

SOUTH HEIGHTS BAPTIST'S WEEKLY REMINDER

Volume XXIII

December 17, 2017

Number 45

NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK

10:50 a.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Mary Byars
Cradle Roll 2: Larry Byars
6:30 p.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Kristi Hooper
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 10, 2017 -

Sunday School ----- 21
Sunday Morning Service ----- 37
Sunday Evening Service ----- 22
Wed. Eve. Service, 12/13/17 ----- 21

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

- Week of December 10, 2017 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 1,351.00
Total Received for Week of 12/10/17: \$ 1,351.00

- Week of December 3, 2017 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 1,431.05
Total Received for Week of 12/03/17: \$ 1,431.05

- Week of November 26, 2017 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 425.06
Total Received for Week of 11/26/17: \$ 425.06

- Week of November 19, 2017 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 771.02
Total Received for Week of 11/19/17: \$ 771.02

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
NEED VOLUNTEER!!!! ----- Greeter
Shayne Hooper, Brian Crawford, Charity Crawford, LeAnna White -- S.S. Teachers
Larry & Mary Byars, ----- Outreach
Bertha Segebarrt ----- Custodian
Flowers ----- Shirley White, Charity Crawford

The Tablecloth



A brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn, arrived in early October, excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve. They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc. and, on December 18, were ahead of schedule and just about finished.

On December 19, a terrible rainstorm hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 6'x 8' fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high. The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home.

On the way, he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity; so he stopped in.

One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time, it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hanger, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area.

Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet. "Pastor," she asked, "where did you get that tablecloth? The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, EBG were crocheted into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten the tablecloth.

The woman explained that before the war, she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. She was captured, sent to prison and never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth; but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home, that was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a house cleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return.

One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to the one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war, and how could there be two tablecloths so alike? He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety, and he was supposed to follow her; but he was arrested and put in prison. He never saw his wife or his home again or all the 35 years in between.

The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride.

They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

- Author Unknown

NEEDED!



DOORKEEPER FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD



Angels Once in Awhile

- 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.

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!



NEWS OF INTEREST TO CHRISTIANS

9 CHILDREN BAD FOR THE ENVIRONMENT - In an opinion piece for NBC News, Travis Rieder presents a case that the number of children should be restricted in order to save the world from climate change. He writes, "A startling and honestly distressing view is beginning to receive serious consideration in both academic and popular discussions of climate change ethics. According to this view, having a child is a major contributor to climate change. The logical takeaway here is that everyone on Earth ought to consider having few children" ("Science Proves Kids Are Bad for Earth," NBC News, Nov. 15, 2017). A couple of years ago, the Boston Globe ran an article entitled "Here's why China's one-child policy was a good thing" by Sarah Conly. The thesis is that world population is increasing too rapidly and "trying to support this many people will bring about environmental disaster."

This crowd has been predicting disaster since Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, but Carson was a false prophet, and the doomsayers who have followed in her misguided footsteps are also false prophets. There is climate change, but it is not disastrous. Their gloomy predictions fail, but instead of admitting error and apologizing, they rush to issue yet another prediction of doom. One thing this crowd has in common is a strongly-held philosophy of evolution. They believe the universe, including man, happened by chance. But this would mean that there is no ultimate purpose in life, and no absolute basis for "ethics." Talk of "ethics" by evolutionists is a ridiculous exercise in vanity. If the earth evolved, it is a meaningless sphere in a meaningless universe populated by meaningless creatures. It will die one way or the other, why not by global warming? The opinion piece by Rieder is published by a segment of NBC News called "Think."

We would challenge them to think much deeper. It is impossible to understand life apart from a knowledge of the Creator as revealed in Scripture. There we find the truth that **"the earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein"** (Psalm 24:1).

You Can Help Medical Missionary Dr. Greg Waller Giving To Our Christmas Missionary Offering Through Our CHRISTMAS MISSIONARY POST OFFICE!

Every year, our membership takes an offering for missions by giving to the Christmas Missionary Offering in an unusual way. Instead of sending Christmas cards to other church members through the regular mail, our members are encouraged to bring their cards to the **Christmas Missionary Post Office** which is located in the foyer where they can place them in the appropriate mailbox, and deposit the money they would normally spend on postage in the lockbox on the side of the post office.

It's a great way to remember your fellow church members at Christmas AND help missionaries at the same time! Don't forget to bring your cards!