

## Upcoming Events

Barrett Hoffman will preach for us on February 9

Business Meeting: February 9

Saturday Meeting Workday: February 15

Ladies Bible Class: February 16

Last Saturday in February Meeting: February 29

Panera Bread Open Bible Study: Tuesdays at 6:00 p.m.

Welcome and thank you, Clint Kingsley!

## Quotes about Dying

*“And inasmuch as it is appointed for men to die once and after this comes judgment.”* Hebrews 9:27

*“For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain.”* Philippians 1:21

*“Death is a challenge. It tells us not to waste time... It tells us to tell each other right now that we love each other.”* Leo Buscaglia

## February Birthdays

8 Zoie Perales

### Regular Meeting Times

Sunday.....9:45 a.m.

Sunday.....10:45 a.m.

Sunday.....6:00 p.m.

Wednesday.....7:00 p.m.

**Preacher:**  
Mike McKnight

### Church of Christ

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# Indio Informer

Vol. 31 No. 5

February 2, 2020

## Living Like You're Dying?

By Tim Dooley

In 2004 country music star Tim McGraw released the single “Live Like You Were Dying.” The song was written by Craig Wiseman and Tim Nichols and details a discussion between two men after the one had found out that he had a terminal illness. The question was, “How’s it hit you when you get that kind of news? Man whatcha do?” The answer amongst all the details was, “Some day, I hope you get the chance, to live like you were dyin’.”

This past week I was asked, “What would you do if you knew that you had only one day left to live?” Discussing that question with two other Christians we decided that we wouldn’t really do anything any different than what we do already. There wouldn’t be enough time to go skydiving, Rocky Mountain climbing, or to ride a bull. But as Christians we would just keep doing what we were doing. But the more I thought about that the more I thought it wasn’t really accurate.

What I would do would be to do MORE of what I already do and do it more fervently, passionately, and with more urgency.

I would...

- Tell those in my life what they mean to me.
- Tell everyone I come into contact with about Christ.
- Tell the Church and my family to be obedient and faithful.
- Tell God I am sorry for my sins, as ask for forgiveness.
- Thank God for the blessings of this life
- Thank God for His Son.

Unfortunately, most people, including Christians, live as though they will never die. Yet, Psalm 89:48 says, *“What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from*

*the hand of the grave?"* We are all going to die and then we will face God in judgment (Hebrews 9:27).

Most folks don't know the moment of their death. We far too often, as mere mortal creatures, step into eternity without preparation. But we do not have to! What we need to realize is this...

- We are going to die (Ecclesiastes 12:7).
- Life is short (James 4:14).
- There are only two eternal destinations (Matthew 25:46).
- It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God (Hebrews 10:31; Matthew 10:28).
- Jesus came to save us (Luke 19:10).
- Obedience is essential (Hebrews 5:8-9).
- The time is now (2 Corinthians 6:2).

These realizations will change our lives and alter our eternal destiny. So, live each day like we were dying. We may only have one left!

**Origin of the song...**  
**“PRECIOUS LORD TAKE MY HAND”**

Thomas Andrew Dorsey

Back in 1932, I was 32 years old and a fairly new husband. My wife, Nettie and I were living in a little apartment on Chicago's South side. One hot August afternoon I had to go to St. Louis, where I was to be the featured soloist at a large revival meeting. I didn't want to go. Nettie was in the last month of pregnancy with our first child. But a lot of people were expecting me in St. Louis. I kissed Nettie good-bye, clattered downstairs to our Model A and in a fresh Lake Michigan breeze, chugged out of Chicago on Route 66. However, outside the city, I discovered that in my anxiety at leaving, I had forgotten my music case. I wheeled around and headed back. I found Nettie sleeping peacefully. I hesitated by her bed... something was strongly telling me to stay. But eager to get on my way and not wanting to disturb Nettie, I shrugged off the feeling and quietly slipped out of the room with my music.

The next night, in the steaming St. Louis heat, the crowd called on me to sing again and again. When I finally sat down a messenger

boy ran up with a Western Union telegram. I ripped open the envelope. Pasted on the yellow sheet were the words: YOUR WIFE JUST DIED. People were happily singing and clapping around me, but I could hardly keep from crying out. I rushed to a phone and called home. All I could hear on the other end was 'Nettie is dead. Nettie is dead.' When I got back, I learned that Nettie had given birth to a boy I swung between grief and joy. Yet that night the baby died. I buried Nettie and our little boy together in the same casket.

Then I fell apart. For days I closeted myself. I felt that God had done me an injustice. I didn't want to serve Him anymore or write gospel songs. I just wanted to go back to that jazz world I once knew so well. But then as I hunched alone in that dark apartment those first sad days, I thought back to the afternoon I went to St. Louis. Something kept telling me to stay with Nettie. Was that something God? Oh, if I had paid more attention to Him that day, I would have stayed and been with Nettie when she died. From that moment on I vowed to listen more closely to Him. But still I was lost in grief.

Everyone was kind to me especially a friend, Professor Frye, who seemed to know what I needed. On the following Saturday evening he took me up to Madam Malone's Poro College, a neighborhood music school. It was quiet, the late evening sun crept through the curtained windows. I sat down at the piano and my hands began to browse over the keys. Something happened to me then. I felt at peace. I felt as though I could reach out and touch God. I found myself playing a melody, once into my head the words just seemed to fall into place: Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand! I am tired, I am weak, I am worn, through the storm, through the night lead me on to the light. Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me home.

The Lord gave me these words and melody. He also healed my spirit. I learned that when we are in our deepest grief, when we feel farthest from God, this is when He is closest and when we are most open to His restoring power. And so, I go on living for God willingly and joyfully until that day comes when He will take me and gently lead me home.