

### AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

- Week of December 18, 2022 -

Sunday Morning Service -----	29
Sunday Evening Service -----	18
Wednesday Eve., 12/21/22 Service -----	11

### AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

- Week of December 18, 2022 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings -----	\$ 1,037.22
<b>TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 12/18/22: \$</b>	<b>1,037.22</b>

- Week of December 11, 2022 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings -----	\$ 4,742.90
<b>TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 12/11/22: \$</b>	<b>4,742.90</b>

- Week of December 4, 2022 -

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

- Week of November 27, 2022 -

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

- Week of November 20, 2022 -

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

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



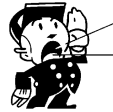
### LISTEN TO -



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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 25, 2022

Number 51



## The Man and the Birds

by the late Paul Harvey

*For many, many years, at 12:00 noon on Christmas Day wherever Paul Harvey's program was played on the radio, he would tell this story in such a dynamic way that it was sure to touch the heart of any person who listened to it. Here is a transcription of the script of that broadcast.*

Unable to trace its proper parentage, I have designated this as My Christmas Story, of "*The Man and the Birds*".

Now, **you** know, "The" Christmas story - "God born a man in a manger", and all that, but it escapes some moderns. Mostly, I think, because they seek complex answers to their questions, and this one is so utterly simple. So, for the cynics and the skeptics and the unconvinced, I submit a modern parable -

Now - the man to whom I'm going to introduce you was not a Scrooge - he was a kind, decent, mostly good man. Generous to his family, upright in his dealings with other men, but he just didn't believe all that incarnation stuff which the churches proclaim at Christmas time. It just didn't make sense, and he was too honest to pretend otherwise. He just couldn't swallow the Jesus story about God coming to earth as a man.

"I'm truly sorry to distress you", he told his wife, "but I'm not going with you to church this Christmas Eve", he said he'd feel like a hypocrite, that he'd much rather just stay at home, but that he would wait up for them. So - he stayed, and they went to the midnight service.

Shortly after the family drove away in the car, snow began to fall. He went to the window to watch the flurries getting heavier and heavier and then went back to his fireside chair and began to read his newspaper. Minutes later, he was startled by a thudding sound.... then another, and then another - - - sort of a thump or a thud. At first, he thought someone must be throwing snowballs against his living room window. But when he went to the front door to investigate, he found a flock of birds huddled miserably in the snow. They had been caught in the storm and in a desperate search for shelter, had tried to fly through his large landscape window.

Well, he couldn't let the poor creatures lie there and freeze, so he remembered the barn where his children stabled their pony - that would provide a warm shelter if he could direct the birds to it. Quickly, he put on a coat and goulashes, tramped through the deepening snow to the barn.

He opened the doors wide and turned on the light....but the birds did not come in. He figured **food** would entice them in, so he hurried back to the house, fetched bread crumbs, sprinkled them on the snow making a trail the yellow lighted, wide open door to the stable. But to his dismay, the birds ignored the bread crumbs and continued to flop around helplessly in the snow. He tried catching them. He tried "shooing" them into the barn by walking around them waving his arms. Instead, they scattered in every direction **except** into the warm lighted barn.

(continued inside)

Then he realized that *they were afraid of him.*

*“To them,”* he reasoned, *“I am a strange and terrifying creature. If only I could let them know that they can trust me - that I’m not trying to hurt them, but to help them. But how?”* Because any move he made tended to frighten them, confuse them. They just *would not follow.* They would not be led, or “shooed” because they feared him.

*“If only I could be a bird”,* he thought to himself *“and mingle with them and speak their language - THEN I could tell them not to be afraid. Then I could show them the way to the safe warm. . . . .”*

*. . . . . to the safe warm barn, but I would have to be one of them so they could see, and hear, and understand.”*



At that moment, the church bells began to ring. The sound reached his ears above the sounds of the wind and the snow, and he stood there listening to the bells, *Adeste Fidelis*....listening to the bells - - - - pealing

the glad tidings of Christmas,

*And he sank to his knees in the snow.....*



## *“I Almost Missed A Christmas Miracle”*

**BETHLEHEM - MAY, 2000** - The excitement was building. We were standing in the Shepherd’s Fields just outside of Bethlehem. We were ready to go into the Shepherd’s Caves and sing Christmas Carols. Some members of the tour group had done it with me on previous trips. For others, it was their first time - but everyone was excited. Bethlehem... Christmas Carols... Shepherd’s Caves... *Who wouldn’t be excited?* We had always done it. We had always sung carols in the caves. Why? Because once you did it, you were never the same. After my first time, I was never the same. So, I had planned it so that everyone else could experience it, too. My plans were about to be fulfilled. We would sing Christmas carols inside the Shepherd’s Caves in the hills of Bethlehem.

There was a problem. It was crowded. The year 2000 had bought more groups than ever to Israel. The Shepherd’s Caves were full! We waited... and waited... No groups were leaving the caves. Our time was growing short. We were about to miss out on the chance to sing Christmas carols in those caves. I was

disappointed. I knew what a blessing our group was about to miss.

I expressed my disappointment to God. *“God, we’ve always sung in the caves. No one is ever the same after they do! We have to do it, Lord. We’ve always done it that way. If we don’t, our group will miss out on the blessing of Bethlehem. Can’t you work it out to open one of the caves for us?”*

None of the other groups left the caves. We didn’t get to sing carols in the Shepherd’s Caves. Disappointed, I led the group to the top of the hill - to a small chapel called “The Chapel of the Angels.” We would sing there - but I knew it wouldn’t be the same. It couldn’t be, because we had always done it only one way.

Once inside the “Chapel of the Angels”, we started singing carols. Most of the group had tears in their eyes as we sang “Silent Night”. For them, Christmas already had a new meaning.

**A MIRACLE!** Then, it happened. A group from Germany entered the chapel. While we were singing “Silent Night” in English, they started singing it in German. Two other groups entered as well. There were now four groups singing Christmas Carols. Every time I started our group in a song, we were joined by an “International Choir” singing in German, French and Spanish!!!

There was not a dry eye in the chapel. Everyone called it a “Christmas” miracle. I almost missed out on that “Christmas Miracle” - me, the “spiritual leader” of the group. Why? Because I was so intent on doing it the way we’d always done it. If we didn’t follow the same traditions of Bethlehem that we’d always followed, I just knew that we wouldn’t be blessed.

**What about you?** Does God have a special blessing or a miracle for you this Christmas? If you’re so intent on making sure that you follow the same traditions, that you do exactly the same things that you always do each Christmas, you may miss out on a special blessing or a Christmas miracle.

Two thousand years ago, the people of Bethlehem were doing things the way they’d always done them. People were working, shopping, visiting and worshipping. Due to the census, extended families from far-away places had returned home and were visiting with their friends and families - swapping gifts and memories. In the midst of their traditional way of doing things, God preformed the greatest miracle of all - the birth of his Son, Jesus Christ. With the exception of some shepherds, the introduction of God’s Son went unnoticed. Don’t miss out on a miracle this Christmas just because *“We’ve never done it that way before.”*

*- by David Langerfel*



## *The Will of God*

*The will of God will never take you,  
Where the grace of God cannot keep you,  
Where the arms of God cannot support you,  
Where the riches of God cannot supply your needs,  
Where the power of God cannot endow you.*

*The will of God will never take you,  
Where the Spirit of God cannot work through you,  
Where the wisdom of God cannot teach you,  
Where the army of God cannot protect you,  
Where the hands of God cannot mold you.*

*The will of God will never take you,  
Where the love of God cannot enfold you,  
Where the mercies of God cannot sustain you,  
Where the peace of God cannot calm your fears,  
Where the authority of God cannot overrule for you.*

*The will of God will never take you,  
Where the comfort of God cannot dry your tears,  
Where the Word of God cannot feed you,  
Where the miracles of God cannot be done for you,  
Where the omnipresence of God cannot find you.*

*Everything happens for a purpose. We may not see the wisdom of it all now, but trust and believe in the Lord that everything is for the best.*

*- Unknown*



## *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*