

## Upcoming Events...

**Galatians Class:** Every Thursday at 1:00 p.m.  
March 11 Daylight savings time begins: move clocks ahead

**Business Meeting:** March 11

**Ladies Bible Class:** March 18

**Barnabas Group Meeting:** March 27

## Caring for Others

*“Nobody cares how much you know, until they know how much you care.”* - Attributed to Theodore Roosevelt -

*“Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around.”*  
- Leo Buscaglia -

## March Birthdays

4 Joseph McKnight    8 Drina Zamarripa  
9 Jessica Aguiar      18 Buddy Cashion    30 Barrett Hoffman

## March Anniversaries

6 Harold & Dortha Gentry

# Indio Informer

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## Who is My Neighbor?

By Jim Faughn

I saw the red lights flashing. I saw somebody removed from the house on a stretcher. By the time I got there, the ambulance was gone. I did learn that the lady who lived there had fallen and injured herself. I told the lady who gave me that information to please let me know how I could help. I gave her my business card and encouraged her to keep me informed. Then, I was off to perform one of my “official duties.” I was to speak at a funeral service for a lady I had never met.

As I spoke at that service, I was haunted by the red lights. Days later, as I write these words, they still haunt me. You see, there is only one house between our house and the house where the ambulance made its stop. Only one house separates me from a neighbor who could have used some help that day --- and maybe other days. Only one house separates me from a neighbor whose name I did not even know!

Modern technology has, in many ways, made the world so much smaller. In much less than the time it has already taken me to write these words, I can go online and communicate with a friend of mine who preaches in Australia or a young preacher in India I met when he was a small boy. I can use some of the tools available to me to share my thoughts with anybody who cares to read them. Type; click; they’re out there. Maybe it all began with that man on television in the sweater. You know the one. With a warm smile, he sang, “Won’t you be my neighbor?”

Maybe that’s where we got the idea that we don’t have to be too concerned with real people in our real neighborhoods. I’d never before thought of any connection between Mr. Rogers and “virtual reality,” but now I’m beginning to wonder.

### 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

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The red lights taught me something. They taught me that, along with my “official duties” and my opportunities to communicate widely, I don’t need to lose the human touch. I don’t need to wrap myself in my own little cocoon. I don’t need to be isolated and insulated from real people who are, in a very real sense, my neighbors.

A lawyer, who was trying to put Jesus to the test, asked our Lord, “*And who is my neighbor?*” (Luke 10:29) His question, like his entire exchange with Jesus, was designed to “...*put [Jesus] to the test...*” (v. 25) In a sense, I was “put to the test” and I flunked it. I’m taking steps to make sure that will never happen again. I want to know my neighbors and to be a neighbor. Who is our neighbor? Do we know? Do we care? Do they know we care?

### **Racism Is Learned**

by Steve Higginbotham

Just last night, a friend of mine told me of an incident that occurred many years earlier with his young daughter. They lived in Minnesota at the time and consequently, were fans of the Minnesota Twins baseball team. One day, this man handed his daughter a baseball card and told her it was a Kirby Puckett card. (Before proceeding any further, I need to explain to some of you who Kirby Puckett was. Kirby Puckett was an African American who played his entire baseball career for the Minnesota Twins). So back to the story... The card this father handed to his young daughter was a baseball card of a Caucasian baseball player.

Of course, he expected his daughter to immediately say, “Dad, that’s not Kirby Puckett,” which she did. But this was the reason she offered, “This man has glasses and Kirby doesn’t wear glasses.”

Amazing, isn’t it? Children are “color-blind.” The feature that stood out to this young girl was not the color of his skin but the fact that he wore eye-glasses.

May God help us, his grown children, to be so “color-blind.” There is no black and white in the Kingdom of God. There should be no

race distinctions made between us because God only created one race of people, and we call that race, the “human race.”

*“My brethren, do not hold the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with partiality...but if you show partiality, you commit sin”* (James 2:1,9).

### **One Minute and 15 Seconds**

By David Bragg

Few people actually get that elusive second opportunity of making a good first impression, but the rock band Chicago may have pulled it off when it came to their classic song “Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?”. That song, off their debut album Chicago Transit Authority, was their third consecutive top 10 single and followed two singles released off their second album, simply named “Chicago.” It was only after twice tasting success that the decision was made to go back to their first album to release that timely tune. It is my untested opinion that if they had released that tune as it stood on their first album it wouldn’t have resonated with the listening public. Perhaps it was for that very reason that when the single was released in 1970 the first 1:15 seconds of the song, a piano solo, was left on the cutting room floor. For Chicago, erasing that 1:15 seconds may have made the difference between an album track and a top 10 hit.

Wouldn’t it be great if we could go back to those uncomfortable moments of our lives that we are not proud of and leave them on the cutting room floor? That is precisely the dangerous thing about time. No matter what we do, once a moment is gone we are powerless to alter it. If only it was as simple as turning back our clocks an hour for daylight savings time!

We cannot undo a deed or “un-speak” a word. We will, however, have to answer for that deed or word (Matthew 12:36-37). The choice we face is simply this: will we answer for it today by seeking forgiveness and making amends or will we wait for that final day of judgment when we are powerless to change the choices of this life (2 Corinthians 5:10)? Which will we choose? Only time will tell.