



# The Caller

A Weekly Newsletter of the Elizabethtown church of Christ

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## Confidence Corner

In this week's *Confidence Corner*, we want to consider the prophet Nathan. Nathan's name has the meaning of "gift." Truly we will see that

Nathan was indeed a gift to King David. For Nathan to be that gift to David, he had to be a courageous individual!

Imagine how you might feel if you stood before someone in authority. Think of your favorite president of all time and think about standing before him and proclaiming to him that he was in sin. Just the Secret Service that would surround him would be quite intimidating. Some rulers might have you locked up or killed if you said something they did not like. John the Baptist had such an experience.

Nathan indeed was a brave man. He had a message he had to deliver to the king. Nathan had to give that message to a king who was already irritated because of his guilty conscience (Psalm 32). He was confronting a king who had committed adultery and then had the woman's husband murdered to cover up his crimes.

Nathan was brilliant. He decided to confront King David by using an illustration. The illustration served as a sermon on that occasion. The illustration had a sharp point, and David could not avoid its penetration.

Because of Nathan's bravery, he was able to be the gift David needed. I love to read about Nathan. He is a man of God who inspires us to stand for the truth of God's word.

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## I Want to Be a Worker

**Verse 1** I want to be a worker for the Lord; I want to love and trust His holy word; I want to sing and pray and be busy every day, In the vineyard of the Lord.

**Chorus:** I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will work, I will pray, I will labor every day, In the vineyard of the Lord.

**Verse 2** I want to be a worker every day; I want to lead the erring in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love, In the kingdom of the Lord.

**Chorus**

**Verse 3** I want to be a worker strong and brave; I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to save; All who will truly come shall find a happy home, In the kingdom of the Lord.

**Chorus**

Words by Isaiah Baltzell 1880



**Sunday's Sermon at the building and on Facebook Live**

**10:30am**

**A.M. — Back To Work**

***Titus 2:11-14***

## "BALLAD OF THE UNBORN"

by Fay Clayton

My shining feet will never run  
On early morning lawn;  
My feet were crushed before they had  
A chance to greet the dawn.

My fingers now will never stretch  
To touch the winning tape;  
My race was done before I learned  
The smallest steps to take.

My growing height will never be  
Recorded on the wall;  
My growth was stopped when I was still  
Unseen, and very small.

My lips and tongue will never taste  
The good fruits of the earth;  
For I myself was judged to be  
A fruit of little worth.

My eyes will never scan the sky  
For my high-flying kite;  
For when still blind, destroyed were they  
In the black womb of night.

I'll never stand upon a hill  
Spring's winds in my hair;  
Aborted winds of thought closed in  
On motherhood's despair.

I'll never walk the shores of life,  
Or know the tides of time;  
For I was coming, but unloved;  
And that my only crime.

Nameless am I, a grain of sand,  
One of the countless dead;  
But the deed that made me ashen grey  
Floats on seas of red.