



Do you believe in the adage, there are no accidents in life? What a deterministic way of thinking, right? But maybe there are some things, that look like complete coincidences, and they may not be coincidental at all.

Dr. Mark, a well-known cancer specialist, was once on his way to an important conference in another city where he was going to be granted an award in the field of medical research. He was very excited to attend the conference and was desperate to reach there as soon as possible. He had worked long and hard on this research and felt his efforts deserved the award he was about to obtain. However, two hours after the plane took off, the plane made an emergency landing at the nearest airport due to some technical snag. Afraid, that he wouldn't make it in time for the conference, Dr. Mark immediately went to reception and found that the next flight to the destination was after ten hours. The receptionist suggested to rent a car and drive himself down to the conference city which was only four hours away.

Having no other choice, he agreed to the idea despite his hatred for driving long distances. Dr. Mark rented a car and started his journey. However, soon after he left, the weather suddenly changed and a heavy storm began. The pouring rain made it very difficult for him to see and he missed a turn he was supposed to take.

After two hours of driving, he was convinced he was lost. Driving in the heavy rain on a deserted road, feeling hungry and tired, he frantically began to look for any sign of civilization. After some time, he finally came across a small tattered house. Desperate, he got out of the car and knocked on the door.

A beautiful lady opened the door. He explained the matter and asked her if he could use her telephone. However, the lady told him that she doesn't have a phone or any electronic gadget but told the doctor to come inside and wait till the weather improved.

Hungry, wet and exhausted, the doctor accepted her kind offer and walked in. The lady gave him hot tea and something to eat. The lady told him that he can join her for prayer. But, Dr. Mark smiled and said that he believed in hard work only and told her to continue with her prayers. Sitting at the table and sipping the tea, the doctor watched the woman in the dim light of candles as she prayed next to what appeared to be a small baby crib. Every time she finished a prayer, she would start another one. Feeling that the woman might be in need of help, the doctor seized the opportunity to speak as soon as she finished her prayers.

The doctor asked her what exactly she wanted from the God and enquired if she thought God will ever listen to her prayers. He further asked about the small child in the crib for whom she was apparently praying. The lady gave a sad smile and said that the child in the crib is her son who is suffering from a rare type of cancer and there is only one Doctor Mark who can cure him but she doesn't have money to afford his fee and moreover Dr. Mark lives in another far off town. She said that God has not answered her prayer so far but said that God will create some way and one day and added that she will not allow her fears to overcome her faith.

Stunned and speechless Dr. Mark was in tears which were rolling down his cheeks. He whispered, God is great and recollected the sequence of events... there was malfunction in the plane, a thunderstorm hit, and he lost his way; and all of this happened because God did not just answer her prayer but also gave him a chance to come out of his materialistic world and give some time to the poor hopeless people who have nothing but rich prayers. Always be prepared to do.... What God has prepared for you "There are No Accidents in Life with God."

Thought this was a very good one at this time with our meetings coming up. Do we have this kind of Faith, it is going to take us Praying daily and Believing 100% to see results in the January meetings....

### Lost Reward -

The harvest was ripe and the laborers few, A young man paused, and then passed through a great white gate by the side of the road... Where a man cried for help that his fields be mowed. "Not me," said the youth, and went on his way. I've things more important to do today. So he cast his lot with the rich and the fine. And daily fared sumptuously on meats and wine. By and by he grew old and his body was bent, And he lost all his wealth to the very last cent; But while tramping around he chanced to go by The same big white gate where he heard a man cry... "The harvest is ripe, the laborers are few; Come help in the fields, there is yet much to do." So he paused at the gate and said with a sigh, "I'm too old to work, I'm near ready to die; But if you so wish I will work for my keep." So he thrust in his scythe and started to reap. His reaping was slow and his strength nearly spent, But a youth saw his plight and heard his lament. So he took from his hands the scythe with a jerk, With a song on his lips he started to work. But much harvest was lost through his long idle years, Even though he repented at last with much tears, Souls could have been saved and great his reward Had he paused in his youth and accepted the Lord.

### Prayer Is Like

A pitcher in which to carry the water of life. A chemist that turns all life to gold. Incense with which to worship God. A bow to carry the arrow of our need. A porter to watch the door of our lips. A guard to keep the fort of our ears. The hilt of a sword, to fend our hands. A master workman who accomplishes things. A barometer to show our spiritual condition. A chariot to hold our petitions, the Spirit being the wheels. The turning of an instrument, getting us in tune with heaven's melody. The key to religion, winding it up in the first place, and keeping it going each day thereafter.

**It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches** of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past 10 years or so. It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas-oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it-overspending, the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma-the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else.

Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way.

Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was wrestling at the junior level at the school he attended; and shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes. As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford. Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. And as each of their boys got up from the mat, he swaggered around in his tatters with false bravado, a kind of street pride that couldn't acknowledge defeat. Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them."

Mike loved kids-all kids-and he knew them, having coached little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came. That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed the envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done and that this was his gift from me. His smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year and in succeeding years. For each Christmas, I followed the tradition-one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on. The envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning and our children, ignoring their new toys, would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents.

As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the envelope never lost its allure. The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree, and in the morning, it was joined by three more. Each of our children, unbeknownst to the others, had placed an envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing around the tree with wide-eyed anticipation watching as their fathers take down the envelope. Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit, will always be with us.

May we all remember the Christmas spirit this year and always. Unknown Author

## **Beautiful story... makes you understand that things happen for a reason**

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn, arrived in early October excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve. They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc, and on December 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished. On December 19 a terrible tempest -a driving rainstorm- hit the area and lasted for two days.

On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 20 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high. The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home. On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity, so he stopped in. One of the items was a large, beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church. By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus, 45 minutes later. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area.

Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet. "Pastor," she asked, "where did you get that tablecloth?" The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials 'EBG' were crocheted into it. There they were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten "The Tablecloth". The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. He was captured, sent to prison and she never saw her husband or her home again. The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home. That was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return. One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike? He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety and he was supposed to follow her, but he was arrested and put in a prison. He never saw his wife or his home again in all the 35 years between.

The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

True story - submitted by Pastor Rob Reid who says "God doesn't work in mysterious ways"?

I asked the Lord to bless you as I prayed for you today, to guide you and protect you as you go along your way. His love is always with you. His promises are true, and when we give Him all our cares we know He will see us through. So when the road you're traveling seems difficult at best, just remember I'm here praying and God will do the rest.

# PASTOR'S CORNER



Emma is ready for our Cradleroll Sabbath School class, we better hurry and get ready for her.

**4** Grace to you and peace from Him who is and who was and who is to come, and from the seven Spirits who are before His throne, **5** and from Jesus Christ, the faithful witness, the firstborn from the dead, and the ruler over the kings of the earth. To Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, **6** and has made us kings and priests to His God and Father, to Him *be* glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen. (Rev 1:4-6)

It is December 2015, and I don't know about you but, I was not expecting to live this long. We should have been in heaven by now, Don't you think? but I have great news for you, we are closer to the end than before. We are definitely living in the last days of this world. While the world is living in tension and fear, let us take this opportunity to communicate a message of hope and peace. NOW! is the time when God 's people must press on together in unity towards our ultimate goal as a church that is: to spread the gospel to all nations, tribe and tongues. The count is down to 30 days to start our Evangelistic Meetings in our Clanton Church. We have all been praying for 5 people that we would like to bring to these meetings, and God is so good that with his help we have been able to reach out to them. I pray that the Lord works miracles in your lives and in the lives of those 5 friends of yours. Our best is yet to come for our Clanton Church.

When the Church prays together in one accord, God works miracles. Also, every Monday and Thursday we have a prayer chain at 6:00 am, on the phone. If you want to join us let us know and we will add your number to our list, or call this number at 6:00 am (888-571-1508) (we will be there). In addition, we invite you to come to our prayer meetings on Tuesdays at 6:00 p.m. Our next study will be: "The seven Trumpets". God bless you always!

"If the messengers who bear the last solemn warning to the world would pray for the blessing of God, not in a cold, listless, lazy manner, but fervently and in faith, as did Jacob, they would find many places where they could say, 'I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.' Gen 32:30. They could be accounted of heaven as princes, having power to prevail with God and with men."—Great Controversy, p. 622:3.

Pr. Michel Rodriguez

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### December Birthdays

2- Florine Linkous  
11 - Melissa Abbott  
18 - Cassie Higgins  
25 - Cherice Cleckler  
27 - Elizabeth Rodriguez  
Happy Birthday to each of you that has a birthday and congratulations to the newly

### December Weddings & Anniversaries

13th Brianna Baker & Dexter Clark  
7th Olan & Kay Suddeth  
9th Jim & La'dene Higgins  
17th Chris & Sylvia Newell  
27th Bob & Donna Ernest

to wed and those that have been and stayed married for years. May God bless you all especially this month.

### Calendar of Events

**Weekly:** Prayer Meeting: Tuesdays at 6:00 PM

Jail Ministry: Sundays 6:30pm at the Clanton Jail

**Monthly:** Each Sabbath after Fellowship meal:

Sabbath School Visitation: 1st Sabbath

Health Seminars: 2nd & 3rd Sabbaths

Nursing Home Visitation: 4th Sabbaths

**Today:** Special Prayer Time: After the worship service in Pastors study.

- ◆ School Board Meeting - December 15, 2015 @ 4:15 PM
- ◆ Church Board Meeting - December 15, 2015 @ 4:30 PM
- ◆ Evangelism Donations needed for January meetings.
- ◆ Church Repairs Donations needed also, make a Christmas present to the church funds this year.

**Speaker Schedule:** 12/5 Martin Fancher, 12/12 Jim Higgins  
12/26 Pastor Rodriguez



### Bio—Wyatt Allen

Wyatt grew up in a troubled home and, in his early teens, sought fulfillment in drugs and parties. He turned to Satanism, rebelled against all authority, and chose a life of crime. It was during a 14 year prison term that Wyatt surrendered his life to Jesus and began studying the Bible.

He turned the penitentiary into a seminary. After giving his heart to Jesus, Wyatt found true peace and freedom. He has since found his greatest joy in teaching others how to have a saving relationship with Jesus Christ and how to study God's Word. Now, as an author and speaker, Wyatt travels everywhere telling of the love of God and making Bible prophecy simple. He is committed to serving God wherever He leads. Wyatt and his wife Jenni consider it the ultimate privilege to work for the Lord and to help people find a life with purpose in God. Says Wyatt, "I was the least of the least, and now I find my greatest joy in pointing others to the Greatest of the great: Jesus Christ!"

**Prophecy Seminar:** Revelation's End-Time Hope, Wyatt Allen Evangelist for Amazing Facts will be our speaker, see Bio above. The Conference has changed the percentage of support from 80% to 70% to help with the meetings.

**Prophecy Seminar Schedule:** Starting January 8 - Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. Then Friday, Saturday, Monday & Tuesday nights for the rest of the period of time ending February 6, 2016.

**Goal for the Meetings:** Our goal is to have 50 visitors the first night and ultimately to have 25 Baptisms. Now everyone bring someone and get a double blessing from the meetings.

### Highlights from the Church board meeting this month:

**The Cradleroll Sabbath School room** is being worked on downstairs. Leaks are being sealed, new carpet is being priced, an awning will be built out the back door to help prevent rain from coming in rooms, walls are being painted, new curtains put up. Judy Wheeling has donated all the Cradleroll supplies from Countdown to us. Tony will be installing speakers to the room so services upstairs can be heard.

**Storage Building** will be purchased to store Lawnmower equipment to prevent fire hazard under the church.

**Facia Board/Soffit** will be installed in the next week on the Education Room roof area.

**Fellowship Hall** will have a beautification/facelift in the next few weeks. Looking forward to seeing the change to the ceiling, boxes to conceal the wiring, heater, top and bottom of poles and etc. Ralph Sheperd will be doing the work, when he is through there will be painting that will need to be done.

**THEN** - there will be a **Workbee that** EVERYONE will need to come finish sprucing up the church, Time TBA.



## Kay 3's Vegan Recipes

I just got my package of **Follow Your Heart** vegan eggs today, and had to try it out. I used a recipe that I had made for years replacing the eggs with the vegan eggs, and replaced the evaporated milk with a can of coconut milk and enough vegan creamer (about a third of a cup) to make 2 cups total. The texture and consistency are very near to the original pie...except no meringue, of course.

### Vegan Coconut Cream Pie

Preheat oven to 350degrees

3 Follow Your Heart eggs reconstituted (6 Tbl vegan egg powder and 1 1/2 cups ice cold water blend in blender til quite smooth and thick)

1 can coconut milk plus enough soy creamer to make 2 cups total

1 cup sugar

2 to 3 Tbl flour

1/2 tsp lemon flavoring

1/2 tsp coconut flavoring

1 cup coconut

2 pie crust for 8 inch pies

1 Tbl vegan margarine

Combine sugar and flour in large bowl. Prepare eggs as directed and combine eggs, milk, and flavorings in medium bowl and mix well. Pour egg mixture into large bowl with sugar and blend well. Stir in coconut. Pour into prepared pie crusts. Cook for 50 minutes or longer until a toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool before cutting.

I can't wait to try some cake and cookie recipes.

Kay

Websites that Bill Weise has set up for everyone & would like special prayer about the responses from these sites.

[www.steppingupward.org](http://www.steppingupward.org) [www.eqwhiteclassicquotes.org](http://www.eqwhiteclassicquotes.org) <http://www.grandmastidbits.org>

We have a website!! <http://clantonsda.org/>, Tony Plier has posted sermons, music & a lot of info, look under News to find this publication on line each month. We have all the issues for this year 2015. Thanks for communicating and sharing what you want to put in the Newsletter each month. Don't forget it is YOUR/OUR newsletter...

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