

SOUTH HEIGHTS BAPTIST'S WEEKLY REMINDER

Volume XV

December 8, 2019

Number 47

NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK

10:50 a.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Volunteer Needed!
Cradle Roll 2: Volunteer Needed!
6:30 p.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Volunteer Needed!
Cradle Roll 2: Volunteer Needed!
Wed. Evening Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Shirley White
Cradle Roll 2: Volunteer Needed!

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

Week of December 1, 2019

Sunday School ----- 14
Sunday Morning Service ----- 21
Sunday Evening Service ----- 13
Wed. Evening Service, 12/04/19 ----- 14

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

- Week of December 1, 2019 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 773.64
Total Received for Week of 12/01/19: \$ 773.64

- Week of November 24, 2019 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 223.14
Total Received for Week of 11/24/19: \$ 223.14

- Week of November 17, 2019 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 600.17
Auditorium Air Conditioning Repair Fund ----- \$ 88.25
Total Received for Week of 11/17/19: \$ 688.42

- Week of November 10, 2019 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 1,142.00
Auditorium Air Conditioning Repair Fund ----- \$ 40.00
Total Received for Week of 11/10/19: \$ 1,162.00

- Week of November 3, 2019 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 928.80
Total Received for Week of 11/03/19: \$ 749.04

- Week of October 27, 2019 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 150.25
Total Received for Week of 10/27/19: \$ 150.25

**Average amount of Undesignated Offerings
needed to operate the church EACH WEEK,
as a minimum = \$ 1,400.00**

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SAVED

1. *Admit that you are a sinner.*
2. *Admit that God says all sins must be paid for.*
3. *Accept the fact that Christ took upon Himself the suffering necessary to pay for all your sins.*
4. *You must change your mind about sin and sinning (God calls this repentance).*
5. *By an act of your will, accept by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, who can save you from the penalty of sin. Then, tell God about this in a simple prayer. Believe that God keeps His promise to save you, and thank Him for His salvation.*



Please Remember To Be Faithful To Give!

As with everything else, the costs of keeping a church going never go down - they always go *up*. Bills wait for no one, and churches are no exception to this. An extra, sacrificial gift today by everyone present would go a long way...

We encourage all of our membership to practice obedience to God by being faithful every payday to give back to Him His tithe (10%). *If every family in our church would practice this one simple discipline, we would never have weeks where we have to put off paying some bills until the following week!*

Everything is expensive, especially for a small church like ours, but ours is a BIG God, and He LOVES to bless His children when they are obedient to Him!

If you are already a tither, we thank you, and encourage you to also give offerings as well. If you're currently not tithing, won't you please start *today* - OK? Thank you.

Church Directory

Todd W. White ----- Pastor
Mickie Shatwell ----- Pianist
Lois Mae Floyd ----- Pianist/ Organist
Don Diehl ----- Greeter
Larry Byars ----- S.S. Teacher
Larry & Mary Byars, Don Diehl, Susan Strain ----- Outreach
Bertha Segebart ----- Custodian
Flowers ----- Shirley White



ANGELS ONCE IN A WHILE

Author Unknown

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket.



Their father was gone. The boys ranged from three months to seven years; their sister was two. Their Dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway they would scramble to hide under their beds. He did manage to leave 15 dollars a week to buy groceries. Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either.

If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it. I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress. I loaded them into the rusty old '51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town. No luck. The kids stayed, crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince whomever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck.

The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted into a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour and I could start that night. I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on and the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal. That night when and the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job. And so I started at the Big Wheel. When I got home in the mornings I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money-fully half of what I averaged every night.

As the weeks went by, heating bills added another strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

(continued, inside)



AUDITORIUM AIR CONDITIONER REPAIR FUND

Total Repair Cost, unit repaired 05/17/19 ----- \$ 4,800.00
Amount received thusfar ----- \$ 1,428.72
TOTAL AMOUNT STILL NEEDED TO PAY OFF: \$ 3,371.28

Thank You For Your Generous Help With This Need!

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana? I wondered...

I made a deal with the owner of the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires. I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for them on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too - I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve, the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. These were the truckers - Les, Frank, and Jim, and a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion, and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up. When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, I hurried to the car.

I was hoping the kids wouldn't wake up before I managed to get home and get the presents from the basement and place them under the tree. (We had cut down a small cedar tree by the side of the road down by the dump.) It was still dark and I couldn't see much, but there appeared to be some dark shadows in the car-or was that just a trick of the night? Something certainly looked different, but it was hard to tell what.

When I reached the car, I peered warily into one of the side windows. Then my jaw dropped in amazement. My old battered Chevy was full-full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, scrambled inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat.

Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box: It was full of shirts to go with the jeans.

Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes:

There were candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll.

As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning.

Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December, and they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop.

I BELIEVE IN ANGELS! They live next door, around the corner, work in your office, patrol your neighborhood, call you at midnight to hear you laugh and listen to you cry, teach your children, and you see them everyday without even knowing it!



TWAS' THE NIGHT JESUS CAME

Author Unknown

*Twask' the night Jesus came
and all through the house,
Not a person was praying,
not one in the house.*

*The Bible was left
on the shelf without care,
It's hopes and it's promises
all buried there.*

*The children were dressing
to crawl into bed,
not once ever kneeling
or bowing their head.*

*And Mom in her rocker
with baby on her lap,
was watching the Late Show
while I took a nap.*

*When out of the east
there arose such a clatter,
I sprang to my feet
to see what's the matter.*

*Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
tore open the shutters
and threw up the sash.*

*When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
but Angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.*

*More rapid than eagles,
with lightning they came,
And trumpets proclaiming
and praising his name.*

*The light of His face
made me cover my head,
it was Jesus returning here
just like He'd said.*

*And though I possessed
great wisdom and wealth,
I cried when I saw Him
in spite of myself.*

*In the Book of Life
which he held in his hand,*

*was written the name
of every saved man.*

*He spoke not a word
as he searched for my name,
when He said "it's not here"
My head hung in shame.*

*The people who's names were written with love,
He gathered to take to his Father above.*

*And then in a twinkling
they rose without sound,
All of His chosen
were now Heaven bound.*

*I fell to my knees
but it was too late,
I waited too long
thus sealing my fate.*

*I stood and I cried
as they rose out of sight,
Oh, if only I'd know
that this was the night.*

*And then I awoke,
this dream,such a fright.
Twask' the night BEFORE Jesus came*

There's still time to get right!



NEWS OF INTEREST TO CHRISTIANS

by Evangelist David Cloud

9 BEWARE OF MEDITATION COLORING BOOKS - I received the following question from a reader:

“Our children have been receiving coloring books and coloring pages from relatives and friends at church which we’re not sure about. Some have told us they’re great for relieving headaches and just fun to do. **Abeka** has also put coloring pages with this type of theme in the **3rd grade Arithmetic Test** books. They used to have an animal or some cute picture to color after speed drills were completed, *but now they’ve switched to these objects and patterns.* We started researching these types of coloring books and are alarmed to see the association with meditation and Buddhism. While the pages themselves may or may not be evil, they definitely lead down a wrong path. We’ve discarded any books or pages. Because of your location and knowledge of cultures in the east, we were wondering if you know any details about these coloring pages.”

REPLY FROM BROTHER CLOUD: This is the first I have heard about coloring books using mandalas, but the mandala is strictly pagan in origin and purpose. They are used in Hinduism and Buddhism, and especially in Tibetan Buddhism, which is highly occultic. Tibetan Buddhism uses mandalas (circle) as symbols of the enlightened mind (nirvana) and the path to it. (In

Hinduism, yantra is a similar concept.) There are endless forms and interpretations. “The mandala represents in visual form the core essence of the Vajrayana teachings.” One popular mandala is the Five Buddhas, representing the various paths to enlightenment.

The mandala is a meditation tool. The practitioner meditates “to the point of saturation, such that the image of the mandala becomes fully internalised in even the minutest detail and can then be summoned and contemplated at will as a clear and vivid visualized image.”

“Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you. And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”
- II Corinthians 6:17-18

9 MR. ROGERS, THE NICE CHRISTIAN - A *Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood*, starring Tom Hanks, depicts the life of Fred Rogers, a Presbyterian minister who was famous for the children’s television program Mr. Rogers.

He was “Mr. Nice” personified. He was always positive. He never condemned or offended anyone. He never called anyone a sinner, never commanded anyone to repent or perish, never warned of destruction. He had his own code of personal morality, but he didn’t judge anyone else’s.

His most famous line was “*Won’t you be my neighbor?*” In fact, he didn’t even mention God on his program. Even *The Daily Beast*, an ultra-liberal, leftist, pro-abortion, pro-homosexual rights, pro-socialist news site, praises Mr. Rogers for his “niceness” in the report “Finally, Something Nice: Tom Hanks Playing Mr. Rogers May Save Us All” (Nov. 18, 2019). ***But the reason why Mr. Rogers’ Christianity appealed even to some atheists is that it was false.*** The true Jesus is far more loving than Mr. Rogers’ Jesus and also far more holy and just and righteous. The true Jesus is love incarnate, but He is not Mr. Nice by man’s standards.

The true Jesus doesn’t smile at sin or overlook sin. He suffered and died for sin to make the atonement required by God’s holy law for sinners to be saved. He doesn’t offer “universal” salvation or preach the Fatherhood of God. He says, ***“Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God,”*** and He repeated it for emphasis (John 3:3, 7). The true Jesus isn’t all-positive, all-accepting. The true Jesus doesn’t preach heaven for all. The true Jesus called men evil (Luke 11:13). The true Jesus called some men fools and blind, full of hypocrisy and iniquity, serpents, generation of vipers (Matthew 23:13-33).

This generation is in love with a false christ. It is the Hillsong christ, the Joel Osteen smiley-face christ. But it is an idol that is not real and cannot save and will be an eternal disappointment. ÷