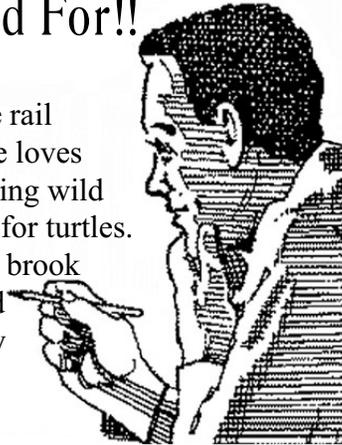


## Finding What He Looked For!!

### *Psalm 100*

My wife, son, and I went on a bike rail trail in a lovely wooded area. My wife loves beautiful flowers. My son enjoys finding wild berries. I've always had a fascination for turtles. I spotted several painted turtles in the brook adjoining the trail. My son discovered some black raspberry patches, and my wife was thrilled to encounter some gorgeous wild flowers. ***We all found what we were looking for.***



The story is told of Jim Smith who went to church one Sunday morning. He heard the organist miss a note during the prelude, and he winced. He saw a teenager talking when everybody was supposed to be bowed in silent prayer. He felt like the usher was watching to see what he put in the offering plate, and it made him boil. He caught the preacher making a slip of the tongue five times in the sermon (***by actual count!***). As he hurried out through the side door during the closing hymn, he muttered to himself, "Never again! What a bunch of clods and hypocrites!"

Ron Jones went to church one Sunday morning. He heard the organist play an arrangement of "A Mighty Fortress," and he thrilled to the majesty of it. In Sunday School, he heard a young girl take a moment to speak her simple moving message about the difference Christ had made in her life. He was glad to see that the church was sharing in a special offering for the missionaries in Nigeria. He especially appreciated the sermon that Sunday. It answered a question that had bothered him for a long time. He thought, as he walked out of the doors of the church, "How can a man come here and not feel the presence of God?"

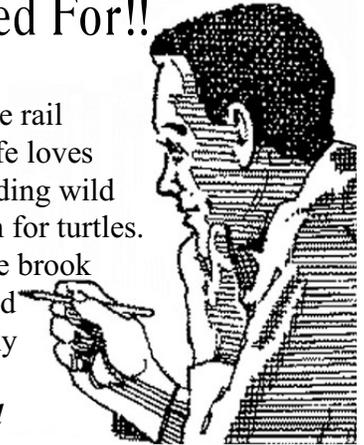
***Both men went to the same local assembly on the same Sunday morning. Each found what he was looking for.***

~George Zeller: [www.middletonbiblechurch.org](http://www.middletonbiblechurch.org)

## Finding What He Looked For!!

### *Psalm 100*

My wife, son, and I went on a bike rail trail in a lovely wooded area. My wife loves beautiful flowers. My son enjoys finding wild berries. I've always had a fascination for turtles. I spotted several painted turtles in the brook adjoining the trail. My son discovered some black raspberry patches, and my wife was thrilled to encounter some gorgeous wild flowers. ***We all found what we were looking for.***



The story is told of Jim Smith who went to church one Sunday morning. He heard the organist miss a note during the prelude, and he winced. He saw a teenager talking when everybody was supposed to be bowed in silent prayer. He felt like the usher was watching to see what he put in the offering plate, and it made him boil. He caught the preacher making a slip of the tongue five times in the sermon (***by actual count!***). As he hurried out through the side door during the closing hymn, he muttered to himself, "Never again! What a bunch of clods and hypocrites!"

Ron Jones went to church one Sunday morning. He heard the organist play an arrangement of "A Mighty Fortress," and he thrilled to the majesty of it. In Sunday School, he heard a young girl take a moment to speak her simple moving message about the difference Christ had made in her life. He was glad to see that the church was sharing in a special offering for the missionaries in Nigeria. He especially appreciated the sermon that Sunday. It answered a question that had bothered him for a long time. He thought, as he walked out of the doors of the church, "How can a man come here and not feel the presence of God?"

***Both men went to the same local assembly on the same Sunday morning. Each found what he was looking for.***

~George Zeller: [www.middletonbiblechurch.org](http://www.middletonbiblechurch.org)