

## Humility

*“A great man is always willing to be little.”*

- Ralph Waldo Emerson -

*“True humility is not thinking less of yourself; it is thinking of yourself less.”* - C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity* -

*“True humility does not know that it is humble. If it did, it would be proud from the contemplation of so fine a virtue.”*

- Martin Luther -

*“Pride must die in you, or nothing of heaven can live in you.”*

- Andrew Murray, *Humility* -

## August Birthdays

6 GiGi Zamarripa	16 Nick Hoffman	26 Al Pena
4 Noah Perales	19 Keith Lovelady	31 Aubrey Pena
12 Debbie Hoffman	25 Pat Limburg	

(Note: if anyone is “missed” here, let Jim know)

### Regular Meeting Times

Sunday.....9:45 a.m.  
Sunday.....10:45 a.m.  
Sunday.....6:00 p.m.  
Wednesday.....7:00 p.m.

**Preacher:**  
(Vacant)

### Church of Christ

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# Indio Informer

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### Look What I Have Done!

By Garvis Semore

A little child, producing her first work of art comes running into the room shouting, "Mommy, look what I've done!" A teenager striving to gain status with another teenager may proclaim, "Look what I can do!" Even adults get together and attempt to impress one another with, "Look what I do!"

In the realm of Christianity there is little room for what I have done. Rather we need to be showing people what Christ has done. Pointing the way to the Father. *"For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!"* (1 Corinthians 9:16). *"So likewise you, when you shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do"* (Luke 17:10).

Most of you are old enough to remember a certain boxer who had no reservations about proclaiming to the world, "I am the greatest!" One of the greatest NFL running backs of recent years is Emmitt Smith. In 1994, following Super Bowl XXVIII, Emmitt Smith made a powerful statement about greatness.

Thurman Thomas, another great running back, was sitting on the Buffalo bench following his team's fourth straight Super Bowl loss. Thomas had his head down with his hands covering his face. Thomas had fumbled three times that afternoon. At that same Super Bowl, on the other side of the field, Emmitt Smith had just been named MVP. While Thurman Thomas sat on the bench dejected, Emmitt Smith carried a young girl around the stadium. Smith walked up behind Thomas and said, "I want you to meet the greatest running back in the NFL, Mr. Thurman Thomas."

Look what I have done! Humility is a powerful teacher. *"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves"* (Philippians 2:3). *"Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift*

you up" (James 4:6). Regardless of what else Emmitt Smith may do with his life, he taught a powerful lesson that Sunday afternoon. A lesson that neither Thurman Thomas or that little girl will ever forget.

Jesus provided the same type of lesson for us. *"And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"* (Philippians 2:8). Have I learned that lesson yet?

## DIRTY SHOES

I showered and shaved...I adjusted my tie. I got there and sat...in a pew just in time. Bowing my head in prayer...as I closed my eyes, I saw the shoe of the man next to me...touching my own. I sighed. With plenty of room on either side...I thought, 'Why must our soles touch?' It bothered me, his shoe touching mine...but it didn't bother him much.

A prayer began: 'Our Father'...I thought, 'This man with the shoes, has no pride. They're dusty, worn, and scratched. Even worse, there are holes on the side!' 'Thank You for blessings,' the prayer went on. The shoe man said...a quiet 'Amen.'

I tried to focus on the prayer...But my thoughts were on his shoes again...Aren't we supposed to look our best. When walking through that door? 'Well, this certainly isn't it,' I thought, glancing toward the floor. Then the prayer was ended...and the songs of praise began. The shoe man was certainly loud...sounding proud as he sang. His voice lifted the rafters...his hands were raised high. The Lord could surely hear the shoe man's voice from the sky.

It was time for the offering...and what I threw in was steep. I watched as the shoe man reached...into his pockets so deep. I saw what was pulled out...what the shoe man put in. Then I heard a soft 'clink' as when silver hits tin.

The sermon really bored me...to tears, and that's no lie. It was the same for the shoe man...for tears fell from his eyes. At the end of the service...as is the custom here, we must greet new visitors, and show them all good cheer. But I felt moved somehow...and wanted to meet the shoe man. So after the closing prayer...I reached over and shook his hand.

He was old and his skin was dark...and his hair was truly a mess...but I thanked him for coming...for being our guest. He said, 'My name's Charlie. I'm glad to meet you, my friend.' There were tears in his eyes...but he had a large, wide grin...'Let me explain,' he said...wiping tears from his eyes. 'I've been coming here for

months...and you're the first to say 'Hi.' 'I know that my appearance is not like all the rest. 'But I really do try to always look my best.' 'I always clean and polish my shoes...before my very long walk.' 'But by the time I get here...they're dirty and dusty, like chalk.'

My heart filled with pain...and I swallowed to hide my tears. As he continued to apologize...for daring to sit so near. He said, 'When I get here...I know I must look a sight.' 'But I thought if I could touch you...then maybe our souls might unite.' I was silent for a moment...knowing whatever was said would pale in comparison. I spoke from my heart, not my head. 'Oh, you've touched me,' I said, 'and taught me, in part' that the best of any man...is what is found in his heart.'

The rest, I thought...this shoe man will never know. Like just how thankful I really am...that his dirty old shoe touched my soul.

## Napoleon Bonaparte

To whittle away the hours of almost twenty years of imprisonment (except for an aborted attempt at regaining his empire), Napoleon made an in-depth study of the life and person of Jesus Christ. His conclusion will interest you:

I know men; and I tell you that Jesus is not a man. Everything in Him amazes me. Comparison is impossible between Him and any other being in the world. His ideas and His sentiments; the truth that He announces; His manner of convincing; are all beyond humanity and the natural order of things. I defy you to cite another life like that of Christ.

The Infinite came down to earth in the form of an infant; He who spans the heavens and holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand condescended to hang upon a woman's breast—the King eternal became a little child. Let Bethlehem tell that He had compassion. There was no way of saving us but by stooping to us. To bring earth up to heaven, He must bring heaven down to earth. Therefore, in the incarnation, He had compassion, for He took upon Himself our infirmities, and was made like unto ourselves. Matchless pity, indeed!

***"Truly this man was the Son of God."***

Mark 15:39