John 1: 3 "all things were med by Rim." THE CHRIST OF CREATION I. John Afealls 7 The Character of the First Cookin Vivonal - to come with writing out ? mothing - what wear, right? see is contact to Col. 1: 15-17 the definite historial oct in standing the standing the standing to the standing Then John: The word of gu. 1: 14 (love, gree, trust) to word to word of gu. 7:16 a word? broaded with being to word of Houners distribute lost and gree.

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10 19: 10 (2) gn. 1:14 Hol Beisel coels to incarnate in it (made, substance) THOUSE + tolerwall in it. (4) Boem & the moder of the things With Low for the world . " En ma Cotton st. KLOVE DOG THE WORLD By they was sight

II. John speaks ? His Continuing worky Creation not matter, substance. More an atom adderchange, but never additor but soul spirit

1. July 12-13: 3:3'

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John 1:3 all this were much by him

The Maker of the Universe
As Man for man was made a curse;
The claims of laws which He had made
Unto the uttermost He paid.
His holy fingers made the bough
Where grew the thorns that crowned His brow;
The nails that pierced His hands were mined
In secret places He designed.

He made the forests whence there sprung
The tree on which His body hung;
He died upon a cross of wood,
Yet made the hill on which it stood!
The sky which darkened o'er His head
By Him above the earth was spread;
The sun which hid from Him its face
By His decree was poised in space!

The spear which spilt His pregious blood
Was tempered in the fires of God;
The grave in which His form was laid
Was hewed in rocks His hands had made!
The Throne on which He now appears
Was His from everlasting years!
But a new glory crowns His brow
And every knee to Him shall bow!"

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mind at Christmas is one entitled "How the Great Guest Came." It is about a cobbler, a shoemaker named Conrad, an honest man who always gave a good product for a fair price. One night Conrad had a dream that Jesus Christ was going to visit him at his shop next day. He went out and got green boughs from the forest and decorated his shop. He put on his best clothes, prepared a fine repast and waited for the Great Guest. But instead there (1) came an old man, whose shoes were worn through, walking with bare feet on the cold street. Conrad invited him in, and out of his great heart of love gave him a fine pair of shoes and sent him on his way happy. Then as the hours passed there came an old woman, bending under a great, heavy weight of fagots. And she was tired and weary. Conrad brought her in out of the cold and gave her some of the food he had prepared for the Great Guest. Then again he sat there waiting. And the poem goes:

He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door —
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
He would wash the feet where the spikes had been,

He would kiss the hands where the nails went in, And then at the last would sit with Him And break the bread as the day grew dim.

But instead there now came a little child, crying, lost. Conrad by careful questioning ascertained that the child's home was far away on the other side of the city. He was fearful to leave his shop lest he miss the Great Guest, but his heart was so full of compassion that he took the child home to his parents and was rewarded by their tears of joy. Then he hurried back to his little shop. But afternoon waned into twilight and he began to wonder whether the Lord was really coming.

'Why is it Lord, that your feet delay?'
Did You forget that this was the day?'
Then came the experience:

Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street.'

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