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# I Am Second: Josh Turner

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JUNE 20TH 2012 BY STAFF WRITER

I Am Second: Josh Turner

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Singing country music, that's what I've always dreamt of doing as a young boy. Growing up in South Carolina, it was out the ordinary to dream such a dream.

I haven't always been the guy that walks into a room and automatically the attention is on me. I'm normally the guy that stands off in the corner. Singing allowed me to express myself in ways that I wouldn't be able to do otherwise. I don't feel like God called me to be a gospel singer. He didn't call me to be a Christian singer, he called me to be a country singer, and I just happen to be a Christian.

The one thing that I had to overcome was negativity. The idea that dreams can't really come true, I never wanted to believe in that.

I grew up in a little place called Hannah, South Carolina, a little farming community a long way from any kind of big city. The first real album I owned was Randy Travis' Storms of Life, and that was the album that really made me start dreaming of the possibility of doing this for a living. I moved to Nashville in 1998 to get a record deal and

try to get my foot in the door, and I didn't really know what I was doing.

God inspired me to write "Long Black Train." I wrote this song, by myself, in my apartment, and it came to me in a vision. It's a vision of this long, black, beautiful, shiny train, and people are standing out to the sides of the track, watching this train go by, just craving to get on it. At the same time, they know that this train leads to destruction, it leads to emptiness, it leads to nowhere, but yet they still want to get on it. This train was a physical metaphor for temptation.

I wrote three verses and a chorus that night in my apartment, woke up the next morning, I wrote the fourth verse. And at that moment in time when I laid the pen down, I said nobody's ever gonna want to hear this. It's too old-fashioned, it's too old-timey, it's a gospel song. So this is probably not going to end up on one of my records in the future.

And a friend of mine walked in and she said, can I hear it? And I was like well, sure. I played it for her, and she said you need to play this for such and such, and so it just snowballed from there. I ended up playing it for recitals, and all kinds of stuff, did demos of it. A girl in my class heard it on that demo, played it for MCA, they heard it. This was the song I played first time on the Grand Ole Opry, and got two standing ovations and an encore—I was completely unknown to the audience that night. It became the title track of my first record, it became my first hit, it helped me sell a million copies of the first record. So there were a lot of people hearing this song, a lot of people being touched by this song.

That was the moment that I realized it's not about the money, or the fame, or the glory. It's about changing people, it's about touching people and influencing people in a positive way, and so from that point on, that's what I've tried to do.

(There's a long, black train coming down the line, feeding off the souls that are lost and crying. Rails of sin, only evil remains, watch out brother for that long, black train. )

There's no song that I can write, there's no record that I can make that's going to save me. I do need a savior.

(Look to the heavens, you can look to the skies, you can find redemption staring back into your eyes. There is protection, and there's peace the same, burning your ticket for that long, black train.)

I'm thankful to have Jesus as my savior. My relationship with God has always been one to where I'm talking to him all day, every day, about anything and everything. It's just a continuous ongoing conversation that I have with the Lord, and I feel like that's brought

me closer to Him. It helps me think through things clearly, I feel like it's given me wisdom about other people, about myself, about the life that I live. Ultimately, I get my joy from Him, and always put Him first.

My name is Josh Turner, and I am second.

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## No Regrets: THE FINAL INSPECTION

APRIL 24TH 2012 BY STAFF WRITER

### No Regrets: THE FINAL INSPECTION

This was shared by one of our ShowMe Times readers and as many pass along emails that take on political positions, we never want to fail to give the proper honor and respect to our servicemen of the United States Military. These men and women deserve a large degree of thanks from us all and a tribute for the freedoms of life that we enjoy in our country.

So I would ask that you take a moment to read this short poem. Though the presentation may not completely meet with your approval, the truth in the words are real and offer us a different perspective from the eyes of a soldier.

May God continue to bless all of our soldiers with his mercy, protection and grace. May they be kept from harms way and always be able to protect this great Nation.

Know that many of our WWII Veterans are growing old and the history of their service and the experiences of freedom will only be carried forward by our preservation of their memories. We should all be encouraged to stop our busy schedules and offer a deep, heartfelt "thank you" to these gentlemen.

From Korea, to Vietnam, to the Persian Gulf and many other conflicts, the American soldier has made personal sacrifice to bring freedom. Many have gone on with their lives and have never felt the appreciation that was deserved.

If you have a member of your family, a friend or someone that you know deserves this spotlight, we would ask that you offer a salute to them by going to our Facebook page and share their name, branch of service and give them a well deserved "shout out" of appreciation. Our Facebook Page is: <https://www.facebook.com/showmetimes>.

*If it weren't for the United States military, there'd be NO United States of America.*

## **THE FINAL INSPECTION**

The Soldier stood and faced God,  
Which must always come to pass.  
He hoped his shoes were shining,  
Just as brightly as his brass.  
'Step forward now, Soldier,  
How shall I deal with you?  
Have you always turned the other cheek?  
To My Church have you been true?'  
The soldier squared his shoulders and said,  
'No, Lord, I guess I ain't.  
Because those of us who carry guns,  
Can't always be a saint.  
I've had to work most Sundays,  
And at times my talk was tough.  
And sometimes I've been violent,

**Because the world is awfully rough.  
But, I never took a penny,  
That wasn't mine to keep...  
Though I worked a lot of overtime,  
When the bills got just too steep.  
And I never passed a cry for help,  
Though at times I shook with fear.  
And sometimes, God, forgive me,  
I've wept unmanly tears.  
I know I don't deserve a place,  
Among the people here.  
They never wanted me around,  
Except to calm their fears.  
If you've a place for me here, Lord,  
It needn't be so grand.  
I never expected or had too much,  
But if you don't, I'll understand.  
There was a silence all around the throne,  
Where the saints had often trod.**

**/images/SMT/SMT Soilder.png**

**As the Soldier waited quietly,  
For the judgment of his God.  
'Step forward now, you Soldier,  
You've borne your burdens well.  
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,  
You've done your time in Hell.'  
Author Unknown ~**

**It's the Soldier, not the reporter  
Who has given us the freedom of the press.  
It's the Soldier, not the poet,  
Who has given us the freedom of speech.  
It's the Soldier, not the politicians  
That ensures our right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.  
It's the Soldier who salutes the flag,  
Who serves beneath the flag,  
And whose coffin is draped by the flag.**

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## Easter: Echoes From The Tomb

APRIL 07TH 2012 BY UNKNOWN

### Easter: Echoes From The Tomb

By George H. Guthrie

JACKSON, Tenn. -- Leaning forward, you strain to hear. The fresh, cool breeze of the garden morning brushes your cheek. Bending, you look into that open, black-dark mouth of the tomb, its only light the sun's thin finger reaching past your shoulder to touch the corner of a bone box. But the bones for which it waits have changed, gotten up and walked away. No smell of death; only the sweet scent of burial spices hanging in the air.

Bouncing off the walls of this vacated tomb, you may hear echoes from another garden where the lie, "Has God really said?" prevailed, and death was ushered in. But now, in this garden the lie has been silenced with a resounding, "Yes!! His Word lives!" and death has been driven out, the curse of Eden swallowed up in this empty space.

And do you hear the echo of righteous Noah, who built a deliverance to carry God's creations through the judgment, or Father Abraham, through whom all the peoples of the earth would be blessed? Do you hear the echoes of Egypt's oppressive slavery turned inside-out in powerful salvation, and at its peak an innocent lamb slain so that death would pass over? Do you hear the echo of new life found through parting waters, or of bread, water, and the Shekinah tent given in a wilderness? Do you hear the

death-dealing law, unable to give life, at once fulfilled and filled full by the Life? Do you hear these echoes?

As you now kneel on this rough-hewn path leading into where Hope was dead for a moment, do you hear Joshua's name, bouncing 'round these walls, the same name as "Yeshua," "Jesus," whose very name shouts "Salvation!"? Walls have crumbled. Evil has been judged, banished from the land. Joshua led God's people to a promised place, a place flowing with all good things, as does now his namesake, who takes us to a promised rest harder bought. And the chaos of Judges too rings through this darkened grave, its "every man did what was right in his own eyes" now crushed under a staggering obedience, one Man having done what was right to give us new hearts, making us right with God.

King David's words, "You will not allow your Holy One to see decay," hang in this sweet air, and His Son, the ultimate Man, the ultimate King, receives the coronation song and, finally, dominion of the world and of a different kind of Kingdom. And this Easter tomb, having become a temple of sorts, housing God, echoes with the words of blessing over Solomon's temple, its walls now torn down but built up in flesh and bone, stone by stone, to go walking through the world, taking the Light of the Gospel, the Presence, to all the black corners of the earth. The temple decisively cleansed by one Offering, the Great High Priest intercedes, never to offer another sacrifice, the way into the holiest place forever opened by His trail-blazing life.

Here too, in this now-hollow crypt ring full the words of Isaiah, "On this mountain ... He will destroy death forever," and Jeremiah's "they will all know Me," and do you hear Ezekiel's bones rattle with hope? Exile having been exiled, this now is the true return, the Kingdom come, God's people ruled by one ever-living King.

A baby's cry, warbling out from a dusty trough, warbles here too, for the birth of Salvation always was leading to death, thus to this place. Vulnerability led to and ended here. The Jordan with open sky and loving Voice, the temptation to bow down, gain dominion, and avoid the terrible fate, and the transfiguration, shining and telling of his Exodus -- events that all anticipate this shaking of the earth, this shattering of our assumptions. Echoed in every inch of this tomb are Love's words, "no greater love," and Love's power that shushed a storm and raised a child. You hear them here in this cavernous glory.

And now you turn looking from this garden to the outpouring, the Spirit come, and to the church spreading down the ages, and to those who die in Hope, and you see us. For all these echoes from the Easter tomb, you realize, are our Story, and we, at the mouth of this conquered grave, stand at the center of His Story.

*George H. Guthrie is the Benjamin W. Perry Professor of Bible at Union University in Jackson, Tenn., and author of the book "Read the Bible for Life." More information about the "Read the Bible for Life" initiative is available at [www.readthebibleforlife.com](http://www.readthebibleforlife.com).*

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# Holding Steady With Crosses on Good Friday

APRIL 06TH 2012 BY UNKNOWN

## Holding Steady With Crosses on Good Friday

*By Annabeth Miller,  
ShowMeTimes Editor*

It's a bright, sunny morning and Nathan and Linda Hull are standing along a busy Highway 60, a few miles east of Dexter. Cars, trucks and 18-wheelers whiz by, many honking their horns and waving as they pass. The wind keeps things cool as they stand by their van in a little clearing to a farm field.

And the Hulls are holding steady – keeping their white cross in place for traveler's to see – and remember. It's a simple white cross – five feet wide by 10 feet tall. But on Good Friday it makes a simple, yet powerful, statement.

The Hulls are just two of the many volunteers who are a part of a unique Good Friday experience sponsored by Carry the Cross ministry. On this Good Friday the Hulls and other and “crossing” Missouri – with folks holding cross along U.S. Highway 60 from the Illinois line to Oklahoma, and on U.S. 63 from Iowa to Arkansas.

On this Good Friday – the day Christians around the world mark the day Jesus was crucified on a cross – the Carry the Cross volunteers in Missouri are a visible reminder of the significance of this weekend to Believers.

“There are 169 crosses from the Illinois line to Poplar Bluff,” Nathan explained as Linda holds their cross. He said another 60 crosses are being held along the highway in Poplar Bluff.

A big rig passes by, creating a strong wake as Linda holds onto the cross. He sounds his horn, and they enthusiastically wave. Nathan explained there are folks holding the simple, white crosses throughout the state – in Jefferson City, Joplin, Willow Springs, Columbia.

“It's our witness on this Good Friday,” he said.

Carry the Cross has a mission today - to mobilize thousands of Christians to create the largest cross in the world - 3,000 life size crosses, one every quarter of a mile, along Highways 60 and 63 in the ShowMe State.

“Each cross also encourages you to stand with or carry a cross wherever you are in the world on this day,” said organizer David Craig. Carry the Cross is not affiliated with any single denomination, but “is representing a single person – Jesus Christ.”

**Link of Interest**

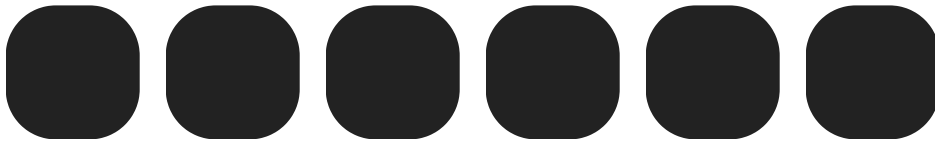


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## Trinity Youth Plan Trip to Cardinal Cubs Game

APRIL 03RD 2012 BY STAFF WRITER

### Trinity Youth Plan Trip to Cardinal Cubs Game

BLOOMFIELD- The Youth at Trinity United Methodist Church have taken on a new challenge in hopes of making a trip to watch the Cardinals-Cubs game on May 14th. The game at Tri-Youth is to memorize the Books of the New Testament in the Bible and there has been a frenzy of people getting involved.

The young adults have been working hard to get prepared by using new technologies. **GoAnimate** is a new website that allows users to put their message into a cartoon illustration. This technology brings a little fun to a typically tough job of memorizing.

The trip is open to any youth that attend and meet the guidelines for the trip. Primarily, the student will need to perfect the memorization of the New Testament Books of the Bible and recite them to an adult leader. It's really not that tough if you break it down.

So if you have a desire to get involved, get in touch with Alan or Tracy Hedrick or Victoria Breece on Facebook. Or you can call the Church office for more information.

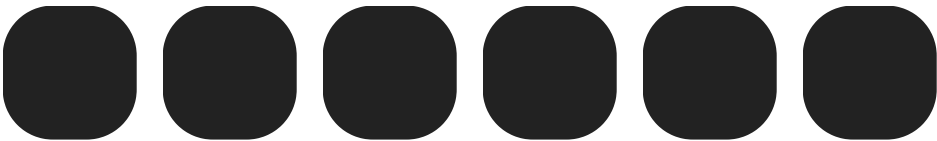
**GoAnimate.com:** [Tri-Youth To The Cards Cubbies Game May 14th](#) by [mutigers88](#)

Like it? Create your own at [GoAnimate.com](#). It's free and fun!

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