

Jun 2016

Happy  
*Father's*  
Day

The late Peter Marshall was an eloquent speaker and for several years served as the chaplain of the US Senate. He used to love to tell the story of the "Keeper of the Spring," a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slope of the Alps.

The old gentleman had been hired many years earlier by a young town councilman to clear away the debris from the pools of water up in the mountain crevices that fed the lovely spring flowing through their town. With faithful, silent regularity, he patrolled the hills, removed the leaves and branches, and wiped away the silt that would otherwise have choked and contaminated the fresh flow of water. The village soon became a popular attraction for vacationers. Graceful swans floated along the crystal clear spring, the mill wheels of various businesses located near the water turned day and night, farmlands were naturally irrigated, and the view from restaurants was picturesque beyond description.

Years passed. One evening the town council met for its semi-annual meeting. As they reviewed the budget, one man's eye caught the salary figure being paid the obscure keeper of the spring. Said the keeper of the purse, "Who is the old man? Why do we keep him on year after year? No one ever sees him. For all we know, the strange ranger of the hills is doing us no good. He isn't necessary any longer." By a unanimous vote, they dispensed with the old man's services.

For several weeks, nothing changed.

By early autumn, the trees began to shed their leaves. Small branches snapped off and fell into the pools, hindering the rushing flow of sparkling water. One afternoon someone noticed a slight yellowish-brown tint in the spring. A few days later, the water was much darker. Within another week, a slimy film covered sections of the water along the banks, and a foul odor was soon detected. The mill wheels moved more slowly, some finally ground to a halt. Swans left, as did the tourists. Clammy fingers of disease and sickness reached deeply into the village.

Quickly, the embarrassed council called a special meeting. Realizing their gross error in judgment, they rehired the old keeper of the spring, and within a few weeks, the veritable river of life began to clear up. The wheels started to turn, and new life returned to the hamlet in the Alps.

Never become discouraged with the seeming smallness of your task, job, or life. Cling fast to the words of Edward Everett Hale: "I am only one, but still I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something; and because I cannot do everything, I will not refuse to do something I can do." The key to accomplishment is believing that what you can do will make a difference.

Submitted by: Maritza

# PASTOR'S CORNER

Campmeeting: Not sure that Emma was enjoying the sunshine look, think she was sleepy... Elizabeth seemed to be enjoying it more, LOL.

Emma enjoying the Pitter Pitter Pat song, isn't that what you sing under an umbrella?

Emma growing up and WALKING.... So cute



Let your light shine before others. Matthew 5:16

A little girl wondered what a saint might be. One day her mother took her to a great cathedral to see the gorgeous stained-glass windows with scenes from the Bible. When she saw the beauty of it all she cried out loud, "Now I know what saints are. They are people who let the light shine through!"

Some of us might think that saints are people of the past who lived perfect lives and did Jesus-like miracles. But when a translation of Scripture uses the word *saint*, it is actually referring to anyone who belongs to God through faith in Christ. In other words, saints are people like us who have the high calling of serving God while reflecting our relationship with Him wherever we are and in whatever we do. That is why the apostle Paul prayed that the eyes and understanding of his readers would be opened to think of themselves as the treasured inheritance of Christ and saints of God (Eph. 1:18).

*Lord, You are the light of the world. Thank You for wanting to shine that light in our lives.*

*Cleanse me today so that I may let Your light shine through.*

Saints are people through whom God's light shines

So what then do we see in the mirror? No halos or stained glass. But if we are fulfilling our calling, we will look like people who, maybe even without realizing it, are letting the rich colors of the love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, gentleness, faithfulness, and self-control of God shine through.

***CLEANSE ME TODAY SO THAT I MAY LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE THROUGH.***

## ***INSIGHT:***

In John's gospel we see that Jesus often refers to Himself as "light." In John 8:12 and 9:5 He calls Himself "the light of the world." He also uses this light language to talk about the kingdom of God He came to establish. In John 3:19 Jesus tells Nicodemus, "This is the verdict: Light has come into the world, but people loved darkness instead of light because their deeds were evil." When Jesus tells believers that they are the light of the world (Matt. 5:14), He is in a sense issuing an invitation to Christlikeness. As followers of Jesus we have been given the opportunity to shine the light of His love into the dark and dying world.

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One young academically excellent person went for an interview for a managerial position in a big company. He passed the first interview; BUT in that Company, the director did the last interview, and made the final decision. The director discovered from the CV, that the youth's academic result was excellent all the way, from the secondary school until the postgraduate research, never was there a year he did not score. The director asked, "Did you obtain any scholarship in school?" and the youth answered "no". The director asked, "Did your father pay your school fees?". The youth answered, "my father passed away when I was one year old and it was my mother who paid my school fees". The director asked, "Where did your mother work?" The youth answered, "my mother worked as cloth cleaner." The director requested the youth to show his hands and the youth showed a pair of hands that was smooth and perfect to the director. The director asked, "Did you ever help your mother wash clothes before?" The youth answered, "never, my mother always wanted me to study and read more books, furthermore, my mother could wash clothes faster than I could" The director said, I have a request, when you go back today, go and help to clean your mother's hand, and then see me tomorrow morning.

The youth felt that the chance of landing the job was high and when he went back, he happily wanted to clean his mother's hands. His mother felt strange. With happiness mixed with fear, she showed her hands to the kid. The youth cleaned his mother's hands slowly and his tears fell as he did that. It was the first time he noticed that his mother's hands were so wrinkled, and that there were so many bruises in her hands. Some bruises were so painful that she shuddered when his mother's hands were cleaned with water. This is the first time that the youth realized and experienced that it is this pair of hands that washed the clothes every day to earn him the school fees and that the bruises in the mother's hand were the price that the mother paid for his graduation and academic excellence and probably his future. After finishing the cleaning of his mother's hands, the youth quietly washed all the remaining clothes for his mother. That night, the mother and son talked for a very long time.

**Next morning,** the youth went to the director's office. The director noticed the tear in the youth's eye and asked: "Can you tell me what you did and learned yesterday in your house?" The youth answered, "I cleaned my mother's hands and also finished washing all the remaining clothes." The director asked, "Please tell me what you felt." The youth said: "Number 1, I know what appreciation is now'. Without my mother, I would not be successful today. Number 2, Now I know how to work together with my mother. Only now do I realize how difficult and tough it is to get something done. Number 3, I know the importance and value of family relationship." The director said, "This is what I want. I want to recruit a person that can appreciate the help of others, a person who knows the suffering of others to get things done, and a person that would not put money as his only goal in life to be my manager. You are hired." Later on, this young person worked very hard, and received the respect of his subordinates, every employee worked diligently and as a team and the company improved tremendously.

**The Lessons from this:** A child who has been protected and habitually given whatever he needs, develops an "entitlement mentality" and always puts himself first. He is ignorant of his parents' efforts. When he starts work, he assumes every person must listen to him. When he becomes a manager, he will never know the suffering of his employees and always blame others. These kinds of people, may/will achieve good results and may be successful for a while, but eventually will not feel a sense of achievement or satisfaction. If we happen to be this kind of (protective) parent, this is the time to ask the question – whether we did/do love our children or destroy them. \* You can let your child live in a big house, eat a good meal, learn to play the piano, watch a big screen TV but when you are cutting grass, please let them experience it. \* After a meal, let them wash their plate and bowl together with their brothers and sisters. \* It is not because you do not have money to hire a maid, but it is because you want to love and show them the correct way. \* You want them to understand that no matter how rich their parents are, one day they will grow old, become weak and that their hair too will turn grey. \* The most important thing is for your child to learn how to appreciate, experience and learn the effort and ability needed to work with others in order to get things done. They should also value, appreciate what the parents have done and love them for who they are!

## My New Focus —

Africa conquered my heart from the time I was 14, poring over the pages of World Vision magazine. I dreamed that I would be sent there one day to help people. It didn't really matter where I went or what I did, I just wanted to offer people hope.

When I was 20, I had the opportunity to fulfill that longing by becoming a volunteer teacher in Malawi, a small country tucked between Zambia, Tanzania, and Mozambique.

To be honest, I went to Malawi with the expectations of a naïve girl, thinking that becoming a missionary would be the fulfillment of God's calling for me. What I discovered during those hard, gritty months was that becoming a missionary was about initiating a never-ending journey of self-discovery.

From the time I arrived in Malawi, I felt viewed as a monetary resource. My new friends asked me to buy them tickets to fly to the United States, or to finance their medical degrees, or to pay for a myriad of other things that were equally impossible for me.

I had come to minister to people, yet I felt stymied by a stereotype that I had no idea how to break through. Over time, my heart grew cold, and I left Malawi bitterly disappointed. I hadn't been able to bring hope at all.

When I returned to the United States, I entered the film program at Southern Adventist University in Tennessee. Film is a great medium for motivating action, and I wanted to be able to put a spotlight on the needs of Third World countries.

Since graduating, I've been blessed to have a job filming mission projects around the world. I've had many positive experiences, and I've felt God speaking to me through my lens, healing me and impressing me to go make peace with my past. When my company received a call to film mission work in Malawi, I wasn't all that surprised.

As I drove through the Malawi countryside, it felt both beautiful and strange to be back. There is something about Africa that makes me feel vulnerable. It has a way of exposing my priorities, my attitude, and my weaknesses.

It was during our final days of filming when an incident occurred that led to the full revolution of change within me.

While we were filming at a church site, we met a woman who told us that she was sick and didn't have money to see a doctor. When she asked us for cash, I felt the old pain and annoyance of being used by a stranger. It's hard to admit that I could feel so cold toward someone in need.

Later, as I filmed inside the church, I saw that a member of the mission team had brought the woman into the church privately. What I observed stopped me in my tracks.

He was handing her a US\$50.00 bill. That's about 25,000 Malawi kwacha, a fortune! The woman was amazed, and so was I.

Though he didn't realize it, the man was giving her much more than an opportunity for medical care. He was providing her with food for months, blankets for winter, and clothing for her family. But it wasn't even so much the money that mattered, but rather that the gesture was made out of love.

Tears pricked my eyes. It seemed like God Himself was helping this woman—seeing her pain, ministering to her needs, answering her prayers. I felt the old me revive—the one who had a warm heart of flesh and not a cold one of stone.

I realized that my experience in Malawi hadn't been tainted by the way people saw me, but rather by the way I saw myself. In that moment, I knew that I had a choice to make. I could go on guarding my heart against the hurt in this world and my helplessness to take care of it all, or I could open my heart fully to wherever God calls me and understand that although I may not have the power to change everyone's lives, He can.

I was overwhelmed with God's peace. I knew that He had brought me back to Malawi to experience and feel these things. I needed to be brought full circle to be reminded of what it means to be a missionary. That it's not our job to judge people. It's our job, as Christians, to give to others out of love, always, and with great joy.



I can now look back on my time in Malawi with genuine happiness, knowing that God was with me all along. And, ultimately, the hope I wanted to give to Africa was poured doubly upon me.

**Samantha Wahlen** works as a freelance filmmaker in Chattanooga, Tennessee, along with her husband, Daniel. When she's not on location, Samantha spends her time cooking, painting, reading, and cuddling the family kitten, Diana.

*(This mission experience is from Advent Mission website. Presented by: Kay Cheser, Sabbath School Superintendent)*



# Reminiscing Corner

## June Birthdays

- 1 - Renee Lucas
- 20 - Annita Wiese
- 21 - Kay Houston
- 25 - Marcia Cleckler
- 30 - Edward Higgins

## Anniversaries

- 15 - Doug & Felicia Higgins - 1974
- 23- Gary & Florine Linkous - 1998

Happy, Happy Birthday to each of you this month.

**Tentative Speaker Schedule:** June 4 - Pastor Rodriguez & Communion, June 11- Shawn Smith, June 18 - Stan Hobbs, June 25 - Bill Wiese.

For those of you that are getting the Newsletter each month via US Mail and also have access to the internet/email, let me know if I can stop sending you the printed copy.

## Calendar of Events

**Weekly:** Prayer Meeting: Tuesdays at 6:00 PM - prayer meeting will be from 6 to 6:30 and then "It is Written Bible Studies" until 7:30.

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



Last months picture: Let's see Charlotte & Jeffrey Powers in 2001. Jimmy as a baby born 2/26/2001, not sure how old he was then but at least a couple months. Dorothy Higgins who died 3/5/2003 and Wally Mezzell who died 8/31/02. Now you have the history on last months picture.

So who remembers this couple? This was at a church picnic, don't even know how many years ago.....Maybe someone remembers?



Jimmy Powers - Piano competition in May - He received an Outstanding Award on his performance at the state level for the Alabama Music Teacher's Association at the University of Alabama. Jimmy you should have looked happier, LOL. Also heard that he got his learner's permit.... Jimmy watch out there are a lot of crazy drivers out there....



## Kay 3's Vegan Recipes

### Fruited Salad

Ingredients: one box of artesian lettuce (Walmart sells them...4 little heads of lettuce in square plastic box)...chop fine (use ceramic knife to avoid browning)

1 1/2 to 2 cups strawberries

2 Honeycrisp apples peeled and diced small (around 1/3 inch square) use lemon juice to prevent browning...rinse before adding to salad.)

1/2 to 2/3 cups golden raisins

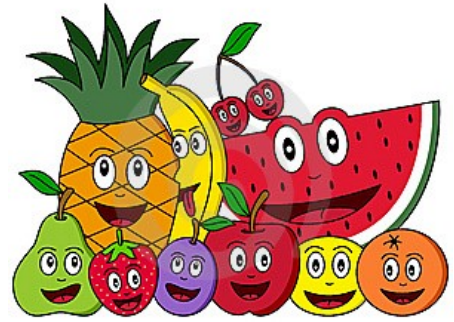
1/2 to 3/4 cups sliced almonds

1 bottle poppyseed dressing (also sold at Walmart)

Prepare ingredients and keep separate until ready to eat. add all ingredients except dressing and toss gently. Add desired amount of dressing (I usually use most of the bottle) and mix well. Enjoy.

Brenda, I have brought this a couple of times lately to fellowship dinner and it has been very popular.

Kay #3



**Pre-Kindergarten & Kindergarten** – We are making plans to continue the Kindergarten next year.... We have some remodeling to do to the area and a safety plan and study to complete, then Stan Hobbs Education Director says we can have a 2016-17 School year. Word of mouth advertising has been found to be the best. Donations are always welcome and appreciated.

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

[www.stepsupward.org](http://www.stepsupward.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. Also a Face Book page has been set up for the Clanton Sda church, log on and find information posted there regularly. Thanks for communicating and sharing what you want to put in the Newsletter each month. Don't forget it is YOUR/OUR newsletter... let's share each month. Thanks to those that do regularly. Brenda

### *Return Address:*

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**To:** «AddressBlock»