

As I faced my Maker at the last judgment, I knelt before the Lord along with all the other souls. Before each of us laid our lives like the squares of a quilt in many piles; an angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt squares together into a tapestry that is our life. But as my angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, I noticed how ragged and empty each of my squares was. They were filled with giant holes. Each square was labeled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the challenges and temptations I was faced with in every day life. I saw hardships that I endured, which were the largest holes of all.

I glanced around me. Nobody else had such squares. Other than a tiny hole here and there, the other tapestries were filled with rich color and the bright hues of worldly fortune. I gazed upon my own life and was disheartened. My angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth together, threadbare and empty, like binding air.

Finally the time came when each life was to be displayed, held up to the light, the scrutiny of truth. The others rose; each in turn, holding up their tapestries. So filled their lives had been. My angel looked upon me, and nodded for me to rise. My gaze dropped to the ground in shame. I hadn't had all the earthly fortunes. I had love in my life, and laughter. But there had also been trials of illness, and wealth, *and false accusations* that took from me my world, as I knew it. I had to start over many times. I often struggled with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the strength to pick up and begin again. I spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance in my life. I had often been held up to *ridicule*, which I endured painfully, each time offering it up to the Father in hopes that I would not melt within my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me.

And! Now, I had to face the truth. My life was what it was, and I had to accept it for what it was. I rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light. An awe-filled gasp filled the air. I gazed around at-the-others who stared at-me with wide eyes. Then, I looked upon the tapestry before me. Light flooded the many holes, creating an image, the face of Christ. Then our Lord stood before me, with warmth and love in His eyes. He said, 'Every time you gave over your life to Me, it became My life, My hardships, and My struggles. Each point of light in your life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more of Me than there was of you.'

May all our quilts be threadbare and worn, allowing Christ to shine through! God determines who walks into your life ... it's up to you to decide who you let walk away, who you let stay, and who you refuse to let go. When there is nothing left but God that is when you find *out* that God is all you need. Just say this prayer: Father, God bless all my friends in whatever it is that you know they may need this day! And may their life be full of your peace, prosperity and power as he/she seeks to have a closer relationship with you. Amen.



His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself.

Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

'I want to repay you,' said the nobleman. 'You saved my son's life.'

'No, I can't accept payment for what I did,' the Scottish farmer replied waving off the offer.

At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel. 'Is that your son?' the nobleman asked.

'Yes,' the farmer replied proudly.

'I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of.'

And that he did. Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia.

What saved his life this time?

Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.

Someone once said: What goes around comes around.

PASTOR'S CORNER

Getting to Know Him

Mary was known for spending time with Jesus. She would steal time away whenever He came to see her family. Her sister, Martha, wasn't always happy about this. Remember what she said to Jesus in Luke 10, "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to do all the work by myself? Tell her then to help me." Jesus replies, "Martha, Martha, you are worried and distracted by many things; there is need of only one thing. Mary has chosen the better part, which will not be taken away from her."

In the end of the story of Jesus' life Mary shows how that one thing has paid off in her life. She is the first one to see the risen Christ because she is the only one who is weeping at the grave. She is devoted to Him. Remember she has wept and anointed His feet a short time before. Now she is there and through the tears she sees someone. Not paying attention to who and never believing who it really is, she asks the "gardener" where he has moved the body. All Jesus does is say her name, "Mary"

Now she comes alive and grabs Him around the feet and says, "Rabboni," which means, "My teacher." He has to gently say to her, "Stop clinging to Me and let Me go."

Is Jesus your teacher? Is He your Savior? Sometimes we can get so wrapped up in doctrines about Jesus that we fail to see Him as the One that we adore.

Oswald Chambers in My Utmost for His Highest says it this way—

It is possible to know all about doctrine and still not know Jesus. A person's soul is in grave danger when the knowledge of doctrine surpasses Jesus, avoiding intimate touch with Him. Why was Mary weeping? Doctrine meant no more to her than the grass under her feet. In fact, any Pharisee could have made a fool of Mary doctrinally, but one thing they could never ridicule was the fact that Jesus had cast seven demons out of her; yet His blessings were nothing to her in comparison with knowing Jesus Himself.

May you find in Him everything that you need and may you never be far from Him.

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Serving One Another (by: Michelle Haas)

From: *Women in the Word* (Presented by: Kay Cheser, Women Ministry Leader)

“Whoever desires to become great among you, let him be your servant. And whoever desires to be first among you, let him be your slave – just as the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve. – Matthew 20: 26 – 28

“Well done, good and faithful servant; you were faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter into the joy of your lord.” Matthew 25: 21

Will a life of service as a life of obscurity? How will you be remembered?

The story of Deborah, a faithful servant in the household of Isaac and Rebekah, shows us that a life of service can be meaningful. When we serve with the purpose of blessing others, we are blessed in return-and we can be sure that our service is recognized by the Lord.

Parenting, or even babysitting, is most certainly an under-appreciated job. Cleaning the house can make you feel like you're a painter of the Golden Gate Bridge; after they finish painting from one end to the other, they start all over again! When you've finally cleaned the kitchen from breakfast, it's time for lunch...not to mention the list of things that still need to be done. And how will you be thanked for all your hard work?

Did someone say “thanked”? Deborah probably felt this way quite often. As a handmade felt this way quite often. As a handmaid, she was little more than a servant, which meant she would always live life in the servant caste. Perhaps she imagined being whisked away by some Prince Charming-or finding riches alongside the road that would change her life. But these things never came to pass; yet, she thrived! Deborah found peace in her existence and enjoyed her work. She was loved by the family she served, and her life provides a lesson for us, even today.

Rebekah was the daughter of Nahor and lived in the land of Mesopotamia. Genesis chapter 24 tells the story of how Rebekah came to marry Abraham's son Isaac, leaving her family home to travel to Canaan with Deborah. Did Deborah have a choice? Likely not. Which meant she was also leaving her home and traveling to a distant land with an unknown future. With such anonymity-she is not even mentioned by name when they departed Mesopotamia-it may be surprising that we read about her today.

Sir Isaac Newton's third law of motion states, “When one body exerts a force on a second body simultaneously exerts a force equal in magnitude and opposite in direction on the first body, “We commonly say it as, “For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.: Serving others can often be a thankless job. As much as we are willing to give, there are always people who are willing to take. Unfortunately, this often means that we take the path of least resistance - it's much easier to do nothing than to serve others.

Thankfully, we live much differently today in Deborah's time. Our feet stay clean when we travel from city to city. New homes are almost guaranteed to have automatic dishwashers. Most of us have clean drinking water that pours from our faucets. Our lawn sprinklers are on automatic timers. Our garage doors raise and lower with the push of a button. We don't even have to get our hands wet to do our laundry. Yet somehow, with all of these advances, we seem to have less time to do what really matters! “Where do I possibly have time to volunteer?”

When we seek to help others, the blessing actually goes both ways. Have you ever helped someone in need? How did it make you feel afterward? In Luke 10:30-37, we find Jesus' parable of a man who fell among thieves. These vile predators stole from him, beat him until he was half dead, and left him lying in the road. A priest saw the man-and continued along his path. A Levite also saw the man, but crossed the street so that he didn't have to get close to the injured man's body. Finally, a Samaritan came by and helped the victim, going above and beyond by putting the man up in a hotel for the night.

Leviticus 19:18 says, “You shall not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of your people, but you shall love your neighbor as yourself: I am the Lord.” Jesus calls the Samaritan man in the story a “neighbor,” someone who loved the injured man as himself (Luke 10:27,36). Jesus was helping the people to understand that serving others joyfully is a big part of how we are to inherit eternal life. There is a reason why Deborah has her place firmly etched into our shared history: She served with purpose! Genesis 35:8 says, “Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, and she was buried below Bethel under the terebinth tree. So the name of it was called Allon Bachuth.” In *Patriarchs and Prophets*, we find additional insight into Deborah's life of service:

“At Bethel, Jacob was called to mourn the loss of one who had long been an honored member of his father's family-Rebekah's nurse, Deborah, who had accompanied her mistress from Mesopotamia to the land of Canaan. The presence of this aged woman had been to Jacob a precious tie that bound him to his early life, and especially to the mother whose love for him had been so strong and tender. Deborah was buried with expressions of so great sorrow that the oak under which her grave was made, was called ‘the oak of weeping.’ It should not be passed unnoticed that the memory of her life of faithful service and of the mourning over this household friend has been accounted worthy to be preserved in the word of God.” (p.206)

The story of Deborah teaches us that a life of service doesn't have to be a life of dread. We are appreciated when we are faithful servants-even if we are not always showered with appreciation. We are each blessed with a fragile life and make our choices each day as to how we will live our precious hours. Serving with distinction isn't just recognized by the people we know; it is recognized in the courts of heaven! By combining the lessons of Deborah's life with the words of Jesus, we get the big-picture understanding that we can and should serve others-not just for their blessing, but for *ours* too.

“Whoever desires to become great among you, let him be your servant. And whoever desires to be first among you, let him be your slave-just as the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give His life a ransom for many.” (Matthew 20: 26-28).

“Do not use liberty as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love serve one another.” (Galatians 5:13).

“As each one has received a gift, minister it to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.” (1 Peter 4:10).



A true story by Catherine Moore (shared by Donna Ernest)

"Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?" Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle. "I saw the car, Dad . Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt. Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts..... dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him? Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon . He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess. The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man. Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing. At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.. My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust. Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue. Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind. But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it. The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain. Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article. I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.. I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon.. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed. Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly. I pointed to the

dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly. As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?" "Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog." I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat be-side me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch.. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad !" I said excitedly. Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house. Anger rose inside me.. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!" Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad ?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw. Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal. It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend church services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet. Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne 's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night.. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night. Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favourite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind. The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.. And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. **"Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it."** "I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said. For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article... Cheyenne 's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter....his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all. Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Lost time can never be found.

God answers our prayers in His time.....not ours

September Birthdays

- 3 - Kay Cheser
- 8 - Sam Smith
- 17 - Brian Waddell
- 19 - Sue Mims
- 20 - Olan Suddeth
- 23 - Makaylynn Sanders
- 24 - Paul Cannon
- 28 - Kay Suddeth

Anniversaries

- 7 - Roy & Brenda Davis 50th
- 14 - Phil & Pamela Jackson
- 25 - Billy & Diane Fulmer

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

SPEAKERS: **Sept:** 1 - Shane Hochstetler, 8 - Pastor Thompson and Baptisms, 15 - Unknown, 22 - Pastor Thompson, 29 - Unknown. **Oct:** 6 - Brian Halley, 13 - Pastor Thompson, 20 - Unknown, 27 - Pastor live streaming from Montgomery Church.

CHURCH BUSINESS MEETING: September 30, Sunday, 8:30am Breakfast, 9:30 Meeting. It would be wonderful if all our church members could attend.



Last months reminiscing: For those of you that knew Clayton Earl, that was back up in North Carolina when he was going to Pisgah or Fletcher and visited with us regularly. Yes, the girl was ME, LOL. So now since Clayton (he left off the Earl except for family) Since some of you might not have remembered my cousin being married to Joyce Campbell, thought I would refresh your minds.

Don't forget you need to share your memories also. Until next month, Brenda

Joyce Campbell shared this with me and I thought it could be a blessing to someone else also. She writes: After a 3-11 shift in the ER, I could hardly wait for my drive home. I used this hour as worship time with tapes, and song. Sometimes I could get a radio station that played religious songs. So one evening I was listening to the radio and "The Brush" was played. When I listed I had a shout this was me. I searched for the music for months because it depicted my lift. I want to share with you what I heard. A total blessing to my soul. This was my life in song.

The Brush—Words and music by Chuck Millhuff
 Life started out like a canvas.

And God started painting on me.
 But I took the paintbrush from Jesus,
 And painted what I wished to see.

The colors I painted kept running,
 And the objects were all out of size.
 I had made a mess of my painting.
 My way seemed so unwise.

So I gave my painting to Jesus,
 All the colors, all the pieces so wrong.
 In the markets of earth It was worthless,
 But His blood made my painting belong.

He worked with no condemnation,
 Never mentioned the mess I had made,
 Then He dipped His brush in the rainbow,
 And he signed it, "The price has been paid."

When I gave THE BRUSH back to Jesus,
 When I gave THE BRUCSH back to Him,
 He started all over life's canvas to fill,
 When I gave to Jesus The Brush of my will.

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 ANIKA CHRISHON—LIFESTYLE EDUCATOR

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Kay's Vegan Cheesecake

Kay 3's Vegan Recipes



Preheat oven to 350, then combine raw cashews and boiling water and set aside for one hour. Line pan with parchment paper

Ingredients:

Crust:

- 1 cup oatmeal
- 1 cup raw almonds
- 1/8 tsp sea salt
- 3 Tbsp brown sugar
- 4 Tbsp coconut (more if needed)

Directions for Crust:

In food processor, combine oatmeal, almonds, salt, brown sugar and process to a fine meal consistency. Add coconut oil beginning with 4 Tbsp and pulse until you can squeeze a little and it forms a dough instead of falling apart...add more oil if needed. Transfer to parchment line pan and spread on bottom Uses flat glass to flatten, pressing firmly until even and well packed with a bit up side. Bake 15 minutes and then turn to 375 and baker 5-10 minutes more til some browning occurs. Remove and allow to cool.

Filling:

- 1 1/2 cups raw cashews 1/1/2 cups boiling water
- 2 cans sweetened condensed coconut milk
- 3 containers Tofutti cream cheese
- 1 1/2 Tbsp Cornstarch
- 1 tsps vanilla
- 1 to 2 Tbl coconut oil
- 1-2 Tbsp lemon juice
- 11/8 tsp salt.
- 1/4 cup coconut or organic sugar

Combine all ingredients in food processor at high speed until very smooth. May add more sweetener if desired. Pour over prepared crust in even layer...tap to remove air bubbles. Bake 50 minutes to one hour until just center remains "jiggly" but not liquidy. (just so you know, I actually baked it 70 minutes and it still seemed jiggly to me, but set as it cooled) Remove and cool on counter for ten minutes. Put in refrigerator uncovered to cool. When cool, cover. Allow to chill 5 or 6 hours or overnight. May top with fruit topping.

ANSWERS to last months quizzes.: Answers: (1). Ecclesiastes 3:1, (2). Proverbs 20:1, (3). Ecclesiastes 12:1, (4). 3rd John (5). Luke (6) Proverbs 15:1, (7). Psalms 133.1, (8). Proverbs 23:7, (9). Song of Solomon 2:16, (10). Job 3:3

1. Vice, 2. Price, 3. Spice, 4.Rice, 5. Advice, 6. Dice, 7.Police, 8. Office, 9. Licorice, 10. Crevice, 11. Icecream, 12. Mice, 13. thrice, 13. splice, 15. Nice, 16. twice, 17. service, 18. lice, 19. device, 20. sacrifice.

- ◆ 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

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