



The telephone rang. It was a call from his mother. He answered it and his mother told him, "Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday." Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days. "Jack, did you hear me?" "Oh, sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago," Jack said. "Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it," Mom told him. "I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said. "You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," she said.

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," he said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important. Mom, I'll be there for the funeral," Jack said. As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away. The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time. Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture ... Jack stopped suddenly ... "What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked. "The box is gone," he said. "What box?" Mom asked. "There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most,'" Jack said. It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it. "Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said. "I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox. Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days," the note read. Early the next day Jack went to the post office and retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. "Mr. Harold Belser" it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside. "Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filled his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch. Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved: "Jack, Thanks for your time! -- Harold Belser." "The thing he valued most was my time!" Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. "Why?" Janet, his assistant asked. "I need some time to spend with the people I love and say I care for," he said. "Oh, by the way, Janet, thanks for your time!"

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away." Think about this. You may not realize it, but it's 100 percent true. "

1. At least 15 people in this world love you in some way.
2. A smile from you can bring happiness to anyone, even if they don't like you.
3. Every night, SOMEONE thinks about you before they go to sleep.
4. You mean the world to someone.
5. If not for you, someone may not be living.
6. You are special and unique.
7. Have trust sooner or later you will get what you wish for or something better.
8. When you make the biggest mistake ever, something good can still come from it.
9. When you think the world has turned its back on you, take a hard look: you most likely turned your back on the world and the people who love and care for you.
10. Someone that you don't even know exists loves you.
11. Always remember the compliments you received. Forget about the rude remarks.
12. Always tell someone how you feel about them; you will feel much better when they know and you'll both be happy.
13. If you have a great friend, take the time to let them know that they are great. Share this letter with all the people you care about. In doing so, you will certainly brighten someone's day and might change their perspective on life ...for the better. To everyone who read this just now "Thanks for your time. "

PASTOR'S CORNER

God bless us everyone! We are familiar with the words of Tiny Tim in the Christmas Carol. No, I am not going to talk about Christmas. I do want to talk about what it means to bless others. Many times we think that bringing someone a blessing involves some big thing like bringing food to a starving family or going overseas on a mission trip. While these things do bless others, I just want to remind everyone that God loves the little things. Let me give you a couple of examples.

Jesus sends his disciples out. He tells them to preach, heal, even raise the dead. You would think that this means He is only interested in the big things. But at the end of His instruction to them are these words, "And whoever gives one of these little ones only a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, assuredly, I say to you, he shall by no means lose his reward." Matthew 10:42 NKJV. Just a cup of water? That's right, God remembers the little things.

Then there was the time the disciples failed to understand His priorities. "Then little children were brought to Him that He might put His hands on them and pray, but the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, 'Let the little children come to Me, and do not forbid them; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" Matthew 19:13, 14 NKJV Here Jesus is spending time with children. Most of the time no one ever pays attention to them. But don't forget that most Christians can trace their acceptance of Christ to their childhood.

So no matter what you do. Serving Christ with all your heart will not be lost. Even if, like Noah, you don't see much fruit from it. So be blessed and be a blessing and God bless us everyone!

Pastor Dan Thompson



On July 27, Roy Davis joined the Clanton SDA Church on profession of faith with reflects a public commitment by a previously baptized Christian to become a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. His certificate read: "The work of God on the human heart is like the growth of a flower - first comes the sowing of the seed, then its germination, followed by the sprouting of the plant, the bud, and finally, the bloom. As we come closer to Christ, our understanding of His Word and His Will becomes clearer, creating within us a desire to follow Him more closely, And as a result, we wish to fellowship with those whose experience has brought them to similar perceptions of God and His truth for these times." Pastor Thompson read the commitment in profession of faith Beliefs which included but not listed conclusively: I believe in one God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, a unity of three co-eternal Persons. I accept the death of Jesus Christ on Calvary as the atoning sacrifice for my sins and believe that through faith in His shed blood I am saved from sin and its penalty. I renounce the world and its sinful ways, and have accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour believing that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins and given me a new heart. I believe the Bible is God's inspired Word, I covenant to spend time regularly in prayer and Bible study. I accept the 10 Commandments as a transcript of the character of God and a revelation of His will. It is my purpose by the power of the indwelling Christ to keep this law, including the fourth commandment, which requires the observance of the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath of the Lord and the memorial of Creation. I accept the New Testament teaching of baptism by immersion and have been so baptized as a public expression of faith in Christ and His forgiveness of my sins. I accept and believe that the SDA Church is the remnant church of Bible prophecy. I desire to be a member of this local congregation of the world church.



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THE ANTS EVANGELISM

There Is a story I've been hearing
With a lesson that's most cheering
Well a man was eating pastry,
And it must have been quite tasty
But he thought of something he would like to do.

He was eating at his table,
Eating all that he was able
When he spied a little ant upon the floor
Placing ant upon the pastry
Which he thought had been quite tasty
He was shocked to see the ant would eat no more.

But Instead it left the table
Ran as fast as it was able
Down the legs and then across the floor
And the man gave close Inspection
And he followed the direction
As he saw the ant race through the open door.

On the street the ant found others
I don't know if friends or brothers
But what he said just seemed to thrill them all
And not one gave an indictment
Every ant with great excitement
Turned to follow him In answer to his call.

And he led them to the table
Where they ate all that they were able
Then the man stood by inspired by what he'd seen
And he thought of all his neighbors
And how circumscribed his labors
He was shamed to be so selfish and so mean.

We believe the gospel story
And we long for heaven's glory
Let the world behold our hope in us is real
And our message will grow sweeter
And our feet will be much fleeter
When we get the ants evangelistic zeal.

Written by Adlei Esteb

HELEN KELLER - A SUCCESS STORY

HELEN KELLER was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, in June of 1880. Due to an acute case of scarlet fever, she lost both her sight and her hearing by the age of two.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in March of 1847. His father and grandfather were both speech teachers, and as a young boy Bell helped his father demonstrate the effectiveness of what the elder Bell called "visible speech," a technique of teaching the deaf to speak through written symbols that showed the proper position of the palate, tongue, and teeth for each sound. As a young man in his twenties, Bell traveled to Boston, where he began to work as a teacher of visible speech. Eventually, his work on the telephone would demand most of his energies; but throughout his life, Bell remained interested in speech of all kinds, especially speech for the deaf.

In 1886, the paths of these two individuals-Keller, a blind, deaf six-year-old, and Bell, nearly forty, a distinguished and respected inventor-crossed. The parents of Helen Keller had taken their daughter to Baltimore to see a specialist. The doctor they saw offered little hope for the child, but suggested the Kellers take Helen to Washington to see Bell. The Kellers, desperate to help their child, took Helen to see Mr. Bell.

. As Bell spoke to the parents, he held little Helen on his lap and let her examine his beard and play with the buttons on his coat. Bell sensed a special brightness, intelligent, inquisitive mind trapped inside Helen's dark world, and he felt they had to find a way to help her. Bell suggested to them that they take Helen to the Institution for the Blind in Boston which had been successful in reaching another girl much like Helen.

The Keller's contacted the Institution in Boston which responded immediately. A special tutor, Anne Sullivan, was sent to work with Helen, and

together what they accomplished was unprecedented. With the help of her beloved teacher, who remained with her the rest of her life Helen Keller learned to communicate. She learned to read Braille, to speak with the finger alphabet, and to speak with her own voice. With Anne Sullivan at her side, Helen graduated from Radcliffe College and went on to become one of the most inspirational and influential women in America.

But Helen's friendship with Alexander Graham Bell did not end that day when they first met. Bell followed Helen's progress throughout her childhood and became a mentor and a benefactor as she pursued her education. He also took an active role in that education. While she was still a young girl, Bell invited Helen to Washington for a tour of the city and to the zoo. He arranged for Helen to go to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago where he made special arrangements for her to explore each exhibit with her hands. He took her to Niagara Falls and let her feel the cool spray from the crashing waters and the vibrations of the falls.

There was one goal that Helen Keller wanted more than any other, and that was to learn to speak in her own voice. With Bell's encouragement and financial support, Helen attended a school in New York City especially devoted to teaching hearing-impaired people to speak. Helen did learn to speak with her own voice, and with the help of her tutor as an interpreter, she was able to be understood.

Alexander Graham Bell gave Helen Keller that opportunity. He was a man with a great mind was able to transform our lives with the invention of the telephone; yet he had the sensitivity and the generosity to reach out to a little girl trapped in a dark and silent world. We, as Christians and co-workers with God, see those around us in the darkness of this old world. I ask, "Isn't there something we can do to help bring them from darkness into light, from the depths of sin to a knowledge of God's love, from despair to hope?"-thus fitting them for the glory and honor of becoming a child of God, and for eternal life?

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

	1	Daniel Chrishon (2012)
A	2	Orin Martin— Linda Mims Grandson
U	30	Bob Ernest, Peter Johnson, Steven Radford
G	31	Myrtis Kohler

Anniversaries
 None known of

Speaker Schedule: August: 3, Brent Chrishon; 10, Pastor Thompson; 17, Brian Halley; 24, Ted Winslow; 31, Pastor Thompson & Communion

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

Life is a story in volumes three,

The Past, The Present,

The Yet-to Be

The first is finished and laid away.

The second we're reading day by day.

The third and last of volume three

Is locked from sight. God keeps the Key!

The results of a computerized survey indicated the perfect pastor preaches exactly 15 minutes. He condemns sin but never upsets anyone. He works from 8 a.m. until midnight and is also a janitor. He makes \$50 a week, wears good clothes, buys good books, drives a good car, and gives about \$50 weekly to the poor. He is 28 years old and has been preaching 30 years. He has a burning desire to work with teen-agers and spends all of his time with senior citizens. The perfect pastor smiles all the time with a straight face because he has a sense of humor that keeps him seriously dedicated to his work. He makes 15 calls daily on parish families, shut-ins, and the hospitalized. He spends all of his time evangelizing the unchurched and is always in his office when needed. If your pastor does not measure up, simply send this letter to six other churches that are tired of their pastor, too. Then bundle up your pastor and send him to the church at the top of the list. In one week, you will receive 1,643 pastors and one of them should be perfect. Have faith in this letter. One church broke the chain and got its old pastor back in less than three weeks."

Taken from the Book "Holy Humor" Pastor Thompson, I know you have a sense of humor and will enjoy this. You know we aren't trying to get rid of you for sure. You don't hear of "chain letters" like we used to.



Who remembers this couple? Next month I would love to get a Reminiscing picture from you. I'm sure you have something that you would like to share. Thanks, Brenda

Judge Gently

Pray don't find fault with the man that limps
 Or Stumbles along the road,
 Unless you have worn the shoe he wears
 Or struggled beneath his load.
 There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
 Tho' hidden away from view,
 Or the burden he bears placed on your back
 Might cause you to stumble, too.
 Don't sneer at the man who's down today
 Unless you have felt the blow
 That caused his fall or felt the shame
 That only the fallen know.
 You may be strong; but still the blows
 That were his, if dealt to you
 In the selfsame way at the selfsame time
 Might cause you to stagger, too.
 Don't be too harsh with the man that sins,
 Or pelt him with word or stone,
 Unless you are for sure, double sure-
 That you have no sins of your own.
 For you know perhaps if the tempter's voice
 Should whisper as soft to you
 As it did to him when he went astray,
 It might cause you to falter, too.

Selected

Spotlight on Roy Davis

Born November 28, 1946 in Afton, New York during a blizzard. My folks worked on a farm

until 1953 when we were hit by a train. I remember to this day laying in the cinders crying for "Mama". Well I never did see her again. My few broke bones healed OK, but my Dads were a lot worse; after 18 months in the hospital, at least he was walking again. I lived with him until I was 13, at that time he had something wrong with him that made him go into a nursing home where he died. I was put in a foster home; these people were SDA's. There were 3 of us foster boys living with them. What a change of lifestyle. Before I was foot loose and fancy free and all of a sudden, I had chores to do and to worry about my schoolwork. I always before looked forward to playing sports but they were always on Sabbath, what a downer. Mom & Pop Wright introduced us to how to be and becoming an SDA and in 1963 I was baptized in Middletown, NY. After graduating from high school, they sent me to Atlantic Union College, AUC as we call it now. My goal was to study for the ministry, Mark Finley was there as a senior that year. I found out that year that the ministry wasn't for me. The greatest thing about college was that I met my wife to be. I quit college, got drafted, went to Fort Sam Houston, Texas to be a medic, between training and going to Vietnam, I went to visit the girl I had been writing to for the last year that I had met in college. I asked her to marry me and by the end of that week we were married at the Madison Hospital in Tennessee and headed to New York to spend time with my foster family. I ended up working in construction the whole two weeks. I was sent to Vietnam and was in the jungles and rice patties for 6 months as a medic. Then for R&R we were sent to Hawaii where my wife joined me for a short week, then back to Vietnam for another 6 months. If you want to know more, I will do Part 2 later.



I am so glad on July 27th to have joined the Clanton SDA Church and the family of God and have a wonderful extended family now. I am looking forward to continue getting to know each of 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. Don't forget without you sharing with others, we wouldn't have a newsletter. Thanks to those that do, Brenda

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