

“Another Word”, January 19, 2025

To our family and friends of King Road Christian Church

If you didn't notice, yes, we have changed our name. When we became independent, it was felt that we needed a name that expressed who we are as well as where we are located. Hence, King Road Christian.

I apologize that it has been a while since my last newsletter. The last couple of months have been a rather involved and busy time in the life of His Church, and time just got away from me. Also, we called off services last Sunday because the lot was covered with ice the night before. Better safe than sorry.

I want to remind you and invite you to our latest Bible Study that will begin January 28th. A morning class will begin at 10:30 and the evening class will begin at 6pm. Books are available in the gathering area. The class will explore “Christian Beliefs” from the Bible's point of view. I hope you can join us.

There will be a free showing of the new movie, “Solving the Separation of Church and State,” at the downtown Ashland Theatre this Thursday, the 23rd. Show times are 3:30 and 7pm. Information about the movie can be found at; lifewise.org/trailer

Last year, we had the Honor of hosting the “Sanctity of Human Life” service. A day set aside to come together and celebrate this wonderful gift of life given to us by God. This year's service will be held at Calvary Baptist Church on Davis Road (Behind Bob Evans) on Sunday, January 26 at 4:30pm. We hope you can make some time to attend this inspirational and moving service.

The jazz concerts will once again be enjoyed in our sanctuary on February 3rd at 7pm

As we go to prayer, please remember Mike McCormic as he has been called away by the Red Cross to help with the devastation in the Los Angeles area. Also, please keep in your prayers those recovering from surgeries and under doctor's and hospice care. May we pray:

Dear Holy God. As we settle into this New Year, may we first express our love and gratitude to You. We often forget to simply say thank You for all You do for us. You provide for all our needs, and we trust that You will lead us in ways to live fruitful lives. We ask for blessings on all those who work to provide safety and protection for our Nation. Guide us so we may help bring peace and comfort to a world that desperately needs to know You and taste of Your love. We pray this in Christ's most Holy Name, Amen

It was fun growing up in the 50's and early 60's. Our neighborhood was literally filled with likeminded kids, all wanting to play baseball, take adventurous bike rides, and have epic campouts in someone's back yard. But there were three of us who were especially close. There wasn't a day that you didn't find us together planning or doing some project.

Around 1959, we got the great idea to build a clubhouse. It was to be built behind the old horse barn in our back yard. I think my mom suggested that spot because whatever we built couldn't be seen from the street! We drew some basic plans, borrowed hammers and saws and got to work.

We first found a couple of shipping pallets and set them for the floor. Next, we scrounged up any wood we could find. Two streets away was a small lumber yard whose owner let us have broken and damaged boards. He even helped us with the type of nails we should buy. (yes, we actually did buy the nails and many of the boards)

I must tell you, even our parents were impressed as it took shape. The main body of the house had a peaked roof covered with tar paper and shingles, donated by a roofer who lived close by. Inside, we built bunkbeds so we could camp out in style. We then added an enclosed front porch with a screen door and a delivery shelf. The shelf was important because the Nickles Bakery driver used the alley next to our clubhouse to get to the next street over. So, in the summer we had a standing order with him for one box of donuts to be delivered each week. (We left the money on the shelf; he collected and left the donuts.) We even had an address for our house so he could show that he had a legitimate order. 33 Alley Drive, Ashland. Pretty enterprising, huh! Even though we had many good years with our clubhouse, as we grew older it eventually lost its charm, and we found other interests.

In Matthew chapter 7:24-27 Jesus tells the crowd at the end of His sermon on the mount that, “there was a man who built his house on a rock and when the storms came, it did not fall. However, there was a man who built his house on sand. When the storms came, it fell with a great crash.”

I like to think that the 3 of us learned a little about life and what Jesus was speaking of in those verses. If we would have just grabbed some wood and nails and started setting boards on the ground and nailing them together, we wouldn't have gotten very far. In other words, our house would have ended up like the house on the sand.

Instead, we drew plans and followed the instructions of the owner of the lumberyard as he patiently gave to us his time and knowledge. We followed his suggestions and directions and slowly but surely, a rather sturdy little house was built on a firm foundation that went through quite a few summer and winter storms. In fact, it did not fall.

Trust me, I am not trying to equate the lumberyard owner with Jesus. However, if we look closely at verse 24, Jesus says, "Therefore everyone who hears these words of mine and puts them into practice is like the man who builds on the rock..." Jesus says, "these words." What words? Oh, the words from the whole sermon on the mount, starting way back in chapter 5. Jesus wasn't teaching how to build a house but to tell us there are many lessons in life that must be put into action if we are to live to withstand the storms of life.

As 3 young boys, we were taught many valuable lessons that summer. Not just how to build a house but how to shape our lives. And the most valuable lesson? You can't build something (including your life) that will last, unless it is first built on the true firm foundation of the Word of God.

And as a post script; our club house was used and enjoyed by my younger sister, her friends, and other youth in the neighborhood, and was finally dismantled when years later, the old horse barn was torn down. It indeed had a firm foundation.

In His Peace

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