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## What is Valley Station Church?

It is a group of Christians determined to be pleasing to God. How do they do this? They do all in their power to follow the teaching of Jesus Christ with no changes, additions, subtractions or alterations.

It is a group of Christians that claim no human denominational affiliation — just Christians working and worshipping together at the Lord's word teaches.

If you need Christ as your Lord and Savior, we believe you will find him among the Christians at Valley Station.

**Come and see.**

The **VALLEY TIDINGS** is published monthly by the church of Christ, meeting at 1803 Dixie Garden Drive, Valley Station, Kentucky 40272

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### Assemblies

Sunday Bible Class 9:30 A.M.  
Sunday Morning Worship 10:30 A.M.  
Sunday Evening Worship 6:00 P.M.  
Wednesday Bible Classes 7:30 P.M.  
Ladies Class, Thursday 10:00 A.M.

Dudley Ross Spears, Editor and Evangelist

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# Valley Tidings

**Set For The Defense of the Glad Tidings**

Volume VIII, November 2007, Number 11

## Happy Thanksgiving

“A group of students were asked to list what they thought were the present Seven Wonders of the World. Though there was some disagreement, the following got the most votes:

1. Egypt's Great Pyramids
2. Taj Mahal
3. Grand Canyon
4. Panama Canal
5. Empire State Building
6. St. Peter's Basilica
7. China's Great Wall



While gathering the votes, the teacher noted that one quiet student hadn't turned in her paper yet. So she asked the girl if she was having trouble with her list. The girl replied, “Yes, a little. I couldn't quite make up my mind because there were so many.” The teacher said, “Well, tell us what you have, and maybe we can help.” The girl hesitated, then read, “I think the Seven Wonders of the World are:

1. To touch
2. To taste
3. To see
4. To hear

She hesitated a little, and then added

5. To feel
6. To laugh
7. And to love

The room was so full of silence you could have heard a pin drop. Those things we overlook as simple and “ordinary” are truly wondrous. A gentle reminder that the most precious things are in front of you. Your family, your faith, your love, your good health and your friends.

# THANKSGIVING DAY

by Homer Hailey

It is Thanksgiving Day as I sit at my typewriter thinking -- thinking of the many things for which to give thanks. I am thankful that for the seventy-nine years plus of life I have had a kind and merciful Father to govern and control my life and its destiny. The years have not always been smooth and even; there have been rough spots and periods of disciplining, and for these also I am thankful. These have molded and developed character; they have made me cognizant of the needs of others and of our kinship in sharing life's burdens as well as life's joys. I am thankful that when days were dark there was always "a song in the night," for faith and hope raised



their voice in thanksgiving and trust -- there would be sunshine and joy on the morrow.

Today both nationally and internationally the clouds hang low and are fraught with threatenings of disaster; but worry and fright grip only the hearts of unbelieving men and women, those that know not God. I look out my back door and see the towering mountains, born at the dawn of creation, timeless sentinels to the power and enduring majesty of their Creator. These have been witness through the

thousands of years in which nations, races and individuals have come and gone -- fighting, worrying, loving and hating -- that the Lord of Heaven rules and all things will continue until His purpose is accomplished. For this I am thankful.

I take a walk each day, and along my trail are giant Saguaro cacti, some estimated to be two hundred years old, or older, with their arms extended toward heaven as if praising their Creator and making petition for frail and faithless man. These can testify to the passing of frightened men and women, fleeing from the danger of fellow men, or worried where the next meal or drink of water will come from. Or it may have been an Indian hunter or warrior who paused in the narrow shadow of this towering giant for a moment's rest. Fear or fury may have filled the souls of these passerby, but the Saguaro with outstretched arms to heaven has survived all these. Now that those who passed have gone on, their bodies now slumbering in the dust, to what avail was their worry, fear, hate -- each possessing a problem that had to be urgently solved. All is quiet now, and somehow the urgent problems are forgotten and the world has continued to survive. I am thankful for the lesson. For soon I, too, will be gone, and to what avail has been any anxiety about problems and cares and emotions and bitter feelings (if any)? These agitations of soul and furies that burned in the breasts of men will be quiet and seem so foolish to those who follow after. The world will survive all

of these, the mountains will still be here and the giant cacti will continue pointing to heaven, monuments to God's power and care. And for this I am thankful.

In the midst of the world's turmoil and the personal concerns and uncertainties in the hearts of men, I am thankful that there is a remedy for all this; the gospel of Christ. It is a matter of getting people to listen and then give heed to the Father's call and offer. God has seen fit to lay the responsibility of announcing this message on the hearts of His children. For this I am thankful, for such responsibility has given me a feeling of fellowship with Him in the great work of redemption: He provided the means; and for some fifty-five years I have had the joy of telling it, pointing people to Him. For this I am thankful.

When I add to these the joy of a happy home, reigned over by a loving and sharing Christian wife, children and grandchildren whose love and respect I possess, scores of beloved friends and myriads of brothers and sisters in Christ, I am most thankful. Then let me not forget the wonderful land in which I live, the comfortable home which my Father has provided, the daily food and clothing, good health, a beautiful world in which to behold the Father's handiwork and the glorious hope of heaven -- my thanksgiving knows no bounds. Truly, today and every day should be a day of thanksgiving and praise to Him who created and provides all. Let us give praise to His matchless name!

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know. -Kingsley



Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving;  
And pay thy vows unto the Most High: And call  
upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver  
thee, and thou shalt glorify me.  
—Psalm 50:14-15

