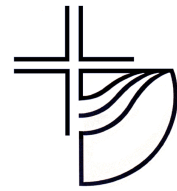


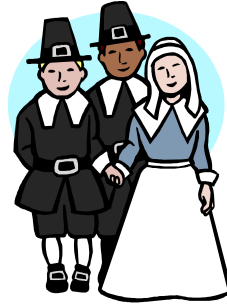
# News from the Brick

**Nettle Creek Church of the Brethren**  
5352 N. Brick Church Road  
Hagerstown, IN 47346

**Established 1820**



Carol M. Pfeiffer, Pastor  
Church Phone: 765-489-4430  
Parsonage Phone: 765-489-3435  
[pastor@nettlecreekcob.com](mailto:pastor@nettlecreekcob.com)  
[www.nettlecreekcob.com](http://www.nettlecreekcob.com)



Jodi Johnson, Secretary  
Sunday School: 9:00 a.m.  
Worship: 10:00 a.m.

**November  
2006**

***Continuing the Work of Jesus.  
Peacefully. Simply. Together.***

---

## **Carol's Comments**

### **"Grace Spotted"**

*And God raised us up with Christ and seated us with him in the heavenly realms in Christ Jesus, in order that in the coming ages he might show the incomparable riches of his grace, expressed in his kindness to us in Christ Jesus. For it is by **grace** you have been saved, through faith—and this not from yourselves, it is the gift of God—not by works, so that no one can boast.* Ephesians: 2 6-9

It had been a long day. I had driven back from a viewing for my brother-in-law's father in Plain City, Ohio, which was a two hour drive. Traffic on I-70 was backed up around construction, so it took me longer to move from Ohio back to Hagerstown. I left from home to go up to stay overnight with my son in Columbia City, so that I wouldn't need to get up so early to go to the Camp Mack Festival the next day.

I have a tendency to have a heavy foot on the gas pedal. I was traveling on Route 3 between Hartford City, Indiana and Markle. It was a straight shoot with no traffic; so of course, my heavy foot was indeed heavy. I was cruising along (I don't have cruise control) with no traffic in sight. Then a couple cars headed toward me. As the one car passed it whipped around. Yes, it was the State Police. I knew I'd had it. I immediately slowed down. I watched the rearview mirror to see if he had turned on his flashing lights. It wasn't long and they began flashing and I pulled over.

"Do you know how fast you were going?" he said.

"Not really," I responded, though I did have an idea.

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Yes and no." I thought, "Yes, I'm in a hurry, but no, I didn't need to be."

"You were going 71," he informed me.

"I need to see your driver's license and registration," his authoritative voice spoke.

I reached in the glove compartment and pulled out the registration and rambled through my wallet to get my driver's license. I handed him the plastic card. It was my **credit card!** I couldn't believe I did that. I must have been nervous, for I mumbled, "Oh that not it, it doesn't have a picture on it."

He said, "That's all right."

I was befuddled. He took my information back to his vehicle to check on my driving record. I knew I was ok there, as I've NEVER had a speeding ticket before in my life. I was stopped once coming back from my aunt's viewing, but only had a warning. But I KNEW I deserved this one.

After a few minutes he approached my car again and handed me a green slip of paper saying, "This is a WARNING this time. Slow down."

Whew! No ticket.

As I drove on, it hit me. This is what God's grace is like. I deserved a ticket and only got a warning. I **deserved** a ticket and only got a **warning!** We deserve death and God gives us life. God's grace is love undeserved when we miss the mark of his intention for us. Yet, in his love for us he gave himself, the Son,

