



2019

JUDGE NOT. ...

Remember ... Just going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than standing in your garage makes you a car.

Every saint has a PAST ... Every sinner has a FUTURE!

He Touched Me

I showered and shaved..... I adjusted my tie.
 I got there and sat..... In a pew just in time.
 Bowing my head in prayer As I closed my eyes
 I saw the shoe of the man next to me Touching my own. I sighed.
 With plenty of room on either side I thought, 'Why must our soles touch?'
 It bothered me, his shoe touching mine But it didn't bother him much.
 A prayer began: 'Our Father' I thought, 'This man with the shoes, has no pride.
 They're dusty, worn, and scratched..... Even worse, there are holes on the side!'
 'Thank You for blessings,' the prayer went on..... The shoe man said A quiet 'Amen.'
 I tried to focus on the prayer..... But my thoughts were on his shoes again.
 Aren't we supposed to look our best. When walking through that door?
 'Well, this certainly isn't it,' I thought, Glancing toward the floor ..
 Then the prayer was ended..... And the songs of praise began.
 The shoe man was certainly loud Sounding proud as he sang.
 His voice lifted the rafters..... His hands were raised high.
 The Lord could surely hear..... The shoe man's voice from the sky.
 It was time for the offering..... And what I threw in was steep.
 I watched as the shoe man reached Into his pockets so deep.
 I saw what was pulled out..... What the shoe man put in.
 Then I heard a soft 'clink As when silver hits tin.
 The sermon really bored me To tears..... and that's no lie.
 It was the same for the shoe man..... For tears fell from his eyes.
 At the end of the service As is the custom here.
 We must greet new visitors..... And show them all good cheer.
 But I felt moved somehow..... And wanted to meet the shoe man.
 So after the closing prayer I reached over and shook his hand.
 He was old and his skin was dark..... And his hair was truly a mess.
 But I thanked him for coming For being our guest.
 He said, 'My names' Charlie..... I'm glad to meet you, my friend.'
 There were tears in his eyes But he had a large, wide grin.
 'Let me explain,' he said..... Wiping tears from his eyes.
 'I've been coming here for months..... And you're the first to say 'Hi.'
 'I know that my appearance 'Is not like all the rest.
 'But I really do try..... 'To always look my best.'
 'I always clean and polish my shoes Before my very long walk.
 'But by the time I get here 'They're dirty and dusty, like chalk.'
 My heart filled with pain..... And I swallowed to hide my tears.
 As he continued to apologize For daring to sit so near
 He said, 'When I get here..... 'I know I must look a sight.
 'But I thought if I could touch you Then maybe our souls might unite.'
 I was silent for a moment..... Knowing whatever was said
 Would pale in comparison I spoke from my heart, not my head.
 'Oh, you've touched me,' I said..... 'And taught me, in part;
 'That the best of any man..... 'Is what is found in his heart.'
 The rest, I thought, This shoe man will never know.
 Like just how thankful I really am That his dirty old shoe touched my soul.



Presented by Natalie Smith for the Newsletter several years ago, Thanks so much. Felt like a repeat would maybe touch someone' again.

PASTOR'S CORNER

Swept Away

I have swept away your offenses like a cloud, your sins like the morning mist.
Isaiah 44:22

When he invented the pencil eraser, British engineer Edward Nairne was reaching instead for a piece of bread. Crusts of bread were used then, in 1770, to erase marks on paper. Picking up a piece of latex rubber by mistake, Nairne found it erased his error, leaving rubberized “crumbs” easily swept away by hand. With us too the worst errors of our lives can be swept away. It's the Lord—the Bread of Life—who cleans them with His own life, promising never to remember our sins “**I, even I, am he who blots out your transgressions, for my own sake,**” says **Isaiah 43:25**, “and remembers your sins no more.” This can seem to be a remarkable fix—and not deserved. For many, it's hard to believe our past sins can be swept away by God “like the morning mist.” Does God, who knows everything, forget them so easily? That's exactly what God does when we accept Jesus as our Savior. Choosing to forgive our sins and to “[remember them] no more,” our heavenly Father frees us to move forward. No longer dragged down by past wrongs, we're free of debris and cleaned up to serve, now and forever. Yes, consequences may remain. But God sweeps sin itself away, inviting us to return to Him for our clean new life. There's no better way to be swept away.

As we prepare for the **Communion celebration** service this Sabbath remember “For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he comes.” I Cor 11:26. The text goes on to say in very 27 “Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord”. Verse 28 “But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup” I decided to look up something about celebrations and share with you.

- We always want to celebrate with a crowd of people—usually friends and acquaintances. Celebrating by yourself just doesn't seem to have the same feeling.
- We need a reason to celebrate. We celebrate the start of the year; we celebrate birthdays, anniversaries, holidays that roll around once a year—but always, there is a reason for our celebration.
- It's most common that the reason looks to the past—such as birthdays or anniversaries, or national holidays.
- Sometimes we celebrate a person, rather than an event. Nobody celebrates with a diet. Finally a celebration is a happy time—even a joyous one. Food and drink—often too much food and drink are a very real part of a celebration.

We use that same word, “celebrate” to mean that we are taking the Lord's Supper. We often speak in our public worship of “celebrating Communion.” When I first thought about that, my reaction was, “a completely different meaning of the word.” But think about it:

- We celebrate the Lord's Supper in a group. It may be a small group, even as small as two people, but a groups is required.
- Do we celebrate for a reason? The greatest reason in the world: Jesus, the Messiah, died on a cross that we might have eternal life. If eternal life is not worth celebrating, then nothing is.
- That reason looks to the past, just like our other celebrations—to the hill at Calvary. It is a greater celebration in that it also looks to the present, as we examine ourselves. It is greater yet, for it looks to the future — when He returns.
- Some celebrations are of events; some are for persons; ours is for both. It is the celebration both of the Crucifixion and the Crucified.
- Surprisingly enough, even this most sacred of celebrations must be done with food and drink. In its roots, the Passover, it was referred to as “the Feast”. Other celebrations fatten the body; this one feeds the soul.
- So then, when you partake of the Communion this Sabbath the 30th of March at the Clanton SDA Church, do not neglect its solemn aspect—but remember, this is a celebration. Take, eat—with joy. Prepare yourself for this Celebration (I know we don't use that word because of it's modern connotations), but this will be a celebration so let's prepare and be ready. Read more about Communion in Matt 26:20,29, Mark 14:17,25 & Luke 22:14,20. The Pastor is busy with the meetings in Montgomery so hope you don't mind me sharing some thoughts. Brenda



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In many ways it may be said that A

Little Child Shall Lead Them.

SPICY autumn breezes were in the air. Mrs. Mills looked about with pleasure as she surveyed her little garden. She loved flowers and had been overjoyed to find this lovely garden in the yard of their new home. There were late-blooming roses, golden marigolds, and royal-purple petunias bobbing in the sunshine. She pulled the weeds, pruned the unruly branches, and loosened the earth about their roots.

The Mills family had lived in Fort Smith only a few weeks. The days had been busy ones, getting settled in the new home before time for school to begin. At last Mrs. Mills was finding time to spend an hour or so every morning in the yard and flower garden. The children were doing their bit too, before leaving for school.

Just then she heard laughter and happy chatter up the street. Yes, those were the same children she had noticed passing every day that week. Where could they be going? The public school was two blocks away in the direction from which they were coming. Yet it was evident that they were on their way to school, for they were carrying books, pencils, and shiny lunch pails. They must be going to the little schoolhouse just around the corner in the next block. She wondered what kind of school it was.

These children seemed different from the rest of the neighborhood children. She had observed that they were not loud or boisterous and never seemed to argue or quarrel, as some children do. She wanted to meet these neat, cheerful boys and girls. So as they passed she called a cheery greeting to them and walked out toward them.

After brief introductions she learned that they were Leonard, Jerry, Johnny, Dora, and Mary Sumner, ranging in age from twelve to seven years. Mrs. Mills introduced them to her own children—Alma, eight, and Lena, seven, who were just ready to leave for school, and little Tommy, five. The children were a bit shy at first, but gave courteous answers, to all her questions.

"Where do you go every morning?" she asked. "To school," came the reply from Johnny. "Why, I thought the school was over this way," said Mrs. Mills, pointing in the opposite direction.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, it is, but we go to the church school around the corner," explained Leonard, pointing in the direction in which they were going.

"Church school? What kind of school is that?" Mrs. Mills queried.

"It's a Seventh-day Adventist school. We learn about Jesus and the Bible besides all the other things." spoke up Dora, not hesitating in the least with her information.

"Oh, how interesting. What do you learn from the Bible?"

"We learn that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and that Jesus is coming soon to take us to heaven," continued the little girl. Mrs. Mills was hardly expecting such a reply, and not wishing to get into a religious discussion with the children, she changed the subject.

"How many pupils are there in your school?" "There are eight besides us; we make thirteen," answered Jerry.

"What a nice little school," commented Mrs. Mills. "You children must come over to our house to play when you have time." By this time the shyness had disappeared, and friendly good-bys were exchanged.

"Mother, I do hope they come to see us," said Alma enthusiastically as she and Lena kissed their mother good-by and were off to school.

Mrs. Mills went about her work as usual that morning, but could not dismiss from her mind Dora's words, "The seventh day is the Sabbath," and "Jesus is coming soon to take us to heaven."

Two afternoons later the Sumner children came to play and were frequent visitors after this. "They're lovely children," Mrs. Mills told her husband.

One morning during a brief vacation from school, Mrs. Sumner accompanied the children to call on Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mills, with true Southern courtesy and hospitality, asked the family to stay to dinner. She had plenty of fresh pork chops frying already, she told them, and they must not refuse.

"What a delicious dinner!" remarked Mrs. Sumner as they were seated. "We really will have plenty to eat without these, Mrs. Mills," she apologized as she passed on the plate of pork chops which Mrs. Mills had passed to see, we do not eat pork."

"Oh, I didn't know that. What will you eat?" "Don't ask that when this table is filled with all these good things!" laughed Mrs. Sumner. Then the conversation changed to discussion of school and household problems.

After the meal was finished and they were seated in the cheery living room, Mrs. Mills spoke up. "Mrs. Sumner, I've been wondering why you don't eat pork. Is that part of your religion?" "Yes, it is," she replied. "If you like, I'll explain why." "I wish you would. I know some people won't eat it."

There followed a short discussion on the Biblical and health reasons for a vegetarian diet and on the foods that may be used instead of meat.

"I suppose you're right, but I couldn't get along without my meat," laughed Mrs. Mills.

Before Mrs. Sumner left she invited Mrs. Mills to attend church with her family next Sabbath.

Mrs. Mills declined the invitation, saying she was always very busy on Saturdays.

Although she wanted to continue this friendship, especially for the children's sake, she was not interested in her neighbor's religion. She was already a church member, and certainly did not care to attend another church, not on Saturday anyhow.

As the weeks passed, Mrs. Mills realized that she was not as well as she should be. The doctor had told her that she must have extra rest during the day. One evening she and her husband were discussing her problem.

"How am I to get any rest with a bouncing five-year-old around the house?" She asked.

"Do you suppose we can find someone to keep Tommy a few hours each day while I rest?" Then before her husband had time to reply she continued, "Oh, I wonder whether that little school around the corner would take him." "Good idea!" said Mr. Mills enthusiastically. He was always hearing glowing accounts of the Sumner children and their school. "I'll ask the children next time I see them," she said, hoping that her problem was solved.

The next day she asked Leonard and Jerry to ask their teacher whether she could arrange to send Tommy. That afternoon Miss Burke, a pleasant, understanding young woman, came to call on Mrs. Mills. When she saw Mrs. Mill's condition and understood the circumstances, she promised to ask the school board to admit Tommy as a nursery school pupil. In a few days the matter was settled and Tommy was enrolled in the little school. He enjoyed every minute of the time. At home he sang the little songs he had learned and chattered about the stories and pictures. The winter days passed quickly, spring came, and with it came a new baby to the Mills home. Mrs. Mills was now busier than ever and had little time to visit the school or to accept Mrs. Sumner's repeated invitation to attend church with her sometime.

One day Tommy came bursting into the house after school holding several slips of paper in his chubby little hand. "O Mamma, here are some tickets to the show! We have to go to the show!"

To be continued

Next month you will get the "rest of the story" and will find out something about the Author

Article taken from a November 1, 1955, The Youth's Instructor. Just to get your curiosity up: the Author lives and walks among us



Thirteenth Sabbath: Casting Out Demons – (Submitted by: Kay Cheser)

A woman tells a Global Mission pioneer that she wakes up without clothing every morning.

This quarter we have met people from Botswana, Mozambique, São Tomé and Príncipe, and Angola. Today we will hear one more story from a Global Mission pioneer in Zimbabwe.

A 35-year-old single mother approached the Global Mission pioneer with an unusual dilemma: Every morning she woke up without any clothes on, and she was scared. “Every day I go to sleep, but I wake up naked in the morning,” the woman said.

“Why is that?” asked Mordecai, who was leading a two-week evangelistic series in her hometown of Nkai, Zimbabwe.

“I don’t know,” the woman said. Mordecai had a hunch about the strange occurrence. He had heard similar stories, and all involved evil spirits. He knew what to do. “Do you accept Christ?” he asked. “If you do, we can pray, and Christ will provide understanding about why you wake up naked.”

The woman accepted Christ into her life, and Mordecai gathered church members to pray. For three days, they prayed. On the third day, Mordecai asked the woman for an update on her condition. “I’ve been fine for the past three days,” she said. “In the morning, my clothes have not been taken off.” The woman was later baptized, and she has never been disturbed by evil spirits again.

Evil spirits are a common issue in Zimbabwe, an African country where many people are superstitious and practice traditional beliefs. Mordecai, a Global Mission pioneer who works in areas without any Adventist presence, has had several experiences with spirits.

At his current posting, in the southern Matopo district, he was invited to speak at a Sunday church, and a woman with a knee problem asked for prayer. When he mentioned the name of Jesus in the prayer, the woman abruptly fell to the ground. “When this happens, it means a demon has departed,” said Mordecai, 68. “I prayed for her and raised her up. Today, she is a member of the Adventist Church.”

Not all of Mordecai’s stories involve demons. He is especially thrilled about his time in Zezana, where he was sent in 2007, a year after becoming a Global Mission pioneer. He went from house to house, teaching people about the Sabbath truth and Jesus’ soon coming. As a result, all 16 members of one church, including its pastor, were baptized, and they opened the first Adventist church in the area.

Sometime after that, Mordecai had a direct encounter with eight evil spirits while leading an evangelistic series in a public elementary school in Beitbridge, a town near Zimbabwe’s border with South Africa. As he flashed up a picture of the crucified Christ on the screen, a 48-year-old woman leaped to her feet and ran from the room.

After the meeting, Mordecai found the woman lying in the schoolyard. She was motionless and appeared to be dead. Several people carried her back into the school room and placed her on the floor. Mordecai gathered 10 church members around the woman and led them singing and praying. As they spoke the name of Jesus, the woman suddenly sat up, shook violently, and collapsed back onto the floor. Her actions indicated that an evil spirit had fled her body, Mordecai said. He needed to know whether she was free.

“Will you pray to Christ?” he asked. The woman remained motionless on the floor. It was a sign that she was still possessed.

The church members sang and prayed again. Hearing the name of Jesus, the woman again sat up, shook, and collapsed onto the floor. Another demon had left.

“Will you pray to Christ?” Mordecai asked.

The woman didn’t move.

The scenario repeated itself over and over. The group sang and prayed from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. Finally, after the eighth time, the woman responded to Mordecai’s invitation to pray. She sat up and with a clear voice prayed, “Dear Jesus, thank you for releasing me from the demons. I ask you to come to my assistance so I may become a church member and be as strong as the others in this room.”

The woman is now a Seventh-day Adventist and serves as a deaconess.

“God is good all the time,” Mordecai said.

God is good all the time! Thank you for your prayers for the 193 million people who live in the 18 countries of the Southern Africa-Indian Ocean Division. Thank you also for your big Thirteenth Sabbath Offering that will help spread the news about Jesus’ soon coming.

April Birthdays

- 15 - Diane Fulmer
- 22 - Charlotte Powers
- 30 - Kathy Lide

Anniversaries
7th Terry & Kay Cheser

Happy, Happy Birthday and Pray that you are blessed with many more. If I don't have your special day, let me know.
Brenda

Speaker Schedule: April: 6, Ted Winslow; 13, Pastor Thompson; 20, Gary Linkous; 27, Pastor Thompson
Streaming from Montgomery

Church service every **Sabbath at 11:00** at the Maplesville Train Depot. Please feel welcome to come & join us.
Shawn Smith - Pastor for the Selma/Sylacauga Churches

- **Campmeeting** - April 5 & 6, at Camp Alamisco - Join John Bradshaw of It is Written, as we learn how hope heals even the greatest of hurts. Learn more and register at www.gscsda.org/campmeeting.
- **Church Business Meeting** - Postponed because of Campmeeting, will reschedule and then post new time.
- **Steps to Christ** - April 13, Sabbath afternoon, reserve that afternoon to give out Steps to Christ - Yes, you are needed!!!

Clay Balls

A man was exploring caves by the seashore. In one of the caves he found a canvas bag with a bunch of hardened clay balls. It was like someone had rolled clay balls and left them out in the sun to bake. They didn't look like much, but they intrigued the man so he took the bag out of the cave with him. As he strolled along the beach, he would throw the clay balls one at a time out into the ocean as far as he could. He thought little about it until he dropped one of the balls and it cracked open on a rock. Inside was a beautiful, precious stone. Excitedly, the man started breaking open the remaining clay balls. Each contained a similar treasure. He found thousands of dollars worth of jewels in the 20 or so clay balls he had left. Then it struck him. He had been on the beach a long time. He had thrown maybe 50 or 60 of the clay balls with their hidden treasure into the ocean waves. Instead of thousands of dollars in treasure, he could have taken home tens of thousands, but he just threw it away. It's like this with people. We look at someone, maybe even ourselves, and we see only the external clay vessel. It doesn't look like much from the outside. The external isn't always beautiful or sparkling so we discount them. We see that person as less important than someone more beautiful, outgoing, fashionable, or wealthy. But we have not taken the time to find the treasure hidden inside that person by God. There is a treasure in each and every one of us. If we take the time to get to know that person, and if we ask God to show us that person the way He sees them, then the clay begins to peel away and the brilliant gem begins to shine forth. May we not come to the end of our lives and find out that we have thrown away a fortune in friendships because the gems were hidden behind bits of clay. As you enter a new month give each person a chance to become a very valuable "gem" in your collection of friends.

Last months picture: Clyde and Cleo Smith, it was wonderful having him as our interim pastor for awhile in between Pastors back then. We miss seeing Cleo but understand that she broke her hip and isn't able to come to church anymore. Miss you Cleo.

OK, I would think most of you know who this wonderful woman was.

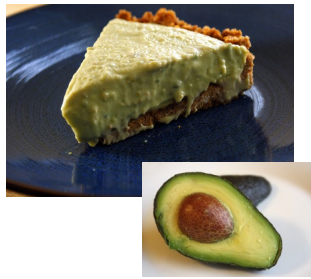
Don't forget to give me a picture that you want to share next month. Have a good month. Thanks,
Brenda



Avocado Crème Pie

- 1 tbsp lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp lemon zest
- 1/2 tsp Vanilla extract
- 1 - 8 ounce vegan cream cheese
- 1/3 cup agave or pure maple syrup
- 2 tbsp coconut oil
- 1/4 tsp salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 tbsp corn starch
- 2 medium avocados

First blend avocados with lemon juice in food processor, then add the rest of the ingredients put filling in graham cracker crust and put the Refrigerator for at least 3 hours, if not over night. Shared with us by Judy Peck



Best Poem Ever!!!

I was shocked, confused, bewildered
As I entered Heaven's door,
Not by the beauty of it all,
Nor the lights or its decor.

But it was the folks in Heaven
Who made me sputter and gasp-
The thieves, the liars, the sinners,
The alcoholics and the trash.

There stood the kid from seventh grade
Who swiped my lunch money twice.
Next to him was my old neighbor
Who never said anything nice.

Herb, who I always thought
Was rotting away in hell,
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine,
Looking incredibly well.

I nudged Jesus, 'What's the deal?

I would love to hear Your take.

How'd all these sinners get up here?

God must've made a mistake.

'And why's everyone so quiet,
So somber - give me a clue.'

'Hush, child,' He said, 'they're all in shock.
No one thought they'd be seeing you.'

- ◆ Websites Bill Weise has set up & would like special prayer about the responses from these sites.

www.steppingupward.org www.eqwhiteclassicquotes.org <http://www.grandmastidbits.org>

- ◆ We have a website!! **UPDATED - Church Website: <https://www.clantonsda.com/>** Tony Plier has posted sermons, music & a lot of info, look under Newsletters to find this publication on line each month. Tony has made it so the previous couple years are there also. If you get an online version and want a hard copy or if you don't want to get the Newsletter, Let me know. Thanks, Brenda

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