you and I to reach them with a prepared, well thought out, and prayed over card or tract. It must show we really mean business in snatching those lost souls around us, away from the black hole of sin and its eternal abyss without Jesus Christ.

You'd better be on the job, every minute, everywhere. Jesus is coming soon... french fries or not.

P.S. I know a fantastic employer. His address is at Matthew 6:33

© 2010 Work.Space Programming EvangelismGold.com grampscurtis@gmail.com
Permission is given to store and share by any means without charge or change.

....

Fast Flight to Nowhere by Gramps Curtis

Screeching angry tires tell you that your airplane has just touched down on it's designated runway. The engines are reversed and straining with all their might to obey their pilot's commands. But you assure yourself, you're not home yet. There remains that all important truck on the runway ahead. The bright flashing yellow beacon is easy to see out your little window as the plane taxis off the main runway. The flashing lights beneath the beacon are a welcome command for your pilot to "FOLLOW ME". Your not really 'home' until the "FOLLOW ME" sign is followed along the correct taxiway and you hook up to the correct air terminal gate.

It's not hard for any of your fellow passengers to focus on home, friends, safety, and comfort; and forget about that "FOLLOW ME" out in front. With just a bit of closer inspection out your little window, you see below the truck's FOLLOW ME sign. It says in bold letters, "Airport Authority". Your mind fills these final moments in your cramped seat by taking some comfort in that A.A. declaration.

By contrast, you try to visualize TWO trucks out in front of you and your airplane. BOTH of the trucks are almost identical and both flash "FOLLOW ME". Your mind tries to imagine what would be going through your pilot's mind, and yours too. Sounds pretty ugly doesn't it? Will you ever get home?

Our computer screens, these days, are often beckoning us to "FOLLOW ME" as social networking creeps deeper into our daily agendas. This really is nothing new. My Bible feeding each day often reminds me of various social networks and their results. Allow me to briefly note just a few.

With my current feeding having recently covered the "David and Goliath" episode, we'll look there. [1]Goliath, as the BIG giant enemy Philistine, had his following in the persons of the whole Philistine army. He was clearly out front with his loud boasting about his own superiority against anyone the Israelites could bring forth. [2]There that same day was the BOSS of the Israelite nation, King Saul. He certainly had his following. He often raged with jealousy because his followers; his social network of admirers were less than those of David. [3]David stood before the giant with BRAVERY as his shining armor. He wasn't skilled in the weapons of war, and didn't use any. What's interesting about David's following was that he didn't care about them or how many there were. He cared only about the following of One; the One true God of Heaven.

This is in stark contrast to the leadership game I played as a child. I tried to get as many as I could to FOLLOW ME, and see how far they would follow. However, David only cared about One.

With only a slight variation, we have the same social networking battle before us most every day. The BIG social network we must battle presently is Twitter. Twitter makes it easy to contact millions upon millions of youth and adults the world over, 24/7. You build your network by coaxing others to FOLLOW YOU (in Twitter). That means they'll link up to you and everyone else already linked to you. Now the ugly thing about following someone in Twitter is that they aren't really going anywhere, because no one knows anywhere worthwhile to go.

[4]Our final "FOLLOW ME" (thank God), is actually written in blood; the Son of God's blood. He tells us over and over, to follow Him, because He made you and I, and airplanes too. His actions declare the severity of choosing and following Him, by case histories of those who have and those who have not. Scripture's examples cover all types of people, circumstances, and places. He says He gave us technology and communication to show His power and our responsibility to praise Him with all His gifts.

Maybe just as important, is to remember that others are "FOLLOWING ME". That is, good or bad, my words, attitudes, and actions are a guide-on to those I might least expect. Am I leading them toward an eternal home and the One that loves them most... or that quicksand.

Where is your beacon leading others? Make sure your flight plan is Heaven blessed.

Heart Talkin' Machine by Gramps Curtis

“Heart Talkin' Machine” were the words written across the front of the the cardboard box. Below the words were drawn mysterious things that looked like dials, levers, and switches. The 'heart machine' sat on top of another box in the middle of the largest room in an old shed. The dozen or so young people sitting indian-fashion were watching every move their silver-haired club leader made in pretending to be working the knobs and switches 'drawn' on the machine.

Each movement seemed to be very cautious and not hurried in any way. The only noise; the only background noise was the panting of Bowser, the computer club's mascot dog, on guard near the creaky door that always announced any late arrivals each Thursday's meeting.

Gramps would occasionally look over his shoulder to make sure all the clubbers were watching him. After a few moments the old gentleman turned around to face the youth and explained his actions and his cardboard computer heart talkin' machine. His eyes met the eyes of each and every young person in the room with a loving intensity of a heart surgeon.

His first words were, “Ain't nothin' I love more than tellin' stories to young people that makes them happy and reminds them about the incredible love that Jesus has every day, for each and every one of us. And He keeps on loving us no matter if we've been good or bad. Isn't that great?!” With a little smile, Gramps told the clubbers that he liked computers but was never sure if something in one of them might jump out and grab him.

While still looking at the young people, the old gentleman tapped on the side of the “heart Talkin' Machine and then said, “My heart machine here, does a very important job. This tennis ball stuck on this stick is my pretend microphone. I tell my stories of love and laughter into the tennis ball – I mean microphone, and the machine makes all my words clear and plain.”

Gramps pointed to a little twig sticking out of the front of the cardboard heart machine as though it was super powerful but very delicate. “Now this switch here is probably the most important. When I turn it on, it gets rid of all the background noise; even Bowser's continual panting. See, when I share stories from my heart, it's really important there is no distraction or noise that might mix up the words. So ya' see? This switch is one I need to use real often.”

After a few more explanations how the Heart Talkin' Machine worked, Janie struggled to her feet with a firm grasp on her cane. She made slow progress to the front where Gramps was still sitting. Janie held out a small twig to Gramps. The old club leader accepted the twig with a questioning look. The often sad eyes of the little girl asked, “Gramps. Would you fix this twig in my button hole? That's gonna be my noise switch.”

Janie continued, “See, whenever my leg gets to hurtin' real big, I tell Jesus to help me not to cry. But more than that, you've told us clubbers how people hurt Jesus really bad. So bad that our words can't explain it all. But I remember you said Jesus had to suffer awful, to pay for all the nasty things I've done; you called them sins. Well, Gramps,” pointing at the noise switch in her button hole, I want Jesus to hear me real clear, that I wish I could tell Him a love story, 'cuz I know He hurts too...”

Friend, do you have a button hole near your heart that needs used? I'm sure your neighbor does.

© Work.Space Programming www.EvangelismGold.com GrampsCurtis@gmail.com
Permission is given to store, share, or translate without charge to those around you.

Roofing: *It's Life or Death !*

It's really strange the roof God designed for the Tabernacle; that portable church tent that was with the Jewish people as they spent 40 years wandering in the wilderness. I'm still very curious to know why goat's hair was used with the curtains for the roof of that Tabernacle. Oh, well... God knows why and that's good enough for me.

On the other hand, God was very explicit to His instructions to Moses as to who was allowed to touch and move that roof of curtains. He said it was to be Gershonites and no one else; if anyone else touched that roof, no matter how sincere they were, they were dead. Obedience to God is not optional.

Another famous roof was the one that was torn apart; literally. Mark chapter 2 tells us about a sick man and his 4 faithful friends. The Bible story that actually happened is in among my childhood VBS memories. Even though Jesus was preaching to a packed house, the faith of these 4 friends tore the roof off; at least a portion of it, to lower their palsied friend toward the healing touch of the Master.

Now if that isn't faith in action and compassion toward your neighbor, I don't know what is. Maybe we each need to ask ourselves each day, if we care enough for those around us to put our own agendas on hold, to help a needy person closer to our Master, Jesus Christ.

Rahab used her roof to save the lives of two of God's people... And later her obedience to directions given her regarding a scarlet thread, the lives of her household were spared.

These are but a few historical events that remind us that God sees beneath our roofs and deeper into our hearts; whether we follow Him as our Savior and Master, and whether we have a heartfelt faith-lead compassion for those around us.

Tears Ona Keyboard

How Jennie ached sitting at her bedroom computer. It was that deep ongoing ache that seemed to be born in the heart rather than all the arthritic joints of her 23 year old body. Her ache never seemed to diminish though tears often tried to wash it away.

“Jamadotts”, as she's known in her emails and Christian forums, isn't really bed-fast, but she is home-bound. She'd squeeze to pieces in love, those couple church folks that touch base with her each day and run necessary errands.

Jamadotts again sat before her keyboard staring at her blank monitor as though it was a real window open to the whole world. Oh, how she wanted, I mean ached, to make a difference for Jesus. As always before, the monitor image began to blur. It was those double-deep tears again. How many times, had she asked herself what she'd done wrong, or some sin not confessed, that God had put her on the shelf, or more likely, in His Great Commission rubbish pile?

The hurt was driven deeper, every time she'd hear sermons that spoke of the cold-heartedness of so many people that call themselves, “Christians.” With all the intensity of a drill sergeant, she'd look you straight in the eye and tell you, the Great Commission is to employ everyone – even the “Jennie's”, Jamadotts, and every one else that breathes the Joy of Jesus.

Then it happened...

The details aren't crystal clear, but one day Jamadotts got an email from someone with the nickname, “Gramps”. She almost deleted the email, thinking it was one of those bazillion spam messages we all get flooded with.

Now I'm not sure how loud you think a 23 year old girl with good lungs can scream, “Praise 'th Lord!” but she almost splattered her cup of juice doin' it. Jennie's scream came about three-quarters way through the reading of Gramps' email. She wanted to take hold of each side of her monitor, and in tones of deep relief, speak, “amen, amen, and amen, Jesus.”

This is a warning...

This story has no final ending. The words you now read are more of a beginning of a partnership; a Great Commission partnership. It's the kind that leaves no doubt it was designed in Heaven, by the hand that still shows the scarred evidence of His love for everyone. Do you wonder if God has shelved you? Do you feel you have no talent to equip your Great Commission responsibility?

Gramps and Jamadotts began seeing how the old gentleman's 30 years of stories that honor Jesus and His word could be 'broadcasted' like seeds in God's harvest fields of souls.

Over the coming months, Jennie used her computing talents and Gramps' stories to share God's matchless employment joys with all who hungered and hurt for peace and purpose. You can believe this if you want to...You no longer see the keyboard tear stains. Doesn't it just thrill your bones to turn stains into shouts? You're not sure? It's easy. Just go answer your door... Jesus is knocking right now.

Gramps Curtis

Ps 71:18

www.EvangelismGold.com grampscurtis@gmail.com

The copyrighted story above may be stored, shared, or translated by any means without charge or change.

(end)

Ya Pettin' Tha' Right Kitty? by Gramps Curtis

My partner and I were remodeling the bathrooms in a small church country mission. Seeing him working much harder, longer at chiseling through the concrete floor, I offered to help and give him a breather. A bold hand went up, with, "Never mind! I'm pettin' this kitty!" With no felines around, I figured he must be giving me a "Tend to your own knittin'!" directive.

Do you ever offer to help someone else when your own work is still not done? I sure have. My childhood is full of such events. I remember..... well, I probably ought to stay on subject, sorry.

It's a true joy to be discipling a Christian teen living in a tough neighborhood in Ghana, West Africa. We've begun in John chapter one. What's exciting for me is that at 70 years old and a Christian and Bible reader for over half a century, I'm still finding divine diamonds around every corner of scripture.

My imagination painted for me a picture of John the Baptist putting his on-the-road broadcasting of Christ's soon coming, on hold. Instead he decided he'd help John the Apostle do his very hard job of writing down the content of the Gospel of John. What a confusing picture I saw when John the Baptist didn't tend to his own knittin'. The same odd picture I painted when the tables were reversed.

I suppose you could visualize crowds of people all standing around waiting for each John to 'pet his own kitty' and get their unique jobs done that God had entrusted them with. You would certainly agree with me, it's a good idea God doesn't show us the total result of each of us doing what He asks of us. You and I so often, have a clouded idea of His will and way for the things He asks of us.

Now we can chuckle at the thought of each of the two Johns in John chapter 1, trying to help out the other... But so often I try to help pet someone else's kitty. I still haven't fully trained myself to stop trying to help out God, with all the promises He's made to me, for peace and provision. More than once this week I've tried to help God with..... well, you can finish this sentence with your own efforts.

Do we try to help God with His 'knittin' because we think He can't get it done; or He can't get it done on OUR schedule? As best as I can remember, my chiseling friend (in the remodeling project) broke through with a loud "EUREKIA!" seconds after I offered to help.

Probably my greatest need is to often reread, to my own heart, the words of John 'the writer' reminding me (and you) the construction jobs of chapter 1 that needed no human intervention or could have... 'all things were made by Him....'.

I cherish the bottom line of the Apostle Paul's ministry when he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." (2nd Ti 4:7) Each day, do we fight a good fight, finish our task, and keep the faith? Today could be another day for you to prove that.

The Apostle John, under the inspiration of God, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." John 19:30.
(end)

I Can't Get Out! by Gramps Curtis

I CAN'T GET OUT!

I should have expected this.
My deep desire is to warn everyone.
It's my Christian duty...

In the beginning, it was in a refugee camp on the West African Coast. All that I tell you is true. I had begun an ongoing email correspondence with a 17 year old Christian refugee named Jimmy. Without reservation, he told me he was hungry for someone to teach him more about Jesus, using the Bible. I love it when someone tells me that 'cuz it makes me dig into scripture even deeper, for my own spiritual walk.

Our trail of teaching began, as many do, in the book of John... you know... "In the beginning..." It wasn't long at all before I began comparing the different ways that John (the Apostle) and John (the Baptist) got the word out. You and I savor the words of God that flowed through the pen of that Apostle for us all to sink our teeth into. On the other hand, John the Baptist spoke to all who would hear. His strong bold words of warning still echo down the corridors of time to our ears.

What a thrill it is to encourage Jimmy that God has so many ways for us to get the word; His word, out to everyone around us, no matter what continent we live on. One WROTE another SPOKE. So that's the two Johns that I need to warn you about. That is, I'm wanting to move on to the 2nd chapter of John, BUT I CAN'T!! I'm captured – captivated by all that is in that 1st chapter, alone.

Have your eyes ever been seized by a juicy word or phrase in scripture? For me, yes, often. The phrase I'm digging into and hunger for its strength is the phrase "grace for grace" that won't let me loose of chapter 1. I understand what 'grace' is... but what about "grace for grace"? Hmmmmm.

These last two weeks I've been making arrangements to begin a weekly time I can READ God's Word and related books to the nursing home folks who cannot hold or turn a page, or read the words on it. My burden grows deeper for these people that so often are forgotten.

As I was leaving the post office with my stamps in hand, I noticed two CD's laying on the lobby table. In big bold letters, were the words, "FREE!" On the CD label were details of the contents being God's precious word in MP3 format. Can you believe that!? Someone is freely DISTRIBUTING God's words of peace, hope and purpose using today's technology.

We should wrap this up in seeing four great ways to get God's Word out; WROTE, SPOKE, READ, and DISTRIBUTE. WOW! Jesus didn't give us 'braggin' bones' for nothing!

Now the frosting on all this, is in that captivating 1st chapter, "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Did you get that EVERY MAN? That truly grabs my heart and soul... every man; good or bad, athlete or paraplegic... Who is near you that needs you to lead them down that precious path toward God's provisions? That journey needs to start today! Time's a wastin'!!

©Work.Space Programming www.EvangelismGold.com GrampsCurtis@gmail.com
Permission is given to store, share, or translate without charge or change.

Soup Sermon by Gramps Curtis

A bowl of soup, table knife, and an open Bible laying on the pulpit might not have much connection, in your mind, especially if you were in the pew on that strange Sunday morning service. You had to already know Pastor Bill and his crater deep love for each person that listened to his stirring messages each week. That love was almost as deep as his love for Jesus Christ and His inerrant word.

No sooner had the message time begun, than without a word, Pastor Bill picked up a bowl of soup from a nearby table, in one hand, and a table knife in the other. This was nothing like any of his other sermons and had everyone on the edge of their seats, wondering what to expect. Without any words, pastor tried several times to eat the watery soup with the table knife. The result was as you'd expect. He tried the same experiment with a table fork, also with the same outcome.

The fork and soup were returned to the table. Pastor Bill, still not saying a word, took the top 1 foot by 3 foot poster board off a stack of 20 more. He held up the sign for all to see. It said, "I like technology tools. They are precious gifts from God." He traded that sign for the second one in the stack of 20. That sign said, "God also gave us the gift of responsibility, to use His gifts decently and orderly. 1st Cor 14:40." One teen in the back pew whispered to another, "Look Jerry. Each one of his signs are less than 140 characters. He could have put those signs on Twitter."

Further signs said, "Some have said that Communication is the next greatest gift after Salvation." Next: "But some methods of communication are very limiting for many reasons." "What about those people with bad eyesight?" "They can't receive my sermon right now." "It's like me trying to eat my soup with that fork." Pastor Bill decided to cut his demonstration short.

With compassionate eye contact with most all those in the pews before him, his first spoken words were, "I didn't like communicating like that... did you like it?" There were many visual and audible "no's".

He continued, "Ezekiel 16 of the Old Testament, records the selfish people that took God's beautiful gifts and decorated their own idols. Somehow I feel their actions pained the heart of God like another blow of the Cat 'o Nine Tails that butchered the back of our Savior at Calvary." A long pause...

"There are many ways and metaphors to describe the superiority of prayer and feeding on scripture as communication with the One that hungers for us to continually call Him, 'Abba, Father.' Here in my hand is a so-called 'Smartphone'. While it can do many things, on-the-go, that our desktop computers can do, it is still a terribly dangerous device. Parents, would you allow your children to play with a sharp knife or container of acid? Would you teens, want younger brothers and sisters to touch such things?"

"But you see, when others watch us misuse God's gifts, whatever they may be, we are planting seeds of dishonoring the Giver of gifts. Even wasting hours upon hours with them, is dishonoring. Remember the 'decently and in order' of 1st Cor.?" Pastor Bill paused, swallowed slow, and again made sure he had the attention of everyone of his hearers; especially the teens and other youth.

"Nothing I have said here, points to technology as being bad or evil. Technology, whether smartphones, computers, heart pacemakers, or hearing aids are gifts from God to help us to reach into the hearts and minds of those around us, starving for truth, hope, and purpose. The Internet states over and over, the words from youth that have found Internet communication, by itself, is a mental and spiritual dead end. But that is the result when others see you and I not using technology for God's purpose, according to His leading."

"Communication tools and services make it possible, with very little technical skills or money, to send a message, within seconds, around the world, to millions upon millions of starving people; starving for the truths that are in that little black book beside you there in the pew. The question is, "What message are you sending? Can you be one of those who are decorating your idols of personal ambitions with the technology gifts from God? Do your selfish worldly actions add to the Cat 'o Nine

Tails blows, or do you follow His leading in teaching others of the profound purpose of that shed blood?"

©Work.Space Programming EvangelismGold.com GrampsCurtis@gmail.com
Permission is given to store, translate, or share without charge or change.

Treasures of Silver – Surprise # 17 by Gramps Curtis

Before me sits a half dozen homefolks of this healthcare facility, each with a little more silver hair than mine. My heart is reaching to theirs, more as I meet with them twice a month. Our 1 hour gathering is called, "WORTHshop" in that we build small objects that become part of a small teaching tool kit to be sent to Sunday School teachers and missionaries. Their efforts are not busy work but become their investment in the Great Commission of Matthew 28.

I am becoming more convicted almost daily the Great Commission defines no exemptions. My soul aches to teach others to build teaching tools, from gum drops, toothpicks, clay, flour, cinnamon and many other materials to help churches and missionaries reach out to those near us that seem to have none of Heaven's joy, hope, and purpose.

I was explaining again, the top gum drop of our toothpick sweet tower was Jesus Christ and the first tier of 4 gum drops stood for Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. I didn't realize at first, someone was wheeled into the room behind me that could only blink and smile. I placed a completed tower in his lap continuing my teaching to the group from his side.

The thrill went clear to my toes in being able to tell him and the other homefolks that God has a brand new body ready for anyone that loves Jesus and wants to serve Him. The eyes often say so much when our tongue and lips cannot. Our heart sends praise to Heaven's throne when none of man's inventions can.

I look into those eyes and see one of God's creations that most definitely is responsible to that Great Commission. But how, when mobility is almost null? The answer; the evidence is in the humble words you are now reading. In a word, it's INSPIRATION. Our lives, full of 'never-give-up' days, must inspire, motivate others to do their best for the Master.

Dear Lord, thank you for reminding me with the challenged eyes and smiles of others, my responsibility in your sight, to be hands and feet to others.

A door of opportunity opened, as a surprise, for further service to these precious, often forgotten, homefolks. Contrary to my assumption, they love to sit and have others read to them. I'd figured this activity would leave them with attention spans measured in seconds; but not so. The warm eyes of the activity director told me they'll listen for almost an hour.

Before leaving today, I asked them what they'd like to have read to them. A strong response was "home." They wanted to hear about home.

While my first thoughts were of some of my childhood home experiences I'd like to share, the Holy Spirit urged me to tell them about the home; Heaven's mansion already being built for them to take up residence.

How about it, friend? Are you longing for home? Do you hanker for a place so wonderful that only an all-powerful God could build it? Someone near you does also. But they need you to show them the way; THE Way.

Details of the WORTHshop Sweet Tower Kit are at www.NewBeginningBapt.com
©Work.Space Programming www.EvangelismGold.com grampscurtis@gmail.com
Permission is given to store, translate, and share without charge or change.

Hungry Thumbs by Gramps Curtis

He shouldn't have done it. He knew it would cause big problems later; probably all night. Gramps Tappin sat across the supper table from his precious wife Nonie, occasionally glancing at her tired eyes. Resting his left elbow on the table and propping his head up with the same hand, he slowly turned a nearby fork hoping it might steer his thinking to a hunger issue that has dominated most of his thoughts for the past four days.

Looking at Nonie, "It's your fault, you know. I've just enjoyed this great country-fried steak smothered in your special thick mushroom gravy, creamed corn, and toasted tater-cakes with a touch of molassas. Nonie. You've just ruined me." Her gentle smile told you she knew his next words would be the same as the last hundred times of their 48 years of marriage. "Nonie, you set that 'made-in-heaven' cherry jubilee desert in front of me, and you know I can never turn it down."

Nonie followed with a serious look saying, "The question we heard in last week's Silver Tops Seniors Fellowship is still ringing in my ears. Do you remember it? I sure do. Brother Meeks asked, "Is it possible to be REALLY hungry and not even know it?"

Pete (that's Gramps), was just taking the last tasty bite of his jubilee and he happened to glance at his thumb holding the fork. He didn't know why, but that sight of his thumb stuck with him, for days following.

A couple days later, Monte came walking around the Tappin house and spied Gramps leisurely relaxing on the porch swing, designed for heavy thinking. The teenager said he'd finished raking up the backyard brush and had put the tools away. No sooner had Monte finished his progress report than he pulled a little plastic gadget out of his pocket and started doing a dance on it with both his thumbs and an intense gaze.

It was those dancing thumbs that reminded Gramps of the sight of his own thumb at the supper table a few days earlier. His heart told him God was wanting him to think and pray about thumbs; and especially about Monte's thumbs. Pete had learned many years ago to pay close attention to God opening his eyes and maybe a door to where the old gentleman could serve Him. And that service could be to some dancing thumbs.

Two Saturdays later Monte began painting Pete's garage door. Sitting in a strategically placed lawn chair, Gramps watched the teenager's careful painting around the garage door windows. The old supervisor caught a glimpse several times of Monte wincing with pain as he applied the sky blue latex paint to the door. Gramps asked him if today was a bad day for Monte to be painting. Maybe the brush was too large for the teen.

"No, Mr. Tappin. The brush is ok. It's just that my thumbs have been hurting more this month than they did last month. I guess I'm doing a lot more texting than before." The puzzled look on Pete prompted Monte for an explanation. "See, texting is sending short messages like email to my friends and stay in contact with them. It keeps us all in contact with each other. But some of my friends come to class in the mornings half asleep." Gramps knew it was something more serious than Cherry Jubilee desert.

"Those kids brag that they sent dozens of text messages after their parents went to sleep and often till 2 am most every school day. I'm not that hooked on it, but it seems like I can talk more, I mean texting more with my friends than I can with my super busy parents. It's terribly hard to talk to mom and dad, even when they stop a few minutes to listen to me. It's like I'm talking down the barrel of a loaded gun; all ready to fire back at me a ton of rules they didn't even follow when they were teens."

"Mr. Tappin. Can you believe there are several of my friends that can send text messages without looking at the buttons? They brag about sitting in class during tests and ask test questions back and forth while holding this gadget behind their back." "Monte, how about you calling me Gramps?"

“That's fine with me. But I got a question that gets me a weird look when I ask mom and dad. Can I ask?” With a nod from Gramps, “Well... have you ever picked up a spoon and fork and ate till you thought you'd explode, and then get up from the table and still feeling hungry for something?”

It's just a dirty shame, Pete thought. Men and teens aren't much for hugging, but the old gentleman wanted to hug the teen close and long. He had a whole bunch he wanted to tell the teen. But most of all, he just wanted to be the best listener a grandfather could ever be. No gun barrels allowed. He wanted to learn about teen thumbs; dancing thumbs. Pete had an incredible hunger to learn about the determination of today's generation and exactly what left them so unsatisfied, so unfulfilled, so frustrated.

For sure, Gramps was going to invite Monte over for many more odd jobs and slowly introduce the teen to the One Who's promised others water that satisfies; satisfies even the soul.

© 2011 Work.Space Programming EvangelismGold.com grampscurtis@gmail.com
Permission is given to store and share by any means without charge or change.



The Computer Missions Fair

Note: This Computer Missions Fair resource is to illustrate how to begin assembling other EvangelismGold.com resources into a fun but very important missionary station that can be done in a basement, backyard, or jungle clearing.

He'd never planned anything like this. Where is this all going?

Pastor had seen that for several weeks the children at church were all clustering around the senior citizens far more than usual. The children were hanging decorations for the first-ever computer missions fair with the help of the silver-haired set. Something he'd never thought of when he introduced the project several weeks before. He sensed the senior folks were more excited and involved than they ever were.



In one of the Sunday school rooms one of the silver-haired ladies was dressed to look a bit older than she really was. On the wall behind her was a large sign that proclaimed, "Granny Sims Email Riveter!" On the table in front of her were some take home short stories about Granny and others. [\[Reference: Tween Town > Spacegate Computer Parables\]](#)

You won't believe it, but someone created a cardboard laptop computer from a pizza box! The words on its screen said, "If my people which are called..." [\[Reference: Tween Town > Flour Power\]](#)

In another room at the Computer Missions Fair, old Mr. Deets was seated on a bench with very interested boys and girls looking at the insides of an old junk computer. Now something you need to know that even shocked the pastor. Old Deets had always scorned children. It was like he was allergic to them. But the scene clearly showed an old gentleman full of arthritis having the time of his life, feeling important again.



Each passerby could hear the old Mr. Deets showing the children all the large and small parts in a computer and explaining that every one of these big and small parts are depended upon to do their part in making the computer to work. "Does it make any difference what color the parts are?" he asked the children. All the children shook their heads no and spoke the same. "Children are sort of like computer parts to God," he said. "God wants big and small children of every color to be used in His plans of love." A couple of his helpers were building a small display that showed some "donuts" and "dimes" in some mysterious part of an old computer.

As pastor turned the corner into the north hallway the scene in the room about blew his socks off. HIS WIFE was sitting near the front of a computer with a gray-haired wig on. Tommy and his seeing eye dog Rascal were in front of the keyboard. Tommy had on a pair of earphones that spoke the words into his ears that were near the mouse cursor on the screen. Though totally blind, he was reading to the pastor's wife.

The small poster near the scene made it clear that technology makes it even easier for everyone to be involved in spreading the good news of salvation. No one should be left out. No one is a leftover even if you're blind.

Marty had to set up his scene in the custodian's closet, because all the other rooms were used. He was seated in front of an old computer that didn't even have a keyboard. He wore a cap somewhat like the famous detective Sherlock Holmes wore. He held a large magnifying glass close to the screen as though he was trying to pick a splinter out of the screen.

The closet light was turned out and so Marty was doing his inspection with a flashlight. One of the hallway posters next his scene said, "HELP WANTED!" in big bold letters. Another poster said in smaller letters, "The Silver-Haired Site Sleuths need you." On the other side of the closet door another poster explained that the very same determined efforts of seniors in genealogy research is needed to find wholesome sites for the church youth and adults.

Marty would occasionally interrupt his inspection to hand viewers a little blurb about how the newbies would be used. It had something to do with providing Sunday school teachers and youth leaders with websites pertinent to up coming lessons and projects. For those that didn't have or didn't like computers could be the liaisons between the teachers and the sleuths. Everybody is important. Everybody is included.



Two teens were using a glue gun to create some teaching tools. One was called a "High Tower" that teaches how to make things like towers strong, tall, and true by using a simple pattern for the sides. His take-home sheets explained some great Bible passages that remind us that Jesus is to be our "High Tower". He is to be our pattern for love and living.

Fred was working on a "Bush Church". He wanted to help everyone realize how blessed we are to have a comfortable church full of hymnals and Bibles. Fred pictured his little church full of people that had no Bibles or even a written language. He wanted his little church to ring out the call for young people to dedicate their lives to reaching out to people starving to hear God's precious life-changing word. Fred often got choked up seeing in his mind children with nothing but color splotches on a poster of the the wordless Bible and nothing more.



[Reference: Workshops > Bible Bamboo Builders]

After the proceedings in the auditorium and closing prayer, everyone began moving toward their cars to go home. The scene on most everyone's mind was the one that had no words but just grandma grins and preschool giggles. Beulah was an older lady from the other side of the tracks, so to speak. Her clothes were worse than most people's throwaways. Her income certainly didn't allow for perfumes etc. She thought this caused her to have to worship in a pew by herself each Sunday. Her helper at the computer fair was a little preschooler that did more of her share of disrupting fine-tuned church services.

Beulah and her little helper sat in front of two adjacent sides cut from a cardboard box. A broken computer cable was stretched like a close line from one side to the other. Taped at one end of the cable was an older lady clipart picture cut from some church bulletin. A little girl picture was taped

to the other end of the cable. The shunned older lady stuck a piece of tape to the back of a cut out heart. Tippie the preschooler taped it to the middle of the cable and both giggled as though they were away from the world of prejudice.

On the cardboard background was a clipart picture of Jesus that the two had taped hearts all around. Neither Tippie nor Beulah could read or write. So you had to imagine the sign above their scene that said, "Links of Love Like the Lord". To top it all off, Beulah didn't know what website was. She figured it was some kind of covering over people's eyes that prevented them from seeing others like God sees them.

(end)

© 2010 Work.Space Programming EvangelismGold.com grampscortis@gmail.com
Permission is given to store and share by any means without charge or change.

..