

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

- Week of December 4, 2022 -

Sunday Morning Service	29
Sunday Evening Service	18
Wednesday Eve., 12/07/22 Service	13

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

- Week of December 4, 2022 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 1,849.22
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 12/04/22:	\$ 1,849.22

- Week of November 27, 2022 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 1,254.90
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 11/27/22:	\$ 1,254.90

- Week of November 20, 2022 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 1,572.90
Lighting for church street sign	\$ 25.00
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 11/20/22:	\$ 1,597.90

- Week of November 13, 2022 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 1,967.75
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 11/13/22:	\$ 1,967.75

- Week of November 6, 2022 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 2,230.31
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 11/06/22:	\$ 2,230.31

Average amount of Undesignated Offerings needed for church operating expenses EACH WEEK, as a minimum = \$ 1,400.00



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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.



THANK YOU For Your Continued Faithfulness In Giving!

During the early part this pandemic, we were unable to meet in the church-house. But - that did not mean that the expenses of having a church-house were suspended. We still had bills to pay - electricity, gas, water, trash pickup, phone, internet, facility insurance, copier lease, office supplies, etc., and, praise the Lord, His people kept praying, watching online, & supporting their church with their giving.

Sadly, some people only give when they are in attendance at church - sort of like paying for "services rendered" - but the truth is that they are robbing **THEMSELVES** of God's blessings when they withhold their tithes and offerings and only give when they are here (see Malachi 3:10). Thankfully, most of our people have remained faithful, in so many ways, during this crisis, including financially.

WE HAVE 3 WAYS YOU CAN GIVE:

1. **By mail** - 23 East Wells Blvd., Sapulpa, OK 74066
2. **Drop it off** - call the Church Office to arrange it. 224-1924
3. **Online** - Go to the link below and give electronically:

<https://tithe.ly/give?c=433047>

**WE ARE GLAD WE CAN NOW GATHER TOGETHER TO PRAISE GOD & STUDY HIS WORD TOGETHER IN THE CHURCH-HOUSE!
YOUR FAITHFUL AND GENEROUS GIFTS WILL HELP US KEEP UP WITH THE BILLS AND CONTINUE OUR RENEWED OUTREACH EFFORTS!**

Church Directory

Todd W. White	Pastor
Lois Mae Floyd	Pianist/ Organist
Mickie Shatwell	Evening Pianist
Derek Quinnelly	Greeter
Larry & Mary Byars	Outreach
Bertha Segebart	Custodian
GinaMarie Shufelt	Flowers
Seth White	Sound/Video

**SOUTH HEIGHTS BAPTIST'S WEEKLY
REMINDER**

Volume XXVIII

December 11, 2022

Number 49



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)

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 knelt 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

□ **UNION SEMINARY TEACHING STUDENTS TO "THINK AND FEEL WITH TREES"** - Union Seminary in New York City is teaching students how to communicate with trees. In the course Master of Arts in Social Justice for 2023-24, taught by Claudio Carvalhaes, students learn to "think and feel with other species, with the trees, with the soil, with the rivers" and "how do we connect with those other species in our communities and how to create ritual to honor them?" (@UnionSeminary, Nov. 29, 2022).

In a chapel service in 2019, Union students asked forgiveness of some plants that had been set up in the auditorium. From its official account, the school tweeted, "Today in chapel, we confessed to plants. Together, we held our grief, joy, regret, hope, guilt and sorrow in prayer; offering them to the beings who sustain us but whose gift we too often fail to honor. What do you confess to the plants in your life?" (@UnionSeminary, Sept. 17, 2019).

This is the final stage of theological liberalism. It leads to

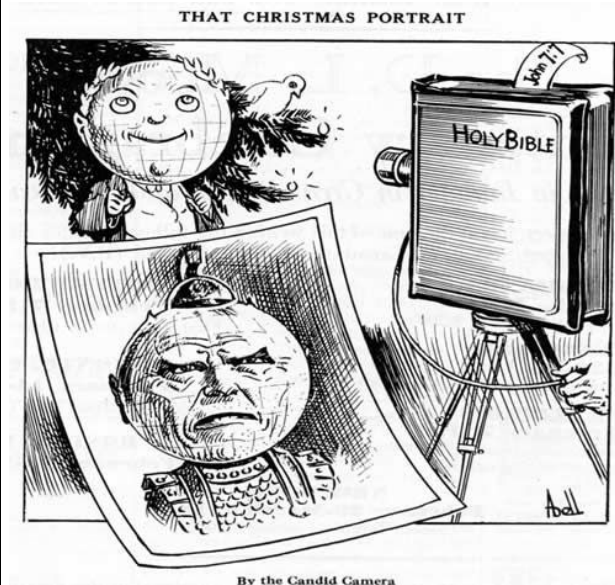
atheism and pantheism. Union Seminary was founded in 1836 by the Presbyterian Church in the USA; but by the end of the 19th century, it was roaring drunk on liberal theology, the essence of which is the rejection of the Bible's infallibility.

In January 1891, Charles Briggs attacked the Bible in his inaugural address at Union Seminary after being appointed to the Edward Robinson Chair of Biblical Theology. He questioned the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and one-Isaiah authorship of Isaiah. He questioned the Bible's miracles. He claimed that the doctrine of verbal inspiration is a "barrier" that hinders a proper approach to the Bible. He denied Scripture's predictive prophecy. He claimed that the doctrine of inerrancy is "a ghost of modern evangelicalism to frighten children" (Jabez Sunderland, *Is the Bible Infallible?*, 1906).

When Briggs was found guilty of heresy and suspended from the ministry by the Presbyterian Church in 1893, Union Seminary stood behind their heretic and broke away from the Presbyterians. In 1897, Union professor A.C. McGiffert published *A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age*, in which he denied the supernatural inspiration of Scripture and "questioned the genuineness of half the books in the New Testament." McGiffert implied that the Lord Jesus was mistaken in some of His views and denied the doctrine of Christ's substitutionary atonement.

In 1931, Henry Sloane Coffin, President-Emeritus of Union Seminary, wrote, "There is no cleansing blood which can wipe out the record of what has been.... The Cross of Christ is not a means of procuring forgiveness" (Coffin, *The Meaning of the Cross*, pp. 118-121).

When the Bible's infallible inspiration is rejected, one is driven about by every wind of false doctrine. ***"Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away" (II Timothy 3:5).***



By the Candid Camera