

# THE TRENTON BULLETIN

## Grandpa's Hands (Selected)

Grandpa, some ninety-plus years old, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move; he just sat with his head down and stared at his hands. When I sat beside him, he didn't acknowledge my presence, and I wondered if he was OK the longer I sat. Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK. He raised his head and looked at me, and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking," he said in a clear, strong voice.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands, and I wanted to make sure you were OK," I explained. "Have you ever looked at your hands," he asked. "I mean, looked at your hands?"

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out his point. Grandpa smiled and related this story:

"Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have and how they have served you well throughout your years. Though wrinkled, shriveled, and weak, these hands have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life."

"They braced and caught my fall when, as a toddler, I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child, my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They dried the tears off! my children and caressed the love of my life. They held my rifle and wiped my tears when I went off to war. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son."

"Decorated with my wedding band, they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They wrote the letters home and

trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle.

"Yet, they were strong and sure when I dug my buddy out of a foxhole and lifted a plow off my best friend's foot. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky, wet, bent, broken, dried, and raw. And to this day, when not much of anything else of me works really well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer."

"These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life. But more importantly, God will reach out and take these hands when he leads me home. And with my hands, He will lift me to His side, and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ."

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandpa's hands and led him home. When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroke the faces of my children and wife, I think of Grandpa. I know he has been stroked, caressed, and held by the hands of God. I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel his hands upon my face.



Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. (Ephesians 6:17)

## Get the Man Together For A Better World (Clarence DeLoach)

A small boy anxiously waited all day for his dad to get home. Finally, his father arrived, dragging his body into the house from an especially hard day's work. The little boy had all kinds of playful ideas he wanted to share with his father. Over and over, the boy tugged at his dad's leg for attention. Finally, with frustration, the father ripped a picture of the world from a magazine and tore it into several pieces. "Here," he said, "go put the world back together."

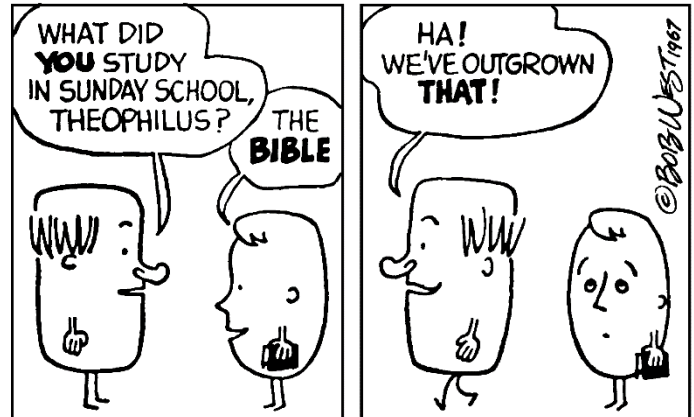
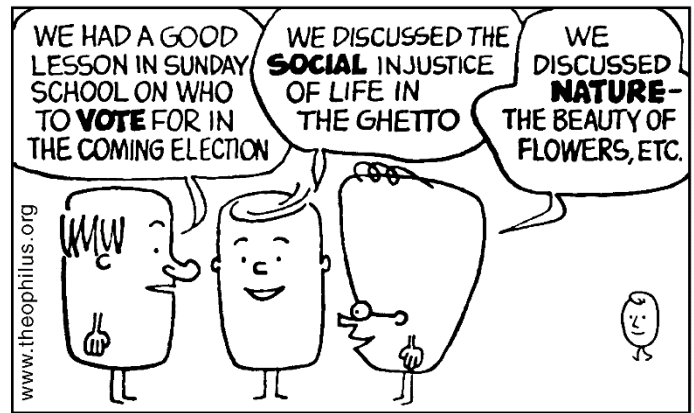
Ah, "peace at last," he thought. But in just a few minutes, the boy was back with a crudely scotch-taped picture of the world. "Son, that's incredible; how did you get it back together so fast?" the father asked.

"It was easy," said the boy, "there was a picture of a man on the back, and as soon as I got the man back together, the world came together."

How true of all troublesome situations, get the man together --- and our world usually comes together.

THEOPHILUS

Sunday School Lessons



### Bible Trivia

#### "Sleepers And Nonsleepers"

1. Who had surgery performed on him while he slept?
2. Who was killed as he slept in the tent of Jael?
3. Who slept in the bottom of a ship as it rolled in a storm?
4. Who slept at Bethel and dreamed about angels?
5. Who slept at David's door while he was home on furlough?
6. Who slept while Jesus prayed in Gethsemane?
7. Who slept through a haircut?
8. Who fell asleep during Paul's sermon and was later raised from the dead by Paul?
9. Who was sleeping between two soldiers when an angel came to release him?
10. Who told Laban he had gone 20 years without a decent sleep?
11. What boy was called out of his sleep by the voice of God?
12. Who sneaked into Saul's camp while he was asleep?

THE ARTIST WHO PAINTED "JESUS AT THE DOOR" IS SAID TO HAVE PURPOSELY LEFT OFF THE KNOB FROM THE DOOR, FOR THE DOOR REPRESENTS THE HUMAN HEART, AND ON THAT DOOR, THE BOLT IS ON THE INSIDE. JESUS STANDS AND KNOCKS. BUT HE WILL NOT COME IN UNLESS WE OPEN THE DOOR.

We increase our ability, stability, and responsibility by increasing our sense of accountability to God.

Don't borrow trouble. Be patient, and you'll have some of your own.

Even a sheet of paper is lighter when two people lift it. (Korean proverb)

A successful person is one who went ahead and did the thing the rest of us never quite got around to doing.