



Posted on Facebook by: Bro. Dennis McAbee,
That Old Abandoned Church

Remember when you went to your childhood church?
Remember the church being in full Attendance?
Remember when the children were willing to go?
Remember when the family always said grace at each meal?
Remember when you had high respect toward your parents and the elderly?
Are you and your family now living that lifestyle?

Posted by: Bill Porter Feb. 23, 2015

While those ideas were, and still are, the respected and honorable way of the Lord, they are about as historic and forgotten as this old church building.

With most young families today, gone are the days of simple faith, reverence of parents, clergy and those that are elderly. Today the family is broken, crippled, dismembered and unrecognizable from the history of the past. It has been replaced with a new high tech, high speed, no time for God society that is going full speed ahead, into the destruction chamber.

I want to relate a story of my past, that kinda speaks to this issue, and I understand it much more today than I did in 1966 when this happen to me.

Many years ago, while living on Orchard Mesa, above Palisade, Colo. I worked at the time for NCG, the local Oxygen and Acetylene Company, and my job was to deliver the products to those companies that used these products on a daily basis there in the valley.

On Wednesday, one of my stops was, Western Meat Packers, down on the Redlands, and this particular Wednesday I got there about noon, and I decided to take my lunch break. (I took my lunch in a lunch bag that day), and I decided to just look around at what they were doing. On that particular day they were slaughtering hogs. Now they only slaughtered hogs once a week, as most of the time they only done beef. So I ventured out to the back of the place where a large number of hogs were in this very large pen. On the plant side of the pen was a slowly narrowing pathway that lead into the plant, and it finally narrowed to just the size of a pig and continued for a ways to the final destination. I remember how I was amazed at the temperament of those hogs. They were actually fighting one another, trying to see who was going to be first, to get into that final narrow lane, pushing and shoving, intent on being the next one in line. It was like the line was believed to be the one and only destination alley to the best meal they had ever eaten. But, as the line grew narrower and narrower, it finally arrived at the man in charge, who had the two pronged 440 volt charge that he put to the back of their head, and quick as a flash, they were out of this world, and into the next one, which was going to be my bacon for breakfast in a week or so.

I make this point, so you might see how life is for us today. Pinned up, running aimlessly about, not knowing just where to go, so we just follow the crowd, push and shove till you get in the front, and down the narrow pathway to; Blink, into the next world. Not bacon for next week, but either life eternal, or forever lost in a world of sorrow and heartache. It all happened so fast you say, and only yesterday I was young. Yesterday I had the opportunity to teach my children, and my grandchildren, not to follow this path. I had the time and the wherewithal, to research where this

narrow pathway actually ended up. But no, I was too busy with the necessary things of life to take the time. Now its too late.

How did we get here? Why did we get here? How can we change this terrible destination we are headed for. Well, the answer is simple. You go back to the top of this post, change the course from what is now, to how it was in the past, and bingo, you are headed in the right direction!!! Oh no you say... I can't do that. Well, down at the end of that narrow path you are on, is the man with the prong. He's waiting for you. You better find that little church again, before it is just an old picture of the past, and you have lost your way.

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