

News and Notes

PLEASE PRAY FOR:

- Pat Miller** - Wife of Jim Miller, Gray, Maine preacher - Recovering from auto accident and in therapy.
- Dennis Dillon** - Preacher, Parkview church, Odessa, Texas - Esophageal Cancer.
- Nancy Reed** - Various health issues. New medicine may help.
- Patrick King** - Hemiplegic Migraine.
- Sandy Craig** - Ongoing kidney problems.
- Jo Ann McLerran** - Back problems/COPD. Doing better after receiving injections for back pain.
- Glenda Marble** - Lexington, Okla. - Heart problems. Recently in Norman Heart Hospital.
- Debbie Post** - Wife of Salisbury, Maryland preacher Doug Post - Cancer.
- Sissy Craig** - For spiritual and emotional strength.
- Charles and Linda Pogue** - Congestive heart failure.
- Nancy Verkist** - Ellensburg, Washington. Von Hippel Lindau disease.
- Chuck Verkist** - Ellensburg, Washington. Undergoing treatment for Prostate Cancer.
- Don Smith** - Faithful brother in Christ persecuted for teaching fellow inmates in an Ohio prison.


MOVED - Holley Brewer has completed her move to Weatherford and this Lord's Day we welcome her as a new member at Northeast.

A PLEA FOR AID - Dennis Dillon who preaches for the Parkview church in Odessa, Texas., has esophageal cancer, and is on radiation. His Medicare will not cover the high cost of his medical bills. Brother Dillon is worthy of our aid. His address is, Dennis Dillon, 1706 Rosewood Ave. Odessa TX 79761.

KENYA REPORT - Another 8-week session of the preaching school at Kalamindi begins in January. Benard will also travel to Nairobi in January to obtain his visa to visit the U. S. next June. He will attend the Bellview Lectureship in Pensacola, Florida, June 8-12. The Bellview elders have graciously granted him an Open Forum to give a history and report on his work in Kenya.

A NEW YEAR - As the old year fades and the new one dawns. let us say with Paul, "...I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:13-14). Let us lay aside old animosities, regrets, failures, and heart aches and, in full assurance of the faith, press onward, seeking the lost as individuals and as a congregation.

Website - www.necocelkcity.com Face Book - www.facebook.com/nechurchofchristecok You Tube - www.youtube.com/channel/UCjd5rSEV1vXCNx52ouOrXoQ	
Those Who Serve Sunday Morning, Dec. 31, 2017 First Prayer - Jerry Brewer Closing Prayer - Dylan Brewer Communion - Patrick King Offering - Landry Brewer Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 31, 2017 First Prayer - Patrick King Closing Prayer - Earl Reed	Records - Dec. 24 Bible Class.....14 Morning Worship.....15 Afternoon Worship.....16 Contribution.....\$557.00
Weekly Meeting Times Sunday Morning Bible Classes.....9:30 Sunday Morning Worship.....10:30 Sunday Afternoon Worship.....5:00	



Sound Doctrine

“But speak thou the things that become sound doctrine” (Titus 2:1)

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“Today I’m Nearer To My Home”

Jerry C. Brewer

The end of an old year and the beginning of new one does not have the same meaning to me as it did when I was a young man. Nor does it evoke the same emotions and thoughts as in days of yore. Age brings sober reflection to many people, and I am no exception. Looking back at the long road I have traveled through life, and seeing the potholes, the disappointments, the personal failures, the neglected opportunities to preach and do good, and a myriad of other things that impeded a faithful journey, I stand amazed in the presence of God and reflect that eternity is far nearer today than when my journey began.

It is sobering to survey the road I have traversed in the last threescore and sixteen years—a road that has taken me from Childress, Texas to Texarkana, Texas, Western Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, North Texas, Alabama, Kenya, and a host of places between and beyond. In all of my long journey, the grace, loving kindness, long suffering, and mercy of God has attended me. But for His mercy and long suffering, I could be in the fires of torment.

It is also sobering to survey the road ahead. I do not know what lies beyond today in my earthly travels, but I do know that heaven is waiting at the end, because He Who cannot lie has promised it to the faithful. I also now understand the words of this song I learned as a youth far more than I understood them then.

One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o’er and o’er;
 Nearer my home today am I
 Than e’er I’ve been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer today, the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

But lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my pow'r of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Be Thee near when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

The years swiftly recede and family and faithful brethren who are dearest on earth to us leave behind their empty chairs. This vale of soul making is a land filled with sorrow and loss, but that home to which we travel will *never* know those things. In it, we shall see those dear ones around the throne of God. No tear there shall streak the cheek, nor shall a sorrow ever come, nor a shadow fall, nor pain, nor sickness, nor parting, nor grief.

Some day, all of us will come to that, “deep and unknown stream, to be crossed ere we reach the light,” but we need not fear. Gentle hands will guide the children of God as His children were guided across Jordan, “...that ye may know the way by which ye must go: for ye have not passed this way heretofore” (Josh. 3:4).

Yes, each of us is nearer home today, at the end of 2016, than he has ever been before. Some day—maybe sooner, maybe later, but it *will come*—each of us shall “shuffle off this mortal coil” and take his flight to eternal realms. For some us it will be sooner than we think. Have you been faithful to Him Who says, “Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest?” (Matt. 11:28). Are you living for Him each day, conscious that we are all nearer to our home than ever before in our lives?

At Year's End

The following article appeared in Franklin Camp's book “Old Truth In New Robes,” Volume 2 and was penned at the close of 1951—the year in which brother Camp's young daughter, Vivian, died from burns.

Franklin Camp

...Perhaps the most important lesson I have learned this year is the uncertainty of life. How could I fail to learn it? How shall I ever forget it? If one so young and full of life as Vivian could suddenly go, how can I be certain of what a day might bring forth? I know now how brittle is the thread of life. I know that no one knows whether tomorrow shall find him among his friends on earth or in the presence of God. Now that I know this lesson, I shall try to live every day as if it were my last. It may be. God being my helper, I shall be ready if it is

...I have learned to love the Bible more. Why should I not? I have searched its sacred pages more to find the light I needed when the hours were so dark. I have turned to it again and again to hear it say, “O grave, where is thy victory?” When my face was wet with tears, I read joy, “He shall wipe all tears away.” When care would flood my soul, I found comfort in the words, “Casting all your cares upon Him for He careth for you.” Blessed Book—for me there is no other.

...I have learned that faith is more precious than gold. It is the eye of the soul. By faith, I can look beyond the veil. By faith I can see every grave made empty. By faith I can see the City of God filled with the redeemed and among them an angel that was once a blond-haired, blue-eyed girl. When I see this, gold becomes cankered. I only want enough to pay my fare through this world. But faith, give me more. “O Lord, help thou my unbelief.”

...I have learned to think less of earth and more of heaven. “The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.” What is the world with all its pomp and power? Just a bubble that will burst and be gone. But heaven—decay cannot affect it. It is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. Why should I not think more of heaven than earth? It is my home. I am just a wayfarer and a pilgrim in this world traveling home.