

Seeking Out The Old Paths

Volume 11 Issue 11

November 2005

Would You Believe Me If I Told You Something?

“And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, when she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment. For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me? And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing. But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.”

Mark 5:25 - 34

This is one of my favorite stories in the Bible of a woman's faith in the Lord. It is easy for us to believe in healing if it's something we can see with our eyes, like the blind being healed or the maimed being made whole. When it's something we can't see with the naked eye, we sometimes have doubt. We have a hard time believing unless we SEE it for ourselves, or it is we ourselves who have been healed. There is nothing like being diagnosed with something and having proof from the doctors that the Lord healed you. We don't need anyone to believe for us because we know the Lord has done a miracle in our life. Let me tell you a couple of stories I have seen in my own experiences. I called my Grandma Ralston and asked her to tell me the story again about the Lord healing my Grandpa of emphysema.

My Grandpa, Fred Ralston, started getting sick in 1966. He was diagnosed in 1967 of emphysema, and was sick for 10 years. Over that period he was hospitalized 33 times and was seen by many doctors and

physicians. He was still faithful to God and to His house and rarely ever missed Church. He was prayed for many times in many Churches and still kept his faith in God. The doctors released him to go home and told Grandma there was nothing else they could do. So they went home. Grandma said she had to help Grandpa to bed that night. The next morning he called Grandma into the room. He said to her “Would you believe me if I told you something?” She replied, “Well sure Fred.” He said, “The Lord has healed me and I feel it.” She went into the kitchen to use the phone to call some of the children to tell them the good news and she turned around to see Grandpa walking down the hall on his own. He said he was hungry and she asked what he wanted. His reply was “biscuits and gravy.” She said for the first time he had an appetite and was able to keep all of his food down.

The Lord healed him at home in 1976. He was stronger than ever and

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“We are journeying unto the place of which the LORD said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good.” Numbers 10:29

Dryden Road
 Pentecostal Church
 3201 Dryden Road
 Dayton, Ohio 45439
 298-6555

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

Sunday School - 10 A.M.

Morning Worship - 11 A.M.

Evangelistic Service - 6 P.M.

TUESDAY

Youth Service - 7:30 P.M.

WEDNESDAY

Prayer Service - 10 A.M.

THURSDAY

Family Service - 7:30 P.M.

“Where A Warm
 Welcome Awaits You...
 In This Church We
 Teach Holiness Too...”

Pastor: Bennie D. Sutherland

Editor: Frank Lindsey

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Around Home

Prayer List

Please remember the following people in our church who need a touch from the Lord.

Patsy Roberts, Verna Williams, Edna Pelfrey, Demia Abner, Ruby Carpenter, Sharon Whitley, Bessie Richmond, Evelyn Houston, Brenda Houston, Donna Maggard, Willidean Curtis, Opal Houston, Odie Boggs, Rachel Thompson, Flodie Baldwin, Steve Phillips, Willie Daugherty, Carl Henson, Richie Sutherland, and Ray Driscoll.

We extend our sympathy to Brother Taylor & Sister June Hill. Brother Taylor’s sister, Onie Blackburn, and Sister June’s sister, Lillie Gilbert recently passed away.

We also extend our sympathy to the DuHamel family. Brother Carl’s mother, Patricia DuHamel passed away.

Those blessings are sweetest that are won with prayers and worn with thanks.

NOVEMBER

Birthdays

Angel Varney.....	1
Sean DuHamel	4
Judy Estes.....	4
Ivan Minton.....	5
Sue Farmer	7
Mary Ann Lindsey	7
Lydia Duane	7
Janet Smith.....	11
Kim Banks	13
Theresa Osborn	13
Darrell Allen.....	14
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Brian Thompson.....	15
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Lore’ Tussey	19
Jeff Roberts	20
Holly Boggs	23
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Rhonda Hall	26
Brayton Baker	27
Jay Osborn	27
Jennifer Stidham	27
Dan Duane	27
Gavin Ward	30

Anniversaries

Rick & Dana Reed	9
Steve & Jeanie Stidham	17
Ivan & Lucille Minton	18
Donald & Regina Dixon	22
John & Opal Houston.....	25

A Taste Of New Wine!

From the Upper Room they came out,
One hundred and twenty strong!
When they continued to speak in tongues and shout,
It wasn't very long,
'Til folks said, "They're drunk, and so,"
"They're feeling mighty fine!"
But, Peter was the first to let them know,
They just had a taste of the "New Wine!"

At the Azusa Street Mission in L.A.,
Several years ago,
Folks gathered to fast and pray,
And the Holy Ghost began to flow!
When they got in one accord,
Their faces began to shine!
They spoke in tongues and praised the Lord,
For another taste of the "New Wine!"

Friend, even in our day,
What God loves to do the most,
Is baptize believers in the Blessed Holy Ghost!
The table has been spread!
The Master says, "Come and Dine!"
"Be Spirit filled and Spirit led,"
"And daily taste the "New Wine!"

Robert F. Dotson © 2005

As flowers carry dewdrops, trembling on the edges of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of the wind or brush of bird, So the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving. At the first breath of heavenly flavor, let down the shower, perfumed with the heart's gratitude.

Henry Ward Beecher

Thanksgiving Spirit

Said the old gentleman Gay, on Thanksgiving Day, "If you want to share gladness, give something away."

So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price. And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird, how nice!"

"With such a good dinner before me I ought to give widow Lee this nice chicken I bought." "This fine chicken, Oh, see!" Said the pleased widow Lee. "And this kindness that sent it, how precious to me!"

"I would like to make someone as happy as I. I'll give wash-woman Biddy my big pumpkin pie." "Oh sure," Biddy said, "Tis the queen of all pies. Just to look at its yellow face gladdens me eyes."

"Now it's my turn I take and a sweet ginger cake for the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake." Said the Finnigan children, Rose, Danny, and Hugh, "It smells sweet as spice, and we'll carry a slice to little lame Jake, who has nothing as nice." "Oh thank you, and thank you!" Said little lame Jake. "Oh what a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful cake!"

"And such a big slice. I'll save all the crumbs and give them to each little sparrow that comes." And the sparrows, they twittered, as if they would say, like old gentleman Gay on Thanksgiving day, "*If you want to be happy give something away!*"

By Paul Abshier
Submitted by Sister Lucy Minton

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Would you believe from page 1

he never failed to work in the Church when something was needed. Whether it was a brother or sister having a special need, giving money or lending a helping hand. He often helped his brother, Albert Ralston, who had a concrete business, pouring concrete. I was a witness to his healing when I was 6 years old, for he raised me and was a father to me. I lived with my grandparents. They clothed me, fed me and taught me a lot of lessons in my life.

He lived 29 years after being healed. He was a father to me when I did not have one. He was a friend not only to me, but to everyone that he came in contact with. I often heard him testify of how the Lord had healed him of emphysema. He was 43 when he got sick and he was 53 when he was healed. He died when he was 81, on March 31 2005. Even on his death bed he called on the Lord. I made a promise to him before he died that I would always remain faithful to the Lord and to His House. I will continue telling the story of how the Lord healed Grandpa and brought him out of his death bed in 1976. He served the Lord and was a witness to many people of the healing power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Would you believe me if I told you something? Let me tell you MY story! It is really something to see someone get healed, but when it happens to you it is something special you'll never forget! Especially when you see the proof with x-rays and doctors reports.

Back in April of 1992 I was work-

ing for Koogler Suburban driving a trash truck. Yes, what a wonderful job! I was on my Tuesday route in Xenia and was lifting a heavy container when I turned the wrong way. I heard my back POP! Twice! Pain shot down my left leg like lightning! I was stuck in a stooped position and could not stand up straight. I was rushed to Greene Memorial Hospital where they had taken several x-rays and had determined I had ruptured 2 disks in my lower back. I was in severe pain, to say the least.

I was 21 years old and too young to be injured. Hard work was all I knew. I had no other skills other than working hard. I had only been married for about a year and we had just had a child. It is easy to talk about faith but it is another thing to believe in it for yourself.

I went to see a doctor at Grandview Hospital. I wanted to see the X-rays myself. To see the disks ruptured and out of place was a trying of my faith. They had set me up to start therapy at Kettering Workers Care with limited restrictions. I could barely walk at times and was in severe pain. I began to gain weight and started getting discouraged. I lost my job and had no income. My workers compensation did not pay me for several months, yet I still went to Church and tried to keep the faith. I was trying to push myself in therapy and locked my back up. I screamed in agony. I was embarrassed and in pain. I was restricted in my activities and the amount of weight I could lift was only 10 pounds. I was thinking to myself, I had everything going right for me. I was 190 pounds, young and strong.

I was married to a good wife, and had a beautiful daughter. I had a good job making decent wages, a savings account, and good credit. I was faithfully going to Church and living the best I could.

I have always believed the man is the backbone of the home and the supporter. He is the one who is supposed to work and provide for the family. Here I was useless! Useless to my family! Useless to my Church! I was DISCOURAGED! I went back to my doctor and they tried epidural blocks on my spine, and ran more tests. My doctor sent me over to Southview Hospital to see another doctor for a second opinion for having surgery to try and fuse my disks together. They set me up for more tests and another MRI. I talked to the doctor about the surgery, after both doctor's reviewed the tests. He said if they tried to do surgery it would be a 50% chance I could be paralyzed from the waist down. Talk about another blow!

Here it was almost 5 years later and I'm a hundred pounds heavier from not being active and not working, I was told I may never walk again if they did surgery. I was shut off from workman's compensation and was receiving no income. The Church stepped in and helped me out like you would not believe! Several times they helped us and I thank them for that. I will never forget how good my Pastor and the Dryden Road Church was to us during this time! Several of the members gave to me with a silent hand shake when no one else knew anything about it except me and the Lord.

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I came to Church often with the Devil on my back trying to discourage and oppress me. He told me people thought I was lazy and only wanted a hand out, and I did not want to work. He told me I would never be healed and my God had failed me.

We started revival with Brother Darryl Meadows. I went up and was prayed for several times during revival with no results. Friday night of revival we were having one of those Dryden Road services. I went up, was prayed for, and I walked away the same. In pain! I walked out the side door by Brother Bennie's office to get some fresh air. I walked down the handicap ramp, came back in the front door and sat on the back seat. I was leaning on the pew in front of me to try and get some relief. Brother Darryl Meadows was preaching on, "There is Nothing TOO Impossible for God".

I began to pray on the back seat and I told the Lord I saw how He had healed my Grandpa when I was a young boy and I felt like if I went up and was prayed for one more time that the Lord would help me. After the altar call was made I stood up to go get prayed for again. As I was walking I noticed I was not hurting like I was just a few minutes ago. Instead of bothering anyone to pray for me I got down on my knees and began to thank the Lord, for I felt He had touched me.

When I got up the next morning I noticed I had no pain and I had slept all night. It's the first time I had slept all night without having any pain in over 4 years. I told my

wife I felt like the Lord had healed me. I never said anything at Church because on Tuesday morning I was scheduled for more tests and another MRI. I wanted to see what had happened before I said I was healed.

I went for the tests on Tuesday and back to therapy on Wednesday. In therapy I was adjusting the weights, and began to add more and more weight because I had no more pain. I was pushing over 250 pounds with my legs. I had regained all of my strength! As I lay on the bench I was overwhelmed and began to cry with joy and happiness. One of the workers asked me if I was alright because I was crying. They told me not to over do it. On Thursday I had an appointment with my doctor at Grandview to view the results of my tests. My wife as my witness, my doctor told me something was wrong with the tests and they were going to send me back to get another MRI. Something did not show up right. I went back to the doctor again for the results of the MRI and he said something had changed. He thought somehow with the new technology, the therapy had helped my back. I sat there with a smile on my face and he was looking at me very strangely. He sent me to the other doctor at Southview. He viewed the results and I stood there and looked at the x-rays of before and after. The one on the left hand side was one of a crippled man's back and the other on the right was normal. Both of them had my name in the top right hand corner, "Steve Stidham. "

I left there with a feeling I had never had before, and began to worship

and praise the Lord in my car. I went home and called my attorney. I told him I was not going to deal with workman's compensation any longer. I went out that week and began to search for a job and let the Lord lead me the rest of the way, because he is a "Way Maker." He opened doors for me! I was not worried about a big settlement and some of my family thought I was crazy. When the Lord healed me I went back to work like an honest man should.

You see, I went for a 3rd opinion to the Physician of ALL Physicians. He healed me and made me WHOLE! Not only did He touch my back but He touched my mind and gave me a better job than I had before. Now I make more than I ever have. I lost over a hundred pounds within a year, and He has given me the opportunity to be a witness to a lot of people I come in contact with on a daily basis. They ask me, "Where did you go to college to get your degree for what you do?" I then have the opportunity to tell them about My Doctor!

When I had faith in Him I pressed through the Crowd (the crowd of discouragement and despair) and touched Him! He turned around and said, "Who touched me?" He said to me, "Son, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

It has been almost 10 years since the Lord healed me and since then I have never had another pain in my back. I have walked by faith and not the words of others. I look back now

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and I see how far He has brought me and the miracle of how He healed me and made me whole in body and mind.

It's easy to get discouraged when people are telling you to have more faith. Sometimes they say things that hurt you, when they really don't know your situation, or what you are going through. I have been told a lot of things that hurt me. Even hurtful things from Church folks when I was living the best I could. I had one individual in Church tell me that I was backslid, I had sin in my life, and I sat around and did nothing. That was why the Lord was not healing me. Sometimes things happen to us for a reason and people say things for a reason. God sometimes brings us down to make us look up. He doesn't want us to trust in man, but in Him.

Never kick someone when they are down. You will never know the pain it will bring! I am not making any excuses for myself, but I am telling you this from my heart. I quit going to Church for a while because I let some harsh words someone said hurt me. It was the worst thing I have ever done, to give up on being faithful to Church. But I never gave up on the Lord. It was there in my discouraged condition that I found my place with God and Him alone. I trust Him now more than ever.

I look on people with more compassion and carry a burden, especially for backsliders and those that are afflicted. When you begin to point the finger, pray first and look at your own self. You never know, you

could be the one in the same situation later on in life. You'll will need someone with words of encouragement also. Listen to what the Bible says.

“Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden. Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things. Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Galatians 6:2-7

Brother Steve Stidham

Taking a “servant” attitude of thankfulness in all of life's circumstances will help you react as old Matthew Henry did when he was mugged.

He wrote in his diary, “Let me be thankful first because I was never robbed before; second, although they took my purse, they did not take my life; third, because although they took my all, it was not much; and fourth, because it was I who was robbed, not I who robbed.”

I wonder if I could be that thankful. Could you?

Bible Illustrator

History of the National Holiday

Thanksgiving Day is a national holiday in the United States commemorating the harvest of the Plymouth Colony in 1621. The event followed a winter of great hardship.

When it was first inaugurated, only a few eastern states participated. However, through the effort of Sarah Hale a change was effected. She was fired with the determination of having the whole nation join together in setting apart a national day for giving thanks “unto Him from who all blessings flow.” To this end, she resolutely engaged the press with an endless flow of letters and articles to the various newspapers and journals of her time. In addition, she pleaded long and earnestly with three Presidents: Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan. Finally her campaign succeeded in uniting 29 states in marking the last Thursday of November as “Thanksgiving Day.”

Then came the dark days of the Civil War. Who would listen to a lone woman with her persistent plea for “just one day of peace amidst the blood and the strife”? One man did; her entreaty won the ear of a great American, and in 1863 President Abraham Lincoln officially proclaimed the last Thursday of November as a day set apart for the national giving of thanks unto Almighty God. Lincoln lived to see only two such occasions, but Sarah Hale lived well on into her late 90's, content that her long-cherished hope had at last become a reality.

Selected

WATCHING”

When no one is watching,
What do you do ...
With none to impress,
None to compliment you?

When no one is watching,
Do you take a rest
From being conscientious
And doing your best?

Do you let your hair down
And barely get by?
When no one is watching,
Do you really try?

Are your Godly principles
What your best effort demands?
When no one is watching,
Do you obey HIS commands?

Anyone can behave properly,
When they're under the gun.
It's when no one is watching,
True self shines like the sun.

Yes, true character's revealed
Moments when we're alone.
When no one is watching,
THE REAL US IS SHONE !

© 2004 by Mary Carter Mizrany

There is a story of a grandmother who went to Church one Sunday, aglow with joyful anticipation. Her grandchildren were coming the next day to spend a week with her. She was so happy about it she put five dollars in the offering. The very next Sunday, after the grandchildren had just left, she put twenty-five dollars in the collection basket.

Always Giving Thanks

Consider the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers when they celebrated the first American “Thanksgiving.” How could they give thanks? They had suffered terribly on their long freedom journey which began in the English countryside, and ended on the rocky coast of New England. The “Speedwell,” one of the two ships they boarded at New Amsterdam, almost fell apart before it had moved very far from shore. They had to turn the ship around, and those who still had heart for the voyage crowded into the Mayflower. They encountered terrible storms at sea. For almost the entire trip they remained below deck. They were short on food, and medicine. The sanitation and ventilation were inadequate. The smell was bad. After their first harvest season, when they celebrated that first “Thanksgiving,” fully half their number had already died.

Governor Bradford of Massachusetts made this first Thanksgiving Proclamation three years after the Pilgrims settled at Plymouth: “Inasmuch as the great Father has given us this year an abundant harvest of Indian corn, wheat, peas, beans, squashes, and garden vegetables, and has made the forests to abound with game and the sea with fish and clams, and inasmuch as He has protected us from the ravages of the savages, has spared us from pestilence and disease, has granted us freedom to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. Now I, your magistrate, do proclaim that all ye Pilgrims, with your wives and ye little ones,

do gather at ye meeting house, on ye hill, between the hours of 9 and 12 in the day time, on Thursday, November 29th, of the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty three and the third year since ye Pilgrims landed on ye Pilgrim Rock, there to listen to ye pastor and render thanksgiving to ye Almighty God for all His blessings.”

We can all appreciate the hardships these people endured. But the astonishing thing is that through it all, from the English countryside to the cold, rocky New England shoreline, to the first “Thanksgiving Day” at Plymouth, the Psalm Book was their prayerbook. They were offering praise and thanksgiving to God every step of the way. As they sailed away from home, they praised God and thanked Him for whatever was ahead. Down in the hold of the ship, when it appears certain they would not make it, they sang songs of praise and thanksgiving. In the midst of all the danger and suffering, their spirit was thanksgiving. They were praising and thanking God even when they didn't feel like it.

The pilgrims remind me of Job. Job lost all that he had. His worldly possessions, and all his children. And yet the Bible tells us, “In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.” Job 1:22. In everything, no matter what the circumstance, Job gave thanks. Even when things looked the bleakest, and he didn't feel like it, Job gave praise.

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Thanksgiving from page 7

As we celebrate another Thanksgiving, what is your situation this year? Are you facing a hard trial? Are there situations for which you need answers? The very first thing you need to do is to put the problem aside, and realize that God is bigger than any problem we have. God let's these things happen. He wants us too trust in Him? The Lord wants us to give all of our problems to Him. Don't be like the Israelites when the came out of Egypt and complain. Just give it to the Lord, and learn to trust Him. The solution to your problem may not be what you want, but we know *He is working all things for our good.*

The Psalmist David in Psalm 37:23-26, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall,

he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand. *I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.* He is ever merciful, and leneth; and his seed is blessed."

Are your steps ordered by the Lord? Does the Lord delight in your ways? If so, you need not worry, for the Lord will deliver you.

Psalm 18:2 "The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

This Thanksgiving don't look at your problems, but praise the Lord anyhow and watch how He will work in your life.

The Editor

We are the objects of God's grace; let him be the object of our gratitude.

God is found in two places - one of his dwellings is heaven, and the other is in the meek and thankful heart.

Some count their blessings on their fingers and their miseries on an adding machine.

God's giving deserves our thanksgiving.

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