

## The Story of The Lug Wrench



by Dawn Reed  
E. Ky. Columnist

Standing in customs at the small airport, I held my breath. Large men in camo with large guns searched our suitcases.

On our Immigration papers for entry into the country, we had all marked that our trip was for "pleasure". And it was indeed our pleasure to be headed across the border to do a medical, dental, and eye clinic for a week. If the large men in customs knew we were heading across the border, they would at least heavily tax our supplies or at worst confiscate it all.

I stood at the counter with Geno. In his late-60's, and with a heart as big as Texas, he had volunteered to do electrical work at the school where we were staying. Geno had promised to stay with me through customs. He was my guardian.

The camo-ed men spoke in harsh tones and words in another language as they went through our suitcases. In my bags, under layers of clothing, were dental supplies and meds. It was crucial to get them to the clinic. As my first suitcase was opened, I nearly gasped. Somehow, by only the Lord's Hand, the dental supplies were INVISIBLE. I exhaled, but only slightly. We weren't through yet!

They grabbed Geno's heavy case, slammed it on the conveyor and began rip-

ping it open. Inside was an enormous lug wrench for a bus owned by the school. It had taken a miracle to acquire it and then another to find luggage it would fit into!

There was no hiding the lug wrench, but all around it we had packed toothpaste and toothbrushes to be given out at the dental clinic.

Geno's bag was opened and no one moved. I mean, seriously, no one moved. There it was for all to see, surrounded by tooth supplies. What part of a "personal" trip would cause someone to bring a lug wrench and a million toothbrushes and toothpaste? Inside my head I prayed loudly, "PLEASE, JESUS!" The lug wrench was a much needed tool. If the men confiscated it, it would be a year before we could try to get another to work on the school's bus.

Geno had said he wouldn't leave me, and I wasn't leaving him either! So there I was, stuck like glue to his side-holding my breath. In a moment of ridiculous genius, Geno asked, "Would you guys like a toothbrush?" Immediately the situation changed. Like kids being offered candy, the large men smiled, accepted the gift, and re-

zipped the suitcase.

Relieved and trying not to cry (me, not Geno), we raced to join the rest of the team who had been outside waiting...and praying. The eye team was still detained; taxes were being demanded.

After an intense conversation between our mission team leader and the guys in customs, all supplies and team members were cleared. We loaded onto a worn-out bus and made a rough three-hour trek to the border. Thus began an exhausting but glorious week in the clinic with several people giving their hearts to Jesus! Shew and praise the Lord!

Though the mission trip and customs ordeal happened a decade ago, it will remain in my heart forever. It was exciting and terrifying, and such a God-moment.

It is especially fresh in my memory today because our beloved Geno went to heaven this week. I pictured him seeing Jesus and many of his loved one's who were already there. Then, I imagine Jesus putting his arm around Geno and saying, "Let me tell you guys the story about the lug wrench!"

## The Serious Side of Me

by BOB CASEY, preacher  
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Just a few years ago, H. T. Hardy produced a memory of his life, entitled, "The Serious Side of Me." I was proud to have known him as I considered him a good friend as well.

I don't believe that he would mind me using this title for some thoughts of my own. H.T. was known to be quick-witted with some moments of jocularly moved in, but when it came to the serious things in life, you could count him in for good. And, this is the way it should be.

As for myself, I enjoy light-hearted moments at times, but when it comes to my faith in God, Christ and the Bible, I am as "serious as a heart attack." I study to know the truth and have a desire to pass only the truth along to all that will hear me. I have no illusions to be naïve enough to believe that everyone will hear and respond, but many have and continue to do so. I want to leave behind a good legacy when my tenure on earth is done. This is the only way that I can keep speaking after I die. (Hebrews 11:4, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts:

and by it he being dead yet speaketh.")

So, when I preach that there is one God, one Saviour, one Spirit, one body (the church), one Hope, one faith, one baptism, and it is for the remission of sin, I stand upon good Bible ground because all this is said in Ephesians 4:4-6, "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; One Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

So, why will some insist there is more than one faith? Why will they insist there are more than one church (Matthew 16:13-15, "When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?"). Why do some insist there are more baptisms when Acts 2:38 plainly reveals the purpose of it. "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Why do some insist that worship on the first day of the week is necessary to walk in faith when we eat the Lord's Supper. Matthew 26:26, "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body."

Acts 20:7, "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight." 1 Corinthians 16:1-2, "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." and Hebrews 10:25, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching. say clearly not to neglect it; still many do." Do you expect that God will let you into his heaven if you do?

Friends, this has always been the serious side of me, and I don't ever desire to change. Does this make me perfect? No, I struggle with the same issues that many do, but this I say: If I continue trying to please my Master, at least I will have a good chance at hearing him say, "Well done!" So, I am heavenly-minded because I am serious about going there.

Now, in closing, "How about you?" Are you serious about going to Heaven? Then, come and join with us at Cornerstone for this is our main ambition in life; is going ourselves and taking you with us. So, make your plans now to attend.

Sincerely, Bob Casey, (1-859-369-4165), local

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Tim and Aimee Grayson