



“...a net...cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind.” Matthew 13:47

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SHIVER ME TIMBERS!—These words come as an exclamation in the form of a mock oath, usually attributed to the speech of pirates in works of fiction. It is employed as a literary device by authors to express shock, surprise, or annoyance. The phrase is based on real nautical slang and is a reference to the timbers, which are the wooden support frames for a sailing ship. In heavy seas, ships would be lifted up and pounded down so hard as to “shiver” (creak, crack and pop) the timbers, startling the sailors. Such an exclamation was meant to convey a feeling of fear and awe, similar to “well, blow me down”. Long John Silver in Robert Louis Stevenson’s *Treasure Island* (1883) used the phrase seven times as well as variations like “shiver me sides”, “shake up me timbers”, and “shiver me soul”. —Wikipedia

As the author here, I can well say, “Been there; done that.” As early as thirteen years old I found myself on a 65’ wooden shrimp trawler going out of Mobile Bar Pass into the Gulf of Mexico. The pass was most always rough. From the smooth waters of the bay to a 4-8 foot sea gave quite a bounce. The noise the hull of the boat made was scary. The popping and cracking sounds as the waves slapped against the boat were nerve-wracking. It sounded as if the vessel was bursting apart. Sometimes the weather was bad all the trip and these sounds had to be dealt with continually. At the end of the trip it was so good to get back into calm waters; it seemed as if the boat itself rejoiced.

What about Silver’s expression, “shiver me soul”? Are there things in life that cause us to shake on the inside? The daily news is enough to bring the shivers—possible nuclear war on the horizon, the economy crashing, new diseases coming out of the woodwork that affect all, possible asteroid collision, storms rampant worldwide. Whoa! It shakes me all the way to my soul!

What about the worst fear of all...to lose one’s soul? Mark 8:36, 37, “*For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*” That’s a shivering thought, but the master of the sea and ships offers to all safety and peace. You can find Him in Mark 4 where a ship’s timbers are cracking under a storm and all hope is gone, but He (Jesus) arose, rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, “Peace, be still.”

With Jesus aboard you can’t crack up. Have you trusted Him as your Saviour? The biggest storm is yet ahead. It may shiver me timbers, but not me soul. That the Saviour has “saved”.

A man who walks with God will always get to his destination.

THEN HE AROSE

The adverse winds blew against my life;
My little ship with grief was tossed.
My plans were gone—heart full of strife,
And all my hope seemed to be lost.
Then He arose, one word of peace.
There was a calm, a sweet release.

My heart was sinking ‘neath the wave
Of deepening test and raging grief;
All seemed as lost, and none could save,
And nothing could bring me relief.
Then he arose, and spoke one word.
There was a calm! IT IS THE LORD.

--SP

Mark 4:38,39 “*And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.*”

DIGGING THROUGH THE RUBBLE—In 1989 an 8.2 earthquake almost flattened Armenia, killing over 30,000 people in less than four minutes.

In the midst of utter devastation and chaos, a father left his wife securely at home and rushed to the school where their son was supposed to be, only to discover that the building was flat as a pancake.

After the traumatic initial shock, he remembered the promise he had made to his son, “No matter what, I’ll always be there for you.” As tears began to fill his eyes, he looked at the pile of debris that once was the school. It looked hopeless, but he kept remembering his commitment to his son. He began to concentrate on where he walked his son to class at school each morning. Remembering his son’s classroom would be in the back right corner of the building, he rushed there and started digging through the rubble.

As he was digging, other forlorn parents arrived, clutching their hearts, saying, “My son! My daughter!” Other well-meaning parents tried to pull him off of what was left of the school, saying, “It’s too late! They’re dead! You can’t help! Go home! Come on, face reality, there’s nothing you can do! You’re just going to make things worse!”

To each parent he responded with one line, “Are you going to help me now?” And then he proceeded to dig for his son, stone by stone.

The fire chief showed up and tried to pull him off of the school’s debris saying, “Fires are breaking out, explosions are happening everywhere. You’re in danger. We’ll take care of it. Go home.” To which this loving, caring father asked, “Are you going to help me now?” No one helped.

Courageously he proceeded alone because he needed to know for himself, "Is my boy alive or is he dead?" He dug for eight hours, twelve hours, twenty-four hours, thirty-six hours, and then in the thirty-eighth hour, he pulled back a boulder and heard his son's voice. He screamed his son's name, "Armand!" He heard back, "Dad? It's me, Dad! I told the other kids not to worry. I told them if you were alive you'd save me and when you saved me, they'd be saved. You promised. You did it, Dad!"

"What's going on in there? How is it?" the father asked. "There are fourteen of us left out of thirty-three, Dad. We're scared, hungry, thirsty, and thankful you're here. When the building collapsed, it made a wedge, like a triangle, and it saved us."

"Come on out, boy!"

"No, Dad! Let the other kids out first, because I know you'll get me! No matter what, I knew you'd be there for me!"

--Jack Canfield

Editor's Note: Are we willing to dig through the rubble of life to find those who are lost in sin? Let us not forget. 2 Peter 3:9, "*The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.*"

WORDS FROM AN OLD COOT—From a 90+ year old reader; these are words used years ago:

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|-------------------------|------------------|
| --heavens to Murgatroyd | --holy moley |
| --a whatchamacallit | --knucklehead |
| --driving a jalopy | --fiddlesticks |
| --it's hunky-dory | --monkey's uncle |
| --heavens to Betsy | --gee whillikers |

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than "Carter has liver pills". These were once words that strutted their hour upon our earthly stage, and now are heard no more except in the memory of some. Did you remember any of the above? See you later, alligator! (More my generation.)

--F. Mason

SAVED AND SAFE—I once heard a preacher say, "Imagine that a man is drowning in the middle of a lake. If I row out to him and give him a book on swimming, and nothing more, this doesn't save him. If I tell him to swim harder, he still isn't saved; if I drag him within two feet of dry land, he is still not rescued. But when I get into the water, lift him out and place him safely onto the shore, then and only then is he safe!"

So it is with the gospel. We are saved, rescued and delivered by the work of the Lord Jesus. Our salvation is in, by and through Jesus and His shed blood! Believers are not half saved or partially redeemed. We are saved, entirely, utterly and eternally by the doing, dying and rising again of the Lord Jesus. There is no such thing as us swimming along behind the rowboat of salvation. Christ must save and Christ alone.

To be "saved" means to be rescued and delivered from all harm and danger. If we are still in actual danger, then we are not saved! If there is the slightest

danger that we can lose our salvation, then either we are not saved, or Christ did not accomplish anything on our behalf in His doing and dying. But we are saved, saved by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. This makes us safe! We are His sheep and He is our shepherd. Satan cannot destroy us. —M. McKee

John 10:27,28 "*My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.*"

MOPPING THE MUD—I was staying at an inn in one of the valleys of Northern Italy where the floor was dreadfully dirty. I had it in my mind to talk to the landlady about scrubbing it, but when I perceived it was made of mud, I understood that the more she scrubbed the worse it would be! The parallel is so clear. The man who knows his own heart understands that his corrupt nature admits to no improvement. Outward cleaning will not change his nature. There must be a new nature implanted or the man will only be washed like that mud floor. No outward action can make you clean. Our spiritual leprosy lies deep within, and only accepting the work of Christ (sacrificial death) can change one's heart and make it clean. All efforts to clean oneself before God is like "**mopping the mud**". Job 9:30,31, "*If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me.*" Revelation 1:5,6, "*And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.*" --CHS

QUESTIONS TO PONDER

- What hair color do they put on the driver's license of a bald man?
- Why didn't Tarzan have a beard? (He lived in the jungle with no way to shave.)
- How do those dead bugs get into the tightly enclosed light fixtures?
- Why were the Indians here first? (I did get an answer to this one. They had reservations!)
- Last but not least, why should you not worry about old age? (It doesn't last!)

FISHY HUMOR

A funeral procession pulled into a cemetery. Several carloads of family members followed a black truck towing a boat with a coffin in it.

A passerby remarked, "That guy must have been an avid fisherman." "Oh, he still is," remarked one of the mourners. "As a matter of fact, he's headed off to the lake as soon as we get his wife out of the boat and buried."

FISHY QUESTION—From last edition, who, under Nehemiah's return to Jerusalem, built the fish gate? Nehemiah 3:3 says it was the sons of Hassenaah. This month's question is a riddle. What kind of ship is most unpleasant to travel on (hint---starts with "h"). Thanks to all who are answering our questions!