



and that's...  
**The Gospel Truth!!**  
with Pat Corn

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*a brief message of encouragement to make your day just a little bit brighter*

### **I'm So Glad To Be A Part Of The Family Of God**

Words and Music by William J. Gaither Copyright 1970

CHORUS:

I'm so glad I'm a part of the family of God  
I've been washed in the fountain  
And cleansed by His blood  
Joint heirs with Jesus as we travel this sod  
I'm so glad I'm part of the family of God

One Sunday morning an old cowboy entered a church just before services were to begin. Although the old man and his clothes were spotlessly clean, he wore jeans, a denim shirt and boots that were very worn and ragged. In his hand he carried a worn out old hat and an equally worn out old Bible.

The church he entered was in a very upscale and exclusive part of the city. It was the largest and most beautiful church the old cowboy had ever seen. It had high cathedral ceilings, ornate statues, beautiful murals and stained glass windows, plush carpet, and velvet like cushioned pews. The building must have cost many millions of dollars to build and maintain.

The men, women and children of the congregation were all dressed in the finest and most expensive suits, dresses, shoes, and jewelry the old cowboy had ever witnessed. As the poorly dressed cowboy took a seat the others moved away from him. No one greeted him. No one welcomed him. No one offered a handshake. No one spoke to him. They were all appalled at his appearance and did not attempt to hide the fact. There were many glances in his direction as the others frowned and commented among them selves about his shabby attire. A few chuckles and giggles came from some of the younger members.

The preacher gave a long sermon about Hellfire and brimstone and a stern lecture on how much money the church needed to do God's work. When the offering plate was passed thousands of dollars came pouring forth.

As soon as the service was over the congregation hurried out. Once again no one spoke or even nodded to the stranger in the ragged clothes and boots. As the old cowboy was leaving the church the preacher approached him. Instead of welcoming him, the preacher asked the cowboy to do him a favor. "Before you come back in here again, have a talk with God and ask him what He thinks would be appropriate attire for worshiping in this church," the preacher said. The old cowboy assured the preacher he would do that and left.

The very next Sunday morning the old cowboy showed back up for the services wearing the same ragged jeans, shirt, boots, and hat. Once again the congregation was appalled at his appearance. He was completely shunned and ignored again. The preacher noticed the man still wearing his ragged clothes and boots, and instead of beginning his sermon, stepped down from

the pulpit and walked over to where the man sat alone.

"I thought I asked you to speak to God before you came back to our church," the preacher said. "I did," replied the old cowboy.

"If you spoke to God, what did he tell you the proper attire should be for worshipping in here?" asked the preacher.

"Well sir", said the old cowboy, "God told me that He wouldn't have the slightest idea what was appropriate attire for worshipping in your church. He said He's never been in here.

Some family, huh? That church family sounds rather "dysfunctional". They are obviously more concerned about what is seen on the outside rather than what is unseen on the inside. Stained glass windows housed in giant edifices doesn't impress God one bit. When Jesus walked this earth he continually admonished folks to lay down their possessions and follow him. Do you remember the rich young ruler that asked how he could receive salvation? When Jesus told him to go and sell everything and give it to the poor and follow Him (Luke 18:17-22), the young man decided that the price was far too high for him to pay. Little did he realize that the ultimate price to be paid for his sin was, in fact, standing right in front of him. A price far greater than any possession the rich young ruler could ever conceive of.... the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

I am covered over with the robe of righteousness that Jesus gives to me  
I am covered over with the precious blood of Jesus and He lives in me  
What a joy it is to know my Heavenly Father loves me so, and gives to me my Jesus  
And when he looks at me He sees not what I used to be but He sees Jesus

And that's...The Gospel Truth!