

THE PERFECT MISTAKE

Nov 2019

My Mother's father worked as a carpenter. On this particular day, he was building some crates for the clothes his church was sending to orphanages in China. On his way home, he reached into his shirt pocket to find his glasses, but they were gone. When he mentally replayed his earlier actions, he realized what had happened; the glasses had slipped out of his pocket unnoticed and fallen into one of the crates, which he had nailed shut. His brand new glasses were heading for China! The Great Depression was at its height and Grandpa had six children. He had spent \$20 for those glasses that very morning. He was upset by the thought of having to buy another pair. "It's not fair," he told God as he drove home in frustration. "I've been very faithful in giving of my time and money to Your work, and now this."

Months later, the director of the orphanage was on furlough in the United States. He wanted to visit all the churches that supported him in China, so he came to speak one Sunday at my grandfather's small church in Chicago. The missionary began by thanking the people for their faithfulness in supporting the orphanage.

"But most of all,"

he said,

"I must thank you for the glasses you sent last



year. You see, the Communists had just swept through the orphanage, destroying everything, including my glasses. I was desperate. Even if I had the money, there was simply no way of replacing those glasses. Along with not being able to see well, I experienced headaches every day, so my coworkers and I were much in prayer about this. Then your crates arrived.

"When my staff removed the covers, they found a pair of glasses lying on top." The missionary paused long enough to let his words sink in.

Then, still gripped with the wonder of it all, he continued:



"Folks, when I tried on the glasses, it was as though they had been custom made just for me! I want to thank you for being a part of that." The people listened, happy for the miraculous glasses. But the missionary surely must have confused their church with another, they thought. There were no glasses on their list of items to be sent overseas.

But sitting quietly in the back, with tears streaming down his face, an ordinary carpenter realized the Master Carpenter had used him in an extraordinary way.

There are times we want to blame God instead of thanking Him! Perhaps it is something we ought to try more often, "Thank you God for not allowing my car to start this morning." He may have been saving your life from a car accident. "Lord Jesus, thank you for letting me lose my glasses; I'm sure they'll be put to good use or there is a lesson to be learned."

- Author Un known Submitted by Sylvia Swaine

Hope International- [www.hope\(or\)healthuso.com](http://www.hope(or)healthuso.com)

PASTOR'S CORNER

I was reading Scripture today and a story jumped out at me that I would like to share. It is not a new story to me. But the application is a new one. Jeremiah brings the Rechabites into the house of the Lord and gives them a test. "Drink wine," he says, "Enjoy a cup on me!" But they refuse and say it is because their ancestor Jonadab commanded them not to drink wine, build houses, sow seed, or plant vineyards. Most of the time we apply this directly to health principles. See what happens when you live right. That is a great application and I heartily endorse it. But that is not what Jonadab told them was his reason. Notice what it is in Jeremiah 35:7 NKJV, "You shall not build a house, sow seed, plant a vineyard, nor have any of these; but all your days you shall dwell in tents, that you may live many days in the land where you are sojourners." Notice he tells them to do this because they are sojourners in the land. Do we have a sense of sojourning? Or have we moved in to stay? Are we looking for a better country? Or are we happy where we are?



These are all good questions because I am afraid that the American church is addicted to comfort. We want things to be comfortable and safe. We like our pews padded and our ears tickled. And most important of all, don't ask me to give more than I am able. But Jesus constantly demands that we lose our lives and give our all. In fact He challenges us to count the cost and decide whether we are really in or not. "Whoever does not carry his own cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple. For which one of you, when he wants to build a tower, does not first sit down and calculate the cost to see if he has enough to complete it? Otherwise, when he has laid a foundation and is not able to finish, all who observe it begin to ridicule him, saying, 'This man began to build and was not able to finish.' Or what king, when he sets out to meet another king in battle, will not first sit down and consider whether he is strong enough with ten thousand men to encounter the one coming against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is still far away, he sends a delegation and asks for terms of peace. So then, none of you can be My disciple who does not give up all his own possessions." Luke 14:27-33 NASB.

Let's remember that we are sojourners and pilgrims on this earth. We have nothing here that should hold us. Lest we be guilty of looking back when it all goes up in smoke. That is a very poor place to be, but many times the comfort that we enjoy will lead us subtly to that very thinking.

Be blest to be a blessing, Pastor Dan Thompson

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A SPECIAL PROJECT

One day a teacher asked her students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down. It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed in the papers.

That weekend, the teacher wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and listed what everyone else had said about that individual. On Monday she gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. 'Really?' she heard whispered. 'I never knew that I meant anything to anyone!' and, 'I didn't know others liked me so much,' were most of the comments.

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. She never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another. That group of students moved on.

Several years later, one of the students was killed in Iraq and his teacher attended the funeral of that special student. She had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. He looked so handsome, so mature. The church was packed with his friends. One by one those who loved him took a last walk by the coffin. The teacher was the last one to bless the coffin. As she stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to her. 'Were you Mark's math teacher?' he asked. She nodded: 'yes.' Then he said: 'Mark talked about you a lot.'

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates went together to a luncheon. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting to speak with his teacher. 'We want to show you something,' his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket 'They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it.' Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times.

The teacher knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which she had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him. 'Thank you so much for doing that,' Mark's mother said. 'As you can see, Mark treasured it.' All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, 'I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home.' Chuck's wife said, 'Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album.' 'I have mine too,' Marilyn said. 'It's in my diary'. Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. 'I carry this with me at all times,' Vicki said and without batting an eyelash, she continued: 'I think we all saved our lists' That's when the teacher finally sat down and cried. She cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

The density of people in society is so thick that we forget that life will end one day. And we don't know when that one day will be. So please, tell the people you love and care for, that they are special and important. Tell them, before it is too late.

And One Way To Accomplish This Is: Share this message on. If you do not send it, you will have, once again passed up the wonderful opportunity to do something nice and beautiful. The more people that you share this with, the better you'll be at reaching out to those you care about. Remember, you reap what you sow. What you put into the lives of others comes back into your own.

I don't care if you are in school, work or church, it really is wonderful when someone tells you how much you are appreciated and loved. Everyone needs that pat on the shoulder occasionally. It gives you that lift that everyone deserves to get at least once in awhile. Thanks to those that do show they do appreciate others.

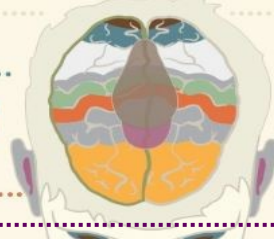
A Special Baptism

October 5, 2019



Congratulations on your Baptism
Kelaiah Tekoa Radford
We love you, GOD Loves you!

**THIS IS YOUR
BRAIN ON PIANO**



**PLAYING THE PIANO
IS FUN**

but check out all the things your
brain is doing at once!

This was a really nice chart color coded as to what part of your brain is used when you do what with playing the piano. If any of the musicians want the whole colored chart let me know and I will give you a copy of it. (or you can get it on my face book page) You couldn't read everything putting it in this small space.

- ◇ Eyes - Sight reading on the piano involves reading two lines of music, each in a different cleft. Visual cortex, Occipital Lobe
- ◇ 2 hands - Both hands often play intricate rhythms independently from each other. Primary motor cortex, prefrontal cortex, cerebellum
- ◇ Ears - Pianists listen to notes being played and adjust their playing accordingly. Auditory cortex, temporal lobe
- ◇ Keeping time - Pianists accurately "keep time" by synthesizing and synchronizing all sensory input and motor activity. In addition, they are able to subdivide the beat in a myriad ways. Prefrontal cortex, cerebellum
- ◇ 10 fingers - Very few, if any instruments requires the use of all ten fingers. Primary Motor Cortex, Prefrontal cortex, cerebellum
- ◇ Spatial - Pianists know where all the notes are without having to look at the piano keyboard. Parietal lobe, cerebellum, right hemisphere
- ◇ Artistic Interpretation - Pianists transmit emotion by capturing the mood, style, and tempo of a song, using performance techniques such as dynamics, articulation, rhythm, and expressive timing. Prefrontal cortex
- ◇ Proprioception - Pianists are aware of the relative position of neighboring parts of their body and the strength of effort being employed in movement. Cerebellum
- ◇ 2 Feet - The left foot is used to operate the left una corda pedal and the right foot is used to operate the sustain pedal. Primary motor cortex, prefrontal cortex, cerebellum
- ◇ Touch - Pianists use touch to determine how much force is needed to press the piano keys and foot pedals. Parental lobe

May God be with you as you continue living for Him and learn more each day about Him and keeping close to Him. We are blessed to have known you for at least 9 years and have watched you grow from a baby, maturing and developing into a wonderful young woman. So proud of you as you have taken the step to publicly acknowledge your commitment to give your life to God and setting an example for others to commit their lives to Him. We all love you and will continue to pray for guidance for you, the members of the Clanton SDA Church and your Family of God now. Before her baptism Kelaiah sang while Kathy her piano teacher played for her. I imagine that her parents didn't know all the benefits that her learning to play the piano would be for her. Pastor Dan Thompson went over the baptismal vows with her prior to her baptism and she responded with "I will". She was baptized by Dr. Thomas Jackson who also is an ordained pastor and a family friend for years. As always we need to pray for each other. Just me , Brenda

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

N O V	1	Joyce Campbell	Anniversaries None known
	6	Brianna Clark	
	14	Noah Clark	
	15	La'dene Higgins	
	22	Shawn Smith	
	28	Roy Davis	



Speaker Schedule: Nov. 2 Steve Radford; Nov. 9 Pastor; Nov. 16 Ted Winslow; Nov. 23 Steve Radford; Nov. 30 Pastor—Communion; Dec. 7 Tui Pitman; Dec. 14 Pastor; Dec. 21 Ralph Sheperd; Dec. 28 Ted Winslow

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

Yes, you guessed it, last month was Elaine Johnson. I didn't get a picture from anyone but found this one of Becky & Clay Grice. He died July of 2015 and Becky now lives down in Florida near one of her sons. Don't forget to give me something for next month. Thanks, Brenda

The Quiet Sermon - shared with us by Elaine Johnson

A member of a certain church, who previously had been attending services regularly, stopped going. After a few weeks, the pastor decided to visit him. It was a chilly evening. The pastor found the man at home alone, sitting before a blazing fire. Guessing the reason for his pastor's visit, the man welcomed him, led him to a comfortable chair near the fireplace and waited.

The pastor made himself at home but said nothing. In the grave silence, he contemplated the dance of the flames around the burning logs. After some minutes, the pastor took the fire tongs, carefully picked up a brightly burning ember and placed it to one side of the hearth all alone. Then he sat back in his chair, still silent. The host watched all this in quiet contemplation. As the one lone ember's flame flickered and diminished, there was a momentary glow and then its fire was no more. Soon it was cold and dead.

Not a word had been spoken since the initial greeting. The Pastor glanced at his watch and realized it was time to leave. He slowly stood up, picked up the cold, dead ember and placed it back in the middle of the fire. Immediately it began to glow, once more with the light and warmth of the burning coals around it.

As the pastor reached the door to leave, his host said with a tear running down his cheek, "Thank you so much for your visit and especially for the fiery sermon. I shall be back in church next Sabbath."

We live in a world today, which tries to say too much with too little. Consequently, few listen.

Sometimes the best sermons are the ones left unspoken.

It's Only a Quarter! Shared with us by Elaine Johnson

Several years ago a preacher moved to a town in Texas. Some weeks after he arrived, he had occasion to ride the bus from his home to the downtown area. When he sat down, he discovered that the driver had accidentally given him a quarter too much change. As he considered what to do, he thought to himself, you better give the quarter back. It would be wrong to keep it. Then he thought, "Oh, forget it, it's only a quarter. Who would worry about this little amount? Anyway the bus company already gets too much fare; they will never miss it. Accept it as a gift from God and keep quiet." When his stop came, he paused momentarily at the door, then he handed the quarter to the driver and said, "Here, you gave me too much change."

The driver with a smile, replied, "Aren't you the new preacher in town? I have been thinking lately about going to worship somewhere. I just wanted to see what you would do if I gave you too much change." When my friend stepped off the bus, he literally grabbed the nearest light pole, and held on, and said, "O God, I almost sold your Son for a quarter." Our lives are the only Bible some people will ever read.

This is a really scary example of how much people watch us as Christians and will put us to the test! Always be on guard.. And remember. You carry the name of Christ on your shoulders when you call yourself "Christian."

Watch your thoughts; they become words.

Watch your words; they become actions.

Watch your actions; they become habits.

Watch your habits; they become character.

Watch your character; it becomes your destiny.

The Will of God will never take you to where the Grace of God will not Protect you...

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. Don't forget to turn in articles, poems and pictures that you want to share with others. Thanks to those that do, Brenda

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