

# Hairpin Curves

By Steve Klein

Hairpin curves. The winding mountain roads that I drove as a young man in Colorado had many of them. You'd be traveling east, hit a hairpin curve, and suddenly you're headed west! The curves were difficult to navigate, but they were necessary. Without them, the road to the mountain summit would be impossibly steep and dangerous.

Repentance is like a hairpin curve. We're traveling down the road in sin. If we keep going in the same direction, we'll wind up driving off a cliff to eternal destruction. We must make the hairpin curve. We must completely change direction. Truly, "The way of life winds upward for the wise, that he may turn away from hell below" (Proverbs 15:24). The Lord wants us to make it. He is "not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3:9). The person "who would love life and see good days" simply must "turn away from evil and do good" (1 Peter 3:10-11)

If you are driving along out of control at breakneck speed, you will spin out on the curve. The secret to making it is to slow down and get yourself under con-

rol. According to 2 Peter 1:5-10, self control is one of several qualities that a Christian must possess in order to make sure of his salvation and prevent a terrible fall to eternal destruction.

It is one thing to recognize that you cannot keep going the same direction. It is quite another to get yourself under control, and turn the other way. Out of a list of 9 men in the Bible who said, "I have sinned," perhaps only four actually repented. They were David (2 Samuel 12:13), Nehemiah (Nehemiah 1:6), Micah (Micah 7:9), and the prodigal son (Luke 15:18).

Those who recognized that they needed to turn but didn't include Pharaoh (Exodus 9:27;10:16), Balaam (Numbers 22:34), Achan (Joshua 7:20), King Saul (1 Samuel 15:24, 30) and Shemei (2 Kings 19:20).

These men saw the curve coming and hit the gas instead of the brake!

What about you? Is there a turn that you know you need to make? Will you make yourself make it?



# The Auburn Beacon



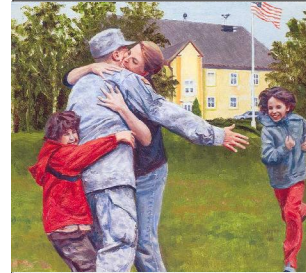
Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven. (Matthew 5:16)

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## Going Home

By F. Yater Tant



### Thought to Ponder

A man travels the world over in search of what he needs and returns home to find it.

The summer's work has ended. After a long and lonely absence I am going back to Texas. Only a few hours ago I was speaking to a house filled with people in Sunnyvale, California. Now it is shortly after midnight, and I am nearly three miles above the Mojave Desert, flying almost six miles per minute in the direction of—home! There are eighty-one of us in this monster of the skies, five crewmembers and seventy-six passengers. We left Oakland airport an hour ago, and will set down at Love Field in Dallas about daybreak. One brief stop there to change planes, and by the middle of the morning I shall be home.

There are few words in any language that have the power to grip the heart and stir the emotions as does the word "home". All that is sacred and holy, all that is tender and loving clusters around the word. The memories of childhood, the smiles and tears of youthful years, the security of love and devotion, the hallowed associations of the past are wrapped up in the word. In early years home is the place of mother and father, per-

Any one of us may at any given moment be only one heart-beat from eternity—an eternal home with God, or banishment forever from his presence. There is something terrifying about that, and yet something infinitely thrilling.

haps brothers and sisters; in later years home is the place of husband or wife, and perhaps children. Bereft indeed is that poor soul who has no home. But infinitely more wretched is he who has never had a home!

Surely it is not without cause that Christ has pictured to us the Christian relationship in terms of home and family. God is our Father; we are his children. Christ is our brother, and we are brethren one to another. It was not to the Ephesians alone, but to all the faithful of every age that Paul wrote, "So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners,

(Continued on page 2)

### Classes this Week

<b>Group Meetings after services Tonight!</b>	<b>Kid's Class at the Building at 5:15 PM All Are Invited</b>	<b>Monday Night men's Class at 7:00 PM at the Davis Home</b>	<b>Thursday Night Acts Study at 7:00 PM at Jillian Petty's</b>
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### Sick

<b>Jim and Barbara Kicker</b>	<b>Pam Dial (Laura Weldon's Mother)</b>
<b>Albert Boyles (William Herd's Relative)</b>	<b>Rose Tate (Toni Herd's Cousin)</b>
<b>Adriana Mininno (Haley Chittam's Cousin)</b>	<b>Dave and Betty Bradford</b>
<b>Blake Whatley (Hunt's neighbor)</b>	<b>Dave Brown (Friend of the Lanier's)</b>
<b>Marty Meeks (Toni Herd's Nephew)</b>	<b>Carrie Chavers (Friend of Sharon Bailey)</b>
<b>Carol Dickerson</b>	<b>Bunny Richardson</b>

### News and Notes

- Let's remember our expectant mothers: Anna Miller and Laura Humphrey.
- Rachel Bradford newborn, Libby, has been moved to progressive NICU!
- Sign up to host or teach the Monthly Home Kid's class (Grades 1-8). College students are encouraged to be study leaders.
- If you would like to host the Sunday Night College Devotional this semester please contact Yvette.
- Let us remember the great opportunities we have in local evangelism. Let's be sure to greet and welcome all visitors.
- Audio CDs of Today's Sermon will be immediately available.

**Do You Have a Bible Question?**  
Call (334) 734-2133 or  
E-mail:  
LarryRouse@aubeacon.com



### SCHEDULE OF SERVICES Sunday

Bible Class .....9:30 AM  
Worship .....10:20 AM  
Evening Worship ..... 6:00 PM

### Wednesday

Bible Classes.....7:00 PM

Ask about our home Bible Study Groups!

Larry Rouse  
Evangelist and Editor

**Check Us Out On the Internet: [www.aubeacon.com](http://www.aubeacon.com)**

*(Continued from page 1)*

but ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." **(Eph. 2:19)**

Now we are over Nevada. The pulsing roar of the four mighty engines seems to make this leviathan of the air a living creature. The stars in the sky as I look out my window are big and luminous. Most of the passengers are sleeping. But I cannot sleep. I have been gone too long. The eagerness of "going home" is too great. Here and there I can make out the dim, crawling light of an automobile on the desert floor, thousands of feet below. There are not many; and they seem to move at a snail's pace. Perhaps some of these people are going home, too. The same eagerness and anticipation that fills my heart may be theirs. Likely it is so. For we are all of us cut from the same cloth. Our needs, our hopes, our fears, and our joys are pretty much of a pattern. And the God who made us knows what is best for us. He has made provision with loving and infinite care.

Mile after mile slips by in the darkness below. And every mile brings me closer home. Already we are in Arizona; and then we shall sail through the star-studded skies of New Mexico, and on into Texas. My thoughts are nostalgic as we cross the miles. It was to New Mexico (Alamogordo, and then Hope) that my father brought his family when I was still too young to go to school—more than forty years ago. Indeed, my earliest memories are not of Tennessee, the state of my birth, but of the wild grandeur of the Sacramento Mountains and the then curious, but now famous White Sands. It was here in New Mexico that I had my first acquaintance with death. A beloved sister (oldest in the family) had stayed in Tennessee with her husband when the rest of us moved west. And now comes the fateful wire that tells us we shall see her face no more. My father does not weep; he can not. His misery is beyond tears. As I sit in this plane, high in the heavens, I can see him once again at his table

upstairs, writing, writing, writing, endlessly writing. I approach to ask him about Davis, but I can not speak for the aching lump in my throat. He raises his head and sees me standing there in childish grief. He puts his pencil down and takes me up into his lap—a rare thing indeed for him, for he was a man of deep emotions, but inarticulate and undemonstrative concerning them. Finally, I realize he is weeping, and of course I weep too. He speaks one brief word, "Your sister has gone home to live with God."

Home! It won't be long now. It will only be a few hours until I sit at my desk and try to type down the thoughts that fill my heart at this moment. And it will only be a few years until I see once again those dear faces in that eternal home, where sorrow and death can never come. My honored sire has slept these fourteen years beneath the blue skies and bright stars of Texas. He died in the Lord, and it was of such as he that John was told to write, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them." **(Rev 14:13)** He has gone home. After the turmoil and strife of "life's fitful fever" has ended, what more blessed and glorious thought than to know that one is "going home."

And here is Dallas. Ever so gently the huge ship touches the earth. Thus far the journey has been safely accomplished. Only a few more miles now. And then, home. Is it possible that I am even closer to that heavenly home than to the familiar scenes of my own frame cottage? God knows. Any one of us may at any given moment be only one heart-beat from eternity—an eternal home with God, or banishment forever from his presence. There is something terrifying about that, and yet something infinitely thrilling. May God grant to all of us that when our eyes shall close in death we may take that sweetest of all journeys—the path that leads to home. - **Gospel Guardian, October 13, 1955**



## Loving What is Right

By Gary Henry

Even if you are not a student of the Bible, you will have heard of the "Good Samaritan" parable in **Luke 10:25-37**. On the road from Jerusalem down to Jericho, a certain man lay half dead, having been beaten and robbed by thieves. When a priest happened by, he noticed the man in need, but gave no help. Later a Levite came along. Not wanting to get involved either, he "passed by on the other side" just like the priest. But when a despised Samaritan came to the scene, he did what was needed, at considerable inconvenience and expense. Jesus said he "showed mercy," and the Good Samaritan now stands as a symbol for anyone who actively serves the needs of his fellow man.

But I wonder about the priest and the Levite. Weren't they "good" men? It seems not unlikely that their next-door neighbors would have described them as "decent, clean, upstanding folks." They both had steady jobs. They were probably friendly when you saw them, but also minded their own business. Likely they kept their lawn up so as not to be an embarrassment to the neighborhood. They didn't let their teenagers get drunk and hot rod up and down the street at two in the morning, etc., etc. Surely they were "good, moral people" weren't they?

Well, the priest and the Levite were good in exactly the sense that many of us think of ourselves as being good: they did not murder, did not commit adultery, did not lie, etc. They perhaps secretly congratulated themselves for being above average morally because they would not stoop to engage in the despicable things they frowned on in others. The strength of their own morality was measured by the intensity of their negative feelings about the immorality of other people. They were "good" because they had a long list of practices they felt strongly against. In other words, righteousness for them meant scrupulously avoiding unrighteousness.

We shouldn't minimize the importance of fleeing evil, obviously. But there is more to being truly moral than looking down on immorality in others. One of my favorite quotations is a line from Roy Masters which says: "Loving what is right is different from hating what is wrong and feeling right about it." This means that we don't truly qualify as being on the side of truth and goodness if all we do is criticize the sin we see around us. There is, of course, no lack of things in the world

that are wrong, and we ought to feel a genuine revulsion for these sins. But neither ought we to confuse this revolting feeling with a true love for what is good.

It is also a mistake to confuse a merely intellectual appreciation of goodness with genuine love for what is right. Really loving what is right goes beyond abstract appreciation. Many years ago, Charles Finney made this observation: "Moral agents are so constituted, that they necessarily approve of moral worth or excellence; and when even sinners behold right character, or moral goodness, they are compelled to respect and approve it, by a law of their intelligence. This they not infrequently regard as evidence of goodness in themselves. But this is doubtless just as common in hell as it is on earth. The veriest sinners on earth or in hell, have, by the unalterable constitution of their nature, the necessity imposed upon them, of paying intellectual homage to moral excellence." And neither is an eagerness to debate issues of right and wrong proof that we love the good. As Adlai Stevenson remarked, "It is often easier to fight for our principles than to live up to them." No, truly loving what is good requires actively doing what is good!

A part of our problem here is that we tend to judge others by their actual performance, while we judge ourselves by our ideals. We think of ourselves as being fairly "good" because we know that our goals and intentions are good. We may not be doing much about our goals, but we render a favorable verdict on ourselves anyway, because we know what we are capable of doing, what we are going to do in the future, etc. But the person who truly loves what is right is not merely the person with high ideals and positive potential — he is the actual doer of good. When there is mercy to be shown, Jesus' commendation falls upon the person who loves mercy enough to show it, making a personal sacrifice if necessary in order to do so.

Talk is cheap, as the saying goes. So, in a certain sense, are our intentions. Can do and have done don't even live in the same neighborhood. "To him who knows to do good and does not do it, to him it is sin" **(Jas. 4:17)**. Loving what is right demands that we do more than complain about the world going to the dogs while we watch the evening news from the comfort of a recliner.

