

**WEST FIFTH BIBLE CHAPEL**

**July 2015**

**Sunday**

**9:30 a.m.      The Lord's Supper**

**11:00 a.m.      Prayer Meeting**

**11:15 a.m.      Family Hour**

July 5              David Wessel - "Kings of Israel"

July 12             David Wessel - "Kings of Israel"

July 19             Paul Robertson

July 26             Noble George

**Wednesday, 7:00 p.m.   Prayer & Ministry**

July 1              Don Grant

July 8              Prayer

July 15             Fern St. Onge

July 22             Anthony Capuano – Consecutive study - Unity  
and equality in the church

July 29             George Joseph

**Saturday, July 25, 8:00 a.m.      Prayer Meeting**

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**1. Oversight Meetings:**

Monday, July 13 and 27

**2. Service at Grace Villa Nursing Home:**

Sunday, July 19 @ 3:00 p.m.

**3. New Phone number**

George & Elizabeth Joseph              (289) 396 3467 (unlisted)

**4. Phone number correction**

Susan Vonderheid                          (905) 393 7629

**5. Lunch – 5<sup>th</sup> July**

Please stay and enjoy a lunch after the morning service

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CAUGHT - James S. Howlett

No pack of wolves had ever cornered a rabbit with greater glee,  
and she knew it.

Amid the sickly smiles and snarls she trembled As they toyed with her.  
Dragging and dropping, chasing and stopping.

Herding her proudly down the path to the place they would either kill her,  
or use her for bait.

They had pulled her from a cozy warren --not her own—and not alone.  
Its owner scurrying away— and just as guilty as she—and more,  
But being the wolves accomplice—forewarned-- And therefore faster.  
She never stood a chance and was condemned, with but a glance,  
Then was paraded through the streets for all to see.

Caught. Guilty.

And the sun revealed her shame to all, as it rose above the Mount of  
Olives, warming the courtyard in the great Temple of Jerusalem.  
A crowd was seated there with all their eyes and ears focused on the face  
of one who knew her, before she was born.

The pack drove her into a corner. Setting both a lurid scene and a deadly  
trap. Now a hundred eyes stared into hers, yet none so deep as His.  
Teacher! Said the pack to Him in mock, fangs scarce concealed,  
the trap was set, the bait in place, and then her crime revealed.

“This woman was caught... in the very act and for a fact... the Law of  
Moses binds us all... to stone her dead. What say you of this?”  
Now if you had not known Him you might have thought Him deaf,  
but we who sat there at His feet watched close and held our breath.

I did not know Him then as Living Word but loving friend and Master,  
now brothers and dear sisters, learn, that He was loving friend to Moses.  
Then in that staring silence the Master moved His hand, and slowly with  
His finger wrote some words upon the sand.

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Yet they paid no heed to what He wrote they did not even look,  
but badgered Him about the law, those keepers of the Book.  
Did ever a pen question the writer before?

The Master standing up and looking round He could not find one witness  
nor the father of the woman brought, nor the lover of this mistress.  
And the Pharisees and Scribes all loomed with rocks clutched in their  
hands, As my Master (knowing well their hearts) Spoke to all their band.  
“Let the one who is among you without sin be first to throw.”

And He bent over again to write in the same dust He had created Adam  
from. Perhaps the same words He wrote for Moses on the mountain.  
None of us could read from where we sat  
But oh my little ones, we were watching the very finger of God  
make holy script in the substance of man, over the laws He had given  
Moses long ago

But they did not know Him, yet one by one, beginning with the eldest,  
they all left the courtyard. Tails between their legs.  
Slinking over the dust our Lord was writing on Until only the Lord and the  
woman were left The Lamb had driven the wolves away.

Then He stood and asked her “Woman, where are your accusers?  
Hasn’t anyone condemned you?” “No Lord.” she replied.  
And if any witness could be found against her, little children,  
It would be Him! Yet He answered the woman “Neither do I condemn you.  
Go and sin no more.” And none of us would ever hear or speak her name,  
that she might be restored.  
Truly, loving are the ways of our Lord

Jim Howlett is a member of  
Bethany Bible Chapel,  
Hamilton and a well-known  
poet and play writer.