

General Topics :: The 23rd Channel**The 23rd Channel - posted by habakkuk3 (), on: 2006/6/27 15:37**

I got this in a link to (<http://www.evangelicaloutreach.org/tv.htm#23rd>) Dan Corner's website today. As one who used to incessantly watch TV, it must have been written who watched the TV a great deal at some point in their life.

I don't watch TV any more, not because of some legalistic mindset but simply because it sears my heart and destroys th at longing in my heart to be close to Jesus.

The TV is my shepherd, I shall not want.
It makes me lie down on the sofa.
It leads me away from the faith.
It destroys my soul.
It leads me in the path of sex and violence for the sponsor's sake.

Yea, though I walk in the shadow of Christian responsibilities,
There will be no interruption, for the TV is with me.
Its cable and remote control, they comfort me.
It prepares a commercial for me in the presence of my worldliness.

It anoints my head with humanism and consumerism.
My coveting runneth over.
Surely, laziness and ignorance shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house watching TV forever.

-- Author Unknown

Re: The 23rd Channel - posted by SeanHobson (), on: 2006/6/27 18:05

i know this is supposed to be serious, but this had me laughing.

good post

Re: The 23rd Channel - posted by freedbyjc (), on: 2006/6/28 10:26

Here's another version that I found in my files....

"The TV is my shepherd, my spiritual growth shall want.

It maketh me to sit down and do nothing for His name's sake.

It keepeth me from doing my duty as a Christian, because it presenteth so many good programs I must see.

It restoreth my knowledge of the things of this world, and keepeth me from the study of God's Word.

It leadeth me into the paths of failing to attend evening church services, and doing nothing for the kingdom of God.

Yea, though I live to be one hundred, I shall keep viewing my TV so as long as it shall work, for it is my closest compani on.

Its sounds and its pictures, they comfort me.

It presenteth entertainment before me and keepeth me from doing important things with my family.

It filleth my head with ideas which differ from those in the Word of God.

Surely, no good thing will come out of my life because of so many wasted hours, and I shall dwell in my regrets forever."

Author Unknown

Re: The 23rd Channel - posted by freedbyjc (), on: 2006/6/28 10:28

Another oldie but a goodie...

A Stranger in the House TV

How many of us spent the holiday weekend with the stranger??

A few months before I was born, Dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer, and soon invited him to live with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around to welcome me into the world a few months later.

As I grew up I never questioned his place in our family. Mom taught me to love the Word of God, and Dad taught me to obey it. But the stranger was our storyteller. He could weave the most fascinating tales. Adventures, mysteries, and comedies were daily conversations. He could hold our whole family spellbound for hours each evening. He was like a friend to the whole family.

He took Dad, Bill, and me to our first major league baseball game. He was always encouraging us to see the movies and he even made arrangements to introduce us to several movie stars.

The stranger was an incessant talker. Dad didn't seem to mind, but sometimes Mom would quietly get up -- while the rest of us were enthralled with one of his stories of faraway places -- go to her room, read her Bible, and pray. I wonder now if she ever prayed that the stranger would leave.

You see, Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions. But this stranger never felt an obligation to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our house--not from us, from our friends, or adults. Our longtime visitor, however, used occasional four letter words that burned my ears and made Dad squirm. To my knowledge the stranger was never confronted.

Dad was a teetotaler who didn't permit alcohol in his home--not even for cooking. But the stranger felt like we needed exposure and enlightened us to other ways of life. He offered us beer and other alcoholic beverages often. He made cigarettes look tasty, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished.

He talked freely (too much, too freely) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing. I know now that my early concepts of the man/woman relationship were influenced by the stranger.

As I look back, I believe it was the grace of God that the stranger did not influence us more. Time after time he opposed the values of Mom & Dad, yet he was seldom rebuked and never asked to leave.

More than thirty years have passed since the stranger moved in with the young family on Morningside Drive. But if I were to walk into Dad's den today, you would still see him sitting over in a corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures.

His name?.....We always just called him.....TV.

Author Unknown