



9:30 am **Christian Education**
Located in the Ed. Building
(Behind the church)

10:30 am **Morning Worship**
Speaker: **Pastor Jack, Sr**

And now these three remain:

FAITH,
& **HOPE**
& *Love.*

..... But the greatest
of these is love.

I Corinthians 13:13

5:00 pm—SUNDAY NIGHT INTERACTIVE

Meeting in Social Hall on Blaine Ave
Facilitated by James Jaurez

Happenings This Week

WEDNESDAY 7:00 pm
Adult Bible Study

THURSDAY

Ladies: Coming Soon! A new DVD series,
watch for future dates and more details. Winter is
over, so here I come with some stuff to spring into!
Plan now to attend the luncheon at City Heights,
March 25th. Dixie



Next Sunday Spring Ahead



PRAYER REQUESTS

Pauline Hirsekorn (surgery on Friday), Jose Hernandez,
Nancy Hernandez, Socorro Presson, Joanne Prieto, Shirley Es-
kew, Maggie, Millie, Ron Greene & Fam., James Hartline,
Mike Fellows, OC Sweeny, Madeline Strafello, Harry Cowles,
Liz Oeltjenbruns, Ralph (cancer) & Julie (kidney transplant)
Yarborough, Hilda Platt (Esther's Sister)
Special Prayer this month for the Southern Calif. Assemblies
of God as we will elect new leadership at District Council.



A story is told of a little 5 year old girl who wanted so badly a strand of white plastic pearls she had seen when shopping with her mother. They were only a couple of dollars but more than mother had so she told Jenny she would have to save her allowance and do some extra chores. At last she had enough money to buy the necklace. Jenny loved her pearls. The only time she took them off was when she went swimming or had a bubble bath. ... Jenny had a very loving daddy and every night when she was ready for bed, he would read her a story. One night when he finished the story, he asked, "Do you love me?" "Oh yes, Daddy. You know that I love you." "Give me your pearls." "Oh, Daddy, not my pearls. But you can have Princess--the white horse from my collection. ..." "That's okay, Honey. Daddy loves you. Good night." And he brushed her cheek with a kiss. About a week later, after the story time, Jenny's daddy asked again, "Do you love me?" "Daddy, you know I love you." "Then give me your pearls." "Oh Daddy, not my pearls. But you can have my babydoll. The one I got for my birthday. ..." "That's okay. Sleep well. God bless you, little one. Daddy loves you." And as always, he brushed her cheek with a gentle kiss. A few nights later when her daddy came in, Jenny was sitting on her bed with her legs crossed Indian-style. As he came close, he noticed her chin was trembling and one silent tear rolled down her cheek. "What is it, Jenny? What's the matter?" Jenny didn't say anything but lifted her little hand up to her daddy. And when she opened it, there was her little pearl necklace. With a little quiver, she finally said, "Here, Daddy. It's for you." With tears gathering in his own eyes, Jenny's kind daddy reached out with one hand to take the dime-store necklace, and with the other hand he reached into his pocket and pulled out a blue velvet case. Her eyes grew wide with excitement as she opened it to find the most gorgeous strand of genuine pearls. As he fastened the pearls around her neck, the father said, "I had these special pearls for you all along; all you had to do was trust me."

What are you hanging on to? Give God your stuff, your plans and desires – He has the real thing for you. Trust Him! You will never be sorry.

Blessings, *Pastor Jack*