

# The Plumbline

Scriptures to use for Searching your Soul

Edifying the Body of Christ (*Eph. 4.10-16*)

November, 2011

Insert

Amo 7:7 Thus he shewed me: and, behold, the Lord stood upon a wall [made] by a plumbline, with a plumbline in his hand.

## How is it with your soul?

John's Gospel is the only one that gives us the command to "Gather up the fragments that remain." It is also the only gospel that explains to us "the why:" "that nothing be lost." Nothing in your life will be lost if you surrender all to the King of kings and Lord of lords and allow Him to use you as He sees fit and for His glory.

"Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding . . ." (Pro 3.5). "Gather up the fragments [*in your life*] that remain," and offer them to the Lord Jesus, "that nothing be lost." He will use you where you are to serve others for His glory when you submit to Him, submit your will to Him – regardless of what has happened in your life or where you are in your life.

### Plumbline: John 6.12

When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

Perhaps there needs to be some soul searching as King David prayed:

Psa 139:23 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

Psa 139:24 And see if [*there be any*] wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Mrs. Bettie L. Lowery, M.R.E., Deaconess

The Rev. Mrs. C. S. Dr. Cole, Pastor, Ret.

***Co-laborers together for Jesus Christ***

*Come apart and rest (Mark 6.31)*

# Walking in the Light

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Rom 10:17 So then faith [*cometh*] by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

We are praying for you!

Psa 119:11 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

# Walking in the Light

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## Christmas Guest

It happened one day near December's end,  
Two neighbors called on an old time friend.  
And they found his shop so meager and mean  
Made gay with a thousand bows of green.  
And Conrad was sitting with face ashine,  
When he suddenly stopped as he stitched a twine,  
and he said, "old friend, at dawn today  
when the cock was crowing the night away  
The lord appeared in a dream to me,  
And said, "I am coming your guest to be."  
"So I've been busy with feet astir,  
Strewing my shop with branches of fir.  
The table is spread and the kettle is shined,  
And over the rafters the holly is twined.  
And now I'll wait for my Lord to appear  
And listen closely so I will hear  
his step as he nears my humble place  
And I open the door and look on his face.  
So his friends went home and left Conrad alone  
For this is the happiest day he has known,  
For long since, his family had passed away  
and Conrad had spent many a sad Christmas day.  
But he knew with the Lord as his Christmas guest,  
This Christmas would be the dearest and best  
So he listened with only joy in his heart,  
And with every sound he would rise with a start  
and look for the Lord to be at his door,  
Like the vision he had a few hours before.  
So he ran to the window after hearing a sound,  
But all he could see on the snow covered ground  
was a shabby beggar whose shoes were torn  
and all his clothes were ragged and worn.  
But Conrad was touched as he went to the door  
And he said, "your feet must be frozen and sore.  
I have some shoes in my shop for you,  
and a coat that will keep you warmer too."  
So with grateful heart the man went away,  
But Conrad noticed the time of day

And he wondered what made the Lord so late,  
and how much longer he had to wait?  
When he heard a knock; he ran to the door  
But it was only a stranger once more.  
A bent old lady with a shawl of black,  
With a bundle of kindling piled on her back.  
She asked for only a place to rest,  
but that was reserved for Conrad's great guest,  
But her voice seemed to plead, "Don't send me away.  
Let me rest for a while on Christmas day.  
So Conrad brewed her a steaming cup,  
And told her to sit at the table and sup.  
But after she left he was filled with dismay  
For he saw that the hours were slipping away,  
And the Lord hadn't come as he said he would  
And Conrad felt sure he had misunderstood.  
When out of the stillness he heard a cry,  
"Please help me and tell me where am I?"  
So again he opened his friendly door,  
And stood disappointed as twice before.  
It was only a child who had wandered away  
And was lost from her family on Christmas day.  
Again Conrad's heart was heavy and sad,  
but he knew he should make the little girl glad  
So he called her in and wiped her tears  
And quieted all her childish fears  
Then he led her back to her home once more,  
But as he entered his own darkened door,  
he new that the Lord was not coming today,  
For the hours of Christmas had passed away.  
So he went to his room and knelt down to pray,  
And he said, "Dear Lord, why did you delay?  
What kept you from coming to call on me?  
For I wanted so much your face to see.  
When soft in the silence a voice he heard,  
"Lift up your head for I kept my word.  
Three times my shadow crossed your floor.  
Three times I came to your lowly door.  
For I was the beggar with bruised, cold feet.  
I was the woman you gave something to eat.  
And I was the child on the homeless street.  
Three times I knocked, Three times I came in,  
And each time I found the warmth of a friend.  
Of all the gifts, love is the best.  
I was honored to be your Christmas guest."

Author Unknown