

# MT. CALVARY MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

5208 Nolensville Road  
Nashville, TN 37211  
(615) 832-3977

**Pastor: Eld Nathan Chandler**

Sunday School (Sun) 10:00 AM  
Morning Service (Sun) 11:00  
Wednesday Eve 7:00 PM  
DEACON: Colin Dyer

WEB SITE ADDRESS: <http://mtcalvarymbchurch.com>

December 18, 2022

## Welcome to Mt. Calvary

### Pastor's Comments:

Scripture for the Week: **Daniel 5:25-28**

And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.

The wicked Babylonian king, Belshazzar, was weighed in the balance by God, and slain that very night. Each of us is also weighed on the balance and found wanting -only the blood of Jesus Christ applied to our hearts can even the divine scales. Still, once saved, children of God should weigh their lives upon the balance of scripture. Are we living as we

ought? Are we growing in righteousness, grace and love? Or are we found wanting?

### BIBLE TRIVIA:

Last Week's Question: Who suggested to Jezebel's priests that Baal was sleeping on duty? **Answer:** Elijah (1 Kings 18:27)

This Week's Question: Who slept at Bethel and dreamed about angels?

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No activity in the "Happy" Department.

### FYI

**Since Christmas falls next Sunday, we will be dismissing Sunday School and have worship service at 10:00**

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Thank God for His divine protection and help. This is so true for Sis Stella as she left her purse in a shopping cart in the parking lot, drove home and was getting out of the car when she realized what she had done. When she returned to the store, the purse was gone but someone had turned the purse in with everything in tact. GOD is so good.

## *THE MAN WHO KNOCKED*

A man knocked on my front door as I sat down to rest  
I didn't want to let him in, I didn't look my best  
For I had been out working and my clothes were dirty too  
And when I looked I noticed there was mud on both my shoes.

But still I got up from my chair and asked him to come in  
We talked about a lot of things while sitting in my den.  
But most of all he talked about when he was going home  
And not the earthly one he'd say, the one when he'd be "gone."

He talked about a man he knew and one he loved so much  
The man he said was "Jesus" who died for all and such  
Was crucified upon a cross, a place called Calvary  
A crown of thorns upon His head, but this was news to me.

I'd never heard about this man, this man from Galilee  
That had nails drove into His hands upon a cruel tree.  
I really didn't understand exactly what he meant  
But I just listened on because he spoke with such intent.

But as the days unfolded his words kept coming back  
And I soon learned that what he had was something that I lacked.  
I didn't know just what to do and as the days went by  
I'd sit alone and try to think and sometimes I would cry.

A man stood at my heart's door and knocked upon my chest  
I didn't want to let him in, I didn't look my best  
For I was filthy dirty and burdened down with sin  
And I was so ashamed to let this man called Jesus in.

But in He came and washed away the dirt and filth from me  
And now I know this Savior too that died upon the tree.  
Now when I speak about "my home" eternal on that shore  
It's all because when Jesus knocked I opened my heart's door.



*Stella Jenkins*  
12/17/2012