

# The Extraordinary Life

"I have come that they may have life,  
and that they may have it more abundantly"  
John 10:10

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## The Real Thing

I was 21 years old and it was the summer between my undergraduate studies and my first year of law school at Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana. I attended I.U. for three years straight, taking classes Fall, Spring and Summer, in order to get to law school one year earlier. While the two summers before I had taken classes, first year law classes did not begin until the Fall, so this summer I had to find a job.

I ended up working that summer in a sawmill in Stilesville, Indiana. Bob Collier owned the sawmill, which sat about 2 miles west of Stilesville on US Highway 40. My family had known the Collier family for years, since Linda and I had been in Junior High.

My sister Linda married John, one of Bob and Betty Collier's four sons. John worked for his father in the sawmill operating the main saw, that cut up logs into boards. As a long time friend of the family who needed a job, Bob generously gave me work in his sawmill. I lived with Linda and John and worked as an end trimmer in the saw mill.

The sawmill was a fascinating process. Logs were loaded in at one end and boards came out the other end. Logs were first cut into large squares, then cut into boards on the big band saw and the left over trimmings were carried by conveyor, that ran below the saw, to a wood chipper that blew the wood chips into a semitrailer. As the cut boards fell away from the log, they fell onto a conveyor belt. The conveyors carried the boards, one by one, down to my station at the end trimmer.

The end trimmer had two saws, one that was stationary and the second moved back and forth from the first. When the boards came off the band saw, the ends were still rough and needed trimmed. As the untrimmed boards approached my station, I would have to determine about how long the board would end up, either 6 foot, 8 foot, 10 foot or 12 foot in length. Then I would move the second saw to the appropriate length and then move the board off their holding table onto the belts that carried the board through the two saws at either end of the board, where the rough ends were cut off and the trimmed board fell off onto another conveyor where it was taken to another building where it was added to a stack of boards of the same length.

One hot summer day in the sawmill, Betty Collier showed up with some freshly made lemonade for the crew. Working in the heat I was dry mouthed thirsty. Now this may sound surprising but I had never had tasted real lemonade, lemonade made by squeezing real lemons. All I had ever had was cheap imitations, lemonade made by powder mixes or frozen concentrate.



That day, my eyes were opened and my taste buds received a revelation. Betty's lemonade was the perfect mix of citrus sour, sugar sweetness, icy coldness and thirst quenching wetness. I eagerly drank down one, two, perhaps three glassfuls. I wondered how I had ever drunk any of the imitations or how I would ever drink them again. They all seemed either too bitter or too icky sweet and none of them tasting like real lemons.

Betty's lemonade was the real thing and there was no substitute, no replacement as good as the real thing.

In Jesus' story of the prodigal son, the young man had to learn the hard way the difference between the real thing and inferior substitutes. He gathered all he had and left his father's home and traveled to another country, far away, and wasted everything that he had. About that time a famine came and he began to suffer from want and hunger.

"Then he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would gladly have filled his stomach with the pods that the swine ate, and no one gave him anything." (Luke 15:15-16).

Imagine being so hungry, that you would be willing to eat dry tasteless husks. How far had this young man fallen. How low would he go. He had given up the real thing when he left his father's house. In his father's house was plenty, food, comfort and love. But, now the only thing left to him was far inferior substitutes, want, husks, discomfort and indifference.

God is the real thing. God's Son is the real things. His Word is the real thing. His church is the real thing. There are plenty of imitations, plenty of substitutes for all of these, but why would anyone want anything less than the real thing? Many have filled up on the imitations and

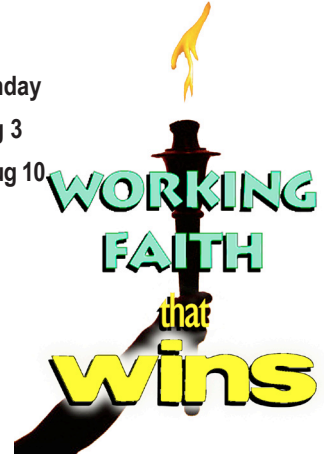
## Upcoming Messages

We invite you to come and be our guest at the Connersville church of Christ. You and your loved ones will want to hear these messages on the following Sunday mornings at 10:00 AM.

Managing Money.....This Sunday

Developing Patience.....Aug 3

Praying About Your Problems..Aug 10



have never had the real thing. Once they find the real thing, will they leave their substitutes?

Who would want a cheap imitation when the real thing is right in front of them? Despite the availability of lemons and sugar, people still buy the nasty imitation mixes and actually drink them. Who would want to fill their belly with husks, when their father's house had plenty of good food to eat and more to spare. Don't accept any substitutes or imitations. Accept and don't give up God, His Son, His Word and His church. ✕

<p><b>Connersville church of Christ</b> meets at Waterloo &amp; Erie Connersville, Indiana</p>  <p><b>Minister</b> <b>Wayne Greeson</b> (765) 827-1051</p> <p><b>Visit us on the web</b> connersvillechurch.com</p>	<p><b>A Friendly Recommendation...</b></p> <p>Do you attend church? Many don't because the sermons are boring and don't relate to your real life, too many churches seem more interested in your money than you and the members are not very friendly. Attending church should be enjoyable!</p>  <p>I would like to recommend the Connersville church of Christ which meets on the north side of Connersville just off Waterloo Road. We are a friendly and happy group of friends who enjoy worshipping God and sharing with one another.</p> <p>At the Connersville church of Christ you will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Meet new friends and get to know your neighbors</li> <li>• Hear positive practical encouraging messages each week</li> <li>• Enjoy uplifting songs, powerful prayers &amp; meaningful worship</li> <li>• Find help for your family, your marriage &amp; yourself</li> </ul> <p>Come and be my special guest this Sunday at 10:00 am. Give us a try!</p> <p>Your neighbor, Wayne Greeson</p>	<p><b>Come Join Us!</b></p> <p><b>Worship</b> Sunday Morning 10:00 am</p> <p>Sunday Evening 6:00 pm (last Sun.) 2:30 pm</p> <p><b>Bible Classes</b> for all ages Sunday Morning 9:00 am</p> <p>Wednesday Evening</p>
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