

**SERVICE**

How do we serve the Lord? A recent sermon that I heard tried to address that topic. The preacher ranted and raved on and on about 'serving the Lord.' He spoke about benefits of doing it, he spoke about the consequences of not doing it, but he did not speak concerning how to do it. How is it that a physical man such as you and I can serve a spiritual being such as he? If I am the king of a country and I ask my subjects to serve me, what am I asking? First, there must be a loyalty to the country. Second, there must be a defence of that country. And third, there must be a support of that country. This support is in the fashion of taxes to the country. If I pledge my allegiance to this country then I have no right to complain about the taxes. In fact, I should enjoy giving.

But what about the kingdom of God? How does it model the kingdoms that we see here on earth? First, there is a distinct, single ruler. Second there are distinct rules by which we are governed. And third, the ruler requires something of us. He requires that we serve him, that we are loyal, and that we support him.

We cannot try to serve him in the fashion of his existence, which is spiritual, because we are not of that essence. We must find a way to serve him in the physical realm. "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Matthew 25:35-36

Second, there must be a set of rules that we are governed by. What are these, do they amount to a 'Biblical life together statement?' Yes, and no. "If you love me, keep my commandments." John 14:15 And, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." John 15:12

Third, there must be a way to give back to him some of our own 'things' to show our love for him. How does one send a money order to heaven? How much should one send and when is it enough? One does not send to heaven, one does not even have to send to a church. Looking at Matthew 25:35-36, I think that is evidence enough as to how to send something to the Lord. How much you should send is not based on your earnings but based on your desire to give. If you have the desire to give more money that you think that you can, do it. The Lord will provide. And the time to stop is not when you tire or run out of money, that is the time to begin anew. The time to stop is never.

Service in the Lord is not some ethereal action that is accomplished in the Sunday morning service while your eyes are closed and you are thinking about how nice of a person he is to have given us all that we have. Rather, that is the time to rest from your endless quest for service. The time to serve is from the time you walk out of that church to the time next week you enter it again. It is a down and dirty look at the world and its poverty, crime and secularism. It entails you and I going out and helping, actively, those who do not have what the Lord has already blessed us with.

When someone says 'May the Lord bless you.' Don't respond saying 'Thank-You.' But respond saying 'He already has, now I must find a way to bless others.'

"The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over: thus the wise say the path to salvation is hard." -Katha Upanaishad-

**PERSPECTIVE**

From a distance, a boy is sitting on cement steps, wearing old, faded clothes. The clothes aren't important. Close up, there is a look of knowing something real on his face, in his body.

"There aren't any big issues here," he says looking down the street to his right at a grey, skinny tree. "Just a

bunch of little, trivial ones that people think, or at least say, are big ones. But the big issues are somewhere else. Outside. They can't get in here without being made small. And they aren't the same then, because they can't be big."

"I would like to change people here, and the wrong things, but that...is too much, anywhere."

The boy stretches his legs in the sun, watches a bird fly away, and decides to make the best of things.

"No matter where you go, there you are." -Buckaroo Banzai-

**BRAZILIAN'S MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE**

**•Prelude**

This is the time where we allow all of the people to look at each other but talking to new people and people that you do not know is strictly prohibited.

**•Introductory Prayer**

We must let God know that we are here on his behalf. He needs to be told that, you know.

**•Welcomes and Announcements**

This is the time for us to embarrass any new people and to read the whole bulletin so you don't have to make proper use of the money we spent to save time in the service.

**•Special Music**

This is where we put our 'friends' to sing a song so that we can commend them on their voice or musical talent without actually praising God for the talent that he has given them.

**•Hymn**

We need to respect the great hymn writers because they wrote such wonderful music. Who cares if it doesn't make any sense in today's world.

**•Offering**

Please give money for our: new gymnasium, education facility, land purchase and new hymnals.

**•Hymn**

We will sing this one sitting. (Sleeping is highly encouraged. It will be very slow.) We will sing all 8 verses.

**•Message**

Usually just an afterthought. Next week it will be better.

**•Hymn**

We will sing this one faster than usual. We need to wake the people up from their slumbers. We will only sing verses 1, 3 and 6.

**•Benediction**

See you next week. Remember that your life is yours, but your mind is God's.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matthew 18:20

**TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS (majors)**

Excuse me...did I growl too loudly?

Boy, someday, I want to be big and strong and tough and mean and loud. I want to assert myself. Someday I want to shatter glass with a hearty belch, to put a finger to one nostril and shoot snot for 10 feet out the other. I want to stay in the shower when I have to take a pee. Golly, if only I could be a business major...

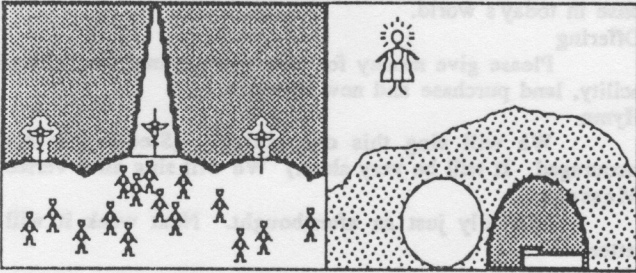
If only I had the courage to tell my adviser that I want to switch majors. Undoubtedly, he would take it personally and then flunk me this semester. If only I weren't such a wimp, then I could pound my index finger into his chest and say "Look, buddy, I ain't gonna take it no more. I been a English major for three years now and what's it done for me? HUH??? You ain't never ONCE taught me to roar, snarl, or growl. How's THAT gonna look on my resume? HUH??? Gonna make me look like a flamer from San Francisco is what it's gonna do! So why don't we save the administrators some trouble and you can cough-up my tuition from the past three years (Here is where it

would rise to a climactic crescendos) before I BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!!! ROAR! SNARL! GROWL!" (By now, I am clawing at file drawers and book shelves and tossing paper and novels everywhere, as my advisor is trying to hide in the corner and shaking like the wax paper in a kazoo. He desperately tries to avoid the flying Chaucer, but gets thunked on the backside, and instantly scampers from the room with his Tales between his legs.)

Feeling mighty good after my first kill, I casually pull his office door off its hinges and head into the Reade Center halls. "ROAR! SNARL! GROWL!", I proclaim with stunning effect. All motion in the halls suddenly ceases...freezes...stops. Due to my superior academic training, I now have the power I always wanted and deserved. I decide to take full advantage of my peers' suspended state and busily set to my task. I quickly and methodically rummage through the rich guys' wallets to get my money "fix" cured. Then the hormones take over, so I lay some juicy smackers on the better looking babes in the hall. And no suspended animation session is complete without some "fat-chick tipping", which is better than "cow tipping" since you don't need to watch what you're stepping in. With my primal urges satisfied and my friends motionless, I have assumed my rightful place among the movers and shakers. The Christian Tiger has arrived! Call the media! Call the Rotary club! Call a den mother!

Oh, by the way, you wanna buy a t-shirt?

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."  
Matthew 20:16



Then there were two thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand, and another on the left. Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?* That is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me. Jesus, when he cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. Matthew 27: 38,45-46,50.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you *even* unto the end of the world. Matthew 28: 2,6,18-20.

#### MORE RANDOM THOUGHTS

Yea, verily I have returned, the Duke of Confusion, the Master of I Dunno, the King of Question Marks. Okay, enough of the ego building bull, on to the today's questions. This week I'm looking at issues concerning men and women.

The following information that befuddles me today has come from a very reliable source. Why, I ask, why do women have separate showers and bathtubs when men are herded into huge rooms and hosed down like animals? Just because we're men were supposed to enjoy scrubbing off the sweat and dirt of

the day off with our roommates and all are neighbors standing next to us. I mean comradery is a basically good thing, but it can just be taken too far. I believe this is a form of discrimination. Maybe somebody should send off a letter to the Supreme Court. Just because we, male types took lots of showers together during P.E. and after sport practices, it doesn't mean we liked it. Now if men have this great privilege of washing "en masse" because it saves the University money or some such reason, then will someone please tell why so-called females are allowed to shampoo their hair without bumping into to their friends while reaching for the soap. Oh yeah, why do women get to have candy machines in their bathrooms, I believe men would also enjoy this luxury.

This is kinda of a minor thing, but I recently it has been brought to my attention that people from the state of Michigan cannot explain where they live without using their hand as a map. Why do they do this? People from most of the other great states of United can easily describe the place of their homestead just by speaking and not using their hands at all. Is Michigan shaped in some odd way that requires this strange practice of hand mapography? Oh well, it seems strange to me anyway .

I do believe I'll end this delightful article with some minor questions. If you don't like this idea, you may quit reading now. First, why do people buy sports cars that can go up to 140 MPH when the speed limit on most highways is 55 MPH? Maybe I should ask why does the government allow automobiles that go over 55 to be built. Another question of mine is why was the headline for last article (before Spring Break) placed at the bottom of the page by itself? Things are so secret around here, I don't even know who to ask (really !). Why is no one answering my urgent questions? If replies were sent to the Brazilian P.O. box they would get to me. Maybe no one knows the answers to my questions. Maybe I should write the Shell Answer Man. Maybe Mr. GoodWrench, too.

This next thing is something I am burning up to know. Are the smelly, barking pigs going to be allowed to compete in Taylorathon? Just for the avid reader's information, I bagged three large specimens of this mutated animal species during the two week hunting season. They are being stuffed (more than they were) so I can put their heads on my walls as trophies.

Just this in closing, does anyone know why I write these articles? I don't think I understand my motivation in doing this. Oh well, I guess that just the way it goes. Nothing fancy in closing this week, just be safe, be happy, and be someone else.

"There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the universe is for and why it is here, it will be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened." -The Restaurant at the End of the Universe-

Once again we would like to invite you to contribute to the Brazilian Manifesto. If you have a humorous anecdote or quote, quip or story or even something serious, feel free to send it to us at the following address.

**OUR P.O. BOX**  
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P.S. Joe Maniglia: you're a stud.

"Out in the entrance chamber again, they could hear the screams of the passengers being fed coffee and biscuits."  
Douglas Adams