



First of all Thanks to all the condolence emails that have been sent. Regarding Kohler's memorial service. We would like to have something at Mt. Pleasant Church on County Road 222 in Summerfield sometime after the Covid-19 has slowed down. We will send out a notice when we feel like it is safe to do this outdoor graveside gathering. In the meantime, be safe, social distance but remember to spend time with family.

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 sipped 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 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."

PASTOR'S CORNER

Receiving and Giving God's forgiveness

Corrie ten Boom, author of the well-known book *The Hiding Place*, knew what it meant to suffer. She spent ten terrifying months in Germany's brutal concentration camps—all for the crime of concealing Jews during the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands.

While Corrie was eventually released, her sister Betsie, as well as other family members, died. Corrie, along with siblings Nollie and Willem, survived the brutal ordeal and went home to the Netherlands.

Instead of harboring bitterness, Corrie determined to spend the rest of her life sharing the love and mercy of Jesus. In 1947, three years after her release, Corrie returned to Germany with the message that God forgives.

One night, when she had finished enthusiastically sharing how God casts our sins into the depths of the sea when we confess, she was shocked to see a former prison guard pressing his way through the crowd. Her blood turned cold as horrible memories came flooding back. She remembered this cruel man!

Finally standing in front of her, he thrust out his hand. "A fine message, fräulein! How good it is to know that, as you say, all our sins are at the bottom of the sea!"

Corrie fumbled in her pocketbook rather than take his hand. He continued, telling Corrie he used to be a guard in the prison she spoke of and he had done many horrible things there. "I have become a Christian. I know that God has forgiven me . . . , but I would like to hear it from your lips as well. Fräulein, . . . will you forgive me?" Again, his hand came out.

It seemed like an eternity to Corrie. Her emotions struggled inside of her. God's forgiveness of her own sins was given on the condition that she would also forgive those who had wounded her. Breathing a prayer, she understood that forgiveness is not an emotion of the sinful heart but an act of the sanctified will. She offered her hand. "I forgive you, brother!" Corrie cried. "With all my heart!" For a long moment, the two grasped each other's hands. Corrie later shared, "I had never known God's love so intensely as I did then."

The holidays are a great time to remember that Jesus came to this world to show us how to forgive. On the cross He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That is still true today. And like Corrie, we may have people who hurt us that regret what they did, but just don't know what to do about it. Let's try forgiveness for a change. And like Christ, it doesn't even depend on their remorse.

Pastor Dan Thompson

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True story of Rudolph

A man named Bob May, depressed and brokenhearted, stared out his drafty apartment window into the chilling December night. His 4-year-old daughter Barbara sat on his lap quietly sobbing. Bob's wife, Evelyn, was dying of cancer. Little Barbara couldn't understand why her mommy could never come home. Barbara looked up into her daddy's eyes and asked, "Why isn't Mommy just like everybody else's Mommy?" Bob's jaw tightened and his eyes welled with tears. Her question brought waves of grief, but also of anger. It had been the story of Bob's life. Life always had to be different for Bob. Small when he was a kid, Bob was often bullied by other boys. He was too little at the time to compete in sports. He was often called names he'd rather not remember. From childhood, Bob was different and never seemed to fit in. Bob did complete college, married his loving wife and was grateful to get his job as a copywriter at Montgomery Ward during the Great Depression. Then he was blessed with his little girl. But it was all short-lived. Evelyn's bout with cancer stripped them of all their savings and now Bob and his daughter were forced to live in a two-room apartment in the Chicago slums. Evelyn died just days before Christmas in 1938.

Bob struggled to give hope to his child, for whom he couldn't even afford to buy a Christmas gift. But if he couldn't buy a gift, he was determined to make one - a storybook! Bob had created a character in his own mind and told the animal's story to little Barbara to give her comfort and hope. Again and again Bob told the story, embellishing it more with each telling. Who was the character? What was the story all about? The story Bob May created was his own autobiography in fable form. The character he created was a misfit outcast like he was. The name of the character? A little reindeer named Rudolph, with a big shiny nose. Bob finished the book just in time to give it to his little girl on Christmas day. **But the story doesn't end there.**

The general manager of Montgomery Ward caught wind of the little storybook and offered Bob May a nominal fee to purchase the rights to print the book. Wards went on to print "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and distribute it to children visiting Santa Claus in their stores. By 1946 Wards had printed and distributed more than six million copies of Rudolph. That same year a major publisher wanted to purchase the rights from Wards to print an updated version of the book. In an unprecedented gesture of kindness, the CEO of Wards returned all rights back to Bob May. The book became a best seller. Many toy and marketing deals followed and Bob May, now remarried with a growing family, became wealthy from the story he created to comfort his grieving daughter. **But the story doesn't end there either.**

Bob's brother-in-law, Johnny Marks, made a song adaption to Rudolph. Though the song was turned down by such popular vocalists as Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore, it was recorded by the singing cowboy, Gene Autry. "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" was released in 1949 and became a phenomenal success, selling more records than any other Christmas song, with the exception of "White Christmas."

The gift of love that Bob May created for his daughter so long ago kept on returning back to bless him again and again. And Bob May learned the lesson, just like his dear friend Rudolph, that being different isn't so bad. In fact, being different can be a blessing. (...**And now you know the rest of the story!**)

Merry Christmas and have a blessed holiday and remember that Jesus is the Reason for the Season!!!

Myrtis Kohler - My mother was born Annie Myrtis Campbell in Selma, AL on August 31, 1924 and died in Selma, AL on November 20, 2020 as the "friendly and sweet Mrs. Kohler" by her nurses and aids at Selma Health and Rehab nursing home. In the 96 years in between she moved at least 50 times. She even moved 4 times in the nursing home.



She was born a twin to Alice Myrtle Campbell (Klinner) and was the youngest of twelve children. She by far outlived them all. In death she is survived by four of her five children: Brenda Davis of Stanton, AL; Glenda Davis (deceased) of Clinton, MA; Walter (Ron) Kohler of Grovetown, GA; Anita Shriberg of Prattville, AL; and Dora Aguilar of Centreville, AL. We are grateful that even though she died alone in a covid ward, she didn't suffer or even understand what covid-19 is. I am so sad (as are millions of others with the same covid restrictions) that we were not allowed a real visit with her for the last eight months of her life. We don't know if she was sad or lonely or even always remembered who we were. After trying for several months we finally succeeded in having ONE four way video chat with my two sisters and mother. You'd think we had to invent the computer to achieve that!! Nothing was the same as visiting her inside the nursing home for the five years before covid. Those were some of the more (albeit drugged) contented times I'd ever seen mother. After every visit, I'd take her hand and say a prayer for her and she always thanked me and said it was good. Her life revolved around my father and their Seventh-Day-Adventist church in whatever city and state they presided, from FL to CT and west to AZ. She worked as an LPN and SDA grade school teacher. In 1972 they finally settled down on 40 acres in Lawley, AL where my mother enjoyed gardening, animals (dogs and horses), piano, sewing, family as neighbors, and even a computer. She loved to work and stay busy and was surrounded by lots of UFO's.... Unfinished Objects as they are called by us quilters. Now as I'm getting older, I understand about all those UFO's and how easy it is to become distracted and start another project.



May my mother be in peace and know that I will miss visiting her and praying for her. **Anita Kohler-Shriberg**

I loved my mother. My son described her yesterday as a stern woman and that she was but I have memories of a loving mother in her own way. I remember the times when I injured myself (like splitting my head open with a swing) of loving concern. I was the youngest and I saw the sadness when she first sent me to boarding school. She took me shopping to buy a new clothing item, a rarity for me growing up. I was having trouble deciding between two items so she bought me both. Dad would bring her an Almond Joy as a treat and she would always save half and give to me.

Anyone that knew my mother would understand my surprise when on a visit to my house to see her grandkids I walked into my young sons room to find her sitting on his bed playing Nintendo Mario with him. Mom has come to my house with dad numerous times to help me with a garden, bathroom or other projects I needed help with. She raised me to be an independent women but was willing to help when she could. I am deeply saddened by her death and the lack of visitation over the last months.

I will miss her very much. **Dora Aguilar**



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

	2	Florine Linkous
D	18	Cassie Higgins
E	25	Cherice Cleckler
C	26	Holly Cannon & Rachel Ernest (2015)
	30	Mary Nalley
		Anniversaries:
		7 - Olan & Kay Suddeth
		9 - Jim & La'dene Higgins
		13 - Brianna & Dexter Clark 2016
		27 - Bob & Donna Ernest 1964

SPEAKER SCHEDULE: 28th Ted Winslow; Dec: 5th Pastor; 12th Shawn Smith; 19th Ricky Woodruff, 26th Ted Winslow

At this time: temperature is still taken at the door, 6 ft distancing for seating, masks are required in the Sanctuary and WE ARE CURRENTLY singing softly out loud.

MYRTIS KOHLER: Both my sisters were reminiscing about Mama on the other page, felt like I needed to add something also. Daddy was the one that showed feeling and let you know that he loved you. Mama and I got closer after we moved to Alabama over 40 years ago. We used to talk on the phone every morning or when we lived out in the country she would come visit first thing unannounced, LOL.

My parents did make sure that we had a Christian education. I never had to go to public school. My siblings did one year when I was out with Rheumatic fever. That year Mama was teaching kindergarten and I helped her. My parents loved music and we all learned to play something, either the piano, accordion, saxophone, and when in academy the trumpet, bass drum and etc. It was up to us to practice each day to improve our skills. I remember Mama calling in, "that's a wrong note" and I would have to play the song all over again from the start. Daddy could only play the radio, hum and whistle but not sing, LOL.

After we moved down to Alabama, they did help us get a place to live and were glad we weren't up north in Massachusetts anymore. My mother even taught our children in the Selma SDA Church school, that was an experience for all of us. Daddy would give his shirt off his back to anyone in need putting their needs first and sometimes that didn't set well with Mama. They even purchased an electric stove for \$15 which had eyes that didn't work because they were on a "limited income" according to what Daddy had told Mama. Daddy was always out changing light bulbs for someone, helping them build their house or additions, fixing what needed fixing but sometimes not getting around to doing things at home.

When they got to where they couldn't take care of themselves, we tried everything even hiring someone to stay with them several times. They would come to live with us when things got bad but always needed to "get back out to the country". So finally Daddy admitted that Mama was too much to take care of and Dr. Clower agreed and we put her in Warren Manor Nursing home. Daddy then came to live with us for a few weeks before he realized that he missed Mama too much, he said that he needed to go take care of her. So we went through the process so he could join her. They were roommates a couple years before he died back in 2016. Mama would say, "that Daddy was out helping someone" when we went to visit her and "that he would be right back." God blessed her in helping her not to remember. We are looking forward to when Jesus comes and they will be united again and do to live in Heaven. Let's all live our lives so that we are able to be together also with them through eternity. Brenda K Davis



Myrtis and her twin sister Myrtle about age 6 is my guess. Both of them when they went to Academy at Pisgah & Fletcher and again together at their 85th birthday party at Camp Grist, Selma, AL.

Potato Delight Casserole -

1 lb bag frozen hash brown potatoes, 1/2 ts. salt, 1/2 cup melted margarine or less, 2 TBS diced onions, 1 can celery soup, 1 pint sour cream of your choice, 2 Cups grated vegie cheese. Mix first seven ingredients. Put in 9x13 casserole dish. Mix 2 cups cornflakes, 1/4 cup margarine. Spread on top. Bake at 350 degree for about 1 hour.



APPLE CRANBERRY SALAD -

To one pkg. of raw fresh cranberries, put in food processor and make the pieces quite small. About equal apples, maybe 3-4 and do the same with them.

2 small pkg. cherry jello or one large and mix with 2 cups water, 1 cup Florida turbonado sugar and mix well and put in fridge. This keeps very well. Could serve with whipped cream.

TOFU CHEESECAKE -

1/4 cup lemon juice, 1 ts vanilla, 2 T oil, 6 T margarine, 1/2 ts salt, 1 cup sugar (I use less) 1 pkg. water pack tofu, drained and mashed. Combine the ingredients in order listed in a blender. Blend until smooth and pour into pie crust. Bake at 350 for 55 min. Remove from oven and let set for 20 min or until cool. Refrigerate at least 1 hr. Top with pie filling desired. (I use cherry pie filling or blueberries that I make)

(My favorite Crust - 1 cup graham cracker crumbs, 4 tbs pecan meal, 1 tbs Fl crystals cane sugar, 1/2 cup margarine) Delicious! Bom Apetite!

Shared by Mirtes Schmeling

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. Also turn in articles, poems and pictures that you want to share. Thanks to those that do, Until next month! Brenda

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