

# Community Christian Center

The Word  
Fellowship  
Prayer

## The Good Tidings Newsletter



### A Report on the Revival at CCC

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ERIC GIORGIO, PASTOR

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## Pastor's Corner

This month featuring *Associate Pastor Dustin Paraspolo*

### Bridge Operator - from the Internet

John Griffith was in his early twenties. He was newly married and full of optimism. Along with his lovely wife, he had been



blessed with a beautiful baby. He was living the American dream. But then came 1929—the Great Stock Market Crash—the shattering of the American economy that devastated John's dreams. The winds that howled through Oklahoma were strangely symbolic of the gale force that was sweeping away his hopes and his dreams. And so, brokenhearted, John packed up his few possessions, and with his wife and his little son, headed East in an old Ford Model A. They made their

way to the edge of the mighty Mississippi River and found a job tending one of the great railroad bridges there.

Day after day, John would sit in the control room and direct the enormous gears of the immense bridge over the mighty river. He would look out wistfully as bulky barges and splendid ships glided gracefully under his elevated bridge. Each day, he looked on sadly as those ships carried with them his shattered dreams and his visions of far-off places and exotic destinations.

It wasn't until 1937 that a new dream began to be birthed in John's heart. His young son was now eight years old and John had begun to catch a vision for a new life, a life in which Greg, his little son, would work shoulder to shoulder with him. The first day of this new life dawned and brought with it new hope and fresh purpose. Excitedly, they packed their lunches and headed off towards the immense bridge.

Greg looked on in wide-eyed amazement as his Dad pressed down the huge lever that raised and lowered the vast bridge. As he watched, he thought that his father must surely be the greatest man alive. He marveled that his Dad could single-handedly control the movements of such a stupendous structure.

Before they knew it, Noon time had arrived. John had just elevated the bridge and allowed some scheduled ships to pass through. And then taking his son by the hand, they headed off towards lunch.

As they ate, John told his son in vivid detail stories about the marvelous destinations of the ships that glided below them. Enveloped in a world of thought, he related story after story, his son hanging on his every word.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of telling a tale about the time that the river had overflowed its banks, he and his son were startled back to reality by the shrieking whistle of a distant train. Looking at his watch in disbelief, John saw that it was already 1:07. Immediately he remembered that the bridge was still raised and that the Memphis Express would be by in just minutes.

In the calmest tone he could muster he instructed his son

“Stay put.” Quickly, he leaped to his feet, he jumped onto the catwalk. As the precious seconds flew by, he ran at full-tilt to the steer ladder leading into the control house.

Once in, he searched the river to make sure that no ships were in sight. And then, as he had been trained to do, he looked straight down beneath the bridge to make certain nothing was below. As his eyes moved downward, he saw something so horrifying that his heart froze in his chest. For there, below him in the massive gearbox that housed the colossal gears that moved the gigantic bridge, was his beloved son.

Apparently Greg had tried to follow his dad but had fallen off the catwalk. Even now he was wedged between the teeth of two main cogs in the gear box. Although he appeared to be conscious, John could see that his son's leg had already begun to bleed. Then an even more horrifying thought flashed through his mind. Lowering the bridge would mean killing the apple of his eye.

Panicked, his mind probed in every direction, frantically searching for solutions. In his mind's eye, he saw himself grabbing a coiled rope, climbing down the ladder, running down the catwalk, securing the rope, sliding down towards his son, pulling him back to safety. Then in an instant, he would move back down towards the control lever and thrust it down just in time for the oncoming train.

As soon as these thoughts appeared, he realized the futility of his plan. Instantly he knew there just wouldn't be enough time. Frustration began to beat on John's brow, terror written over every inch of his face. His mind darted here and there, vainly searching for yet another solution.

His agonized mind considered the four hundred people that were moving inextricably closer and closer to the bridge. Soon the train would come roaring out of the trees with tremendous speed, but this was his son...his only son...his pride...his joy.

He knew in a moment there was only one thing he could do. He knew he would have to do it. And so, burying his face under his left arm, he plunged down the lever. The cries of his son were quickly drowned out by the relentless sound of the bridge as it ground slowly into position. With only seconds to spare, the Memphis Express—with its 400 passengers—roared out of the trees and across the mighty bridge.

John Griffith lifted his tear-stained face and looked into the windows of the passing train. A businessman was reading the morning newspaper. A uniformed conductor was glancing nonchalantly as his large vest pocket watch. Ladies were already sipping their afternoon tea in the dining cars. A small boy, looking strangely like his own son, pushed a long thin spoon into a large dish of ice cream. Many of the passengers seemed to be engaged in idle conversation or careless laughter.

No one even looked his way. No one even cast a glance at the giant gear box that housed the mangled remains of his hopes and his dreams.

In anguish he pounded the glass in the control room. He cried out “What's the matter with you people? Don't you know? Don't you care? Don't you know I've sacrificed my son for you? What's wrong with you?”

(Continued on the next page...)

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No one answered. No one heard. No one even looked. Not one of them seemed to care. And then, as suddenly as it had happened, it was over. The train disappeared moving rapidly across the bridge and out over the horizon.

Even now as I retell this story, I'm moved by emotion. For this is but a faint glimpse of what the Father did in sacrificing his Son to atone for the sins of the world. Unlike the Memphis Express, however, an express that caught John Griffith by surprise, God in His great love and according to His sovereign will and purpose, determined to sacrifice his Son so that we might live. Not only so, but the consummate love of Christ is demonstrated in that He was not accidentally caught as was John's son. Rather, He willingly sacrificed his life for the sins of mankind.

Well, the story of course doesn't end there. Three days later, Jesus arose from the grave. For this reason, we celebrate throughout the year and particularly during Easter, the broken body, the shed blood, the mangled remains of our Savior with joy, because Jesus overcame death and the grave through His resurrection.

## NEWS FLASHES!

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

Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! I trust You had a wonderful Easter as we celebrated the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ and the glorious hope of His soon return.

### Did You Know?

- ✂ My grandson Eric's dog is a German short hair point - the breed that took top dog honors at the dog show in New York City.
- ✂ Martha Griego's granddaughter, Marrisona, is a photographer for Legoland. She and her husband will be moving to So. Carolina in August. Our love and prayers are with her and her husband.
- ✂ Jan Truax's walker is purple - her favorite color! GO Jan!!
- ✂ Laughter lifts the spirit and heals the hurting heart.
- ✂ A group of sea turtles is called a bale, per National Geographic.
- ✂ About a third of the planet's food goes to waste. - National Geographic.
- ✂ It took about an hour to change clocks during our recent daylight savings time change!

### Bit Of Humor

- ✂ How many blondes does it take to screw in a light bulb? Need to know ASAP.
- ✂ Dear God, I don't think anybody could be a better God. I just wanted you to know that...and I am not just saying that because you are God already. -Bobby, Age 4
- ✂ The rookie preacher got so flustered during his first sermon, he had to pull out his cell phone and call dial-a-prayer.
- ✂ Dear God, I thank you for my baby brother, but what I prayed for was a puppy. - Scottie, age 7

### Misc.

- ✂ Recipe for happiness:
  - 2 heaping cups of patience
  - 2 handfuls of generosity
  - 1 heart full of love
  - 1 head full of understanding
  - Dash of laughter

### CCC News

- ✂ The March Women's meeting was such a precious time. Lorraine DeLille gave a message on ministry, which is a gift from God. We welcomed many ladies whom we had not seen for some time; among them was Lorraine's daughter, Tanya, Joyce Pace, Denise Ponce, Lupe Sierra, and other ladies from United in Him.

### Person of the Month - Jan Truax

✂ Jan and her husband, Don, have been married 60 years. Don was born in China and came to the United States when he was 15. Don's parents were missionaries to China for 45 years.



Jan has three children: David, who is the chaplain for Covina Police Department for the last 25 years; a daughter, Paula, who wrote music and played piano who, at age 38 died from cancer; and a son, Kent who is a operation's supervisor for the aero space program, he plays classical piano. Jan and Don have six grandchildren and three great

grandchildren.

Jan is an intercessor and said that her vision is for all people to worship the Lord in spirit and truth, to be truly broken before Him.

Jan's favorite Bible verses are Phil 3:10-11...*that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being conformed to His death...* NKJV and John 15:7-8 *If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you will ask what you desire, and it shall be done for you. By this My Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit; so you will be My disciples.* NKJV

For 25 years Don and Jan have reached out to those who have needed help by inviting them to live with them. Jan said that most of the time it was rewarding, but at times it was a challenge!

So long for now, your roving reporter, aka Jr. Scoop

*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.* Romans 16:20

### A MIRACLE IN TENNESSEE

by **Sharon Johnson**

Taken from The 700 Club, and several internet news sources.

18 year old Sam Ray from Tennessee was home alone and working underneath a 5,000 pound Dodge Dakota that he had placed on jacks. All of a sudden the jacks failed and the tremendous weight of the vehicle collapsed upon him. He was pinned and had difficulty breathing. Only his right hand was free and he tried to attract attention by banging a tire iron – to no avail.

Sam needed a miracle. That was when he started praying. But, he thought his time was up and could feel himself slipping away. He said, "I was starting to accept that I wouldn't get out." He kept moving around – trying to breathe and attract attention when, amazingly, he heard from the iPhone in his back pocket Siri asking "What can I help you with?" (Must have been the best sound he ever heard!) Apparently the movements on his backside activated Siri.

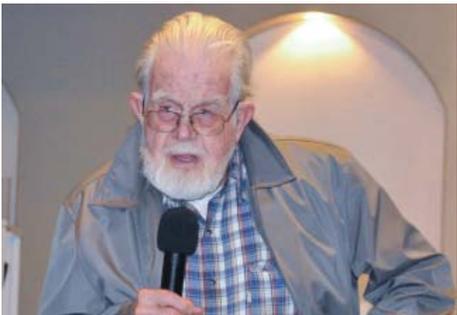
He started yelling, "Hey, Siri call 911." It took about five times but he then heard the second best sound he ever heard, "911, what is your emergency?" He started screaming for help and repeating his address.

A volunteer firefighter soon appeared and placed the vehicle on jacks so that Sam could breathe and then the paramedics came and airlifted him to the hospital. Sam had been trapped under the truck for about 40 minutes.

His trauma care doctor said that Sam was in good condition despite suffering several broken ribs, a bruised kidney, cuts, a concussion and burns to his left arm. He called Sam lucky. But Sam, a strong Christian, said that it was God who answered his prayer that day and He used Siri to do it. He gives all credit to God.

He also said, "I guess I'm stuck with choosing an iPhone for the rest of my life. I owe them that."

# SINGSPARATION



## THE APPLE TREE STORY

Submitted by *Mary Wann*

It was found in her husband's Bible Not long ago a pastor had closed out a revival and boarded a train to begin his journey home.

He sat down beside a young man, and tried to start a conversation by making a comment about the weather, but the young man just didn't want to talk and so they rode on.

After a little while the preacher heard the young man burst into sobs, and so he leaned over and put his arm around him and said, "Son I'm a minister and I'd like to help you in some way if I can."

The young man said, "Yes, preacher, I need to talk to somebody. You see, some two years ago I became so mean and went so far as to strike my dad with my fist. My dad told me, 'Son, you've just grown so wicked that you're worrying your mother to death, and I'm going to have to ask you to leave home.'"

"So you see, preacher, for two long years I've done just about everything that a young man could do that was wrong. But two weeks ago I knelt down at an old fashioned altar and God so gloriously saved my soul. You know the first thing I thought of, preacher, was my dear old mother and dad, and how I would love to go home. So I sat down and wrote my dad a letter. I told him if he could just find it in his heart to forgive

me that I would love to come home, and I told him I would be on this train and, if he wanted me to get off, I would."

Now this kinda confused the preacher just a little bit and he said, "Son how you gonna know that you've been forgiven, that your folks want you to get off?"

The young man said, "Preacher, I've lived beside these old railroad tracks just about all my life. Out in our back yard stands a great big old apple tree, and I told my dad if he could find it in his heart to forgive me, just tie a white flag in that old apple tree and I would get off the train."

Well again they rode on in silence, but it wasn't too long the young man burst into tears again. He said, "Preacher, I'm almost home, but I can't bear to look."

The preacher said, "That's all right, son, I will be your eyes, and I'll look for you." And so he leaned over and wiped the fog away from the window. A great big smile came on his face.

He said, "Son looks like you don't have a thing in the world to worry about. Why it looks like that old apple tree's in full bloom. It's got white flags tied all over it, but that's not all, standing under that old apple tree, I see a dear old gray haired mother and dad. They're not waving a white flag son, they're waving a great big white bed sheet with words on it: COME ON HOME, SON... WE STILL LOVE YOU...JUST COME ON HOME."

And you know, I'm so glad to know that we have a Father yonder in heaven; That no matter how wicked you've been and no matter how much wrong you've done...Maybe He's speaking to you now, saying, COME ON HOME CHILD...COME ON HOME.



CCC's tremendously talented friend, Chris Holloway, visited us last month and treated us to anointed music in his world-class tenor voice. We always love, "Behold the Lamb" which was especially meaningful on Resurrection Sunday. His website url is [chrisholloway.org](http://chrisholloway.org)

## Kitchen Korner

from the kitchen of *Dee Paraspolo*  
**God so 'Dvu'-d the World**

Story by *David Sullivan*, of the Africa Bible Translators  
*God used a small word with a giant meaning:*

Bible translator, Lee Bramlett, was confident that God had left His mark on the Hdi culture somewhere, but though he searched, he could not find it. Where was the footprint of God in the history or daily life of the Cameroonian people? What clue had God planted to let the Hdi know who He is and how He wants to relate to them?

Then one night in a dream, God prompted Lee to look again at the Hdi word for love. Lee and his wife, Tami, had learned that verbs in Hdi consistently end in one of three vowels. For almost every verb, they could find forms ending in i, a, and u. But when it came to the word for love, they could only find i and a. Why no u?

Lee asked the translation committee including the most influential leaders of the community "Could you 'dvi' your wife?"

"Yes," they said. "That would mean that the wife had been loved but the love was gone."

"Could you 'dva' you wife?" Lee asked.

"Yes," they said. "That kind of love depended on the wife's actions. She would be loved as long as she remained faithful and cared well for her husband."

"Could you 'dvu' your wife?" Lee asked. Everyone laughed.

"Of course not!" they said. "If you said that, you would have to keep loving your wife no matter what she did, even if she never got you water, never made you meals. Even if she committed adultery, you would be compelled to just keep on loving her. No we would never say 'dvu.' It just doesn't exist."

Lee sat quietly for a while, thinking about John 3:16, and then he asked, "Could God 'dvu' people?"

There was complete silence for three or four minutes; then tears started to trickle down the weathered faces of these elderly men. Finally they responded.

"Do you know what this would mean?" they asked. "This would mean that God kept loving us over and over, millennia and millennia, while all that time we rejected His great love. He is compelled to love us, even though we have sinned more than any people."

One simple vowel, and the meaning was changed from "I love you based on what you do and who you are," to "I love you based on who I am. I love you because of Me and not because of you."

God had encoded the story of His unconditional love right into their language. For centuries, the little word was there – unused but available, grammatically correct and quite understandable. When the word was finally spoken, it called into question their entire belief system. If God was like that, and not a mean and scary spirit, did they need the spirits of the ancestors to intercede for them? Did they need sorcery to relate to the spirits? Many decided the answer was "no," and the number of Christ-followers quickly grew from a few hundred to several thousand.

The New Testament in Hdi is ready to be printed and twenty-nine thousand speakers will soon be able to feel the impact of passages like Ephesians 5:25, "Husbands, 'dvu' your wives, just as Christ 'dvu'-d the church . . . "I invite you to pray for them as they absorb and seek to model the amazing, unconditional love they have received.

As God's Word is translated around the world, people are gaining access to this great love story about how God 'dvu'-d us enough to sacrifice his unique Son for us, so that our relation-

ship with Him can be ordered and oriented correctly. The cross changes everything! Someday, the last word of the last bit of Scripture for the last community will be done, and everyone will be able to understand the story of God's unconditional love.



*Miriam Tabler* and her family send greetings from Idaho. They are happy and settled in. They operate a kennel in Athol, Idaho.

## Women's Meeting

by *Stephanie Alexander*

Lorraine DeLille was our guest speaker for our March meeting.



It was a great meeting, and a wonderful blessing.

Lorraine's theme was "the renewed women." She spoke on how God uses us despite our past, how He continues to teach us Godly principles and to direct our lives. She said He will never leave us or

forsake us. We thank Lorraine for her words of wisdom, and look forward to hearing her again. (Photo by Stephanie Alexander)

## Scars

by *Sharon Johnson*

Many of us have had very painful and difficult childhoods, the effects of which scar of us for life. As Christians, we can come to a point where we realize that God uses that past working in us to His glory. But it is a painful process that God takes us through. When His work in us is done, we can say, "Thank you, God, for what I went through, because of it I found You and I can be used by You in unique ways to help others."

For myself, I believe I would not have been a Christian if it had not been for a hard childhood, and I would not give up Jesus for the very best life that this world has to offer. He offers more: Eternal love, joy, peace, adventures, happiness, and etc. What does it matter about this short life and things we don't like when we have Eternal life to forward to? Praise God forever.

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