Dear Lexie,

Taxied By An Angel

"For He shall give his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways." Psalms 91:11

I enjoyed Pastor Tapp's sermon last week entitled "Touched by an Angel." Pastor Tapp shared that angels are messengers sent by God. As he preached, memories flooded my mind as my thoughts drifted back to my teenage years. Here is my story as I journaled it decades ago.

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Our Community Prayer Journey to Adelphi Elementary

Our prayer coverage this week reaches the busy, bustling neighborhood along Riggs Road. During the summer break, kids leave their homes to cross this car-busy street to get to stores and to the parks. May a special host of angels guide their ways and quicken their
This Sabbath:
July 19, 2014

Speaker:
Pastor Gerry Lopez
"Humbly the Greatest"

Special Musical Guests:
Ian Gilbertson
Jon Gilbertson
Soraya Homayouni
Raissa Jei Labrador

Summertime: An Opportunity for Service

Summertime is finally here! If you're like me— you're thinking of baseball games, cookouts and trips to the beach! Surely this is a time to relax and enjoy the blessings of family and friends. Each of these activities is delightful and should be savored. But there's another activity that your young people will be doing that may not come as readily to mind when we think of summer activities: serving others. And that is exactly what some of our Sligo youth will be doing!

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Taxied by an Angel

Cheryl Bridges

“For He shall give his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways.”
Psalms 91:11

I enjoyed Pastor Tapp’s sermon last week entitled “Touched by an Angel.” Pastor Tapp shared that angels are messengers sent by God. As he preached, memories flooded my mind as my thoughts drifted back to my teenage years. Here is my story as I journaled it decades ago.

I heard my alarm clock ring just as my mother entered my bedroom calling “it’s time to wake up to go to pathfinders.” I rolled out of bed to get dressed knowing that pathfinders was the last place I intended to go. I was a popular sixteen-year-old sophomore at Greater New York Academy and a member of one of the school’s favorite singing groups, “The Morning Star Trio.” We gave ourselves Christ’s name because we wanted to represent Him. However this morning my goal was contrary to Christ’s character. I decided to disobey to my parents.

I planned to go to a rehearsal that was being held in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn one of the highest crime areas in New York City. Crime there was so rampant that the area was nick named “Bed-Stuy, do or die!” I had no business traveling alone in Brooklyn. I asked permission to go and my Mom said, “Absolute not! You can only go to pathfinders in Queens. That area of Brooklyn is too dangerous.” I left my Long Island home under the pretense that I was going to Queens. Then I began my defiant journey to Brooklyn. I had to take a bus and two trains. When I exited the subway, I could sense that I was in danger. Also, I was lost. I did not recognize the area and the grungy, dilapidated surroundings were frightening.

I scanned the area and knew it was dangerous. I had no extra money and realized that my girlfriend’s apartment, where the rehearsal was being held, was too far for me to walk. I breathed a prayer and tried to find a pay phone. I crossed the street to look for something familiar. As I walked along the sidewalk, a car pulled up beside me. This car looked odd. It had a taxicab sign on top, but it wasn’t a New York cab. It was a large, white, immaculate, Lincoln Town Car with burgundy leather interior. A gentleman rolled down his window, looked over at me and motioned, then said, “Get in.” “No thank you,” I answered. “I don’t have any money.” The taxi driver continued to urge me on and there was something different about his face. He had a kind look, twinkling eyes and a brilliant, white smile. Despite the danger, this taxi driver seemed to calm my nerves. I reluctantly agreed to get in, but explained that I had no money.

The taxi driver was dark skinned, with a small, neat afro and a slight foreign accent. I mentioned that the car he drove was beautiful and I was amazed that he had such a nice taxi in Brooklyn. He just smiled. He wore a camouflage jacket. As he drove, we talked. I told him I was in high school and a singer. He smiled kindly and mentioned he also loved to sing. As we traveled, I remained concerned that I didn’t know where I was. Then, I suddenly recognized the area. This kind man had driven me close enough to my girlfriend’s apartment that I could now tell him where to go. He took me to the door! Before I left, we talked a bit more. I apologized for not having his fare. He looked at me with kindness and said, “That’s okay. Don’t worry about it. Next time, just listen to your mother.” He smiled radiantly and drove off.

I was stunned. I had never mentioned my mother nor the fact that I had disobeyed. But God knows all things and He sends His angels to protect us. My angel was a kind taxi driver who wore the camouflage to fight the devil. He drove a
white taxi (for purity) with red interior (for the blood). God protected me despite my disobedience. I hope to meet my angel again in heaven to thank him for his protection. Praise God that He loves us so much that I was not only touched but also taxied by an angel.

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Our prayer coverage this week reaches the busy, bustling neighborhood along Riggs Road. During the summer break, kids leave their homes to cross this car-busy street to get to stores and to the parks. May a special host of angels guide their ways and quicken their decisions to maximize their safety. May their parents be prompted to make library visits a summer tradition to keep learning fresh and vibrant.

May a different type of learning and reinforcement occur from VBS programs, community centers, and pools.

- We pray that the teachers get the renewal and refreshment they seek.
- We pray for the other staff members as they prepare the building to ensure a vibrant learning environment.
- We pray that the crossing guards find alternative employment during the break.

Church we continue to pray!
Summertime is finally here! If you’re like me—you’re thinking of baseball games, cookouts and trips to the beach! Surely this is a time to relax and enjoy the blessings of family and friends. Each of these activities is delightful and should be savored. But there’s another activity that your young people will be doing that may not come as readily to mind when we think of summer activities: serving others. And that is exactly what some of our Sligo youth will be doing!

As I have mentioned in several other articles, the Disabilities Action Team (DAT) is joining forces with the Youth Department to give our youth opportunities to serve. Teams Sligo youth will be matched up with those who have some sort of limitation and they could use some sort of help. Who can use this service? Sligo youth will be happy to help anyone who may need these services. For example, maybe you’ve recently had some sort of surgery and could really use a little help. Or maybe you have a child who has a disability and you could really use some help with the child so that you could get some things done. Finally—maybe your just lonely and would really enjoy the company of some young people for an hour or two. Here’s how it works: once a month—usually on a Sunday—our youth will go to Sligo members and help them with light chores, yard work, shopping etc. But here’s the thing: we can’t help if we don’t know where the needs are.

Please stop by the Welcome Desk and give us your information below and we will be in contact with you. All you need to do is fill out the form to request these services. But be forewarned: these kids have energy and a passion for service!

So enjoy the blessings of summer. And let’s give our youth the blessing of serving others!

(by Kathy Roy Johnson)