

# 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 *Minister Lorraine DeLille*,  
Director of Women's Ministries

#### GATEWAYS TO HEAVEN

Gen 28:16 *And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the LORD is in this place; and I knew it not. KJV*

To sense the sacred presence of Jesus is one of the sweetest, yet one of the most humbling and inspiring experiences known to man. Not that Jesus Christ is not near to us, for He is "not far from every one of us;" but though "the Lord is in this place," how often we must admit, "I knew it not."

Jacob awoke in the realization of God's presence. See how it humbled him, and yet there was opened to him the very 'gate of Heaven.' Think of Moses as he stood on the holy ground before the burning bush and awoke to the realization of God's presence. God said, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." It was God's presence that made the place holy. Oh, how often we tread on holy ground and know it not.

Take Sunday morning service, for instance. How often we fail to sense God's presence and miss the blessings. He walks up and down the aisle and brushes along side of us; His breath is in the very atmosphere that we ourselves breathe. Bible study and Sunday services are holy because God, by His Holy Spirit, is there. He, Himself, put His blessings in sacred periods of worship. Hear His call! Do not turn away from gathering together as some do. Oh, tread upon this Holy ground. Awake to see God in our services and cry out, "The Lord is in this place!"

Likewise, sacredly regard your call and work; feel His presence as you pray or sing to Him. However humble your lot in life, no matter where you live or work, awake to the realization of God's presence in 'this place' wherever you are.

On his way to Haran, Jacob stopped at a certain place to sleep having only a stone for a pillow with no idea that it was there that God would choose to manifest Himself to him. What kind of pillow do you have? Would you tread with Jacob? How blessed we really are. Therefore, as we read the Word, and come to a certain place - perhaps only a humble, neglected, out of the way place that we may be tempted to call only a "stone", - tarry there; tarry there all night if necessary, dream about it, and finally we'll awake to the glorious revelation of Jesus and what He is saying to us...LISTEN WITH ALL YOUR HEART.

There are many scriptures in the Bible waiting for us, to reveal Jesus to us! Don't leave a stone unturned. Meditate, dream, and you will be surprised how often you will cry out, "The Lord is in This Place, and I knew it not." That stone can become the Bread of Life: our morning manna. Amen!! Hallelujah!!

In His Service  
Mother Lorraine DeLille



### PLEASE PRAY FOR TYRONE

From the Internet

Submitted by *Laura Tassin*

The preacher said, "Anyone with a special need who wants to be prayed over, please come forward to the front by the altar."

With that, Tyrone got in line, and when it was his turn, the Preacher asked, "Tyrone, what do you want me to pray about for you?"

Tyrone replied, "Preacher, I need you to pray for help with my hearing."

The preacher put one finger of one hand in Tyrone's ear, placed his other hand on top of Tyrone's head, and then prayed and prayed and prayed. He prayed a "blue streak" for Tyrone, and the whole congregation joined in with great enthusiasm.

After a few minutes, the preacher removed his hands, stood back and asked, "Tyrone, how is your hearing now?"

Tyrone answered, "I don't know. It ain't 'til next week."

#### NO, FREEDOM ISN'T FREE

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Submitted by *Linda Stephens*

I watched the flag pass by one day, It fluttered in the breeze.

A young Marine saluted it, And then he stood at ease.

I looked at him in uniform, So young, so tall, so proud,  
With hair cut square and eyes alert, He'd stand out in any crowd.  
I thought how many men like him Had fallen through the years.

How many died on foreign soil? How many mothers' tears?

How many planes shot down? How many died at sea?

How many foxholes were soldiers' graves?

No, freedom isn't free.

I heard the sound of Taps one night, When everything was still.

I listened to the bugler play And felt a sudden chill.

I wondered just how many times That Taps had meant "Amen,"

When a flag had draped a coffin Of a brother or a friend.

I thought of all the children, Of the mothers and the wives,

Of fathers, sons and husbands With interrupted lives.

I thought about a graveyard At the bottom of the sea

Of unmarked graves in Arlington.

No, freedom isn't free.

#### Quote

submitted by *Susie Algorre*

"The difference between holding on to hurt or releasing it with forgiveness is the difference between laying your head at night on a pillow filled with thorns or a pillow filled with Rose petals."

Matt 18:34-35 *And his master was angry, and delivered him to the torturers until he should pay all that was due to him.*

*"So My heavenly Father also will do to you if each of you, from his heart, does not forgive his brother his trespasses."* NKJV

Editor's Note: I do not want to be turned over to the torturers. I choose to ask God to help me forgive - even those in government.

## Kitchen Korner

...from the kitchen of *Dee Paraspolo*

This came from the internet. Whether it is true or fiction doesn't really matter. It's worth sharing.

17-year-old Brian Moore had only a short time to write something for a class assignment. The subject was what Heaven was like. "I wowed 'em," he later told his father, Bruce. "It's a killer. It's the bomb. It's the best thing I ever wrote." It also was the last.

Brian's parents had forgotten about the essay when a cousin found it while cleaning out the teenager's locker at Teays Valley High School in Pickaway County. Brian had been dead only hours; but his parents desperately wanted every piece of his life near them . . . notes from classmates and teachers and his homework. Only two months before, he had handwritten the essay about encountering Jesus in a file room full of cards detailing every moment of the teen's life. But it was only after Brian's death that Beth and Bruce Moore realized that their son had described his view of heaven.

It makes such an impact that people want to share it. "You feel like you are there," Mr. Moore said. Brian Moore died May 27, 1997, the day after Memorial Day. He was driving home from a friend's house when his car went off Bulen-Pierce Road in Pickaway County and struck a utility pole. He emerged from the wreck unharmed but stepped on a downed power line and was electrocuted.

The Moore's framed a copy of Brian's essay and hung it among the family portraits in the living room. "I think God used him to make a point. I think we were meant to find it and make something out of it," Mrs. Moore said of the essay. She and her husband want to share their son's vision of life after death. "I'm happy for Brian. I know he's in heaven. I know I'll see him.

Here is Brian's essay entitled: "The Room."

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endless in either direction, had very different headings.

As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I have liked." I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird. "Books I Have Read," "Lies I have told," "Comfort I have given," "Jokes I have laughed at."

Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've yelled at my brothers." Others I couldn't laugh at: "Things I Have Done in My Anger", "Things I Have Muttered Under My Breath at My Parents." I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. Often there were many more cards than expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived.

Could it be possible that I had the time in my few years to fill each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card

confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.

When I pulled out the file marked "TV Shows I have watched," I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of shows but more by the vast time I knew that file represented.

When I came to a file marked "Lustful Thoughts," I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me.

One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards . . . But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor; I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh.

And then I saw it. The title bore "People I Have Shared the Gospel with." The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand.

And then the tears came. I began to weep; sobs so deep that they hurt. They started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him.

No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes.

Why did He have to read everyone? Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me.

Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no," as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, and so alive.

The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished."

I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written.

**HAPPY 4TH OF JULY, 000  
GOD BLESS AMERICA!!**

## The Skit - 'Trash'

Concept by an unknown fellow Christian. Written and narrated by Sharon Johnson. Brought to life by the direction of Mike Paraspolo and many fine actors. It was a picture sermon we all enjoyed.



## The Outreach

It was a beautiful day, and we were all blessed. It was wonderful when Al Olguin led someone in the sinner's prayer, and as a group we prayed for our children. The kids had a great time playing on a huge jumper and throwing bean bags through Goliath's head and much more. A happy boy and a girl won a bike in the raffle. We ate good - hamburgers and hot dogs with all the trimmings. The Praise team led us in praise and worship to our Lord.



## Women's Meeting



Magdalena Hernandez and Melba Redd were the anointed speakers at women's this month. We were blessed with great teaching and we were encouraged.

## Candid Pix



## FATHER'S DAY



Pix from the Past:



Pastor Ken & Sandy  
Christmas 2000

*The Good Tidings Newsletter*

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## Can You Find 30 Books of The Bible?

Submitted by *Bettie Clark*

There are thirty books of the Bible in this paragraph. Can you find them?

This is a most remarkable puzzle. It was found by a gentleman in an airplane seat pocket, on a flight from Los Angeles to Honolulu, keeping him occupied for hours. He enjoyed it so much, he passed it on to some friends. One friend from Illinois worked on this while fishing from his john boat. Another friend studied it while played his banjo. Elaine Taylor, a columnist friend, was so intrigued by it she mentioned it in her weekly newspaper column. Another friend judges the job of solving this puzzle so involving, she brews a cup of tea to help her nerves. There will be some names that are really easy to spot. That's a fact. Some people, however, will soon find themselves in a jam, especially since the book names are not necessarily capitalized. Truthfully, from answers we get, we are forced to admit it usually takes a minister or scholar to see some of them at the worst. Research has shown that something in our genes is responsible for the difficulty we have in seeing the books in this paragraph. During a recent fund raising event, which featured this puzzle, the Alpha Delta Phi lemonade booth set a new sales record. The local paper, The Chronicle, surveyed over 200 patrons who reported that this puzzle was one of the most difficult they had ever seen. As Daniel Humana humbly puts it, "The books are all right here in plain view hidden from sight." Those able to find all of them will hear great lamentations from those who have to be shown. One revelation that may help is that the punctuation and spaces in the middle are normal. A chipper attitude will help you compete really well against those who claim to know the answers. Remember, there is no need for a mad exodus. There really are 30 books of the Bible lurking somewhere in this paragraph waiting to be found.

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