

Read only if you have time for God

Let me tell you, make sure you read **all the way to the bottom**. I almost deleted this email but I was blessed when I got to the end.

Subject: READ ONLY IF YOU HAVE
TIME FOR God

God, when I received this e-mail, I
thought...

I don't have time for this... And, this
is really inappropriate during work.

Then, I realized that this kind of thinking is... Exactly, what has caused lot of the problems in our world today.

We try to keep God in church on
Sunday morning...

Maybe, Sunday night...

And, the unlikely event of a midweek
service.

We do like to have Him around
during sickness...

And, of course, at funerals.

However, we don't have time, or room, for Him during work or play...

Because.. That's the part of our lives
we think... We can, and should,
handle on our own.

May God forgive me for ever
thinking...

That... there is a time or place
where..

HE is not to be FIRST in my life.

We should always have time to
remember all HE has done for us.

If, You aren't ashamed to do this...

Please follow the directions.

Jesus said, "If you are ashamed of me, I will be ashamed of you before

my Father."

Not ashamed?

Pass this on ONLY IF YOU MEAN IT!!

Yes, I do Love God.

HE is my source of existence and
Savior.

He keeps me functioning each and every day. Without Him, I will be nothing. But, with Christ, HE strengthens me. (Phil 4:13)

This is the simplest test.

If You Love God... And, are not
ashamed of all the marvelous things
HE has done for you...

Send this to ten people and the
person who sent it to you!

I don't think I know 10 people who would admit they love Jesus. Do You love Him?

THE POEM

I knelt to pray but not for long, I had too much to do. I had to hurry and get to work For bills would soon be due. So I knelt and said a hurried prayer,

And jumped up off my knees.

My Christian duty was now done

My soul could rest at ease.

All day long I had no time

To spread a word of cheer. No time
to speak of Christ to friends,

They'd laugh at me I'd fear.

No time, no time, too much to do,

That was my constant cry,

No time to give to souls in need

But at last the time, the time to die.

I went before the Lord, I came, I
stood with downcast eyes. For in his
hands God held a book; It was the
book of life.

God looked into his book and said

"Your name I cannot find.

I once was going to write it down...

But never found the time"

Now do you have the time to pass it

on?

Make sure that you scroll through to
the end.

Easy vs. Hard

Why is it so hard to tell the truth but
Yet so easy to tell a lie?

Why are we so sleepy in church but

Right when the sermon is over we
suddenly wake up?

Why is it so hard to talk about God
but yet so easy to talk about nasty
stuff?

Why is it so boring to look at a
Christian magazine, but yet so easy
to look at a nasty one?

Why is it so easy to delete a Godly e-
ma il, but yet we forward all of the
nasty ones?

Why are the churches getting smaller but yet the bars and dance clubs are getting larger?

Do you give up? Think about it . Are you going to forward this, or delete it?

Just remember—God is watching you.
Prayer Wheel—Let's see the devil stop
this one!

Here's what the wheel is all about.
When you receive this, say a prayer

for the person that sent it to you....

That's all you have to do....

There is nothing attached....

This is so powerful....

Do not stop the wheel, please....

Of all the free gifts we may receive,
Prayer is the very best one....

There are no costs, but wonderful
rewards... GOD BLESS!

May God keep you and bless you. If this doesn't give you chills, nothing will...this message is very true. Hope you are all as blessed as I was from this story. I wonder how many people will delete this without reading it because of the title on it?

There once was a man named George Thomas, pastor in a small New England town. One Easter Sunday morning he came to the Church carrying a rusty, bent, old bird cage, and set it by the pulpit. Eyebrows were raised and, as if in response, Pastor Thomas began to speak..."I was walking through town yesterday when I saw a young boy coming toward me swinging this bird cage. On the bottom of the cage were three little wild birds, shivering with cold and fright. I stopped the lad and asked, "What you got there, son?" "Just some old

birds," came the reply.

"What are you gonna do with them?"
I asked.

"Take 'em home and have fun with

'em," he answered. "I'm gonna tease 'em and pull out their feathers to make 'em fight. I'm gonna have a real good time." "But you'll get tired of those birds sooner or later. What will you do?"

"Oh, I got some cats," said the little boy. "They like birds. I'll take 'em to them."

The pastor was silent for a moment.
"How much do you want for those
birds, son?"

"Huh?? !!! Why, you don't want them
birds, mister. They're just plain old
field birds. They don't sing. They

ain't even pretty!"

"How much?" the pastor asked again.

The boy sized up the pastor as if he

were crazy and said, "\$10?"

The pastor reached in his pocket and took out a ten dollar bill. He placed it in the boy's hand. In a flash, the boy was gone.

The pastor picked up the cage and gently carried it to the end of the alley where there was a tree and a grassy spot. Setting the cage down, he opened the door, and by softly tapping the bars persuaded the birds out, setting them free.

Well, that explained the empty bird cage on the pulpit, and then the

pastor began to tell this story.

One day Satan and Jesus were having a conversation. Satan had just come from the Garden of Eden, and he was gloating and boasting. "Yes, sir, I just caught the world full of people down there. Set me a trap, used bait I knew they couldn't resist. Got 'em all!"

"What are you going to do with them?" Jesus asked.

Satan replied, "Oh, I'm gonna have fun! I'm gonna teach them how to marry and divorce each other, how

to hate and abuse each other, how
to drink and smoke and curse. I'm
gonna teach them how to invent
guns and bombs and kill each other.
I'm really gonna have fun!"

"And what will you do when you get
done with them?" Jesus asked. "Oh,
I'll kill 'em," Satan glared proudly.
"How much do you want for them?"

Jesus asked

"Oh, you don't want those people.
They ain't no good. Why, you'll take
them and they'll just hate you.
They'll spit on you, curse you and
kill you. You don't want those
people!!"

"How much?" He asked again.

Satan looked at Jesus and sneered,
"All your blood, tears and your life."

Jesus said, "DONE!"

Then He paid the price.

The pastor picked up the cage he
opened the door and he walked
from the pulpit.

Notes: Isn't it funny how simple it is
for people to trash God and then
wonder why the world's going to
hell.

Isn't it funny how someone can say "I believe in God" but still follow Satan (who, by the way, also "believes" in God).

Isn't it funny how you can send a thousand jokes through e-mail and they spread like wildfire, but when

you start sending messages
regarding the Lord, people think
twice about sharing?

Isn't it funny how when you go to
forward this message, you will not
send it to many on your address list
because you're not sure what they
believe, or what they will think of
you for sending it to them.

Isn't it funny how I can be more
worried about what other people
think of me than what God thinks of
me.

I pray, for everyone who sends this

to their entire address book, they
will be blessed by God in a way
special for them.

And send it back to the person who
sent it, to let them know that indeed
it was sent out to many more.

Commit to the LORD whatever you do, and your plans will succeed.
Proverbs 16:3