

Community Christian Center

The Word
Fellowship
Prayer

The Good Tidings Newsletter



A Report on the Revival at CCC

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KENNETH CLOWDUS, PASTOR

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Pastor's Corner

This month featuring *Senior Pastor Ken Clowdus* -taken from a previous edition of the Good Tidings

Where there are no oxen the crib is clean. Proverbs 14:4
When we were remodeling, and building our facilities in



1991 and 1992 the job site became littered with lumber, scraps of material and tools not being used at the moment along with all sorts of debris. It was generally a mess. Thankfully, Foster faithfully put things in order and swept up at the end of the day and gave us a clean work place to start the next day, but as the day went by it really looked ugly. I remember when we were taking the old building down to 10 feet, digging under

the old foundations to strengthen them, and getting it ready for a second floor, we were literally tying it together from side to side to keep the walls from falling over. Neighbors would sometimes stop by and say, "What are you doing to that poor old building?" Now everything is clean and our modest facilities are used daily, sometimes by several groups; again thanks to Foster and others it always looks good and provides a comfortable atmosphere to worship the Lord.

Our walk with God is much the same process. Often we must go through a messy period of our lives in which all aspects of it are in disarray. It is in these times that God builds a new structure. He might remove some structural timbers in our lives and replace them with new ones. He might even add on another room. And unless this process takes place, we will never see the end product. The goal is more Christ likeness. In order to achieve this in us, He requires a period of removing all that is not of Him. It can be a painful process. We can sometimes forget in newer Christians there is a total renovation going on in their lives and the Lord calls us to be patient while he is doing His work.

It would be impossible to keep oxen in a barn without having to clean up the mess from time to time. It just comes with the territory, but the result of the oxen is an abundant harvest. God may be allowing a mess in order to ensure a fruitful harvest in your life. Learn from Him so that you might experience the fulfillment of His purposes for you in these times.

Partially adopted from Os Hillman's, "Embracing the Mess".

Happy Resurrection Day



An Indian, an Okie and an Ethiopian



All are greatly anointed men of God
Dr. Punraj is from Bihar, India
Pastor Ken is from backwoods, Oklahoma
and **Pastor Enrico Giorgio** is originally from Ethiopia
It's amazing - this family of God that we belong to. We have brothers and sisters all over the globe - wonderful men and women of God. Last month, CCC was blessed to have Dr. Punraj, a missionary from India, give his testimony, and it blessed us so much to see how God is using him to evangelize Bihar, India. We also had an honored visitor who is originally from Ethiopia but now pastors the Ethiopian Christian Fellowship in Los Angeles. His wife Marie was the speaker at our women's meeting this month. We are blessed - so blessed to belong to such a wonderfully diverse and powerful group of people.
Editor's Note: I got permission from Pastor Ken to use the title.

God is our Helper

Zeda Stade tells of a miracle that happened to her. She was at the Post Office and accidentally locked herself out of her van with the motor running. She went around the van and tried to open every single door, but, to her dismay, they were all locked. She didn't know what to do so she called the police who said they did not provide that service anymore. She rechecked the doors and went to the back gate to try to open it again. This time it opened just fine. She climbed in through the back, crawled up to the driver's seat and was able to drive away. She thanks God for that miracle. God helps us with both big and small problems.

Psalms 121:2 *My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth.* NIV

Kitchen Korner

...from the kitchen of *Dee Paraspolo*

Eyewitness to Palm Sunday: The Triumphal Entry
by *Dr. Ralph F. Wilson* (edited)

When those Jesus-followers began to untie Sarai, our young donkey, they acted just like they owned her. They didn't look around to see if it was all right. They just began to untie her. Father popped out of the house. "Hey, what do you think you're doing?" he yelled.

They stopped, startled, but my dad didn't stop until he was three inches from the face of the older disciple. "I asked you a question!" he shouted into the man's face.

"We, uh, our Master told us it would be all right," he stammered.

"Jesus," said the other. "Jesus said to tell you that he needs it."

Father suddenly relaxed, stepped back, and put his hand out in welcome. "Jesus." A smile flickered across his face. Then my father began to untie our older donkey. "You'll like this one better," he said. "He's used to people and pretty steady. The other's just a youngster. We haven't broken her yet. She'd be a bit frisky, I'd wager."

"Jesus specified the younger, unriden donkey," was the response. "I don't know why."

Dad cracked a big smile and said, "Sure, whatever you say. You did right by coming here," he continued. "I told Jesus that whatever I own is his if he needs it. It's my pleasure." He handed the reins to the disciple.

I couldn't keep quiet. "Father!" I blurted out. "Father, could I go along? I'll bring the colt back so it won't be any trouble to Jesus or his disciples. "Please . . ."

"He can come along with us," said the disciple. "We'll keep an eye on him. Maybe he can help quiet the colt."

"Okay, but you mind, now!" said Dad.

Jesus was just outside of town, waiting with his disciples and a whole crowd of pilgrims. The disciples brought the donkey to the Master. I held the lead rope as Jesus put a small blanket over its back and slid his leg over. As soon as his weight settled on Sarai, she raised her front hooves off the ground and would have bucked Jesus off if he hadn't patted her and said something low and comforting. She settled down immediately and carried him with a certain quiet majesty. We started along the road to Jerusalem, which led right through my town of Bethphage. I was leading Sarai who carried Jesus, followed by hundreds of people. Boy, was I proud!

Now, a Rabbi in the crowd began reciting from memory a prophecy from Zechariah, "Rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Zion! Shout, Daughter of Jerusalem! See, your king comes to you, righteous and having salvation, gentle and riding on a donkey, on a colt, the foal of a donkey."

With the mention of the word "King" a call went up that was to be a constant cry for the rest of this procession: "Hosanna! Son of David! Save us." "Hosanna!" went up the shout. "Son of David!" Soon I was shouting, it too. "O Lord, Hosanna! O Lord, Hosanna!" The pilgrims continued to sing as we approached the Holy City: "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. From the house of the Lord we bless you. The Lord is God, and he has made his light shine upon us. With boughs in hand, join in the festal procession up to the horns of the altar."

The road climbed a slight rise, and suddenly the city of Jerusalem spread out before us in all its beauty; the gold of the temple glimmering in the distance. I would look back at Jesus.

He seemed oblivious to it. "Sad" is the word that comes to mind. He seemed all alone in the center of this jubilant multitude.

The singing and the panorama of the city stirred the people more. Some began to pull foliage from palms along the way. They waved the branches and shouted, "Hosanna." Then they laid the palms down on the road. Others threw their cloaks on the road for Jesus to ride over. "Hail, to the Son of David!" they shouted. "Hosanna! King!" "Messiah is coming!" shouted one.

"Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!" "Hosanna! Son of David!"

Pharisees were in the multitude, too. They weren't shouting, but mumbling to one another. They considered this display as bordering on blasphemy. Seeing the growing fervor of the crowds, one yelled to Jesus so all could hear, "Teacher, rebuke your disciples."

"I tell you," Jesus answered, "if these people were silent, the very stones would cry out."

They fumed at his answer. I could hear them shout to one another, "We're getting no where." But the crowds surged by them, ignoring them.

Now, the road turned, and the city walls seemed to rise above us so we had to look up to see their heights. Jesus signaled for me to wait a moment so I stopped Sarai. The crowd somehow sensed a pause and a hush of awe seemed to come over them. As I watched Jesus, I began to see tears run down his face and bury themselves in his beard. The Teacher was weeping. Jesus was crying. I heard him speaking quietly. At first I thought he was talking to his disciples. Then I realized he was speaking to the city itself. Quietly, longingly, tearfully, sadly, personally, almost like a broken-hearted father might plead with a rebellious child:

"If you, even you, had only known on this day what would bring you peace -- but now it is hidden from your eyes. The days will come upon you when your enemies . . . will not leave one stone on another, because you did not recognize the time of God's coming to you."

I didn't understand it then. None of us did. But less than forty years later the Romans lay siege to the city and destroyed it; just as Jesus had foretold. We were at the gate now and Jesus was dismounting. Sarai held still. I looked at Jesus -- stared, I guess you might say.

Amidst the crowd's fervor he continued to weep. As the crowd now moved with him into the temple, I could see him still. I waved. Among all the waving hands and palm branches he didn't wave back. He just nodded and I could see his lips form the words, "Thank you, Jacob." Then he turned and disappeared into the temple. Thank you, Jesus, I thought. Thank you.

I held Sarai's rope until the crowds had passed and the road was mostly clear. Then, slowly I led her up the long grade back to Bethphage. I thought of his tears, his tears for me and mine, for my family and my people. And as I walked I chanted, step after step, as I trudged up the hill. It began as a chant anyway and ended as a kind of prayer. "Hosanna! Son of David. Hosanna! Son of David. Hosanna! Save us! Save us, indeed. Save us from our sins! Save us from our sins! Amen."

Note by Dr. Wilson: This short story is fictional, but based on the accounts of the triumphal entry in each of the four gospels: Matthew 21:1-9; Mark 11:1-10; Luke 19:29-38; and John 12:12-15, Zechariah 9:9, Psalm 118:25-27 and Luke 19:42-44.



A Memory

by Sharon Johnson

When I worked at the prison as an RN on a psychiatric unit, I was able to talk to the prisoner/patients in their cells through the windows. At that time the windows were made of wire mesh so communication was rather easy. There was one prisoner who was hearing voices constantly. His mind was intact, but the voices were relentlessly telling him he was no good and that he should kill himself, etc. He was being tormented by them.

I believe I either led him in the sinner's prayer or established he was Christian, I can't remember which. But then I told him that the voices have no right to speak to him because he belonged to God. I also told him that in the name of Jesus, he could tell the voices to leave him and that they had to go. I explained that all authority was given to Jesus by God and that He gave that authority to us. The patient told me he would do it. This happened on a Friday and I had the week-end off.

That night as I tried to sleep, I felt an evil presence in my bedroom. I told it to go in the name of Jesus. But it didn't go. It was a miserable night as I fought whatever evil spirits were bothering me until 4 A.M. when they finally left me alone.

I couldn't understand why they didn't go immediately and I asked many people about this. No one could give me an answer except maybe I was doing something wrong - but I couldn't think of what that was.

When I went back to work, I could hardly wait to ask the patient if he was still hearing the voices or had they gone in the authority of Jesus' name. When I approached his cell, he stood at the far end of the cell, as far away from me as possible and he fearfully said, "The voices are telling me not to come near you and not to listen to anything you say."

I suddenly realized why I had that long, miserable night. It was to remind me that evil spirits think they can wear you down and that you will give up fighting them in Jesus name, so that they can win. I told him that. I said, "You must never give up. They will go - they have to go, but they have to believe that there is no chance you will give up."

That very day the patient was transferred to another prison and I thought that I would never know what happened.

A few months later I received a letter from the other prison. I couldn't figure out who would be writing me, but it was from that prisoner. He said that he did take

authority over the evil spirits telling them to go in Jesus' name...and the voices had left him. He said he was going to Bible studies and reading his Bible and that he felt happy and delivered. He then gave me the best compliment I ever received, he said, "I wish the whole world was filled up with people like you." I wish the whole world was filled up with followers of Jesus Christ, too.

P.S. I may have written about this before, but I believe it bears repeating because the enemy is prowling around seeking whom he may devour - we have to know that he has no power over us, Christians. This really happened.

Just a side note - the authorities had to install heavy duty glass on the cell doors because of the increased incidence of the prisoners throwing urine and feces at the guards and other prison staff as they passed by. It was called "gassing." I was never gassed but I was spit on once. A prisoner said so politely, "Nurse I would like to talk to you." I went over to hear what he had to say and then kaplowey - he spit on me. There was just a little bit of spittle on my face which I promptly scrubbed off at the sink, but it didn't feel too good all the same.

Editor's Note; I have heard people say that they argue with voices they hear. After working with people who had that problem I can tell you with conviction: **Never** engage in conversation with any voice or evil spirit, the only thing to be said is, "Go, in the name of Jesus," or words to that effect.

WOMEN'S MEETING



Marie Giorgio was the speaker at the Women's Meeting last month. She is the daughter of Pastor Walter La Pointe and the wife of Pastor Enrico Giorgio. She gave a terrific message on the topic of sin using Roman's 6 to base it on. She said

we can be instruments of God or Instruments of sin. She used Mr. Potato Heads to demonstrate how sin can disable you; they lost their eyes, ears and feet when they looked at the wrong things, listened to the wrong things and went to the wrong places. The presentation was delightful.



A Miracle

by Sharon Johnson

This happened many years ago when my son, Chad, was about three years old. I was working full time and raising him alone. I was called at work to pick him up from the preschool because he was running a high temperature. I made a doctor's appointment and was off to pick up Chad.

It was a hot day and I was frazzled. I went home first, I can't remember why now, but as I was rushing to leave so I could get him to the doctor, I could not find my car keys. I looked everywhere. After a while I was about to panic or cry or both. It was getting late and I had to get moving - with a sick child, you really worry.

I thought, "Well I'll take some Tylenol and try to calm myself down." I had torn my house apart looking for the keys. I walked into the kitchen with two Tylenol pills in my hand when, all of a sudden, I felt something physically hit the back of my hand causing the Tylenol to go flying. I was thinking, what on earth was that? I picked up one of the pills from the floor and right behind it were my car keys - hidden against the baseboard underneath the lower kitchen cabinets. They could not have been seen unless one stooped way down and looked under there.

God is so good, I know He had an angel slap the back of my hand, one who had a good aim.

This is just one of many miracles in my life. I know everyone has felt God's mercy by providing miracles in their lives too. You can share your testimony in this Newsletter. People love to hear about the good things God does.

Church Bulletin Bloopers

from the Internet.

1. Don't let worry kill you -- let the church help.
2. Thursday night - Potluck supper. Prayer and medication to follow.
3. Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.
4. For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.
5. The rosebud on the altar this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Belzer, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Belzer.
6. This afternoon there will be a meeting in the South and North ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.
7. Tuesday at 4:00 PM there will be an ice cream social. All ladies giving milk will please come early.
8. A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.
9. The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind. They can be seen in the church basement Saturday.
10. This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Lewis to come forward and lay an egg on the altar.
11. The service will close with "Little Drops of Water." One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join in.
12. Next Sunday a special collection will be taken to defray the cost of the new carpet. All those wishing to do something on the new carpet will come forward and do so.



NOAH'S ARK

Everything I need to know, I learned from Noah's Ark

Submitted by *Stephanie Alexander*

- ONE: Don't miss the boat.
TWO: Remember that we are all in the same boat.
THREE: Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.
FOUR: Stay fit. When you're +60 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.
FIVE: Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.
SIX: Build your future on high ground.
SEVEN: For safety's sake, travel in pairs.
EIGHT: Speed isn't always an advantage. The snails were on board with the cheetahs.
NINE: When you're stressed, float awhile.
TEN: Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.
ELEVEN: No matter the storm, when you are with God, there's always a rainbow waiting.



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The Condition of a Man's Heart



An original play written by Al Olguin will be presented on April 16, 2011 at 6:00 p.m. at the church. The admission is free. Cheeseburgers and hot dogs will be served after the play. Please plan to attend and bring your unsaved loved ones because this play contains a powerful salvation message.

Prov 4:23 *Guard your heart above all else, for it determines the course of your life.* NLT



The teacher/Minister/Director of Children's Ministry

(Wanda Lee),
the
young ...
and
the
young
at heart
(Elder,
Pete
Sierra).



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