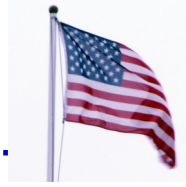


July
2015

Let us remember from where our Independence comes from. With what is going on all around us recently, let's pray that we can hold on and have the Faith we will need.



A little girl had been shopping with her Mom in Target. She must have been 6 years old, this beautiful red haired, freckle faced image of innocence. It was pouring outside. The kind of rain that gushes over the top of rain gutters, so much in a hurry to hit the earth it has no time to flow down the spout. We all stood there under the awning and just inside the door of the Target. We waited, some patiently, others irritated because nature messed up their hurried day. I am always mesmerized by rainfall. I got lost in the sound and sight of the heavens washing away the dirt and dust of the world. Memories of running, splashing so carefree as a child came pouring in as a welcome reprieve from the worries of my day.

The little voice was so sweet as it broke the hypnotic trance we were all caught in, "Mom, let's run through the rain," she said. "What?" Mom asked. "Let's run through the rain!" She repeated. "No, honey. We'll wait until it slows down a bit," Mom replied.

This young child waited about another minute and repeated, "Mom, let's run through the rain." "We'll get soaked if we do," Mom said. "No, we won't, Mom. That's not what you said this morning," the young girl said as she tugged at her Mom's arm.

"This morning? When did I say we could run through the rain and not get wet?" "Don't you remember? When you were talking to Daddy about his cancer, you said, 'If God can get us through this, he can get us through anything!'"

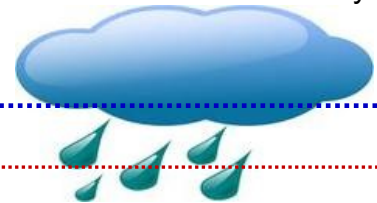
The entire crowd stopped dead silent. You couldn't hear anything but the rain. We all stood silently. No one came or left in the next few minutes. Mom paused and thought for a moment about what she would say. Now some would laugh it off and scold her for being silly. Some might even ignore what was said. But this was a moment of affirmation in a young child's life. A time when innocent trust can be nurtured so that it will bloom into faith.

"Honey, you are absolutely right. Let's run through the rain. If God let's us get wet, well maybe we just needed washing," Mom said. Then off they ran.

We all stood watching, smiling and laughing as they darted past the cars and yes, through the puddles. They held their shopping bags over their heads just in case. They got soaked. But they were followed by a few who screamed and laughed like children all the way to their cars. And yes, I did. I ran. I got wet.

I needed washing. Circumstances or people can take away your material possessions, they can take away your money, and they can take away your health. But no one can ever take away your precious memories... So, don't forget to make time and take opportunities to make memories every day.

I hope you still take the time to run through the rain.



You Give Me More Than Enough

Father, forgive me for complaining about what I lack; I listened to my neighbors needs and I was taken aback. You have blessed me with an abundance. And have given me enough to help in someone's circumstances. I have no reason to complain because you provide me with what I need; I dedicate it all to you as I plant a seed. By Benita.

Sue Mims got this from a restaurant in Prattville. It seems the waitress writes these poems and then puts them out for inspiration to others. I will be sharing them with you as time goes on.



Red Marbles

Can you believe marbles could become priceless? What do you think it would take to make them valuable? Would they have to be inlaid with gold? Do they have to be owned by royalty, or a major archaeological find? In this story, these marbles were bought at a store, and cost little to make, but to the man, all the money in the world could not replace the value of these red marbles.

He noticed this conversation between the store owner and a poor kid. But never expected this outcome. I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes, but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me. "Hello Barry, how are you today?" "H'lo, Mr. Miller, Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good." "They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?" "Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time." "Good. Anything I can help you with?" "No, Sir, Jus' admirin' them peas." "Would you like to take some home?" asked Mr. Miller. "No, Sir. Got nothin' to pay for 'em with." "Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?" "All I got's my prize marble here." "Is that right? Let me see it" said Miller. "Here 'tis. She's a dandy." "I can see that. Hmmmmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?" the store owner asked. "Not zackley but almost." "Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble", Mr. Miller told the boy. "Sure will, Thanks Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile said, "There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he send them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store."

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles. Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them.

Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts.... All very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes. Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles.... With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket. "Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim "traded" them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size... they came to pay their debt." "We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho" With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds.

Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath.

It's not what you gather, but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived.

PASTOR'S CORNER



1. Emma at Campmeeting

2. Emma just being beautiful

3. Emma Being dedicated at Campmeeting

In the US, the Fourth of July is a national holiday when outdoor grills are heated up; beaches are packed; and cities and towns have parades and fireworks displays, picnics, and patriotic celebrations. All of this is in remembrance of July 4, 1776, when the 13 American colonies declared their independence. *Independence* appeals to all ages. It means “freedom from the control, influence, support, and aid of others.” So it’s not surprising that teenagers talk about gaining their independence. Many adults have the goal of being “independently wealthy.” And senior citizens want to maintain their independence. Whether anyone is ever truly independent is a discussion for another time and place—but it sounds good. Craving political or personal independence is one thing; daring to pursue spiritual independence is problematic. What we need instead is a recognition and acceptance of our deep spiritual dependence. Jesus said, “I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing” (John 15:5). Far from being self-reliant, we are totally and eternally dependent on the One who died to set us free. Every day is our “dependence day.”

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

I need Thee, O I need Thee; every hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee. —Hawks/Lowry

Our greatest strength comes from dependence on our strong God.

INSIGHT: There are two sides to the word picture of Jesus and His followers as a vine and branches. On the one side, His followers, the branches, are totally dependent on Him, the vine. But as the vine, He freely and generously supplies what we need to bear fruit.

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"The Place of Evangelism in the Church"

By: Kay Cheser, Head Sabbath School Superintendent

"...if all the sermons for one year's time should be combined into one continuous meeting, the service would have had to start July 4, 1776, in order to have the benediction pronounced before the close of the twentieth century!...Pastors, local elders, and lay evangelists are conducting Sunday-night meetings, home studies, Bible readings, and house-to-house visitations. This is not all. Every department of the church, whether it be the publishing, the medical, or the Sabbath School, has evangelism as its chief objective. Evangelism is the heartthrob of the Adventist Church. If its heart should stop beating, the church would die." *The Story of Our Church* pg.5,6.

How does our local church keep the evangelistic heartthrob continue in our area? We each should pray fervently for God's Holy Spirit to awaken us with a desire for the love for souls for Christ's kingdom! Now, as never before, we are witnesses to last day events unfolding before our very eyes.

Sabbath School makes up an important element that keeps the heartbeat of our church regular! Satan is working overtime to destroy our church, and he is attacking our Sabbath School because he knows that without Sabbath School, we would eventually need to have a pacemaker inserted just to keep our church alive! And sadly, there are many churches in North America where this is a reality. The heartbeat of our church is evangelism, and in Sabbath School we learn about missions, both local and world-wide. Sabbath School is where we discover our roots because it is here where we pray together and study together in small groups, both young and old. As we study together, we have a greater love for God's Word and our unique Seventh Day Adventist message. And with that love, we have a greater desire to share the beauty of God's love with others. All these together create a bond and a unity, which regulates our heartbeat and keeps us alive and thriving! You are invited to come to Sabbath School and be a part of the heartthrob of the Adventist church!

Why I like Sabbath School –

Presented by Brenda Davis – Assistant Head Sabbath School Superintendent

How many of you have the Sabbath School Lesson Study or your smart phone lying beside your bed? How many of you use them every morning to study your Sabbath School lesson, when you study your Sabbath School lesson every day it makes coming to Sabbath School more of a learning experience. Sabbath School is my favorite part of coming to church each Sabbath. Starting with the song service at 9:15 or back up to 9 AM & where I enjoy playing the music with the pianist before the song service. Most of the time you can pick out your favorite song and we all sing it together, then there are the mission stories that you could be reading or listening to if you were there. The superintendent always has good thoughts to inspire us. This is your time to be part of the experience.

By 9:25 a while back there were 18 adults (not counting the children's departments) at Sabbath School. Now compared to the 100 that we have on our rolls 18% isn't a bad percentage, are you one of the 18%? If I didn't get anything but to stay for the Sabbath School lesson study each week, I would feel like I had gotten a blessing for the day. I attend the class in the sanctuary, and our Sabbath School teacher is a wonderful prepared deep studying teacher. Every week he presents extra information which is beneficial for me. I feel privileged to be in a class in which we learn from someone whom, I believe, God has truly given the gift of teaching. Now, don't get me wrong, if I didn't study my lesson each day of the week, and know what the lesson is about, I don't think it would help as much; to just come to listen. We have to do our part to learn, not just to be "taught". Those that think that they can just stay home & hear Doug Bachelor or Derrick Morris have the Sabbath School lesson & get a blessing. Yes, you do/would get a spiritual blessing but we also need the blessing from being with our family here at church, hearing each other comment on the lesson, taking part in the discussion and meeting/hugging each one.

Hugging is good medicine.

It transfers energy and gives the person hugged an emotional lift. You need four hugs a day for survival, eight for maintenance, and twelve for growth. Scientists say that hugging is a form of communication because it can say things you don't have the words for. And the nicest thing about a hug is that you usually can't give one without getting one.

Anniversaries

- 1 -Peter & Elaine Johnson
- 6 - Steven & Treva Radford
- 9 - Tom & Jeanne Bates

This months picture: How many of you were here when they were here? Last months picture: How many knew that was Charlie and Irene Jones? OK, I really mean it, someone else's turn to give me a picture. Until next month, Brenda

July Birthdays

- 4 - Lily Newell
- 5 - Regan Gray
- 7- Michel Rodriguez
- 9 - Judy Peck
- 21 - Brenda Davis
- 23 - Dorothy Wilson
- 24 - Doug Higgins



Calendar of Events

♦ **Weekly:** Prayer Meeting: Tuesdays at 7pm

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

Monthly: Tennis Shoe Sabbath: 1st Sabbath each month, after lunch. Come help us make Kingdom Friends for God.

Book Group: 2nd Sabbath After Lunch in the Teen Room.

Sabbath School Visitation: 3rd Sabbath each month.

Nursing Home Visitation—4th Sabbaths

Speaker Schedule tentative so far: 7/11 & 7/18 Pastor Rodriguez, 8/8 & 8/15 Pastor Rodriguez

July 4 & 11 - 10:30 to 12:30 - Viewing the worship service from the General Conference in San Antonio, Tx. Together at the Clanton Church. Sabbath School starts at the same time 9:15 song service, Sabbath School 9:25 & then the Lesson study .

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

www.stepsingupward.org www.egwhiteclassicquotes.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. If you wish to have any back issues, just let me know. I am still receiving choices of which way you want to get your Newsletters. Those that still want it US Mail this is fine....Thanks for communicating and sharing what you want to put in the Newsletter each month. Don't forget it is YOUR/OUR newsletter...

VBS—Vacation Bible School will be the week of July 13, 2015, from 9 a.m. to 12. If you would like to help, please see or call Charlotte Powers (205) 767-0996. Please join us as we minister to the children of our church and community. It is an investment that has eternal results! Plug into Power is designed to help children develop a personal connection with God through a daily devotional habit.

CD's "Hallelujah We're Home at Last!" - For sale as a fund raiser for the Kindergarten. 100% of the \$15 goes toward the school. Information on the bulletin board. The CD's were produced and distributed by 3ABN. You will enjoy it very much, I did. **There are more left - see Dot Wilson** to get one for yourself, and one to share with a friend.

Evangelism - There will be a Revelation Seminar with an evangelist by the first of 2016. As the planning begins soon, all church members will be encouraged to meet in a church business meeting so that we can all be working together and be ready to invite those friends that we have been working with to come with us to this seminar next January. Praying is a good way to start the process.....



Kay 3's Vegan Recipes

Pineapple Tofu Stir Fry Adapted from Web MD

- 1 8-ounce can pineapple chunks or tidbits, 3 tablespoons juice reserved or 1 fresh pineapple cut in chunks
- 5 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon reduced-sodium soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon ketchup
- 2 teaspoons brown sugar
- 7 ounces extra-firm, water-packed tofu, drained, rinsed and cut into 1/2-inch cubes, then frozen
- 3 teaspoons canola oil, divided
- 1 tablespoon minced garlic
- 2 teaspoons minced ginger
- 1 pkg frozen snow peas.
- 1 tsp cornstarch
- Optional, bell pepper cut into strips
- 1 onion, sliced thin
- 1 large bell pepper, cut into 1/2-by-2-inch strips



Step 1

Whisk the reserved 3 tablespoons pineapple juice, lemon juice, soy sauce, ketchup and sugar in a small bowl until smooth. Place tofu in a medium bowl; toss with 2 tablespoons of the sauce. Let marinate for 5 minutes. Add cornstarch to the remaining sauce and whisk until smooth.

Step 2

Heat 2 teaspoons oil in a large nonstick skillet over medium-high heat. Transfer the tofu to the skillet using a slotted spoon. Whisk any remaining marinade into the bowl of sauce. Cook the tofu, stirring every 1 to 2 minutes, until golden brown, 7 to 9 minutes total. Transfer the tofu to a plate.

Step 3

Add the remaining 1 teaspoon oil to the skillet and heat over medium heat. Add garlic and ginger and cook, stirring constantly, until fragrant, about 30 seconds. Add onion, snow peas, and bell pepper if using and cook, stirring often, until just tender, 2 to 3 minutes. Pour in the sauce and cook, stirring, until thickened, about 30 seconds. Add the tofu and pineapple chunks (or tidbits) and cook, stirring gently, until heated through, about 2 minutes more.

PS: I will make a few changes if I make it again...I prefer a marinade with a bit more flavor for the tofu, and a bit longer for it to absorb. also, I don't think I will add the ginger next time; it is not my favorite flavor. Comments from Kay#3 AFTER making it even though she said all of it was eaten, LOL.

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To: «AddressBlock»