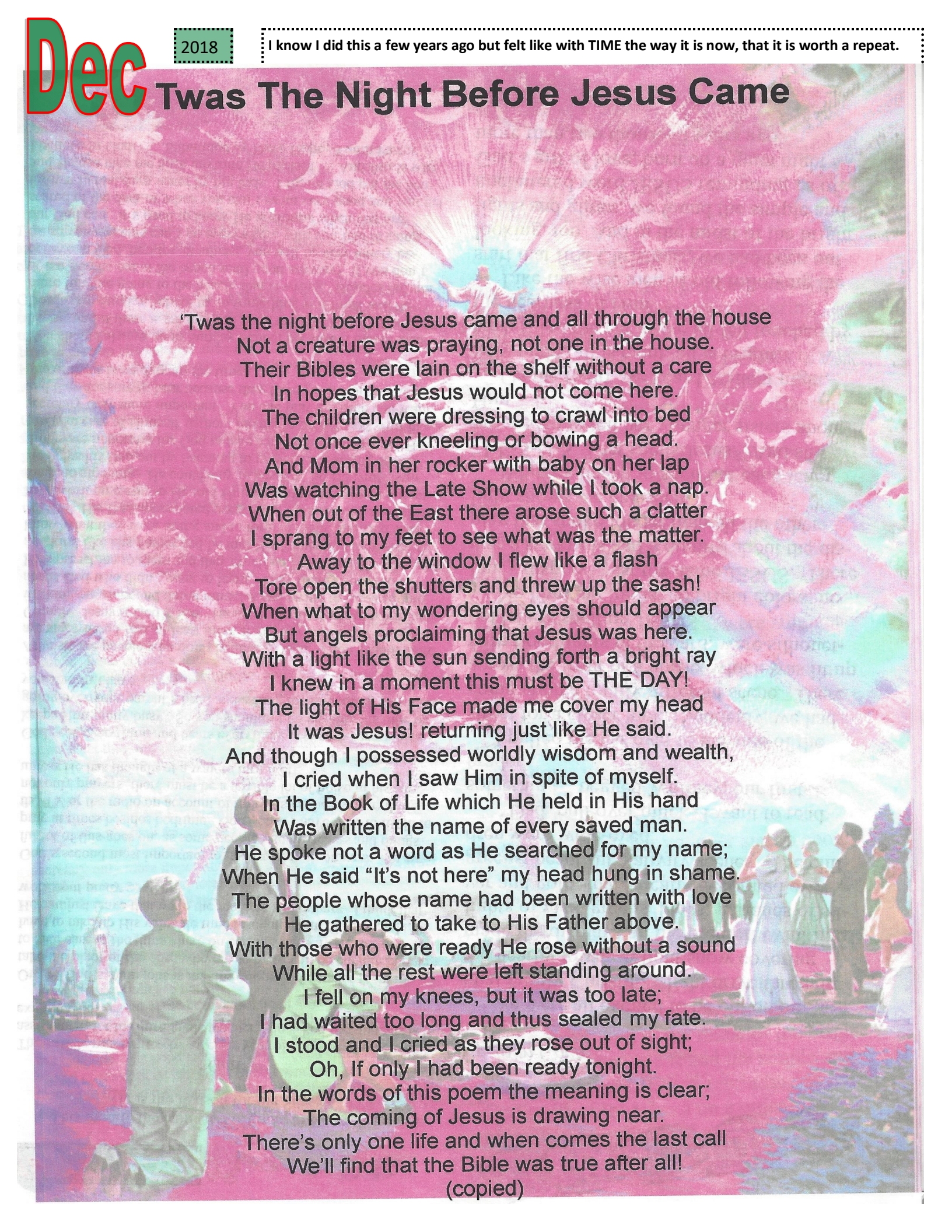


'Twas The Night Before Jesus Came



'Twas the night before Jesus came and all through the house
Not a creature was praying, not one in the house.
Their Bibles were lain on the shelf without a care
In hopes that Jesus would not come here.
The children were dressing to crawl into bed
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.
And Mom in her rocker with baby on her lap
Was watching the Late Show while I took a nap.
When out of the East there arose such a clatter
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray
I knew in a moment this must be THE DAY!
The light of His Face made me cover my head
It was Jesus! returning just like He said.
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.
In the Book of Life which He held in His hand
Was written the name of every saved man.
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name;
When He said "It's not here" my head hung in shame.
The people whose name had been written with love
He gathered to take to His Father above.
With those who were ready He rose without a sound
While all the rest were left standing around.
I fell on my knees, but it was too late;
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight;
Oh, If only I had been ready tonight.
In the words of this poem the meaning is clear;
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.
There's only one life and when comes the last call
We'll find that the Bible was true after all!

(copied)

In Special Memory of:

ALBERT JOE NALLEY, age 75 of Montevallo, passed away on November 25, 2018 at Shelby Baptist Medical Center in Alabaster, AL. He was born in Jefferson County on March 5, 1943; the son of the late John Cadmus Nalley, Sr. and the late Mary Kate Hyde Nalley.



He was a former maintenance man.

He is survived by: Wife, Mary Nalley of Montevallo; Daughter, Linda (Danny) Mims of Clanton; Daughter, Melisa Powers of Montevallo; Daughter, Sharon (Frank) Lutz of Montevallo; Son, Donald (Angie) Nalley of Alabaster, Daughter, Jennifer (Chris) Edge of Thorsby; Son, Daniel Nalley of Montevallo; Daughter, Katherine Pennington of Montevallo; Son, Brian (Mary) Powers of Jemison; 24 Grandchildren; 8 Great Grandchildren; Brother, John C. Nalley, Jr. of Montevallo; Sister, Rebecca Gill of Briarfield; and Sister, Lanice Bentley of Liberal, KS.

Visitation will be held on Thursday, November 29, 2018 from 5-7pm at Ellison Memorial Funeral Home at Shelby Memory Gardens in Calera.

Funeral services will be held on Friday, November 30, 2018 at 2:00pm from the Chapel of Ellison Memorial Funeral Home at Shelby Memory Gardens in Calera with Rev. Bob Fitzgerald and Rev. Daniel Thompson officiating.

Burial will follow in the Antioch Baptist Cemetery in Montevallo, AL.

Final care and arrangements entrusted to the Ellison Memorial Funeral Home at Shelby Memory Gardens in Calera, AL.

ANNE LANGHAM CHANDLER, age 70 of Jemison, passed away on November 24, 2018 at Shelby Baptist Medical Center in Alabaster, AL. She was born in Foley, AL on February 1, 1948; the daughter of the late James Hubert Langham and Sarah Lee Jones Langham.



She was a former educator. She taught at St. Martin Methodist College from 1994 – 2001. She then taught at Jemison Elementary School from 2001-2010.

She is survived by: Son, Tyson Chandler of Wildwood, GA; Grandsons, Cole Chandler and Carter Chandler both of Wildwood, GA; and Mother, Sarah Langham of Jemison.

She is preceded in death by her Father, James H. Langham.

Visitation will be held on Monday, November 26, 2018 from 5-8pm at Ellison Memorial Funeral Home in Clanton.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday, November 27, 2018 at 2:00pm from the Chapel of Ellison Memorial Funeral Home in Clanton with Mr. Tyson Chandler and Elder Bob Ernest officiating.

Burial will follow in the Union Grove Community Cemetery in Jemison, AL.

Final care and arrangements entrusted to the Ellison Memorial Funeral Home of Clanton, AL.

www.EllisonMemorialFuneralHome.com

PASTOR'S CORNER

How do we learn to trust a person? How do we learn to trust God? I want to answer that this month with a Bible story. 2 Kings 4:8 begins a story of a woman of Shunem just giving a meal to Elisha as he passes by. A meal led to more trust and eventually a room was built. The relationship deepened and eventually a reward is promised, a son. As the boy grows up there were more stops and more trust as the woman continued to entertain the prophet and his servant. Eventually when the boy dies she goes herself on the journey to find Elisha. And though the boy is dead she continues to say, "Everything is alright." But that is all faith and trust, because when she comes to the prophet she grabs him by the feet and won't let go. Even Elisha admits that he sees her in severe anguish but the Lord hasn't revealed it to him yet.



We all know that he comes and eventually raises the boy back to life. And we think that is the epitome of the story, but it actually comes in chapter 8. Here Elisha simply tells the woman to leave everything. Notice verse 1, "Then Elisha spoke to the woman whose son he had restored to life, saying, 'Arise and go, you and your household, and stay wherever you can; for the Lord has called for a famine, and furthermore, it will come upon the land for seven years.'" Why do I say this took the most faith? Because it required her to abandon everything on what a prophet said *would* happen. Many of us would not do this. We want to see it first. And then we want to do it our way. But this woman trusted the prophet because of what had been happening all along. John Berry in his book, *Connect the Testaments* says this, "Would we do the same—leave everything and go to a foreign land at one godly person's word? What does it take for us to trust someone with our lives? What does it take for us to trust God with our lives?" Then he continues with this thought. "We will probably never encounter the decision the Shunammite woman had to make, but contemplating our answer reveals where we stand with God and others. It's tempting to answer with a quick, 'Of course,' but that would be to ignore the magnitude of her decision, and thus deny the seriousness of what God really asks of us—complete obedience, no matter what, to any degree necessary."

"So what does this have to do with me today?" you may be asking. This is exactly what we may be asked to do soon. And we will have to make the decision in exactly the same way. Because we have learned to trust the prophet. Let me tell you how by quoting that prophet. "As the decree issued by the various rulers of Christendom against commandment keepers shall withdraw the protection of government and abandon them to those who desire their destruction, the people of God will flee from the cities and villages and associate together in companies, dwelling in the most desolate and solitary places. Many will find refuge in the strongholds of the mountains. Like the Christians of the Piedmont valleys, they will make the high places of the earth their sanctuaries and will thank God for 'the munitions of rocks.'" *Great Controversy*, p. 626. So just like the woman of Shunem, we trust the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy every day, until one day it is obvious that we need to abandon everything. And like the Shunammite, we have learned to trust every day, and so we simply obey. As you read on in 2 Kings 8, you see that she shows up just when the king is hearing about her and it is all restored. At that time our faith is rewarded as well by the miraculous providence of God. These things did not just happen, and they will not just happen for us. As we trust Him our faith is always rewarded.

Keep Trusting,

Pastor Dan Thompson

Pastor Dan Thompson & wife Linda email: bushpilot1212@gmail.com Phone:907-750-7851

Head Elder, Robert (Bob) Ernest -205-280-1297 Email: RobertE699@aol.com

Assistant Head Elder, Linkous, Gary - 256-377-2244 Email:flink0839@gmail.com

Clanton Seventh-day Adventist Church
401 North 18th Street
Clanton, AL 35045

YOUR EX?

AFTER EXPERIENCING A very painful divorce, I considered my options. There was no guarantee I would ever fall in love again. Consequently, I just might be making my own living from here on out. So, being a teacher and figuring I might as well make the best living possible for myself, I headed (or Andrews University to work on a terminal degree. After a year at Andrews, my son Ty returned to the South to spend the summer with his father. I remained at Andrews for summer classes. Imagine my surprise when the phone rang one day and I answered to hear the voice of my ex.

"Hello, Anne? Ty and I are coming your way in a few days. There is a place in Ohio that restores and sells old Corvettes .. I figure it would be about a three-hour drive for you. We'll be arriving there next Thursday about 10:00 a.m. to look around, and if you'd like, you can meet us there and visit a few hours. I know you miss Ty, and I thought you'd like the opportunity to see him." I thanked him and told him I would take him up on the offer. The next day while shopping at Apple Valley Market I saw some dried Turkish apricots. My son loved dried apricots, so I placed them in the shopping cart as a little treat to present to him on Thursday. As I was about to move on, a sack of shelled raw peanuts caught my eye. My ex-husband loved raw peanuts, and out of old habit I reached to buy a treat for him as well. I stopped. "Why should you buy him anything?" a little voice whispered in my mind. "Everything he promised you at the altar he gave to another woman." Another voice responded, "Yes, but he called and offered this opportunity to visit your son. That was kind. He didn't have to do that." Back and forth my mind struggled, until finally I snatched the peanuts and headed for the checkout. I was tired of agonizing over it. This was a nice thing to do, so I would just do it and be done with it.

Thursday arrived, and I made the trip to the car dealer in Ohio without too much difficulty. Since I was the first to arrive, I had a little time to look around. There was a bulletin board in the main entrance with lots of papers posted. One I remember distinctly. It was a credit card receipt drawn on a bank in Hollywood, California. Burt Reynolds had bought a sports car and charged it-all \$45,000. Interesting.

They arrived, and after hugs (for son) and polite greetings (for ex) we began the serious business of scrutinizing each road-eating, gas-guzzling machine in turn. They were beautiful, I had

to admit, but in my opinion there were big drawbacks to ownership. They were expensive, they drank gas, the insurance was out of sight, and they held only two people and very little luggage. I was just too practical to enjoy ownership of such a machine. It was just as well I couldn't afford it.

Lunchtime arrived, and we had seen only the main showroom and one warehouse of sports cars. There was still another warehouse to go. We walked across the street and ate at a Subway, then went back again to hover over each restored mechanical marvel. The hood had to be opened on some models and the engines inspected. I had no idea what I was looking at, but I can say they were done in flat black and shiny silver, rather aesthetically appealing in a way. What is torque? Anyway, it was all beyond me, but I did enjoy being with my son.

The day ended all too soon, and it was time to leave. My son surprised me with a parting gift-a video he had made of himself visiting my parents and helping around their farm. I, in turn, called him over to my car and presented him with the dried apricots and the peanuts for his father. I expected he would give the peanuts to his dad while on the road back home, but to my surprise he did something else. He rushed back to his dad, face beaming, and said, "Look, Dad, Mom brought you something too!" After a rather awkward moment between my ex and me, we said our good byes and went our separate ways.

On the way back to Andrews I had time to reflect on the happenings of the peanuts to his dad. "Look, Dad, Mom brought you something too!" I kept hearing it again and again. A realization was growing inside me. *It was very important to my child for me to be kind to his father.* This day, with my child's beaming face and haunting words ringing in my ears, I found a new incentive for being kind to someone who had hurt me. Not just because it was the right thing to do. Not just because the Bible said so. But for the good of my child, for his mental health and happiness. Kindness was best..

This tiny gift of peanuts had netted me a valuable insight. As the fable about the mouse who pulled a thorn from the lion's paw teaches, *no act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted.*

Anne L. Chandler is director of teacher education and program coordinator at Martin Methodist College in Pulaski, Tennessee.

Published in Adventist Review, January 21, 1999.

December Birthdays

- 2- Florine Linkous
- 18 - Cassie Higgins
- 25 - Cherice Cleckler
- 26 - Holly Cannon
- 27 - Rachel Ernest
- 30 - Mary Nally

Anniversaries:

- 7 - Olan & Kay Suddeth
- 9 - Jim & La'dene Higgins
- 13 - Brianna & Dexter Clark 2016
- 27 - Bob & Donna Ernest 1964

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

Your steps for Christ

Are needed to GIVE out

Steps to Christ books

Sabbath, December 22 about 2:00 PM.

EVERYONE'S Steps are needed.

Judy Peck our Bible Study Coordinator will be giving out routes and taking volunteers names.



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

Speaker Schedule: Dec: 1 - Ted Winslow, 8 - Pastor Thompson & Communion, 15 - Brian Danese, 22 - Ken Girdner, 29 - Pastor Thompson

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY
THE COOKIE POLICY

A young lady was waiting for her flight in the boarding room of a big airport. As she would need to wait many hours, she decided to buy a book to spend her time. She also bought a packet of cookies.

She then sat down in an armchair, in the VIP room of the airport, to rest and read in peace. Beside the armchair where the packet of cookies lay, a man sat down in the next seat, opened his magazine and started reading. When she took out the first cookie, the man took one also. She felt irritated but said nothing. She just thought, "What the nerve!" For each cookie she took, the man took one too. This was infuriating her but she didn't want to cause a scene. When only one cookie remained, she thought, "Ah.....what will this man do now?" Then, the man, taking the last cookie, divided it into half, giving her one half. Ah! That was too much! She was much too angry now! In a huff, she took her book, her things and stormed to the boarding place. When she sat



Name the Quartet !!!

I know one of them said he was looking forward to singing in Heaven.

Who knew our picture from last month was the still beautiful Jeanne Bates? Give me your picture to share next month. Have a good month and looking forward to hearing from each of you with something to contribute. **Have a special prayer request for the Cuba Mission Trip in December.** Thanks, Brenda

FREE VEGETARIAN COOKING CLASSES

January 6, 13, 20, 27 at 2 - 4 pm

Jemison Municipal Auditorium

14 Padgett Lane, Jemison, AL

PLAN AHEAD: Call 217-2267 or 280-1297

To register for this class. Leave name & phone number.

down in her seat, inside the plane, she looked into her purse to take her eyeglasses, and, to her surprise, her packet of cookies was there, untouched, unopened! She felt so ashamed!! She realized that she was wrong ... she had forgotten that her cookies were kept in her purse. The man had divided his cookies with her, without feeling angered or bitter. While she had been very angry, thinking that she was dividing her cookies with him. And now there was no chance to explain herself... nor to apologize.

The moral of the story...

There are five things that you cannot recover.

The stone ...after the throw.

The word ... after it's said.

The occasion....after the loss.

The time ...after it's gone.

The action...after it's done.

How many times have we "known" we were right, only to find we were on the wrong flight....

The Second Advent....scary or exciting?

"And now, children, stay with Christ. Live deeply in Christ. Then we'll be ready for him when he appears, ready to receive him with open arms, with no cause for red-faced guilt or lame excuses when he arrives."

The Message -- 1 John 2:28.

The schools I attended from grades 1-12 required Bible as a daily class...given greater importance than math or history. But the stories I remembered the most were from my Dad. He was like a vinyl 45rpm record stuck on replay expounding his warnings about the end of the world, Armageddon, the Mark of the Beast, the Anti-Christ, plagues, trials and tribulations. Honestly, as a child I found it dark, scary and depressing. No one wanted to be stuck in a vehicle with my Dad because we had no ear buds for relief or electronic distractions of any kind. It seemed he thought of nothing else and had no secular interests. Fortunately decades later I had many wonderful talks with my Dad. We always had a garden and a pantry full of canned food for the "end times" when it was predicted that the collapse of all currency would make fighting over food a very dangerous prospect. Before my Dad died, his last warning was the world would end in 2020.

The end of the world as he drilled into us is really the Second Advent of Jesus Christ. Yes, there may be hard times to come, but if we knew that Jesus was coming tomorrow wouldn't we be sleepless in excited anticipation a zillion times greater than any paper wrapped gifts under a trivial Christmas tree!!? Wouldn't we be overjoyed that so many people living in pain could escape more suffering? Wouldn't we be exhilarated and anxious to meet Him? Wouldn't it be the best news we've ever heard? Or would we be worried that we placed too much credence in our earthly possessions and fear the unknown?

I have to admit that I don't understand the book of Revelations any more than the violence in the book of Judges, but one thing I know from the depth of my being is that I want to be ready for the Second Advent of Jesus Christ. And I know I'm surrounded by people that feel the same way.

Heavenly Father, help us to learn from your Word the signs we need to see to enable us to fill each day with your works so that we may always be ready and waiting for You. In Jesus name we pray. Amen.

Anita Kohler Shriberg -

My sister who lives in Prattville - Remember we would like to share something from you next month..... Brenda

- ◆ 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. Remember if you don't want to get the Newsletter, Let me know. Thanks, Brenda

Return Address:

Brenda K Davis
187 County Rd 313
Stanton, AL 36790



To: «AddressBlock»