

Seeking Out

The Old Paths

Volume 9 Issue 6

June 2003

Our Loving Substitute

In the History of Persia a very tender incident is related. Twelve men had been robbed and murdered under the very walls of the city. The King resolved that the crime should be traced out and all concerned in it put to death.

After a long search the guilty ones were found and their guilt established beyond a doubt. The King had sworn... that they should be put to death.

The sentence had been passed and the day of their execution come. Great efforts had been made to procure a pardon for the prisoners, but it was impossible, although they in some ways belonged to a branch of the Kings family.

Among the men to be executed was a young man of great promise, scarcely twenty years of age. His very appearance drew universal interest and sympathy to him. Men and women were in tears, crying out, can't this young man be pardoned? But no way was seen. He was to be executed in a few

hours. Just then a tender scene was witnessed; the father of this young man came rushing forward and was admitted to an interview with the King. He addressed the monarch in words something like these: "You have sworn... that these men should die, and it is just they should, but I who am not guilty, come here to ask a great favor; it is that I may die in my sons place. He is young and just betrothed in marriage, and has hardly tasted the sweets of existence. Oh, sir, be merciful! and let me be executed in his place. Let my son live to taste of the waters and till the ground of his ancestors! I will meet the just demands of the law for him. I know he is guilty and deserves it all, but I love him and will cheerfully die for him." The monarch was deeply moved by the fathers appeal but could not pardon without a suitable substitute, and so accepted this kind, loving father in the place of the son.

The son, wild and almost distracted with grief, plead with the king to reverse his decree to accept his father, and to inflict on him the

doom he justly merited and save the life of his aged and innocent father. All hearts were melted at the scene. But the son was spared while the innocent father met the just demands of the law, and was executed instead of the son, and so the law of the kingdom of Persia was magnified and made honorable. This fathers love to the son was wonderful, but our Heavenly Father commendeth his love to us that while we were yet sinners, enemies, in open opposition to him, in giving his son to die for us. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And Jesus, knowing all he would suffer, freely offered himself for us, saying, Father, here am I, send me. This was love beyond degree; it has no parallel. How can any one treat it indifferently.

So strange, so boundless was the love That pitied dying men; The Father sent his equal Son To give them life again.

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"We are journeying unto the place of which the LORD said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Numbers 10:29

Dryden Road
 Pentecostal Church
 3201 Dryden Road
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 298-6555

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

Sunday School - 10 A.M.
 Morning Worship - 11 A.M.
 Evangelistic Service - 6 P.M.

TUESDAY

Youth Service - 7:30 P.M.

WEDNESDAY

Prayer Service - 10 A.M.

THURSDAY

Family Service - 7:30 P.M.

**“Where A Warm
 Welcome Awaits You...
 In This Church We
 Teach Holiness Too...”**

Pastor

Bennie D. Sutherland

Editor

Frank Lindsey

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Around Home

Prayer List

Please remember the following people in our church who need a touch from the Lord.

Patsy Roberts, Lucy Minton, Edna Pelfrey, Demia Abner, Bessie Richmond, Don & Jean Sheldon, Flodie Baldwin, Evelyn Houston, Lana Rank, Marty Hatcher, Donna Maggard, Gertrude Scott, Mabel Wells, Willidean Curtis, Opal Houston, Ruby Gullette, Odie Boggs, Steve Phillips, and Ray Driscoll.

Christian Sympathy

Our sympathy to the Dotson family. Sister Linda Dotson's father, Vernie McKee, passed away April 24th.

We extend our sympathy to Sister Phyllis Stiles. Her brother, Willard Harville passed away May 8th.

When God forgives, He forgets. Do you?

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Debbie Roberts	3
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IT'S A BOY!

Congratulations to Wayne & Sue Farmer on the birth of Andrew Wayne Farmer. Andrew was born May 5th, and weighed 8 lbs. 14 oz.

Linda's niece, Kristie sent this poem to her. I'm not sure who wrote it. We want to dedicate it to the memory of Linda's Dad, Vernie Mckee. He passed away on April 24, 2003 at his home in Flemingsburg Kentucky. He was a wonderful person who will be sorely missed by his family and many friends.

WHEN TOMORROW STARTS WITHOUT ME

When tomorrow starts without me and I'm not there to see,
 If the sun should rise and find your eyes,
 All filled with tears for me;
I wish so much you wouldn't cry the way you did today,
While thinking of the many things we didn't get to say.
 I know how much you love me as much as I love you.
And each time that you think of me I know you'll miss me too.
But when tomorrow starts without me please try to understand,
That an angel came and called my name and took me by the hand,
 And said my place was ready in heaven far above,
 And that I'd have to leave behind all those I dearly love.
 But, as I turned to walk away a tear fell from my eye.
 For all my life I'd always thought I didn't want to die.
 I had so much to live for, so much left yet to do,
 It seemed almost impossible that I was leaving you.
I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad.
I thought of all the love we shared and all the fun we had.
 If I could relive yesterday just even for awhile,
 I'd say good-bye and kiss you and maybe see you smile.
 But, then I fully realized that this could never be.
 For emptiness and memories would take the place of me.
And when I thought of worldly things I might miss come tomorrow,
 I thought of you and when I did my heart was filled with sorrow.
But, when I walked through Heaven's gates I felt so much at home,
When God looked down and smiled at me from His great golden throne.
 He said, "This is eternity and all I've promised you."
 "Today your life on earth is past. But here life starts anew!"
 "I promise no tomorrow, but today will always last!"
 "And since each day's the same way there's no longing for the past."
 "You have been so faithful, so trusting and so true,"
"Though there were times you did some things you knew you shouldn't do."
 "But you have been forgiven and now at last you're free!"
 "So won't you come and take My hand and share My life with me?"
 So when tomorrow starts without me don't think we're far apart.
 For every time you think of me I'm right here in your heart!

Blessed Is The Man

Blessed is the man for whom a good woman lives, to whom his work is a pleasure, by whom his friends are encouraged, with whom others are comfortable, in whom a clear conscience abides, and through whom his children see God.

Blessed is the man whose strength is enhanced by his tenderness, whose wisdom is empowered by his faith, and whose courage is made complete by his compassion.

Blessed is the man who looks at life with joyful optimism, who listens to his children with eager attentiveness, who enriches his community with creative enthusiasm, who loves his country with grateful loyalty, and who worships his God with unswerving fidelity.

Blessed is the man who brings honor to the word "father," who is a credit to the word "brotherhood," who is a quiet example of the word "peacemaker," and who is a child's perfect image of the word "manhood."

Blessed is the man who confidently builds bridges of understanding, who generously lightens the loads of his fellowman, and who cheerfully brightens each day with words of hope, inspiration, and assurance.

Blessed is the man whom his children often say, "We're glad he's our father"; of whom his wife often says, "I'm glad he's my husband"; of whom his parents say, "We're glad he's our son."

In Memory Of My Grandparents

Not long ago my last living grandparent crossed over from this life and entered into eternal life in Heaven. My grandfather Joseph Bailey left behind a strong testimony of years spent being a soldier for God. Being a son of a preacher, I have met many saints through out my life, but I can honestly say that Grandpa Joe was one of the greatest Christians I ever knew.

Grandpa was a meek, quiet, and humble man, and he was a prayer warrior. He loved the Lord with all of his heart, and he was a spirit filled man. It wasn't unusual for him to start speaking in tongues whenever he felt God move on him.

He and my grandmother Lois Bailey were good examples of faithfulness. They were members of the Tunnel Hill Church for close to 60 years. I can remember going to church with them and watching them unlock the doors and get everything ready for the service. At times there may have been just a hand full there, but they were faithful. They lived to see the church grow and now they have built a new church to hold the growing congregation. My grandpa shoveled the first piece of ground to start the ground breaking of the church. He wasn't upset that they were leaving the church he had worshiped in for so long, but he was excited to see the new church.

Grandpa loved to tell me stories of
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Joseph & Lois Bailey

his Christian walk, of the services he had been in, and of close encounters with heavenly beings. He eagerly awaited the Lords return. He would tell me, "Warn them in darkness of the soon coming of the Lord of hosts." He loved my mother and was proud of her. He would say, "She never caused me a day of trouble in my life." My grandmother was a hard worker. She would cook so many dishes for the all days meeting, and she was known for her fine cooking. They both loved going to church, and were faithful to God all the days of their lives. Now they are gone and have left me with such a rich heritage and many precious memories.

Richie Sutherland

God will look you over, not for medals or degrees, but for scars.

A man confined to bed because of a lingering illness had on his sunlit windowsill a cocoon of a beautiful species of butterfly. As nature took its course, the butterfly began its struggle to emerge from the cocoon. But it was a long, hard battle. As the hours went by, the struggling insect seemed to make almost no progress. Finally, the human observer, thinking that "the powers that be" had erred, took a pair of scissors and snipped the opening larger. The butterfly crawled out, but that's all it ever did--crawl. The pressure of the struggle was intended to push colorful, life-giving juices back into the wings, but the man in his supposed mercy prevented this. The insect never was anything but a stunted abortion, and instead of flying on rainbow wings above the beautiful gardens, it was condemned to spend its brief life crawling in the dust. God knows what He is doing. It's a fact that you can depend on Him--even when it seems the struggle is hard and meaningless. 1 Peter 1:7 That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

God uses broken things. It takes broken soil to produce a crop, broken clouds to give rain, broken grain to give bread, broken bread to give strength. It is the broken alabaster box that gives forth perfume--it is Peter, weeping bitterly, who returns to greater power than ever.

GRADUATION 2003



Odie Boggs

I graduated from Eagle Heights Academy in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, May 3rd, 2003. It was great to have so much of my family and many of my friends there with me to celebrate. Thanks for all the cards, gifts, and letters.

I am blessed to have a great home church and to have Brother Bennie & Sister Jane to lean on! I am very excited and thankful to be finished with school for a while. I have home-schooled all the way through. (Mom's glad to be finished too!)

I plan to continue traveling and working with my parents in ministry, and to take some college courses by correspondence. Thanks to everyone who has encouraged me through the years. I love you ALL!

Please continue to pray for me and for my family.

Odie Boggs



Hannah Meyers

Graduating from High School may not seem like a big deal to most, but when you are actually the graduate you see all the many choic-

es and decisions that must be made. I will graduate from West Carrollton Senior High on May 29, 2003. I plan to spend my summer on travel and work. In the fall I will start college for either dental hygiene or radiology technician.

I could not have reached this point in my life without each and everyone of you at Dryden Road. I also want to thank my family, who I trust will stand behind me in any decision about my future.

And last but not least, I want to thank Brother Bennie & Sister Jane Sutherland, Brother Darius, & Sister Kim Templeton. They have all been very supportive throughout the years, and I could not ask for a better pastor and youth pastor. Thanks for everything.

Hannah Meyers

Wishing our graduates a bright and blessed future.

Keep God's truth in your head and His love in your heart.

Wisdom comes more from living than from studying.



R A H A B

Find the words hidden in the puzzle.

H C R A M I L L B U S D K H W
 T U O H S I E E Z A I R I R I
 C L O R D B T S G A H T J K A
 I O A W A N T T R N T A E Z P
 G E V N R E S F I I A S R R P
 L I O E P E A C T H S L I D Y
 D N L M N N V E A A S E C I R
 O G U G U A S O R R S S H S U
 G R T N A Q N B S T L S O M S
 T R E B E L E T L S J E Z A A
 L A I R O M E M B F A V T Y E
 X V I C T U A L S S Y P S E R
 F X C C A N A A N I T E S D T
 T H R E A D H S E T I V E L H
 N A D R O J K J O S H U A B K

AFRAID
 ANGEL
 ARK
 BRASS
 CANAANITES
 COVENANT
 DISMAYED
 GILGAL
 GOD
 HITTITES
 ISRAEL

JERICHO
 JORDAN
 JOSHUA
 LEBANON
 LEVITES
 LORD
 MARCH
 MEMORIAL
 NUN
 PASSOVER
 PRIEST

RAHAB
 REBEL
 SCARLET
 SHITTIM
 SHOUT
 SPYS
 THREAD
 TREASURY
 TRUMPETS
 VESSELS
 VICTUALS

YOU'RE THE LITTLE FELLOW'S IDOL

There are little eyes upon you, and they're watching night and day;
There are little ears that quickly take in every word you say;
There are little hands all eager to do everything you do,
And a little boy who's dreaming of the day he'll be like you.
You're the little fellow's idol, you're the wisest of the wise;
In his little mind about you no suspicions ever rise;
He believes in you devoutly, holds that all you say and do
He will say and do in your way when he's grown up like you.
There's a wide-eyed little fellow who believes you're always right,
And his ears are always open and he watches day and night,
You are setting an example everyday in all you do,
For the little boy who's waiting to grow up to be like you.

Aim-Taking

Did you ever see a company of soldiers going through their exercises? Well, if you have, you will remember that, after their muskets are loaded, the officer who is exercising them calls out, Make ready, take aim, fire.

The aim of each soldier is the thing which he tries to hit when he fires his gun. When soldiers are engaged in what is called target-shooting, or firing at a mark, they have a large board set up at some distance from them. The surface of this board is painted all over in black and white rings or circles. In the center of the board is a small black circle, sometimes called the bulls-eye. Every soldier, as he takes aim, tries to hit the bulls-eye, or black circle, in the center of the board. The aim of the soldier is that which he tries to hit with his gun.

And in the same way we use the word aim as referring to anything a person undertakes to do. If a new

scholar enters your class in school, and says to himself, as he enters Now I am going to be the head of this class, and if he begins to study his lessons with great diligence and care, so as to get above the others, then you may say the aim of that scholar is to be the head of the class. The aim of Christopher Columbus was to discover a shorter way to India. The aim of Sir John Franklin and his companions, who perished in the Arctic regions, was to find out a passage by sea from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean. The aim of Dr Kane, in his voyage to the north, was to find out what had become of Sir John Franklin. The aim of Dr. Livingstone in his long journey through Africa, was to find out the best way of carrying the gospel into the interior of that vast country.

There are a great many aims that people set before them in this world. Some aim to get great riches; others to get a great name; and others to enjoy great pleasure. But St. Paul tells us of an aim that is much better

than all these. He says, And whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do do all to the glory of God.

Richard Newton

An old writer, speaking of people as stewards of God, urges upon them as wise traders and servants to look to themselves carefully, and take care of four houses that are under their charge.

1. The warehouse--or heart and memory--where they should store up precious things, holy affections, grateful remembrances, celestial preparations, etc. Without a good stock in the warehouse there can be no good trade.

2. The workhouse--or actions--where they retail to others for God's glory the grace entrusted to them, teaching the ignorant, comforting the poor, visiting the sick, etc. We must be active, or we cannot be acceptable servants.

3. The clockhouse--meaning speech--which must always, like a well-timed bell, speak the truth accurately; also meaning observance of time, redeeming it by promptly doing the duties of every hour. We must use time well, or our spiritual gains will be small.

4. The counting-house--or the conscience--is to be scrupulously watched, and no false reckonings allowed, lest we deceive our own souls. The Master will call for our accounts; let us keep them honestly.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

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“But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned: (For until the law sin was in the world: but sin is not imputed when there is no law. Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam’s transgression,

who is the figure of him that was to come. But not as the offence, so also is the free gift. For if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.” Romans 5:8-15.

A.B. Earle

Kaufmann Kohler states in the Jewish Encyclopedia that no language has as many words for joy and rejoicing as does Hebrew. In the Old Testament thirteen Hebrew roots, found in twenty-seven different words, are used primarily for some aspect of joy or joyful participation in religious worship. Hebrew religious ritual demonstrates God as the source of joy. In contrast to the rituals of other faiths of the East, Israelite worship was essentially

a joyous proclamation and celebration. The good Israelite regarded the act of thanking God as the supreme joy of his life. Pure joy is joy in God as both its source and object. The psalmist says, “Thou dost show me the path of life; in thy presence there is fullness of joy, in thy right hand are pleasures forevermore”.

A man wrote to Dear Abby recently. He said, “Dear Abby: I am in love and I am having an affair with two different women. I can’t marry them both. Please tell me what to do, but don’t give me any of that morality stuff. Abby’s answer is classic. “Dear Sir: The only difference between humans and animals is morality. Please write to a veterinarian.”

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