

# 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 *Associate Pastor Tony Paraspolo*

#### **Jesus and My Sins**

As Christians, we know that Jesus bore our sins on the cross,



as well as many other things, but today I'm only going to talk about sins. You might say, "Oh well, He took my sins on the cross. Now I'm saved and I'm going to heaven some day." But, I don't know if we ever thought of those moments in time when our sins were actually transferred onto Jesus. He said to the Father, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" And the Father had to turn away from Jesus for the first time because if He hadn't, He would

have had to look directly at the enormous depravity of our sins, something our Holy God cannot do.

The other day I was thinking of my life and some of the hard things I had faced in my past, usually due to my own actions. Many years ago when I was only 25 years old I was in charge of a 33 million dollar co-op. I had a salary three times the amount I made from my previous job, I was given a three bedroom apartment on the 16th floor, and I made side-money on this job too. I was second in charge of everything. The only other person of authority was there for six to eight hours during the day, but for 24/7 I was in charge of that whole place. There were 77 people working under me. I was "Mr. Paraspolo." And that's what they had to call me. I was sitting on top of the world and thought life couldn't get better. And then, and then...this is my story.

I was a gambler and when you gamble it doesn't matter how much money you make because if you make \$100.00 you gamble \$100.00, and if you make \$200.00, you gamble \$200.00. This co-op was two New York city blocks of buildings that were 20 stories high – I think there were seven or eight buildings in all – and we had our own police force, which I also was in charge of. The head man of the police force talked me into putting a "ghost" on the payroll. I was his boss but I didn't even know what a "ghost" was at that time. Of course, he explained it to me and said, "You know, we get a check every week for that ghost and we could split it 60-40, and you could have the biggest part." Well, being a gambler, it sounded good to me - I could have money that nobody else knew about. In a short time we had three "ghosts" on the payroll – I had made up names for them, and I signed and cashed the checks. Life was great: I could spend what I wanted to spend and do what I wanted to do, and I felt like I was sitting on top of the world.

Until one day when the main manager over my co-op and about 15 or 20 other co-ops beside the one I worked in came to the office and called me in for a meeting.

He said, "Mr. Paraspolo, I'd like to meet these three men." Of course, he was asking me to bring my three "ghosts" into the

office.

I said, "Well, they're not working today. As a matter of fact they're off for the next couple of days."

And he said, "Well tell me the day they'll be in and I'll be here."

So I gave him a date. I had gone into the office that day feeling scared and miserable. Now, I had two days of feeling even worse, but it is a very small amount of pain compared to what Jesus must have felt on the cross. Here I had this beautiful job, this beautiful apartment, I was "Mr. Paraspolo", I was finally somebody, and all of the sudden, I knew it was gone. The emptiness that filled my heart was almost unbearable to me. I was going to have to face my wife and tell her that we were going to have to move because I no longer had a job. I also had to tell my family who were very happy with me because things were going well in my life. And the emptiness that I felt was so unbearable that I thought of suicide, but then again I didn't have the courage to do it. But that emptiness that I felt was devastating, (I think all of us have felt it at some place in our life). There was no remedy for it – drugs couldn't do it. Drinking couldn't do it. Women, gambling – anything wouldn't take away the pain.

All that sin and agony came from just one person: me. I think of all the sins of the billions of people that Jesus took upon Himself when He went to the cross and the agony that He must have felt for all of us. I know that mine was enough to make me want to die and maybe yours was too. But we don't always think about the pain that filled His mind, and the hurt that He had in His heart. You know the beating He took; we've seen that in "The Passion of the Christ" movie. And, then there was the pain of the cross that he endured. But, have we thought about the pain of being rejected by His Father for the first time? What utter emptiness He must have felt when the Father looked away from Him because of our sin. There was also the hurt of knowing that He was doing everything for us and we were rejecting Him, spitting on Him, and making fun of Him - even to this day people still do that. But the good side of all this is that, because of what He endured, today we are or can be born-again Christians enjoying life and on our way to heaven. Life without God, life without Jesus, life without the Holy Spirit isn't life – it's only existing. And He said, "I want to give you life more abundantly." He left us with this scripture:

Eph 3:19-20...to know the love of Christ which passes knowledge; that you may be filled with all the fullness of God. Now to Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that works in us,...NKJV

He left us His power when He went to Heaven and He told us to be the light of this world as much as we can with the power He's given us. So I would ask that maybe the next time we take communion, we go deeper in our thoughts about all He's done for us. We always want to look at the good things, but how about just before the good things – the beating, the cross, and the emptiness; and let that increase our desire to serve Him in a way that we have never served Him before. I know, I do, and I know many

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of us do want to serve Him deeper. The only way to do that is to actually do it. There's no way to do it without doing it. I know that sounds silly, but it's the truth. So I leave you with the blessings of our Lord Jesus Christ: may our days be full and complete in Him and may our lives be blessed abundantly. Thank you and God bless you.

## WOMEN'S MEETING

Women's Advance – April, 2011

Theme: "Women Encouraging Women, In Christ"  
by **Melba Redd**, Director of Women's Ministries

Praise God! The Women's advance held last month turned out to be an AMAZING EVENT! It was with great excitement and anticipation that 22 ladies embarked on this three day getaway adventure to Paradise Valley Ranch in Hemet. Paradise Valley Ranch is a beautiful 285 acre Christian resort nestled in Hidden Canyon several miles away from civilization as we know it. No mini malls, fast-food restaurants, or Wal-Mart stores were in sight. As we travelled the last half mile or so on a dirt road, we felt such peace. It was as if the Holy Spirit was there to greet us!

We stayed in a four-bedroom bunkhouse with a large central living room and a kitchen. Each bedroom had three bunk beds. It was comical as almost everyone was racing around trying to claim a bottom bunk! Even though we had a kitchen, all our meals were catered! Now, this was my style of roughing it.

We were there to seek the Lord and become closer to Him. We all desired to be in His holy presence, and we entered into deep praise and worship of our God during the entire weekend. On Friday evening our speaker was Rachel Clark from Faith Community Church. Rachel's anointed message encouraged us to walk with Jesus in purity and to live our lives with integrity.

Fun and activities were planned for Saturday morning, and we had plenty of time to enjoy exercising in aerobic classes, hiking in beautiful surroundings, swimming, and participating in the other amenities available to us! It was a wonderful time to chat and make new friend, and/or simply take a nap. The highlight of the morning was an illustration given by Pastor Denise Ponce that gave each of us insight as to how the Lord sees us and interacts with us.

In the afternoon we came together in a prayer meeting. The presence of the Spirit was incredibly tangible: hands were laid on each other, tears were shed; and strongholds were broken. Two ladies were blessed with healing. Later that Saturday night, Pastor Denise's message told us about the romance of the Lord's love for us as shown in Song of Solomon.

On Sunday morning we had a message about Christ becoming more real to us. Jesus reveals himself to us more and more as we spend time with Him and draw closer to Him.

Time seemed to pass so quickly. Before we knew it, it was time to pack up to go home. Each lady left with something special from the Lord – it was evident in their faces.

At CCC's Sunday evening service many ladies who had attended gave testimony about how God had touched them and blessed them at the Advance.

It is impossible to express how glorious that weekend was. Lives were changed. We saw the manifestation of His healing power. This time away gave us the opportunity to bond even more closely with our sisters in Christ. I personally want to thank all who gave the Advance their support, sponsorships and prayers. Thank you to all my assistants for their hard work. Above all, thank You, Lord, Jesus Christ!



-Photos by Susie Algorrie

# The Condition of a Man's Heart

A Play written and directed by *Al Olguin* was performed on April 16 at CCC. It starred Pete and Christine Lopez who gave awesome performances. The fantastic supporting cast consisted of Heather and Jesse Paraspolo, John and Florice Williams, Stephanie Alexander, and Al Olguin as the pastor. The lighting and sound manager was done very well by Brittney French. The narrator was Sharon Johnson. The play was well-received with an audience of about 125-150 people. Many people answered the altar call. Hamburgers and hot dogs were served after the play. If you missed it - not to worry, it will be seen on You Tube soon! -Photos by Michele Pope



## Graduates from Pastor Mike's Evangelism Class



*Michele Pope Watts*

*Martha Griego*

*Melba Redd*

*Eric Carouche*

# The Children's Resurrection Day Play



On Palm Sunday CCC was treated to the annual children's play celebrating the Resurrection of Jesus. It was a blessing to see the children sit at the feet of Jesus - played by Chris Sloan - and speak the Word. With kids you never know what to expect and they were adorable. The children's ministry is under the direction of Reverend Wanda Lee and she did an excellent job. She has a heart for children and a heart for God. We are extremely blessed to have her in this position.

At the end of the play the children gave a bag of colorful jelly beans that they had assembled themselves to all the members of the audience. Inside the bag was a poem that matched the colors of the jelly beans inside the bag:

## Colors of Christ Poem

Yellow is for Heaven so bright  
 Orange is for the edge of night  
 Green is for the palms they laid  
 Black is for the sins we made  
 Red is for HIS blood HE gave  
 Purple is for His hour of sorrow  
 Pink is for our new tomorrow

A bag full of jelly bean, colorful and sweet  
 Is a jelly bean prayer, a promise, a  
 Loved one's treat.



# Baptisms



*Joshua M. Vandekey*



*Cynthia J. Dickson*



*Frank Palmer*



*James Dean Thomas Cox*



*Marlene R. Gonzales Miller*



*Shannon J. Miller*

## Mothers

Submitted by *Rindy Meyers*

- ♥Real Mothers don't eat quiche; they don't have time to make it.
- ♥Real Mothers know that their kitchen utensils are probably in the sandbox.
- ♥Real Mothers often have sticky floors, filthy ovens and happy kids.
- ♥Real Mothers know that dried play dough doesn't come out of carpets.
- ♥Real Mothers don't want to know what the vacuum just sucked up.
- ♥Real Mothers sometimes ask 'Why me?' and get their answer when a little voice says, "Because I love you best."
- ♥Real Mothers know that a child's growth is not measured by height or years or grade. It is marked by the progression of Mommy to Mom to Mother.

## The Images of Mother

- 4 YEARS OF AGE - My Mommy can do anything!
- 8 YEARS OF AGE - My Mom knows a

lot! A whole lot!  
 12 YEARS OF AGE - My Mother doesn't really know quite everything.  
 14 YEARS OF AGE - Naturally, Mother doesn't know that, either.  
 16 YEARS OF AGE - Mother? She's hopelessly old-fashioned.  
 18 YEARS OF AGE - That old woman? She's way out of date!  
 25 YEARS OF AGE - Well, she might know a little bit about life.  
 35 YEARS OF AGE - Before we decide, let's get Mom's opinion.  
 45 YEARS OF AGE - Wonder what Mom would have thought about it?  
 65 YEARS OF AGE - Wish I could talk it over with Mom.

## God's Wings

Submitted by *Bettie Clark*  
 After a forest fire in Yellowstone National Park, forest rangers began their trek up a mountain to assess the inferno's damage. One ranger found a bird literally

petrified in ashes, perched statuesquely on the ground at the base of a tree. Somewhat sickened by the eerie sight, he knocked over the bird with a stick.. When he gently struck it, three tiny chicks scurried from under their dead mother's wings.

The loving mother, keenly aware of impending disaster, had carried her offspring to the base of the tree and had gathered them under her wings, instinctively knowing that the toxic smoke would rise. She could have flown to safety but had refused to abandon her babies. Then the blaze had arrived and the heat had scorched her small body, the mother had remained steadfast...because she had been willing to die so those under the cover of her wings would live.

'He will cover you with His feathers, and under His wings you will find refuge.'  
 (Psalm 91:4)



## Glorious Homemaker

(Author Unknown)

A few months ago, when I was picking up the children at school, another mother I knew well rushed up to me. Emily was fuming with indignation.

"Do you know what you and I are?" she demanded.

Before I could answer - and I didn't really have one handy - she blurted out the reason for her question. It seemed she had just returned from renewing her driver's license at the County Clerk's office. Asked by the woman recorder to state her "occupation," Emily had hesitated, uncertain how to classify herself. "What I mean is," explained the recorder, "Do you have a job, or are you just a..?"

"Of course I have a job," snapped Emily. "I'm a mother."

"We don't list 'mother' as an occupation... 'housewife' covers it," said the recorder emphatically.

I forgot all about her story until one day I found myself in the same situation, this time at our own Town Hall. The Clerk was obviously a career woman, poised, efficient, and possessed of a high-sounding title, like "Official Interrogator" or "Town Registrar."

"And what is your occupation?" she probed.

What made me say it, I do not know. The words simply popped out. "I'm... a Research Associate in the field of Child Development and Human Relations."

The clerk paused, ball-point pen frozen in mid-air, and looked up as though she had not heard right. I repeated the title slowly, emphasizing the most significant words. Then I stared with wonder as my pompous pronouncement was written in bold, black ink on the official questionnaire.

"Might I ask," said the clerk with new interest, "just what you do in your field?"

Coolly, without any trace of fluster in my voice, I heard myself reply, "I have a continuing program of research (what mother doesn't) in the laboratory and in the field (normally I would have said indoors and out). I'm working for my Masters (the whole darned family) and already have four credits (all daughters). Of course, the job is one of the most demanding in the humanities (any mother care to disagree?) and I often work 14 hours a day (24 is more like it). But the job is more challenging than most run-of-the-mill careers and the rewards are in satisfaction rather than just money."

There was an increasing note of respect in the clerk's voice as she completed the form, stood up, and personally ushered me to the door. As I drove into our driveway buoyed up by my glamorous new career, I was greeted by my lab assistants, ages 13, 7, and 3. And upstairs, I could hear our new experimental model (six months) in the child-development program, testing out a new vocal pattern. I felt triumphant. I had scored a beat on bureaucracy. And I had gone down on the official records as someone more distinguished and indispensable to mankind than

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"just another..." What a glorious career!

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her worth is far above rubies. The heart of her husband safely trusts her... She opens her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness... Her children rise up and call her blessed; Her husband also, and he praises her... Charm is deceitful and beauty is passing, but a woman who fears the Lord, she shall be praised." Proverbs 31 NKJV

## Mappy Mother's Day

## The Adventures of Jerry, the Anteater

by a young member of CCC

Once there was an anteater named Jerry who wanted to go to his friend's house for a little while after school. But his parents said no because he had to go to his Aunts house. So he lied and said he was going to study with his teacher.

He didn't really have to study with his teacher instead he walked to his friend's house. On his way there his mom drove by and picked him up and asked "Where you going." He said "To study with my teacher."

But his mom didn't believe him so she went to the school and talked to the teacher. The teacher said "I didn't know your son was staying after school to study with me."

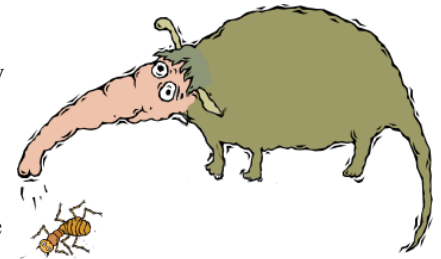
His mom said "He wasn't he just lied to me to go to his friends house."

The teacher said "That's not like him he has good grades and no missing assignments and no reason to lie to you."

Jerry and his mom went home and talked to his dad, his dad was disappointed in him. So they agreed on a punishment for what he did. They said he shouldn't have lied to them. The punishment was he couldn't go any were until he wrote a story about why it is important not to lie.

John 8: 44 says, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."

**Editor's Note:** I really like Jerry, the anteater. He's my kind of animal. He makes a mistake, and then faces up to the challenges that come from that mistake, and in such a delightful way. I'll bet he got a few extra ants for dessert that night! He taught us all a valuable lesson. I hope we'll hear more adventures of Jerry, the anteater in the future.



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