
NEWSLETTER

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AWD News and Other Things of Interest

January & February 2000

CALLING PARSON TO PERSON

By: *Grady Nutt.*

Any discussion of pivotal characters in my life has to include Roy B. Flippo. You pronounce that: *FLIP-o.*

I mention Roy occasionally when I am speaking to groups, and his name always gets a good chuckle. It is a bit unusual. I usually pause for a moment when this happens---to point out that no person with a normal name has ever blessed my life!

And no one in my childhood and early teens ever blessed my life more than Roy B. Flippo!

Roy was a friend of my parents before I ever knew him. As far as I can remember, my first encounter with him was a "counter-encounter" in my father's dry cleaning establishment in Amarillo, Texas. Roy brought suits into the cleaners on Monday or Tuesday, still sweaty and damp from a hard Sunday of "REAL PREACHING!"

Roy had the voice of a non-stop auctioneer, the
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LIVING PROOF

By: *Max Lucado*

"Jenna, wake up, it's time to go to school,"

She will hear those words a thousand times in her life. But she heard them for the first time this morning.

I sat on the edge of her bed for awhile before I said them to her. To tell the truth, I didn't want to say them. I didn't want to wake her. A queer hesitancy hung over me as I sat in the early morning blackness. As I sat in the silence, I realized that my words would awaken her to a new world.

For four lightening-fast years she'd been ours, and ours alone. And now that was all going to change.

We put her to bed last night as "our girl"----exclusive property of Mommy and Daddy. Mommy and Daddy read to her, taught her, listened to her. But beginning today, someone else would, too.

I didn't want to wake her.

Until today, her life was essentially us---Mom, Dad, and baby sister Andrea. Today that life would grow---new friends, a teacher. Her world was this house---her room, her toys, her swing set. Today her world would expand. She would enter the winding halls of education---painting, reading, calculating . . . becoming. I didn't want to wake her. Not because of the school. It's a fine one. Not because I don't want her to learn. Heaven knows I want her to grow, to read, to mature. Not because she doesn't want to go. School has been all she can talk about for the last week!

No, I didn't want to wake her up because I didn't want to give her up.

But I woke her anyway. I interrupted her childhood with the inevitable proclamation, "Jenna, wake up . . . it's time to go to school."

It took me forever to get dressed. Denalyn saw me moping around and heard me humming,

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physical involvement and exertion of a “by-the-weed cotton chopper!” He had the no-nonsense commitment of a thrice-stoned-and-left-for-dead apostle, the certainty of a skydiver, and the zeal of a non-smoker! In short, he took faith and scriptures seriously . . .

At the counter at my dad’s cleaners that day, Roy invited me to come to Vacation Bible the next week. At that time I was not attending church anywhere. Dad was trying to support four children and his only wife with the sweat of his brow seven days per week. When I was not in school, I was at the cleaning plant working. I swept floors, helped out in the cleaning room, waited on the customers at the front counter, played pranks and tricks on the employees, and operated a small bicycle-repair shop in the back alley of the place.

I did not like labor then; I like it no better now. I definitely was interested in Vacation Bible School! I’d have gone to a dogfight as a participant to get away from the shop for a week!

Vacation Bible School was meant for kids like me! I loved it all---all except for the Kool-Aid! It was never iced and always orange. That, with gingersnaps, and your smile was never the same again . . . We sang songs. Like “Deep and Wide” (with motions); like “Rolled Away, Rolled Away. It gave me the “Joy, Joy, Joy down in My Heart” and “if the devil didn’t like it he could sit on a tack”! (That may have been my favorite part!)

I heard Bible stories. Old stories. For-the-first-time-in-my-life Stories. I learned about Jonah, Noah, David, Goliath, Zacchaeus, Paul/Saul. I couldn’t get enough! I was like a sweets addict at the Hershey factory! I brought my Bible everyday, learned how to find the verses, memorized the verses, and felt as much at home as a Norwegian on skis.

Roy always showed special interest in me during all these very special days in my life. He knew my name. He called on me during story-time. He asked me to sing a verse alone once; he said “Amen”

It was hard not to feel special . . .

I worked hard at Vacation Bible School. It was almost not *vacation* to me! I learned my memory verse everyday. I went back to the cleaners and sneaked time away from my chores to hide back in the big boxes of wire coat hangers and read again and again the bible story of the day.

I was a marvelous group participant. I loved to

carry the flag. By the second morning I knew the pledge to the Christian flag perfectly. I did all the motions to the songs with flagrant gusto. I always had a nickel for the offering. I never missed on a “Sit Down” or “Stand Up” chord!

Commencement approached: it was Friday night. Roy asked me to take a major part. He wanted me to tell one of the flannelgraph stories. It was to be my first “public speaking” appearance; I was honored and delighted. I was also curious about how the flannelgraph worked. It was amazingly simple . . .

A board, plywood usually, was covered with flannel. The board was about three feet wide and two feet high. It rested on it side on a wooden, rickety easel. In individual classes---when you were not up in front of the entire group in the sanctuary---it was frequently placed on the music-holding lip of an upright piano.

Pictures of biblical characters and scenes were cut out, rather like paper dolls, with a flannel backing glued on. Then, as you told the story of David and Goliath, for instance, you could put the picture on the flannelgraph board and it would just stay there! I was given a very special story to tell. I got the box with the fuzzy-backed characters. For two afternoons and most of one evening, I practiced placing the characters on my bedspread. On Friday night I got up a bit nervously to tell the parents and my fellow Vacation Bible Schoolmates the story of the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace: Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Folks laughed several times through my presentation. You usually didn’t hear laughter during Bible stories. I rather liked it . . .

After the commencement exercises I learned why they were laughing. All night I had pronounced *Abednego* wrong! I said---every time---*Ab-ab-NING-go!*

I love being in this church. I loved Roy Flippo. I loved Bible stories. I love “Deep and Wide” and hoped even the Devil would get the “Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy Down in His Heart”! The soil of my life was broken by the plow point of Roy’s concern.

That week was the beginning of one of the most exciting and growth-filled years of my entire life. Amarillo, Texas, at that time was a city of about 55,000 people. Our home was on the south side of the city, almost on the city limits. Bethel Missionary Baptist Church was on the north side of the city, almost on the city limits. I rode the bus across the

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LIVING PROOF Continued from page 1

"Sunrise, Sunset" and said, "You'll never make it through her wedding." She's right.

We took her to school in two cars so that I could go directly to work. I asked Jenna to ride with me. I thought I should give her a bit of fatherly assurance. As it turned out I was the one needing assurance.

For one dedicated to the craft of words, I found very few to share with her. I told her to enjoy herself. I told her to obey her teacher. I told her, "If you get lonely or afraid, tell your teacher to call me and I'll come and get you. "Okay" she smiled. Then she asked if she could listen to a tape with kids' music. "Okay," I said.

So while she sang songs, I swallowed lumps. I watched her as she sang. She looked big. Her little neck stretched as high as it could to look over the dash. Her eyes were hungry and bright. Her hands were folded in her lap. Her feet, wearing brand new turquoise and pink tennis shoes, barely extended over the seat.

Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?
I don't remember growing older.
When did they?

When did she get to be a beauty?
When did he grow to be so tall?
Wasn't it yesterday when they were small?

Sunrise, sunset; sunrise, sunset;
Swiftly fly the days.

"Denalyn was right, " I mumbled to myself, "I'll never make it through the wedding."

What is she thinking? I wondered. *Does she know how tall this ladder of education is that she will begin climbing this morning?*

No, she didn't. But I did. How many chalkboards will those eyes see? How many books will those hands hold? How many teachers will those feet follow and ----gulp----imitate?

Were it within my power, I would have, at that very instant, assembled all the hundreds of teachers, instructors, coaches, and tutors that she would have over the next eighteen years and announced, "This is no normal student. This is my child. Be careful with her!"

As I parked and turned off the engine, my big girl became small again. But it was a voice of a very

little girl that broke the silence. "Daddy, I don't want to get out."

I looked at her. The eyes that had been bright were now fearful. The lips that had been singing were now trembling.

I fought a Herculean urge to grant her request. Everything within me wanted to say, "Okay, let's forget it all and get out of here." For a brief, eternal moment I considered kidnapping my own daughters, grabbing my wife, and escaping the horrid paws of progress to live forever in the Himalayas.

But I knew better. I knew it was time. I knew it was right. And I knew she would be fine. But I never knew it would be so hard to say, "Honey, you'll be all right. Come on, I'll carry you."

And she was all right. One step into the classroom and the cat of curiosity pounced on her. And I walked away. I gave her up. Not much. And not as much as I will have to in the future. But I gave her up as much as I could today.

As I was walking back to my truck, a verse pounced on me. It was a passage I'd studied before. Today's events took it from black-and-white theology to technicolor reality.

"What, then shall we say in response to this? If God is for us, who can be against us? He who did not spare his own Son, but *gave him up for us all*--- how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things?"

Is that how you felt, God? Is what I felt this morning anything like what you felt when you gave up your son?

If so, it explains so much. It explains the proclamation of the angels to the shepherds outside Bethlehem. (A proud father was announcing the birth of a son.)

It explains the voice at Jesus' baptism, "This is my son. . . ." (You did what I wanted to do, but couldn't.)

It explains the transfiguration of Moses and Elijah on the mountain top. (You sent them to encourage him.)

And it explains how your heart must have ached as you heard the cracking voice of your son. "Father, take this cup away."

I was releasing Jenna into a safe environment with a compassionate teacher who stood ready to wipe away any tears. You released Jesus into a hostile arena with a cruel soldier who turned the back of your son into raw meat.

I said good-bye to Jenna knowing she would make friends, laugh, and draw pictures. You said good-bye to Jesus knowing he would be spat upon, laughed at, and killed.

I gave up my child fully aware that were she to need me I would be at her side in a heartbeat. You said good-bye to your son fully aware that when he would need you the most, when his cry of despair would roar through the heavens, you would sit in silence. The angels, through positioned, would hear no command from you. Your son, though in anguish, would feel no comfort from your hands.

"He gave his best," Paul reasons, "why should we doubt his love?"

Before the day was over, I sat in silence a second time. This time, not beside my daughter, but before my Father. This time not sad over what I had to give, but grateful for what I'd already received---living proof that God does care.

This is chapter 4 from MAX LUCADO's book "SIX HOURS ONE FRIDAY" "Anchoring to the Cross." The book was first published in 1989, so I'm sure you can find a copy if you want to read some more great writing.

" You love Jesus Christ only as much as the person you love the least."

THE ANT AND THE CONTACT LENS

By: Unknown Author

Brenda was a young woman who wanted to learn to go rock climbing. Although she was scared to death, she went with a group and they faced this tremendous cliff of rock. In spite of her fear, she put on the gear and she took a hold of the rope and started up the face of that rock. Well, she got to a ledge where she could take a breather. As she was hanging on there, whoever was holding the rope up at the top of the cliff made a mistake and snapped the rope against Brenda's eye and knocked out her contact lens. You know how tiny contact lenses are and how almost impossible to find.

Well, here she is on a rock ledge, with who knows how many hundreds of feet behind and hundreds of feet above her. Of course, she looked and looked and looked, hoping that she would be able to find that

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FOR THE RECORD...

"The record of this administration is his record."- Mr. Clinton campaigning for Al Gore. And here are some highlights from that record-by the numbers:

7 independent counsel investigations of the Clinton administration.

72 House and Senate witnesses have plead the fifth.

17 witnesses have fled the country to avoid testifying.

19 foreign witnesses have refused to be interviewed by US investigative bodies.

55 charges in Clinton scandals.

32 convictions (thus far) in all Clinton scandals.

14 imprisonment's (thus far) in all Clinton scandals.

938 Lincoln Bedroom overnights by Clintonistas.

\$40 million-cost of Clinton's trip to China.

\$500 billion-cost of nuclear secrets trip to China.

416 elected Democrats have switched parties since Clinton took office.

62 House of Representative seats that have changed from Democrat to Republican. (1 "Republican" switched to the Demos.)

12 Senate seats that have changed from Democrat to Republican.

13 Governorships that have changed from Democrat to Republican.

1,200 state legislative seats that have changed from Democrat to Republican.

Bill Clinton promised us his would be "the most ethical administration in history." At his post-impeachment Demo pep-rally, Al Gore noted that he believed Bill Clinton would "be regarded in the history books as one of our greatest presidents."

Latenight TV host and noted political scholar, David Letterman, concludes, "Clinton is campaigning for Al Gore, who wants to be our president, and Clinton says that Al Gore was involved in everything this administration did. I'm no legal expert, but I believe the term for that is 'accessory'."

This article was taken from e-mail. Author and researcher are unknown.

**"Put your trust in God, my boys,
and keep your powder dry."
Oliver Cromwell**

Contact Lens; Continued from page 4.

contact lens. Here she was, very far from home. Her sight was now blurry. She was very upset by the fact that she wouldn't be anywhere near a place where she could get a new contact lens. And she prayed that the Lord would help her to find it. Well, her last hope was that perhaps when she got to the top of the cliff, one of the girls that was up there on the top might be able to find her contact lens in the corner of her eye. When she got to the top, a friend examined her eye. There was no contact lens to be found. She sat down with the rest of the party, waiting for the rest of them to come up the face of the cliff.

She looked out across range after range of mountains, thinking of that Bible verse that says, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth." She thought, "Lord, You can see all these mountains. You know every single stone and leaf that's on those mountains and You know exactly where my contact lens is."

Finally, the time came when it was time to go down. They walked down the trail to the bottom. As they got there, there was a new party of rock climbers coming along. As one of them started up the face of the cliff, she shouted out, "Hey, you guys! Anybody lose a contact lens?" Well, that would be startling enough, wouldn't it? She had found the contact lens! But you know why she saw it? An ant was carrying that contact lens---it was moving slowly across the face of the rock!!! What does that tell you about the God of the universe? Is He in charge of the tiniest things? Do ants matter to Him? Of course they do. He made them. He designed them.

Brenda told me that her father is a cartoonist. When she told him this incredible story, he drew a picture of that ant lugging that contact lens with the words "Lord, I don't know why You want me to carry this thing. I can't eat it and it's awfully heavy. But if this is what You want me to do, I'll carry it for You." If God is in charge of the ants, don't you think He cares about you and me? I guess Solomon was right.

One could learn a valuable lesson from that ant -- trust in God. We could probably all say a little more often, "God, I don't know why you want me to carry this load. I see no good in it and it's awfully heavy. Still, if you want me to, I'll carry it for You."

"God doesn't call the qualified; He qualifies the called."

Don't know who wrote this. It was sent to me from a friend, and someone else sent it to my friend. It was prefixed with;

"THE ANT AND THE CONTACT LENS (A true story sent by Josh and Karen Zarandona.)"



COMMENTARY

By The Wireless Investor

In 1876, the president of telegraph company Western Union stated that; "This telephone has too many shortcomings to be considered as a means of communication. The device is of inherently no value to us." With the NASDAQ hitting all-time highs and the wireless telecommunications sector leading the way, it is easy to laugh at Western Union's colossal blunder regarding the future of the telephone. However, with Aironet being snapped up by Cisco Systems and with Qualcomm running demonstrations of its wireless Internet technology, the Western Union president may finally be (partially) correct. A wired telephone, by virtue of being attached to a wall, may soon have too many shortcomings to be considered a useful means of communication!



Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent.

-Calvin Coolidge

JESUS WITH SKIN ON

By AWD & edited by JCJ

Years ago, my family and I were attending one of the first services of a new church. The service was being held in the living room of a small house on the southeast side of San Antonio. The small room was crowded with people sitting in folding chairs, a piano, a one legged podium, and a slightly overweight missionary minister/song director at the podium holding it up. There was no designated piano player, so the song director asked for a volunteer.

A young man only twice my age or less volunteered. (I was about 6 years old.) Actually, I think his mom volunteered him to play. This young piano player could really play. He played better than anyone that my young ears had ever heard before. I remember watching him play the piano, but at the time the main thing I noticed was that he missed the

Continued on

back loop of his trousers when he put his belt on. It caught my attention because my heart was in the wrong place. I was busy judging everyone and not paying attention to the message being presented.

This is the first recollection I have of Dr. John Ladd. As I look back, John has always seemed like "Jesus with skin on." Oh, I know that he, just like everyone else, has to deal with sin in his life every day. But his heart has always been tender, and anyone can see that this young man has a love inside him that touches whomever he meets. His treatment of others is awesome. I don't remember ever hearing any discouragement, complaining or disrespect for anyone or anything come out of his mouth. He is always soft spoken and kind. John is a person that has to be as much like Jesus as anyone I have ever met on this earth. He became a member of that little church in San Antonio. But he wasn't one of those just-show-up members; he was a working member. He helped my dad and others erect the new church building. He was a chaperone the first time I went to the church encampment. He was always involved in helping others then and still is involved to this day. This man gave himself at a very early age to the betterment of others and is still making sacrifices daily, not just for his family and friends, but for others as well. John became a medical missionary outside of the United States and is presently residing in Mexico.

This young man literally gave himself to Jesus. When hundreds and maybe thousands of people see him, they see "Jesus with skin on," just like I do.

Not all of us have the ability to serve God as foreign medical missionaries, but we have our own abilities to spread the good news, the good news that is filled with warmth, tender kindness, and forgiveness that only the Creator of the Universe can give. What a witness it would be to the unsaved if we, like John Ladd, were Jesus with skin on.

When prostitutes, drunks, beggars and thieves look into our churches, what do they see? More importantly what should they see? They may hear about Jesus Christ these days, but seldom do they see many folks that love like or act like Him.

Our world is full of unhappy lost people that need to know that they are loved and that they are very important. We can tell them about Jesus Christ and how He loves them, and how He came and lived here on this earth. We can tell them how He died for them that they might live. We can invite them to our churches to hear the gospel preached. But, the fact remains that they

probably won't get it. They may ask the same question that Tina Turner asks in one of her songs: "What has love got to do with it?"

Imagine what it would be like for these lost souls if they met Jesus as they walked down a busy city street. Would He make eye contact with them? Would He greet them with a warm "hello." or a "good day!" or a "how are you?" Would He offer them a warm handshake or a warm hug? Would He offer to help them with their burdens? Would He encourage them with His eyes and His words? Of course He would! They would be so drawn to Him by his loving kindness and warmth that they wouldn't want to leave. Why can't we be like Jesus?

It seems that most of us go through life always concerned about the views of others or their perceptions of our actions, appearance or thoughts. We don't seem to think about what would really give us truly lasting joy? Oh, occasionally there are those mysterious happenings that make us feel good. And momentarily they make us want to change our attitude toward life in order, somehow, to hold on to these pleasant feelings. But they seem to arrive so suddenly and happen so fast that their effects are gone before they can leave a lasting impact. And before a memory of them leaves a trace in our minds, we are off on another tangent trying to achieve another goal, something that we think will make us a better or happier person.

The truth, however, is so simple that we can't believe that there is anything to it, so we reject it. Instead, we are easily sold ideas that are so filled with deception that when we finally examine what we have bought we find that it is truly worthless, and we feel horribly cheated. Truth has a much different result.

Jesus Christ Himself said in Matthew the 25th Chapter starting at verse 35. **³⁵For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: ³⁶Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. ³⁷Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? ³⁸When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? ³⁹Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? ⁴⁰And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done *it* unto me.**

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city on Sunday mornings, Sunday evenings, Wednesday evenings for church services. I paid my own bus fare out of my odd jobs and occasional tips collected at the cleaners.

I hung on every word and move of Roy B. Flippo. He had a black Shaeffer pen and pencil set, pre-ball point days, and he wore in his outside coat pocket. I always had at least two pencils in my shirt pocket, one a Scripto fat-lead type. I wanted to be like him in every way.

I followed along in my Bible in every sermon, Bible study, devotional. I underlined the verses, circled the verses, tried to memorize the verses, wrote down the locations of the crucial ones in the inside cover of my own Bible. I started running out of margin space in my copy, though many times that I wish Scofield hadn't written so much at the bottom of the page . . .

I started a church of my own in my garage. I held my Bible like Roy, pointed like Roy, frowned like Roy, rubbed the heads of children like Roy. I preached fiery sermons on imminent issues like the Battle of Armageddon, the symbolism in Daniel, dancing, writing on or even reading the school bathroom walls. Sermons intended to redirect life. Sermons full of power and conviction. Sermons to strike repentance into the hearts of each and every hearer in my hot, summer garage! I was dealing with the downfallen, the liars, the thieves, the cheaters, the selfish, and the Godforsaken.

And the fifth and sixth grades at Alice Landergin Elementary were full of them!

A year of that kind of faithfulness and development brought me to a crucial decision. It occurred after my hero gave me one of the rare chances that comes to a potential leader . . . I was twelve. It was early May. I had been counted among the faithful for almost a year now. Roy called me aside after Sunday School one Sunday to ask for my help.

"I'd like for you to be one of the leaders in Vacation Bible School this summer."

"Me? A leader? In Bible School?" I could hardly grasp the whole truth, "nothin' but the truth!"

"Yes you've been faithful. You've grown. You've been writing in your margins. I think you've come to a place where you can be a big help to us," he said.

"How?" I wondered out loud. "What could I do to help?"

(I definitely lit up!)

". . . and lead songs with motions. We could use you all week, if you're interested . . ."

"If I were interested!" I responded like a low flame getting oxygen! "I'd love it! Oh, Brother Roy, thank

you! I can hardly believe it! A *leader* in Bible School . . .!"

To go any higher I'd have to come down and start over!

It was one of the most enjoyable weeks of my life. I was a *leader*. My opinion mattered. Kids were looking up to me. Every five-and six-year-old child had two pencils in his shirt pocket!

I got to do another story for commencement, sang a solo, knew my way around even the adults, felt comfortable, belonged. My folks came for the commencement, beaming profusely. I had made the family look just fine.

Then Roy sprang another surprise.

He asked my parents to let me accompany him on three revival meetings he was to preach that summer. I would do flannelgraph stories and lead songs with motions each evening for the younger children right before the evening revival service began. The parents would be in prayer meetings while this was going on. I was elated! My folks approved the idea. I was going on the road with Roy B. Flippo as probably the first child flannelgraph evangelist in the world!

Those three revival meetings gave permanent direction to my life. Looking back from the vantage point of many changes and decisions, I still maintain that those three trips with Roy are the foundation upon which most of my faith has been built.

In the first meeting I came to grips with the need to commit my life to Jesus Christ as a disciple and follower. My language has always been the language of my church---this was my faithful *profession of faith*.

In the second meeting I realized that I needed to make that decision known to my church, the Bethel Missionary Baptist Church in Amarillo, Texas. So we came home from the revival and Roy promptly baptized me by immersion. I was "dead to my old way of life; I was raised to walk in newness of life"! By agreeing to baptize me, the church agreed to be strength for my journey!

In the third meeting I felt compelled to "surrender my life to the ministry." I felt many compatible emotions: a minister's example of concern and friendship; a joy at being able to share in worship and teaching; a love for music and preaching; a desire to know more and share all I came to know; a love for people; a desire to help.

As I have matured and considered the

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decision I made to become a minister, I am certain that it was the right thing for me to do. I have seen my life take many unexpected turns, though, and I have wound up with a different understanding of *ministry* than that of being a pastor.

Roy helped me sense a vital factor in Christian growth and decision-making: God will not lead or call us to do or perform a task we are not capable of handling. God will not give us strengths and gifts that cannot be used by Him. I will find his direction for my life in the area of the things I am able to do!

Roy sensed my gifts and showed them to me. Roy was a beautiful example of sensitivity and concern. Roy has been a model for me, a friend to me, another father to me.

And you can write that down with either pencil in you pocket!

This is chapter 4 from the book "SO GOOD, SO FAR . . ." By Grady Nutt. Grady was a regular on the TV Show "HEE - HAW." I'm proud to say that Roy B. Flippo was a distant cousin of mine.



IT IS MUCH BETTER TO BE YOURSELF THAN TO BE BY YOUR SELF!

By Camry Schnauzer Doudney Dog

Jazz has been catching all kinds of grief since Ashley moved out. I can't believe she is so stupid, I thought she was better bred than that. Any dog in their right mind knows to act like a dog, especially around the boss.

Linda is a collector of stuff, and until the stuff is past a certain age of newness you better watch out and pay it the respect that she demands. If you don't you will hear from her, and then this upsets the boss. When you make her upset it makes him upset. Of course Jazz used to sleep with Ash and Ash has moved out. I suppose she is feeling a little lost ever since. But according to Linda this is no excuse.

Jazz is stupid but clever, if that is possible. I think that is an oxymoron or something like that. Anyway, Jazz thinks she is so smart. She lives on the south end of that couch as long as there is just us dogs in the room. She is getting so used to the place that she is getting slower and slower to hop down when Linda or the boss comes in the room. They know that she has been

Continued next column half way down.

Like John Ladd is "Jesus with skin on" to me, I hope we can be "Jesus with skin on" to others. People that don't know Jesus are desperately searching for someone that gives them hope for the future. Hearing the truth is important, but seeing, touching and feeling it is even better. Shouldn't we Christians act on all opportunities to pass along the love of Jesus through our lives in the way we treat others? The rewards are limitless! Let's be Jesus with skin on.

Mr. Guy Doud, who was Teacher of the Year during one of the Ronald Reagan administration years, used the term, "Jesus with skin on," in a tape that I purchased from Focus on the Family. He mentioned it regarding kids and what they see when they look into our churches and church youth groups. He says that kids today hear a lot about Jesus, but most don't understand until they meet someone that is "Jesus with skin on" to them.



"Life is a comedy for those who think, and a tragedy for those who feel." *H. Walpole*

Camry Dog Article Continued

there for obvious reasons. And when they suspect it they raise cane.

She got caught red handed the other morning and the boss beat her with a paper for the longest time. She just sat there and took it and didn't even whimper. She better watch out. She just might find herself at Ashley's all by herself. Living there is a definite good way to die of dehydration and starvation not to mention just plain old loneliness.

The boss and Linda seem to be getting along better. Linda complains about as much as ever, but since the boss has discovered computers he just goes into his room and cranks up the music and what he can't see or hear doesn't seem to bother him.

That is about all I can think of to report. Being the youngest dog in the house means that they don't pay much attention to me, and that makes it easier to focus on what is going on with out being noticed. You know what I mean?



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