

Community Christian Center



The Word
Fellowship
Prayer

The Good Tidings Newsletter

A Report on the Revival at CCC

AUGUST, 2009

KENNETH CLOWDUS, PASTOR

VOLUME 116

A Tale of Two Saints

by *Sharon Johnson*

On July 14, at the end of the noon prayer, I distinctly smelled a very beautiful, strong floral fragrance from no visible source. It smelled a little like roses. It lasted, I'd say 5 minutes, but no one else smelled it but me. I am allergic to perfume, but there were no symptoms of allergy. Albert Gomez said that he had a similar incident on the day before his brother came to know the Lord. I've been praying for a lot of unsaved loved ones and so I hoped that was what it meant. I am the only Christian in my family. Later on that day when I was at Home Depot, the fragrance returned but this time it was not as strong and it lasted only a few seconds. I have heard that there is a very beautiful smell associated with the Holy Spirit.

On July 19, my very wonderful friend, Peggy Hendry, went home to be with the Lord. She had served the Lord for many years. She loved Him and loved being in the Spirit – it excited her.

On July 28, in the morning, my cousin Jill called to tell me that my cousin Teddie, who was on hospice care for cancer, was in a bad way and only had a couple days to live, according to the medical personnel. I knew I had noon prayer and I was thinking of the traffic to Long Beach, so I told her I would be there later in the evening. But...there was an urgency in my spirit – "GO NOW!" That feeling would not leave me, so I cancelled noon prayer, and hurriedly threw myself together and drove to the convalescent home in Long Beach. I usually go with my sister and I know how badly she wanted to be with Teddie, but she absolutely could not make it until later, so I went alone.

When I arrived, Teddie was alone in the room. She had labored breathing and I never saw her open her eyes but she did respond to pain stimuli with wincing (only once, sorry, Teddie) and sometimes she would move her eyes under her eyelids. The nurses felt she was aware of people near her but she was too weak to open her eyes. I sat there and spoke right into her ear and told her about Jesus. She had once told me she thought she was God – that was her religion. I told her she couldn't be God because she wouldn't be in the position she was in if she was God. I followed the example that Laura Tassin set with her Landlady, I said the sinner's prayer with Teddie. I told her if she was anxious or afraid, to just call out the name of Jesus, He would help her. I spoke to her for 45 minutes before Jill arrived with her husband. He had to pick up Teddie's son from the airport so Jill and I were together with Teddie for two or three hours. It was so comforting to me and, I hope, Jill.

When her son, Jake, arrived he took over the bedside vigil and I left the room. I came back into the room twice that day, and told Teddie I was there – each time I saw her jaw move dramatically, as if she was trying to say something. I was hoping that she was trying to say that she had accepted the Lord.



Cousins, *Jill Cunningham* (R) & *Teddie Garcia* taken May, 2008

I went home that night and prayed intermittently throughout the evening and went to bed early – I was exhausted. I fell asleep and dreamt that Teddie was asleep in her hospital bed and then abruptly opened her eyes wide. I bolted up in the bed. I couldn't figure out what that meant, it was about 2:15 a.m. I started praying and tried to go back to sleep. About an hour later, I got up to take some Tylenol and went back to bed. I prayed quietly and wondered if Teddie was still in this world. Sometime between 3:30 and 4:00 a.m., I had a very brief little mini-vision of Teddie: I saw her in heaven from a distance, but she appeared to be looking my way. There were a lot of people with her and I felt her spirit – she was very, very happy. I peacefully drifted off to sleep after that. At around 7:00 a.m., my brother-in-law called to tell me that Teddie had passed on during the night. And, you guessed it, the time of her departure was around 4:00 a.m. – the approximate time of my little vision. I believe she is in heaven as you read this...and, will be for eternity, that's all!!!

Now, I know what the two fragrances were. The first, strong and long lasting, represented my friend, Peggy, whose life belonged to Jesus for a long time. The second, brief one represented Teddie who came to the Lord during the last moments of her life. Isn't God good? He wanted me to know and He wanted me to share this with you. Don't ever give up on praying for your loved ones – NEVER GIVE UP. We have a God who answers prayer. I want to thank the noon prayer group and all my church friends who prayed for Teddie and visited with her. With all my heart I thank you.



Matt 20:1-16 "For the kingdom of heaven is like a landowner who went out early in the morning to hire men to work in his vineyard. He agreed to pay them a denarius for the day and sent them into his vineyard. "About the third hour he went out and saw others standing in the marketplace doing nothing. He told them, 'You also go and work in my vineyard, and I will pay you whatever is right.' So they went. "He went out again about the sixth hour and the ninth hour and did the same thing. About the eleventh hour he went out and found still others standing around. He asked them, 'Why have you been standing here all day long doing nothing?' "Because no one has hired us,' they answered. "He said to them, 'You also go and work in my vineyard.'

"When evening came, the owner of the vineyard said to his foreman, 'Call the workers and pay them their wages, beginning with the last ones hired and going on to the first.' "The workers who were hired about the eleventh hour came and each received a denarius. So when those came who were hired first, they expected to receive more. But each one of them also received a denarius. When they received it, they began to grumble against the landowner. 'These men who were hired last worked only one hour,' they said, 'and you have made them equal to us who have borne the burden of the work and the heat of the day.' "But he answered one of them, 'Friend, I am not being unfair to you. Didn't you agree to work for a denarius? Take your pay and go. I want to give the man who was hired last the same as I gave you. Don't I have the right to do what I want with my own money? Or are you envious because I am generous?' "So the last will be first, and the first will be last."

FIX ME

by Sharon Johnson

As Christians, we want to be what God has called us to be: loving, kind, obedient, etc. But many of us have "issues" that block us from being all we can be in the Lord. Some of us are broken by this life and the pain we have felt or caused in the past. I know that I have called out to the Lord, "Fix me, Lord, I need help." There is a consequence to asking for the Lord's help and that is: He will help you!

Have you ever seen an old piece of furniture that is broken and dilapidated and is of no use to anybody? To restore that furniture, you have to pry off the old, cruddy parts in order to get down to the basic frame. Next, you have to sand the wood and nail in new pieces of wood or fabric that have been carefully prepared to fit each specific area. Then you have to put some varnish or paint on it. This all takes time. After you are done, you have a beautiful piece of furniture suitable for use.

It's the same way with us. God has to take out the old way of thinking, the painful memories, the hurts and ugliness of our past. As He takes you down to the basic you, that is, down to who you are without the old self getting in the way, He will give you His love and mercy that will sand away the rough spots. He will lead you to His Word that will replace the old way of thinking with the righteous mind of Christ. He will then put a coating of the Holy Spirit and power on you and in you to make you a beautiful human being, suitable to be used to help others.

But this process hurts - big time. It is just as if the old piece of furniture had nerve endings and could feel the pain of being stripped to the basics, sanded, hammered, and nailed. Besides that, the varnish might sting. But...I don't know of anything more valuable to you, or anything that would give you more freedom, hope, purpose and divine destiny than being prepared for use by the Master!

God bless you, keep you and, best of all, use you to touch the lives of others for their good - in this life and for eternity!!!

Betrothed

by Charles Spurgeon

"I am married unto you." --Jeremiah 3:14

Christ Jesus is joined unto His people in marriage-union. In love He espoused His Church as a chaste virgin, long before she fell under the yoke of bondage. Full of burning affection He toiled, like Jacob for Rachel, until the whole of her purchase-money had been paid, and now, having sought her by His Spirit, and brought her to know and love Him, He awaits the glorious hour when their mutual bliss shall be consummated at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Not yet hath the glorious Bridegroom presented His betrothed, perfected and complete, before the Majesty of heaven; not yet hath she actually entered upon the enjoyment of her dignities as His wife and queen: she is as yet a wanderer in a world of woe, a dweller in the tents of Kedar; but she is even now the bride, the spouse of Jesus, dear to His heart, precious in His sight, written on His hands, and united with His person. On earth He exercises towards her all the affectionate offices of Husband. He makes rich provision for her wants, pays all her debts, allows her to assume His name, and to share in all His wealth. Nor will He ever act otherwise to her. The word divorce He will never mention, for "He hateth putting away." Death must sever the conjugal tie between the most loving mortals, but it cannot divide the links of this immortal marriage. In heaven they marry not, but are as the angels of God; yet there is this one

marvellous exception to the rule, for in Heaven Christ and His Church shall celebrate their joyous nuptials. This affinity as it is more lasting, so is it more near than earthly wedlock. Let the love of husband be never so pure and fervent, it is but a faint picture of the flame which burns in the heart of Jesus. Passing all human union is that mystical cleaving unto the Church, for which Christ left His Father, and became one flesh with her.

Remembering Peggy

by Sharon Johnson

Our dear, sweet friend, Peggy Hendry passed away on July 19th. Peggy loved the Lord with all her heart. Her favorite thing to do was praise the Lord in the Spirit. She was known to give words of wisdom and encouragement to people in the spirit. She had been coming to CCC for approximately 5 years or more. She had gone through a lot of grief due to losses in her life and was just healing from them when she started attending. I believe that the friends she made here helped her to overcome her grief and sadness. She did conquer that sad past and, in the last year of her life, she transformed her home in the hills near Mt. Sac into a stunningly beautiful place with plants, flowers, and her beloved animals. She especially loved God's creation and would remark on it all the time - "Isn't that lovely?" she would say when we passed some piece of greenery or flowers. Peggy had a soft heart and loved animals dearly.



She had been a missionary with Ernest Ainsley in the 70's (guess) and went on several trips with him. She said that once when they were in China, Ainsley had been given permission to minister at a school for deaf children. There were red guards all around them watching everything they did. He prayed over the children and told them to be healed of their deafness, even though they spoke no English and he spoke no Chinese. She witnessed these children healed of deafness. They would repeat English words that they didn't know when prompted by the missionary. The red guard members were astonished. That's all I know of this episode, but I do know that she also smuggled bibles into different countries. She was a member of Solemn Assembly which is a missionary support group.

Peggy traveled all over the world in her lifetime. She was an investment property manager. She married for the first time when she was in her late 50's but her husband died after being with her for only 3 years. She had no children but loved her grand niece, Lana, very much. Her sister, Susan Barnhart, stayed with her for the last 6 months of her life and was a tremendous comfort and support to Peggy.

Sometimes I just want to call my friend and talk to her, I know I will see her again in heaven, but I miss her now.

Peggy Bosnyak Hendry 1938 - 2009



"When the time comes for you to die, you need not be afraid, because death cannot separate you from God's love." Charles Spurgeon

I am only one, but I am one.

I cannot do everything, but I can do something;

And what I should do and can do, by the grace of God

I will do. Anonymous

OPERATION FACELIFT II

by *John Galbreath*

What a wonderful pleasure to share in the experiences of Operation Facelift II. Armed with spatulas, tongs and the word of God, our own United In Him, CCC, and our Praise Team moved forth into the streets of Skid Row at San Angelo St. in order to serve the homeless. Everyone was busy. We have a very anointed crew, and our team went right to work passing out clothing, washing the feet of the Skid Row people, cooking hamburgers, crowd control, helping other ministries, preparing and serving food, passing out new testaments and most importantly, spreading the Good News of the Gospel. It turned out to be a day of fun, and, praise God, there were salvations!

One of the blessings brought to our attention was the testimony of a very sweet lady named Lucy. Lucy was sitting close to the CCC awnings getting some relief from the heat, when our own Cherie Wheeler approached from the other side, also for heat relief. Lucy broke into a smile and was yelling "I know you." It seems Cherie had prayed with Lucy last year and had also taken a photo of her on her cell phone. Last year Lucy was addicted to Heroin and was trying to break free from it. Cherie and Lucy had prayed for Lucy to be set free from her addiction to drugs and for her to get a home. As they spoke Lucy told us how the Lord had delivered her from the grips of addiction and that she had not used heroin since they had prayed last year, and how she now had a home and was receiving SSI as well. Lucy went on to state that she was reaching out in the community to help others because God had been so good to her. She now has so much more other than the obvious - she also has peace, self worth and a Love for our Lord. What a Blessed Day!!! Our Praise Team played last. Their music went forth as it always does.... Very powerful and very anointed.

Footnote: Our team is a power filled team, our strength comes from our Lord and Savior, the Outreach would not have been run so smoothly if the Lord's mighty hand had not guided us! Just like last year, this year many seeds were planted. God has blessed CCC with many dedicated, hard working servants with a passion to serve....And serve we did. What a great time in the Lord!

Editor's Note: I am blessed out of my

socks that John Galbreath wrote and contributed a report to the Newsletter. God has worked miracles in this man's life - I can't get over how He changes people and uses them for His glory. Thank you, John, and Cherie who helped. Also thanks to Cherie Wheeler and Michele Watts for supplying pictures of the event. They can be seen on CCC's website.



SPIN CITY

From the internet

As told by *Ann Coulter*

A Harley rider is passing the zoo when he sees a little girl leaning into the lion's cage. Suddenly, the lion grabs her by the cuff of her jacket and tries to pull her inside to slaughter her under the eyes of her screaming parents.

The biker jumps off his bike, runs to the cage and hits the lion square on the nose with a powerful punch. Whimpering from the pain the lion jumps back, letting go of the girl, and the biker brings her to her terrified parents, who thank him endlessly.

A New York Times reporter has watched the whole event. The reporter says, "Sir, this was the most gallant and brave thing I saw a man do in my whole life."

The biker replies, "Why, it was nothing, really, the lion was behind bars. I just saw this little kid in danger, and acted as I felt right."

The reporter says, "Well, I'm a journalist from the New York Times, and tomorrow's paper will have this story on the front page... so, what do you do for a living and what political affiliation do you have?" The biker replies, "I'm a U.S. Marine and a Republican."

The following morning the biker buys The New York Times to see if it indeed brings news of his actions, and reads on the front page:

U.S. MARINE ASSAULTS AFRICAN IMMIGRANT AND STEALS HIS LUNCH



A Fond Farewell



Our precious sister, Frances Douroux, is moving to Carlsbad this month. Pastor Ken and the congregation said a prayer of blessing and anointing for her move and asked God to use her in her new location. Frances plays kookie, Clara, in the movie, My Birthday and does a great job. We will miss her but she promises that she will be back to visit us.

Kitchen Korner

...from the kitchen of *Dee Paraspolo*

I read this sermon in a Christian fiction book and went to the internet to learn more about Dr. Shadrach Meshach Lockridge. My thoughts were that he was one of the ministers of old. I learned that he was a Baptist Minister, was pastor for many years in San Diego, and the sermon that I read in the book was also on the internet.

Below is the sermon preached by Dr. S.M. Lockridge (1913-2000). It is an amazingly powerful sermon titled "My King".

"My King was born King. The Bible says He's a Seven Way King. He's the King of the Jews – that's a racial King. He's the King of Israel – that's a National King. He's the King of righteousness. He's the King of the ages. He's the King of Heaven. He's the King of glory. He's the King of kings and He is the Lord of lords. Now that's my King. I wonder if you know Him.

"Do you know Him? Don't try to mislead me. Do you know my King? David said the Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament show His handiwork. My King is the only one whom there are no means of measure can define His limitless love. No far seeing telescope can bring into visibility the coastline of His shore of supplies. No barriers can hinder Him from pouring out His blessing.

"He's enduringly strong. He's entirely sincere. He's eternally steadfast. He's immortally graceful. He's imperially powerful. He's impartially merciful. That's my King. He's God's Son. He's the sinner's savior. He's the centerpiece of civilization. He stands alone in Himself. He's august. He's unique. He's unparalleled. He's unprecedented. He's supreme. He's pre-eminent. Well, He's the loftiest idea in literature. He's the highest personality in philosophy. He's the supreme problem in high criticism. He's the fundamental doctrine of proved theology. He's the carnal necessity of spiritual religion. That's my King.

"He's the miracle of the age. He's the superlative of everything good that you choose to call Him. Well, He's the only one able to supply all of our needs simultaneously. He supplies strength for the weak. He's available for the tempted and the tried. He sympathizes and He saves. He's strong God and He guides. He heals the sick. He cleanses the lepers. He forgives sinners. He discharged debtors. He delivers the captives. He defends the feeble. He blesses the young. He serves the unfortunate. He regards the aged. He rewards the diligent and He beautifies the meek. Do you know Him?

"My King is the key of knowledge. He's the wellspring of wisdom. He's the doorway of deliverance. He's the pathway of peace. He's the roadway of righteousness. He's the highway of holiness. He's the gateway of glory. He's the master of the mighty. He's the captain of the conquerors. He's the head of the heroes. He's the leader of the legislatures. He's the overseer of the overcomers. He's the governor of governors. He's the prince of princes. He's the King of kings and He's the Lord of lords. That's my King. That's my King. My King.

"His office is manifold. His promise is sure. His light is matchless. His goodness is limitless. His mercy is everlasting. His love never changes. His Word is enough. His grace is sufficient. His reign is righteous. His yoke is easy and His burden is light. Well.

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I wish I could describe Him to you, but He's indescribable. He's indescribable. Yes. He's incomprehensible. He's invincible. He's irresistible. I'm coming to tell you, the heavens of heavens cannot contain Him, let alone a man explaining Him. You can't get Him out of your mind. You can't get Him off of your hands. You can't outlive Him and you can't live without Him.

"Pharisees couldn't stand Him, but they found out they couldn't stop Him. Pilot couldn't find any fault in Him. The witnesses couldn't get their testimonies to agree. Herod couldn't kill Him. Death couldn't handle Him and the grave couldn't hold Him. That's my King. Yeah. He always has been and He always will be. I'm talking about He had no predecessor and He'll have no successor. There was nobody before Him and there'll be nobody after Him. You can't impeach Him and He's not going to resign. That's my King! That's my King!

"Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory. All the power belongs to my King. We're around here talking about black power and white power and green power, but it's God's power. Thine is the power. Yeah. And the glory. We try to get prestige and honor and glory for ourselves, but the glory is all His. Yes. Thine is the Kingdom and the power and glory, forever and ever and ever and ever. How long is that? And ever and ever and ever and ever. And when you get through with all of the evers, then, Amen."

—Dr. S. M. Lockridge

New Members



Michelle Christopherson



James Christopherson



Luana Zapata



Diana (DeeDee) Munoz



David Munoz

CCC welcomes our newest members. We are so glad you have joined us in worship and fellowship. God bless you and we pray that God will use you more and more as you grow in Him.

"...No man ever repented of being a Christian on his death bed." Hannah More

"I have found that there are three stages in every great work of God; first, it is impossible, then it is difficult, then it is done." Hudson Taylor

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