

# Seeking Out

# The Old Paths

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Volume 9 Issue 10

October 2003

## Songs at Midnight

A Negro evangelist used to delight his audiences by singing “The Grumbler Song.” Some of its stanzas went like this:

In country, town or city, some people can be found  
Who spend their lives in grumbling at everything around;

O yes, they always grumble, no matter what we say,  
For these are chronic grumblers and they grumble night and day.

O they grumble on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Grumble on Thursday too,  
Grumble on Friday, Saturday, Sunday,  
Grumble the whole week through.

They grumble in the city, they grumble on the farm,  
They grumble at their neighbors, they think it is no harm;  
They grumble at their husbands, they grumble at their wives,  
They grumble at their children, but the grumbler never thrives.

They grumble when it's raining,

they grumble when it's dry  
And if the crops are failing, they grumble and they sigh.  
They grumble at low prices and grumble when they're high,  
They grumble all the year round and they grumble till they die.

Anonymous

Those who use the tongue to complain, murmur, moan, groan, sigh, and grumble disobey God's Word, “Do all things without murmurings” (Phil. 2:14)

Some people always see the dark side of things rather than the bright. They are born pessimists, constantly airing their gloom. The optimist is wrong as often as the pessimist but is far happier. Two men looked up. One saw a beautiful silver lining of a cloud; the other saw the cloud's black center. Two boys were gathering grapes. One was happy because he gathered so many grapes; the other moaned because the grapes contained seeds. Two girls saw a bright-green bush. One was thrilled with its beautiful roses; the other complained because it had thorns.

Two men conversed on a rainy day. One commented how badly the ground needed rain; the other growled about the weather.

The Israelites were chronic murmurers. Their history from even before their deliverance from Egypt to the conquest of the Promised Land buzzes with a constant undertone of murmur. In fact, it has been suggested that the book of Numbers, which contains the record of their wilderness wanderings, could as well be called “the book of murmurings.” The early chapters of Exodus also report some of their complaints.

When their daily task was increased during the days of their bondage, the Israelites murmured. On the first leg of the Exodus, pursued by Pharaoh, they groaned, “Because there were no graves in Egypt thou hast taken us away to die in the wilderness?” (Ex. 14:11)

After the miraculous parting of the Red Sea and their marvelous

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**“We are journeying unto the place of which the LORD said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good.” Numbers 10:29**

Dryden Road  
 Pentecostal Church  
 3201 Dryden Road  
 Dayton, Ohio 45439  
 298-6555

**SCHEDULE OF SERVICES**

Sunday School - 10 A.M.  
 Morning Worship - 11 A.M.  
 Evangelistic Service - 6 P.M.

**TUESDAY**

Youth Service - 7:30 P.M.

**WEDNESDAY**

Prayer Service - 10 A.M.

**THURSDAY**

Family Service - 7:30 P.M.

**“Where A Warm  
 Welcome Awaits You...  
 In This Church We  
 Teach Holiness Too...”**

**Pastor**

Bennie D. Sutherland

**Editor**

Frank Lindsey

Seeking Out The  
 Old Paths is  
 published monthly by  
 the Dryden Road  
 Pentecostal Church

Web Address  
[www.drydenroad.com](http://www.drydenroad.com)

# Around Home

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## Prayer List

Please remember the following people in our church who need a touch from the Lord.

Patsy Roberts, Lucy Minton, Edna Pelfrey, Demia Abner, Bessie Richmond, Jean Sheldon, Murrill Jean Parrett, Flodie Baldwin, Evelyn Houston, Donna Maggard, Gertrude Scott, Rebecca Lakes, Mabel Wells, Willidean Curtis, Elizabeth Combs, Opal Houston, Ruby Gulette, Steve Phillips, and Ray Driscoll.

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Tapes and CD's are still available of the project, "King Jesus." The songs featured are, He's Taking Care Of Me , Searchin', I Remember, Redeemer, Long As I Got King Jesus, I'm Ready To Move Out, The Lamb, The Lion, And The King, Jehovah Jireh, When I Call On Jesus, When I Think About Where I've Been, Praise God, It's Settled I'm Saved, and Come On In. For more information contact Sister Beverly Blevins at, (513)897-4655.

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In order to realize the worth of the anchor, we need to feel the stress of the storm.

## October Birthdays

Elizabeth Combs.....	2
Midas Whitley .....	4
Darren Dotson .....	5
James Pelfrey.....	5
Carl Henson.....	6
Todd Hatcher .....	8
Darius Tempelton.....	8
Millie Mills.....	9
Donald Dixon.....	10
Donna Maggard.....	11
Jennifer Austin .....	12
Lisa Hasty.....	14
Austin Spencer.....	15
Jean Witt .....	17
Seth Phillips .....	17
Tammy Brooks.....	17
Shannon Baker .....	17
Corey Rice.....	22
Sylvester Carpenter.....	22
Andrew Bishop .....	28
Sarah Hasty .....	29
Vickie Henson.....	29
Jessica Joseph.....	30
Rick Reed.....	31

## Anniversaries

Skip & Tammy Brooks .....	1
Gary & Jamie Isaacs .....	5
Doug & Stephanie Joseph.....	6
Keith & Jennifer Austin .....	14
Tony & Terri Robinson .....	20
Gerald & Jenny Pearson .....	29

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Sister Demia Abner has a new address. She is now at Hillspring of Springboro, 325 E. Central Avenue, Springboro, Ohio 45066, room 1130-B. Her phone number there is 748-3759. Drop Sister Demia a card, she is one of our shut-ins.

## ~ This Thing I Choose ~

Some folk enjoy talking about trouble  
And insults, and burdens and pain.  
They talk about losses and crosses,  
But seldom of sunshine and gain.

Their troubles, they list without number.  
But blessings, if ever, are told.  
No wonder they bog down in spirit  
And grow sad before they grow old.

Sure, I could join them in sadness,  
For sorrow has oft come to me.  
I could tell all my blights and my blunders,  
And heartache that folks cannot see.

But, would this make our world any brighter?  
Wouldn't I lend to its sorrow and care?  
Why then scatter gloom in this dark world,  
When God has sunbeams to spare?

No, I won't join the ranks of complainers.  
For God's been too good to me.  
I refuse to find fault with His leading.  
I refuse to weep on bitterly.

I want to be grateful and humble,  
And ever His sweet praises sing.  
I want to enjoy every moment the victory  
That Christ came to bring!

- Author Unknown -

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deliverance the Israelites sang. An observer would have thought that never again would one word of discontent pass their lips. But before long they registered another murmur because they had no water and the waters of Marah were bitter: "What shall we drink?" (15:24) .

When they had no food, they grumbled again. "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger" (16:3). Manna was the result of this murmuring.

The Lord heard these complaints, and He hears all murmurings. Even murmurings against God's servants are grumbings against God. "Your murmurings are not against us but against the Lord," said Moses.

Later at Rephidim the people again thirsted for water. Forgetting that God had before given them water in time of need, they murmured against Moses and said, "Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?" (17:3). Wherever the Israelites went they were unhappy.

God is disturbed by grumbling. The head of a family used to ask the blessing every morning before their breakfast. One morning immediately after thanking God for the food, he began to grumble about hard times, the poor quality of the food he was forced to eat, the way it

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was cooked, and much more. His little daughter interrupted him. "Daddy, do you suppose God heard what you said a little while ago?" "Certainly," he replied, thinking that he was giving his daughter a lesson in prayer. "And did He hear what you said about the bacon and the coffee? The father's reply, "Of course," was not so confident. "Then, Daddy, which does God believe?"

Among the reasons given for God's displeasure with the wandering Israelites, along with idolatry and fornication, was murmuring. "Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer's (1 Cor.10:10).

When the people complained, the Lord's anger was kindled and the fire consumed many. The Lord said He would send pestilences among them so that only two, Joshua and Caleb, would ever reach the Promised Land. In fact, the number of years of wandering was directly proportionate to the number of days the spies searched out the land and brought back a murmuring report. But the two who gave a minority report of faith, rather than of complaint, reached the Promised Land. When Korah opposed Moses, the ground opened up to consume him and his followers.

Why is grumbling so serious in God's sight? It is indicative of that which lurks in the hidden recesses of the heart. Like the hands of the clock out of order which had a sign, "Don't blame me; the trouble lies deeper," so a grumbling tongue indicates deeper trouble. Here are things which grumbling may reveal: Unbelief in God.—Murmuring often springs from lack of trust in God. Most of the Israelitish grumbling was primed from the pump of unbelief. When the Egyptians pursued, they forgot that God could deliver them, and so complained. He opened the Red Sea and provided escape. Shortly afterward they longed for Egypt, for they had no food nor water. Could not He who parted the waters of the Red Sea provide water and manna? He did. Later, they again complained because of no water. They forgot God's previous manifestation of power.

Elijah sat down under a juniper tree and begged to die. "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life" (1 Kings 19:4). The Lord told him there were seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to Baal. Elijah thought he was the only true-blue servant of God remaining. Such self-pity and discouragement contradict radiant hopefulness and trust in God.

Christians sometimes groan against the will of God. Tragedy or affliction comes our way and we blame God. Some have stopped going to church because God hasn't been good to them. How dangerous, for they really say, "God, you don't know how to run this world; you don't know how to run my life; you don't know what is best for me. I know more than you, God."

Ingratitude.—Discontented speech often overlooks blessings. Ingratitude is a real sin. It says, "I forget the many things for which I

should be thankful." Murmuring stems from a short memory which forgets to count blessings.

Covetousness, jealousy, and inordinate ambition.—"Thou shalt not covet," the last of the Ten Commandments, sounds harmless and almost undeserving of a place in the list. But covetousness leads to the breaking of other commandments—to violating the Lord's Day by wanting more business, to killing, to stealing another's wife, property, or reputation.

Words of discontent may reveal covetousness and break the Tenth Commandment. Ahab demanded Naboth's vineyard. Lurking covetousness led to trouble. Saul uttered words of discontent when the women praised David more than him. The disciples, murmuring among themselves as to who should be greater, revealed an inordinate desire for prominence.

A man complained to Christ, "Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." Jesus answered, "Beware of covetousness" (Luke 12:13—15). When Mary anointed Christ with ointment that cost an amount equivalent to a year's salary, Judas moaned; he had wanted the ointment sold that he might steal the proceeds, for he was a thief. People of Jericho murmured when they saw Jesus going to eat with one who had been a political thief, Zacchaeus. Jealous and discontented because He didn't eat with them, they murmured like bees.

Contentment.—Paul had suffered

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deeply, been shipwrecked, stoned, beaten, buffeted; yet he said, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content" (Phil. 4: 11). Often people with much of this world's goods toss constantly on the sea of discontent, while others who have few material possessions radiate a cheerful peace. If we would examine introspectively our own status, we would find that we have much to make us content. A man who owned a small estate was dissatisfied with it and wanted a better one. So he hired an agent to write an advertisement describing the estate. When the ad was ready, the agent took it to the gentleman and read the description of the estate to him. "Read that again," asked the owner. The agent again read the ad. "I don't think I'll sell after all," said the man. "I've been looking for an estate like that all my life, and I didn't know I owned it."

A little meditation will reveal to most discontented people that their lot in life is not so bad after all. Two grasshoppers jumped into a pail of milk. One sighed, cried, groaned, moaned, and finally sank to the bottom the other remained cheerful, kicking his legs, churning until the milk became butter. That grasshopper walked over the top and jumped away. If we cultivate a contented attitude in our troubles, they will become steppingstones to happiness.

Thankfulness.—For every vexation we may have there is a goodness to counteract it. Our troubles are outnumbered in quantity and outvalued in quality by our blessings.

A Welsh miner was converted during the great Welsh revival. His fellow workers thought they would vex him to see how he would behave; so they stole his dinner pail. Expecting his usual angry oath, they were surprised when he smiled and said, "Praise the Lord! I've still got my appetite. They can't take that!"

Trust in God.—If God saved us, can't He watch over us? Doesn't He know what is best for our lives? Examples in Scripture of those who exercised faith in God and triumphed over difficulties without murmuring were given to encourage us to learn trust in the Sovereign of the universe, who does all things well.

Job exercised masterful acquiescence when tragedy came. Although children, possessions, and health went, he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly" (Job 1:21—22)

Peter and the other apostles were whipped by the Sanhedrin merely for preaching the gospel. Most of us would whimper and whine, "Lord, what's the use of serving You? I'm quitting, for when I do witness for You, I get whipped." But they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His name.

Paul and Silas were thrown into the Philippian jail merely for casting a demon out of a maiden. We probably would complain, "Lord, look at what happens when we serve Thee. I'm through." But they sang praises

at midnight!

Back in the middle eighteenth-eighties, when the Chicago fire broke out, a lawyer by the name of Spafford lost all his possessions. A few years later he sent his wife and four children abroad while he began the task of retrieving his fortune. When his family was returning on the *Ville de Havre* from France to America, a collision with a large sailing vessel took place in mid-ocean, causing the steamer to sink in a half hour. Nearly all on board were lost. Mrs. Spafford got her children out of their berths and up on deck. She knelt down in prayer with her children and committed them to God. In a few minutes the vessel sank to the bottom and the children were lost. Though knocked unconscious, Mrs. Spafford was picked up. Ten days later she landed at Cardiff, Wales, from which she cabled her husband the message, "Saved—alone." Mr. Spafford, who was a Christian, had the message framed and hung in his office. Not long afterward he wrote these words:

When peace, like a river, attendeth  
my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught  
me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Those who wish to sing always find a song." We can always find something to be thankful for; so let us magnify our blessings and minimize our troubles.

From the book "Did I Say That"  
by Leslie B. Flynn

Christ did not come to do away with suffering; He did not come to explain it; He came to fill it with His presence.

Looking at the way some people live, they ought to obtain eternal fire insurance - soon!

If you can't sleep, don't count sheep. Talk to the Shepherd.

Come in and pray today. Beat the Christmas rush.

Searching for a new look? Have your faith lifted here.

It is unlikely there will be a reduction in the wages of sin.

Dusty Bibles lead to dirty lives.

## Chickens Come Home to Roost

You may take the world as  
it comes and it goes  
And you will be sure to find  
That fate will square  
the account she owes  
Whoever comes out behind.  
And all things bad that  
a man has done  
By whatsoever induced  
Return at last to him one by one,  
As the chickens come  
home to roost.

You may scrape and toil  
and pinch and save  
While your hoarded wealth expands  
Till the cold, dark  
shadow of the grave  
Is nearing our life's last sands;  
You will find your balances  
struck some night,  
And you'll find your hoard reduced,  
You'll view your life  
in another light,  
When the chickens come  
home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's  
a time to reap,  
For the good and the bad as well,  
And conscience, whether  
we wake or sleep,  
Is either heaven or hell  
And every wrong will find its place  
And every passion loosed  
Drifts back and meets  
you face to face,  
When the chickens  
come home to roost.

Whether you're over  
or under the sod,  
The result will be the same;  
You cannot escape  
the hand of God;  
You must bear your sin or shame.  
No matter what's carved  
on a marble slab  
When the items are produced,  
You'll find that the Lord  
was keeping tab,  
And that chickens  
come home to roost.

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