

SOUTH HEIGHTS BAPTIST'S WEEKLY

REMINDER

Volume XX

December 20, 2015

Number 46

NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK

10:50 a.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Mary Byars
 Cradle Roll 2: Larry Byars
 Sun. Eve. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Piper Quinnelly
 Cradle Roll 2: Ryan Quinnelly
 Wed. Eve. Service ----- No Service This Week

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

Week of December 13, 2015

Sunday School ----- 20
 Sunday Morning Service ----- 32
 Sunday Evening Service ----- 17
 No Service, Wed., 12/16/15 due to heating problems.

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

Week of December 13, 2015

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 2,398.00
 Total Received for Week of 12/13/15: \$ 2,398.00

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

LISTEN TO -



ABIDINGRADIO.COM

AUDITORIUM AIR CONDITIONER FUND -

Amount For Entire Project ----- \$5,000.00
 Amount Received So Far ----- \$ 85.00
 Total STILL NEEDED to pay off: \$4,915.00

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



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.

(continued, inside)

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!



**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!

Only One Life

*It matters so little
How much you may own,
The places you've been
or the people you've known.
For it all comes to nothing
when placed at His feet.
It's nothing to Jesus,
- just memories to keep.
You may take all the treasures
From far away lands.
Take all the riches
you can hold in your hands.
And take all the pleasures
that money can buy,
But what will you have,
- when it's your time to die?
Only one life!
- so soon it will pass!
Only what's done
for Christ will last!
Only one chance to do His will!
So give to Jesus all your days,
it's the only life that pays,
When you recall -
You have but one life!
The days pass so swiftly,
the months come and go.
The years melt away,
like new fallen snow.
Spring turns to summer,
summer to fall.
Autumn brings winter,
then death comes to call.
Only one life!
- so soon it will pass!
Only what's done
for Christ will last!
Only one chance to do His will!
So give to Jesus all your days,
it's the only life that pays,
When you recall -
You have but one life!*

I'M SPENDING CHRISTMAS WITH JESUS CHRIST THIS YEAR

*I see the countless Christmas trees
around the world below;
With tiny lights like Heaven's stars
reflecting on the snow.
The sight is so spectacular -
please wipe away that tear;
For I am spending Christmas
with Jesus Christ this year.
I hear the many Christmas songs
that people hold so dear;
But the sounds of music can't compare
with the Christmas Choir up here.
For I have no words to tell you
the joy their voices bring;
It is beyond description
to hear the angels sing.
I know how much you miss me,
but please remember dear,
That I am spending Christmas
with Jesus Christ this year.
I cannot tell you of the splendor
of the peace inside this place;
Can you just imagine Christmas
with Our Saviour, face to face?
I will ask Him to light your spirit
as I tell Him of your love;
So pray for one another
as you lift your eyes above.
Please let your hearts be joyful
and let your spirit sing;
For I spending Christmas in Heaven
and walking with the King!*