

Community Christian Center



The Word
Fellowship
Prayer

The Good Tidings Newsletter

A Report on the Revival at CCC

MARCH, 2016

ERIC GIORGIO, PASTOR

VOLUME 18, NUMBER 3

Pastor's Corner

This month featuring *Associate Pastor Mike Stephens*
GREETINGS, BELOVED

1 Corinthians 13:13 – “Now abide these three: faith, hope and love; but the greatest of these is love.” The Lord places a high premium on love.

John 13:37 declares, “This is my commandment, that you love one another. By this will all men know you are my disciples if you love one another.”

1 John 4:8 – “Whoever does not love does not know God because God is love.”

1 Corinthians 13:4-8 declares, “Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up, does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all

things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails.”

Romans 5:8 declares that while we were yet sinners, God demonstrated His love for us in that Christ died for us.

1 John 4:11 - “Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another, and not just in word but also in deed.”

Ephesians 4:32 says, “Be kind, tenderhearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ’s sake has forgiven us.”

God highly values unity in the body, for there He has commanded the blessing.

Let’s not be like the wicked servant in Matthew 18 who was forgiven the huge debt he owed the master, yet he took a fellow-servant by the throat who owed practically nothing, and had him cast into prison. No, we must not let Satan have his way, for we are not ignorant of his devices. Unto us is given the ministry of reconciliation.

Mark 11:24-26 – “Therefore I say unto you, whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them and you will have them. And whenever you stand praying, if you have anything against anyone, forgive him, that your Father in heaven may also forgive you your trespasses. But if you do not forgive, neither will your Father in heaven forgive your trespasses.”

Let’s keep an open heaven through our Lord’s love and forgiveness.

Psalms 133 – “For there He has commanded the blessing”!!!

A MIGHTY MOVE OF GOD

Taken from an article in charismanews.org by Mark Ellis with excerpts.

A recent article in charismanews.org written by Mark Ellis tells about a man named Tyler Connell who reported about a dramatic move of God in Muslims in the middle east, especially with the refugees. He told us of an unprecedented hunger to

know the truth in these disillusioned people and that they are coming to the Lord in large numbers.

Tyler made a film about a young missionary named "Daniel" (not real name) who went to the middle east to live so that he could work with the Syrian refugees.

"They go house to house and visit these Muslim families and sit with them and talk..." They get to know each other to build trust and then they can talk about Jesus.

One day Daniel walked into a tent - there were approx. eight people inside. Through his interpreter, he introduced himself as Daniel and the he was there to tell them about Jesus. There was an unexpected reaction from the family, "The family freaked out, they looked at each other, almost turned white. The father was excited, yelling."

The interpreter got this account from the family. The previous evening the family was having tea together when suddenly a man in white, glowing garments opened the door to their tent and said. "Hello, My name is Jesus and I am sending a man tomorrow named Daniel to tell you more about me." Then he disappeared.

I guess we can understand why the family was so amazed when Daniel showed up - just as Jesus said he would.

They were more than ready to hear about Jesus and everyone of them accepted Him into their lives. This family, although having been dyed-in-the-wool Muslims, now are planting underground churches and are seeing a harvest among Muslims.

While visiting another Syrian refugee family, Connell said that God's presence fell upon them in a tremendously powerful way. There was ecstatic joy among the people. This all happened in a dirty room with the pungent smell of cat pee everywhere. Those 25 people who were there in that dirty room experienced something we all long for. God loves "the broken hearted, the contrite, the desperate. The King of Heaven was right there with the poor in spirit."

Thank you, God, for drawing Muslims into your kingdom. We pray for God's anointing and blessing upon us at CCC as we reach out to others in the name of Jesus.

Frieda White

CCC was blessed to have Frieda White speak on a Sunday evening last month. She is from Cleveland, Texas where she and her husband, Bob, pastor Liberty Church.



CCC knows Frieda from many years past when she spoke here - maybe once a year, and we fell in love with her. Well, we fell in love with her again. Her down-home, humorous message is right on with the Word of God. The message's title is "How to Finish Your Race." The CD can be ordered at the church and/or the message is available online at our website.

Her website is:
friedawhiteministries.org

Kitchen Korner

from the kitchen of *Dee Paraspolo*

The following story has been condensed for the newsletter. It is written by my daughter, *Deborah Gatchel*, and will appear in its entirety in her next book.

An Undeserved Promise

I sat at the edge of the crowd in the temple courtyard, listening to the teacher. He started into one of the stories he was famous for – the ones we all knew meant something, but could never quite figure out what he was saying. This one was obviously against the temple elders. I laughed to see them murmuring among themselves.

Jacob knelt beside me and I grimaced. I was supposed to be working. He caught me again. I don't know what it is about this teacher. I can never concentrate when he's around. I did have three more purses than I had when I started. But as long as I had been out, I should have had several more. But Jacob didn't ask. He picked up a pebble from the ground. "There's a caravan coming from Egypt. They seem quite burdened down with all their supplies. Meet me at the Tower of David. We'll help lighten their load."

I then turned my attention back toward the teacher. A huddle of the Pharisees' disciples moved toward him. "Teacher, we know that you are true, and teach the way of God in truth; nor do you care about anyone, for you do not regard the person of men. Tell us, therefore, what do you think? Is it lawful to pay taxes to Caesar, or not?"

How did they come up with all that and who did they expect to fool? Even I, who lived a life of lies, was ready to knock them all down.

But the teacher didn't. And he didn't really answer them. He asked them to look at a coin and tell whose image was on it; Caesar's, of course. He tossed it back to them. "Give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar. And give to God what belongs to God." He continued teaching.

A passerby bumped me. My hand instinctively covered my purse. In doing so, I snapped out of the trance the teacher held me under. I sprinted out of the temple. As I approached the meeting place, I could see Jacob pacing. I skidded to a stop beside him.

He saw me, grabbed the collar of my robe. "Where have you been? They're almost here."

I brushed his hands away and shrugged. "But they aren't. We have time."

I glanced toward the gate. Half the Egyptian troop was already through. I ran toward them, taking in the scene before me. I spotted three purses I knew I could cut. Two more steps and I was alongside my target. In one motion, I sliced his purse and side stepped a dog in my path. As I tucked the purse in my belt, a hand grasped my arm. I tried to twist free, but one of the Egyptians had me. He pulled me close to him and held a knife to my throat. Without thinking, I drove my knife into his side and fled.

I heard shouts and footsteps behind me, as I ducked in and out of shops. I rounded a corner and ran into a stack of grain sacks. I gathered my wits and slipped behind them just as my pursuers turned the corner. I heard them pass me and turn the corner. I counted to thirty and waited. No one came back, so I slipped out. My first mistake was not leaving my purses somewhere safe. My second mistake was to go back to the gate – but I had to know what happened to the man I stabbed.

I didn't see him. As I turned to slip away I saw two guards holding Jacob against a wall. I turned to run, but a group of bystanders wrestled me to the ground. I tried to feign innocence but I

couldn't explain why I would need so many purses, especially one filled with Egyptian coins. I guess Jacob didn't fare much better because we were put side by side in stocks in the inner prison.

Jacob spent all night cursing me for me for rushing into the situation. It didn't matter when, a couple days later, they took us to be whipped – forty less one lashes each. They made me watch as they beat Jacob. He collapsed at twenty and six. I made it to thirty and two. When I woke, I was back in the stocks with Jacob beside me. Thankfully, he was too weak to say anything.

He had plenty to say the next day when they led us out for our final punishment, Jacob and me and one other man. I just glared at the soldier who dropped the wooden beam in front of me. He laid his whip across my back. I took the hint and picked up my burden. The crowds we hailed a week ago for the income we would gain from them, now mocked and spit on us.

We started the slow march out of the city. Jacob stumbled along behind me, cursing me with every step. The man in front of me stumbled. I maneuvered around him and saw a soldier grab an onlooker to carry the fallen man's cross. He stepped in line behind me. At least I didn't need to listen to Jacob anymore.

When we reached our destination, the guard beside me struck me on the chest with the handle of his whip and nodded toward the side of the road. I let my burden drop.

I heard a scuffle down the line and looked up to see several women kneeling around the man beside me. They were crying and trying to wash his wounds. But their activity didn't match what I heard. I glanced further. Jacob's spot was empty. Several cubits away a group of soldiers wrestled someone to the ground. I wasn't surprised to see Jacob.

Two soldiers grabbed his feet and two his arms. They carried him back to his place, slammed him on the beam and hammered his hands in place. He screamed and fought with every blow. It took four soldiers to hold him in place. As they moved to his feet, the world around me started spinning then went black.

I feel them moving me. Fear grips me. I'm naked. My clothing lies in a pile at my head. I try to struggle but the soldier pins my right arm down with his knee. Others hold my legs and my other arm. I feel the cold point of the nail on my hand. I determine not to cry out, but as the hammer hits the nail a yelp escapes. I'm prepared for the next and hold my breath. I almost break when they drive the nail into my feet.

The centurion reads my conviction, "Murder and theft," and attaches the verdict above my head.

They read the sentence of the man beside me, "King of the Jews." The High Priest argues with the centurion about the wording, but they push him aside. I look at him for the first time. I don't think even his own mother would recognize him. Serves him right proclaiming himself king for us. Who needs a war just to put a different tyrant on the throne?

They lift me and drop me into place. My head jars, my teeth sink into my tongue and a curse escapes. My struggle for life begins. I push up on my feet to gasp for air, but the pain is too much so I slump again. I push up again for another gasp of air and settle into the rhythm of hanging onto life.

The crowds focus their attention on the man beside me. For some reason the Jewish leaders have all taken an interest in him and have gathered for the show; rather surprising since Passover begins this evening.

One of them calls out, "You saved others. Come, now. Save yourself so we might believe."

Jacob joins them.

I know I've done wrong, but at least I never hurt anyone –

well except that one accident earlier this week. But it was an accident. I didn't mean it. He, on the other hand – he's trying to start a war.

Then I hear him speak. Softly. I can hear the pain in his voice, but no anger. None. "Father, forgive them, for they don't know what they're doing."

I hear that voice. I know that voice, even though the pain. I look closer and I can see the man he once was – when I was listening to him just a few days ago.

Jacob calls to him, "If you're the Christ, save yourself. And us."

The Christ. Of course. That's who He is. How did I not see?

I look at Him again. He is fighting for breath just like me – but not like me. He isn't angry. He isn't afraid. He doesn't fight back, even when they mock Him.

I hear Jacob again and I can't hold back. "What are you doing? We're getting what we deserve, but this Man has done nothing wrong."

I turn to the Man. "Please, Lord, remember me when You come into Your kingdom."

He looks me in the eye. For a time, the pain is gone. I can't hear the crowds. I see only the Man. "I promise you, today you will be with Me in Paradise."

Then it all comes back. Nothing has changed. I still am on a cross. I still struggle for every breath. But everything has changed. I no longer am afraid or angry. Tears stream down my cheeks. But, somehow, they are tears of relief.

The sun darkens as if it's midnight. I hear the screams and panic from the crowd. The soldiers light torches. Then the Teacher calls out again. "Father, why have you forsaken me?" The soldiers rush to give him wine, but he refuses. I expect a host of angels to come and rescue Him. But nothing happens. We fight for life. And we wait in darkness and silence.

He cries out again, "It is finished." In the torchlight, I see Him slump forward. An earthquake rattles every bone in my body, tearing my flesh against the nails.

Then the sun appears and all is quiet.

The soldier nearest the Teacher declares, "This man was the Son of God." I must agree.

And I wait. Fighting. They come and break my legs so I will be dead before nightfall and the start of Passover. I hardly feel the pain anymore, but I can no longer push myself up to get a breath. The end is here. My fight is done. I am ready.

February Photos



Vincent accepted the Lord

NEWS FLASHES!

by CCC's Roving Reporter, **Debbie Shaw**

Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Well here we are in March already! We're getting ready for our beautiful spring and thankful for the wonderful rain.

Did You Know?

✂ Happiness is having your hearing aides adjusted properly.
✂ In the year 2017, a 747 passenger jet called the 747 Max, will be more fuel efficient with much quieter engines. -ABC News

Quotes

✂ We are supposed to be a beacon in this world. -Pastor Eric
✂ No Matter how old you are life is beautiful. Amen.
✂ I am strictly a vegetarian, except for bacon! -Submitted by La Vonne Adams
✂ There are two kinds of people in the world: Those who believe and those who do not. -Pastor Al
✂ Bifocals are God's way of saying keep your chin up!
✂ Often it is the last key on the key ring that opens the lock. Don't you dare give up!

Bit of Humor

✂ How can you ever be late for anything in London? They have a large clock in the middle of town. - Jimmy Kimmel
✂ "Honestly, Officer, I wouldn't have pulled over ha I known you were just going to criticise me."
✂ Reverend Jack got pretty frustrated with his Bible study class when they asked him if the e-pistles were e-mails from God.
✂ After the church service Billy told the pastor, "When I grow up, I'm going to give you some money. My daddy says you're one of the poorest preacher we've ever had."

Misc

✂ Sharon Johnson presented a wonderful slide show for Valentines evening regarding the year 2015. Thank you, Sharon. Afterwards the men of the church served the ladies ice cream and cake. Rumor has it Pastor Eric made the Cake!?! Mmm!
✂ My Grandson Eric is taking a bike trip this summer from the East Coast to the west coast - a six month trip.
✂ The book of Numbers gives an account of the 40 years the Israelites wandered in the desert, a trip that took 40 years should have been an eleven day journey. We, as Christians, are often like this, wandering around instead of trusting God. We like to take our little side trips. We tend to want to hang on to a portion of our lives and end up making a big mess of things.
✂ Ps 32:10 *Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; But he who trusts in the Lord, mercy shall surround him.* NKJV Praise the Lord.

Person of the Month - Dee Paraspolo

✂ Dee is a monthly contributor to the newsletter in her column, Kitchen Korner. She is also Melba Redd's assistant in Women's Ministry. She is married to our beloved Pastor Tony. Dee has four grown children, two boys and two girls and she has nine grandchildren. She grew up with three brothers and was a tom boy - (Go figure!)

Dee retired in 2015 after 20 years at one job. She helped and encouraged those who had been down trodden by the world to re-enter society as well-adjusted adults. Bless you, Dee.

Her favorite life-time Bible verse is Psalms 19:14, *Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.*

She said, "I would like to see our women's ministry reach out



to each other and to others - and to set high goals that will glorify our God."

So long for now, your roving reporter, aka Jr. Scoop
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Romans 16:20

An Erudite Comment from Our Beloved, Jim Conrad

Thank you, God, ad infinitum. Meditation reveals the Job like cry, "Give me my day in court. I'll make my defense so as to save myself from condemnation" (as if I could). In Romans 8, I learned that only the law of Him Who gives life is able to lift all sin nature, which is a law of sin and death. Spiritual law is the final, ultimate determiner of my eternal destination. I repent of the Job syndrome. Long ago the offensive seed of discontent with defenses was planted in me, and at the same time, the Joseph syndrome also came to me. For all these many years the tares and wheat were present, so it was like I was in the wilderness wandering - being up for one day (or hour) and then down the next. Discovery, though much overdue to my mind, is the revelation from God to resolve a much mysterious and difficult past. Hallelujah! I will now walk in the light. Also I will shower, shave and prepare for a NEW DAY! Wow! It's real. In Christ Jesus I'm acting on what God shows is wise, smart and obedient to a result beyond myself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I found this on the web from Got Questions: "Job's experience teaches us that we may never know the specific reason for suffering, but we must trust in our sovereign, holy, righteous God. His ways are perfect (Psalm 18:30). Since God's ways are perfect, we can trust that whatever He does—and whatever He allows—is also perfect. We can't expect to understand God's mind perfectly, as He reminds us, *For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways...For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.* (Isaiah 55:8-9).

Our responsibility to God is to obey Him, to trust Him, and to submit to His will, whether we understand it or not. When we do, we will find God in the midst of our trials. We will see more clearly the magnificence of our God, and we will say, with Job, *My ears had heard of you but now my eyes have seen you.* (Job 42:5)." (From gotquestions.org)

WOMEN'S MEETING

by Melba Redd

In photo, Dee Paraspolo, as she gives her message on "Faith and Faithful" at Women's ministry meeting. This is a visual demonstration (with Sandra Hernandez) telling about faith. Photo by Melba Redd.



Community Christian Center

165 West Dexter Street

Covina, California 91723

Phone No.: (626) 331-2059

www.communitychristiancenter.org

Senior Pastor: Eric (and Marie) Giorgio

email: ericgiorgio@gmail.com

Associate Pastors: Tony Paraspolo, Mike Stephens,
& Dustin Paraspolo

The Good Tidings Newsletter

Sharon Johnson, Editor & Publisher

email: sharonsue@roadrunner.com