

Christian WISDOM

Do you have a job or a ministry?

Some people have a job in the church;
others involve themselves in a ministry.

What's the difference?

If you do it because someone
else said it needs to be done, it's a job.

If you do it because you sensed
God calling you to do it, it's a ministry.

If you are doing it just because
no one else will, it's a job.

If you are doing it to serve
the Lord, it's a ministry.

If you're content to do it just
well enough to get by, it's a job.

If you're committed to do it to
the best of your ability, it's a ministry.

If you want to give it up because no
one thanks you, or even notices
your work, it's a job.

If you keep going because God
sees and cares, it's a ministry.

If your concern is success, it's a job.

If your concern is faithfulness,
it's a ministry.

It's hard to get excited about a job.

It's almost impossible not to
be excited about a ministry.

God doesn't want us feeling stuck with
a job, but excited and faithful
to him in ministry.

submitted by Rev. Paul Johnston

The World is Mine

Today upon a bus I saw a girl with golden hair;
She seemed so gay, I envied her,
and wished that I were half so fair;
I watched her as she rose to leave,
and saw her hobble down the aisle.
She had one leg and wore a crutch,
but as she passed – a smile.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two legs – the world is mine.

Later on I bought some sweets.
The boy who sold them had such charm,
I thought I'd stop and talk awhile.
If I were late, t'would do no harm.
And as we talked he said,
"Thank you, sir, you've really been so kind
It's nice to talk to folks like you because,
you see, I'm blind."

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine,
I have two eyes – the world is mine.

Later, walking down the street,
I met a boy with eyes so blue.
But he stood still and watched
the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do.
I paused, and then I said,

"Why don't you join the others, dear?"
But he looked straight ahead without a word,
and then I knew, he couldn't hear.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two ears – the world is mine.

Two legs to take me where I go,
Two eyes to see the sunset's glow,
Two ears to hear all I should know,
Oh, God forgive me when I whine;
I'm blest, indeed, the world is mine.

written by Dr. Tennyson Guyer.

submitted by Jean Pollock