

# THE PLEASANT VIEW PLUMB LINE

## SHOW HER! DON'T JUST TELL HER

I read an article recently that touched me deeply; it also prompted me to try to be a more demonstrative husband. That of which I was reminded I would like to pass along to others who may need a little judge as well..

A delightful Christian lady in another state wrote an excellent article in which she discussed the fact that many men have a difficult time verbally expressing their emotions. She quoted the well-known quip of the wife who complained to her husband that he never told her that he loved her, and she wanted to hear that. He is reputed to have said, "I told you I loved you when we got married; if I ever change my mind, I'll let you know."

She commented that she was not complaining about her own mate; she declared that he was attentive to her emotional needs. But she related an incident that occurred in an entirely "non-romantic" setting that moved her more deeply than a dozen "I love yous" might have done.

One day they were in an auto store, and he wanted to look at tires. As she tagged along, he went directly to the rack that contained Michelin, Steel-belted, Radial tires. They looked like just any other tires to her—round and black! She asked him, perhaps with some degree of consternation: "Why are you buying the most expensive tires in the whole store?"

"Honey," he replied, "These are for your car. I want the safest tires available for your car." She related how deeply those rather matter-of-fact words penetrated her heart. The dear lady said that her husband could have said, "I love you" ten times that day, and it would not have meant as much to her as, "Honey, these are for **your** car."

My father's side of my family was never very affectionate outwardly. They loved one another (I never remember a family feud), but when they came together on special occasions, they just shook hands. My dad did the same to me; it was the "Jackson" way.

When my sweet wife and I married, I had to learn to be more demonstrative. For years Betty nicknamed me "Kawlijah," after the "wooden Indian" who "never said a word" in Hank Williams' song of that title. I am far from perfect now, but I've learned to do better.

I do not understand men who treat their wives so indifferently, much less those who deliberately wound them with insulting words or actually assault them physically. And some men of this temperament profess to be Christians!

They are not remotely so. Such men do not deserve a godly wife; they haven't the faintest concept of Paul's admonition: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself up for it." Later the apostle said that a husband should love his wife "as his own body" (Ephesians 5:25-29). If some husbands treated their own bodies no better than they do their wives, what emaciated wretches they would be.

Many a woman who has been mistreated by her husband eventually has had her fill and, in weakness, seeks a new man whom she believes will treat her lovingly—even though perhaps she had no scriptural right to marry (Matthew 19:9).

The forsaken husband then imagines he is justified in finding himself another woman. What about that situation? He has no more right to another wife than if he had been an adulterer. Husbands need to let their wives feel loved—both in word and deed.

-Wayne Jackson

"...then said the Lord, Behold, I will set a plumb line in the midst of my people Israel..." (Amos 7:8)

**I'LL BE A FRIEND TO JESUS**

Text: \_\_\_\_\_

I. In My \_\_\_\_\_

Notes:

II. In My \_\_\_\_\_

Notes:

III. In My \_\_\_\_\_

Notes:

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**THE PATH OF SIN**

Text: \_\_\_\_\_

I. Includes \_\_\_\_\_

Notes:

II. Includes \_\_\_\_\_

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III. Includes \_\_\_\_\_

Notes:

**TODAY I GAVE BLOOD**

For several years I have been giving blood from time to time because I have O+ that is so needed in emergency situations. Usually, I give blood either at the American Red Cross center on Washington Street or at the Huntsville Hospital where I go to visit church members.

Because I was in Kenya, Africa last year on a mission trip, I have been unable to give blood for one full year. Numerous times this past year I have been called to come and give blood only to have to tell them that I could not do so. Last Saturday, October 2, exactly one year had passed.

Today, I gave blood. In doing so, it made me think about my blood compared to the blood that Jesus gave on the cross of Calvary. Think with me for a moment:

- I gave about a pint of my blood—Jesus “gave it all” (in the sense of the total sacrifice of His body for our sins).
- My blood was (hopefully) without any major defects since it will be used for surgeries and such—Jesus’ blood was pure and sinless and was used to atone for the sins of all the world.
- I sat in a nice comfortable chair in a quiet, air-conditioned building with the best equipment used to ensure sanitary conditions as my blood came out—Jesus’ blood was shed on an old rugged cross in the stifling heat with sinful men shouting for Him to die.
- My blood came out of my arm via a needle—Jesus’ blood came out of wounds spread over His body as He had been inhumanely beaten, whipped, and abused prior to being nailed on the cross!
- After I gave blood, I sat around eating a snack and drinking something to give me energy to go back to my work and normal activities—Jesus’ blood was shed so that He died and His body was later taken down and placed in a borrowed grave.
- I plan to give blood again in the future so that others can benefit in a medical emergency—Jesus gave His blood ONE TIME to fulfill the needs of the entire world until He comes again!!

Today, I gave blood. Almost 2,000 years ago, my Savior gave His blood and the world has never been the same since. I wish all my friends could appreciate the difference His sacrifice can make in their lives!

*-Ron Williams*

THE MOST FRIGHTENING THOUGHT POSSIBLE

As the seasons change from summer to fall, from hot to mild to cool (at least in Tennessee), with it brings the beauty of autumn colors, the anticipation of Thanksgiving and Christmas, and preparation for what always proves to be bitter cold temperatures. Additionally, though, around this time of year minds also center on ghosts and goblins. Children begin making plans for their costumes depicting their favorite cartoon character, super hero, professional occupation, or figure of fright. Yes, Halloween is a favorite holiday of many, not because of its background but because of the traditions that have formed over the past few generations. My Halloween memories include my home congregation's annual party held at an area run down community center. Its design was perfect. It had a large common area suitable for eating and playing games. A small kitchen was present to make the food preparation easier on all the moms. But the best part was an area in the back just built for a haunted house. Every year the fathers and others would haul in coffins and other props necessary to do their best in scaring us out of our skin. And more times than not they were successful. When we think of Halloween, its those memories that invade the mind. Scaring and being scared. Stories meant to intimidate the imagination. Halloween is a time for fright.

More often than not, though, while the word "Halloween" makes us think of fright; the word "fright" does not necessarily invoke the thought of Halloween. There are so many other things in life that invoke fear. Children (and some adults) are oftentimes scared of the dark, certain animals, a notorious bully, or one of any number of things. If, however, I were to ask what the most frightening thought you could imagine is, how would you answer? A number of disastrous scenarios no doubt come to mind, but center-most should be the thought of hell. Could there be anything more devastating than the thought of spending an eternity separate from God and His saints in a lake of fire and brimstone located in a place of outer darkness? In the manner the Bible depicts the reality and nature of hell, it surely is the most frightening thought possible.

**Hell is frightening because of its location.** Where is hell? It is not where God is. Its actual "physical" location is unknown and unimportant, because in the end it is where God is not and that is a frightening thought. In one of the most chilling and sobering passages of the Bible (Matthew 25:41ff), Jesus declares the separation that will exist between God and the lost. To the goats on the left, Jesus will state, "Depart from me" (vs. 41). This is not just a temporary departure, but one that will ever exist. And the reason this is so tragic is because of what exists in God's presence. Heaven is a place of life (Romans 6:23), thus hell is a place of death (Revelation 21:8). Heaven is a place void of sorrow, pain, tears, and suffering (Revelation 21:1-4), thus hell is a place where these shall all exist (Luke 16:19-31). Heaven is a place of Divine light (Revelation 22:5), but hell is a place of outer darkness (Matthew 25:30). In heaven there will be victorious singing (Revelation 15:2-3), but in hell there will be nothing but cries of pain (Matthew 8:12). Such is a sobering and frightening realization, because the location of hell is where God is not.

**Hell is frightening because of its legion.** Scripture clearly indicates that hell will be a highly populated place. Christ's plea to the world was to "enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat" (Matthew 7:13). By far the vast majority of this world's comprehensive population will be lost because of their refusal to submit to God. And is it not the case that we are often identified by the company that we keep. If in eternity we find ourselves among the depraved heathen lost forever, it will be because we were ourselves a depraved heathen, and for all time we will have to contemplate the gravity of our decision to choose sin rather than the Savior. To be counted among such an unfortunate lot as the legion that will inhabit hell is a very frightening thought.

**Hell is frightening because of its length.** Even with the depths of our intellect, we cannot fathom the extent of eternity. It is time unending. In fact to equate eternity even with time unending still does it an injustice. Any suffering we must endure in this life is only temporary. At some point it always ends, even if that point is death. But to consider suffering as intense as will be experienced in hell, knowing that it will never relent, it will never improve, and it will never end. Such length makes the thought of hell frightening beyond comprehension.

The very thought of hell should scare us to death. The idea that it consists of separation from God, fellowship with the most wicked to have ever lived, and a punishment that will never end is one that should haunt our consciences day and night. Why would anyone reject the mercy and grace of a loving God only to experience such horrific punishment? It truly is the most frightening thought possible.