



Holiness Tabernacle COGIC

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We're on the Web!

holinesssternaclecogic.org

Holiness Tabernacle Church Of God In Christ (HTC) is located in Woodbridge, VA a suburb of Washington, D.C., in eastern Prince William County. HTC is a chartered branch of Church Of God In Christ, Inc. The Church Of God In Christ is a Church of the Lord Jesus Christ in which the word of God is preached, ordinances are administered and the doctrine of sanctification or holiness is emphasized as being essential to salvation of mankind.

Our mission is to preach the gospel and to spread the message of holiness such that men's lives will be changed and become living tabernacles; that God may have a place to dwell.

Schedule of Services

Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunday School 9:15 AM	Prayer and Bible Band 7:30 PM	Choir Rehearsal (1st/3rd) 7:30 PM
Sunday Morning Worship 11:00 AM	Youth Night 7:30 PM	Praise Rehearsal (2nd/4th) 8:00 PM
1st Holy Communion 6:00 PM	Thursday	Saturday
2nd/3rd Evangelist Service 6:00 PM	Pastoral Instruction 7:30 PM	Purity/Sunshine Band (3rd) 9:00 AM

Prayer Schedule

Sunday Morning Prayer 9:00 AM	Thursday Early Morning Prayer 5:30 AM
Tuesday Early Morning Prayer 5:30 AM	Friday Noonday Prayer 12:00 PM
Wednesday Early Morning Prayer 5:30 AM	

Prayer Hotline **Dial-in:** 712-432-3900 **Access Code:** 725199



Holiness Tabernacle COGIC
Pentecostal Times

Preparing for the Overflow or *This Light Bread*



By First Lady Vivian Pruitte

And the people spake against God, and against Moses. Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread (Numbers 21:5).

I ran across this scripture one day as I was reading in the book of Numbers. I thought how ungrateful the children of Israel were to God after all He had done for them. After all, He was feeding them with fresh bread from heaven every day. Did they really want to go back to Egypt to be in bondage and to eat leeks and onions? There is no way would anyone in their right mind want to do that, or so I thought.

Well, I have been on a journey this year that has positioned this scripture in a different light for me. I

have found myself loathing *this light bread*. Of course I am not talking about manna from heaven, but in order for you to understand I must take you back to the beginning of my journey. Back in May, I made a decision that has drastically impacted my life. I embarked upon a journey that has been rewarding, but has also come with great sacrifice. And I use the word journey because I distinguish it from a trip. While they both involve reaching a final destination, a trip has an allotted time frame while a journey does not.

I was at the place where I was no longer happy with my weight and was tired of making excuses. I dreaded shopping for new clothes because my size kept increasing. When I got on my scale and saw a number I had never seen before – not even when I was nine months pregnant – I decided that the time had come to take some drastic measures. After visiting my doctor for a physical back in September 2011, he recommended that I lose about 50 pounds. I was outraged! Sure I needed to lose some weight, but I thought 50 pounds was a little excessive. He used words I have never heard before. He told me that I needed to get out of my family. I gave him an inquisitive look, to which he replied, "the diabetes, high cholesterol, and hypertension

family." Needless to say, his advice resonated with me. So after viewing that horrid number on my scale in May, I decided to take his advice and make some serious changes in my life.

I knew that I could not lose the weight by myself. I felt out of control and I needed help to accomplish this goal. I decided to go with the diet program my doctor recommended. I was very excited and motivated to do it. Once I discovered what the program entailed, however, I realized that it was not going to be an easy undertaking. I would have to deprive my body of the foods it was used to eating – some of which I may never be able to indulge in again. "What have I gotten myself into?" I thought. But I had to press forward. I could not go back. People started to ask me about my weight loss and I felt that since they were watching, I could not let myself or them down.

I am now about 10 weeks into the program and have lost about 22 pounds. I have seen a noticeable difference in clothes which I can no longer fit. I have also noticed that I have more energy and am able to do things I have not done in years. The program requires me to eat foods they call meal replacements; you and I would call it a very light

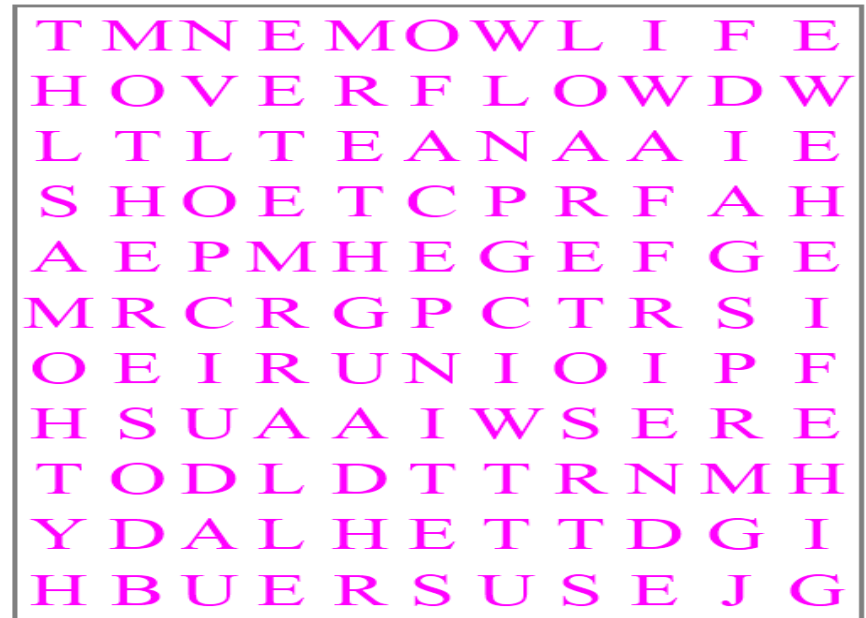
Inside You'll Find...

- > Preparing for the Overflow or This Light Bread
- > The Business of Bathing
- > No Ice in My Sweet Tea
- > If It Ain't Broke...
- > Have You Had Your Vitamin G(od)?

Fun & Games

Upgrade Your Life: Preparing for the Overflow!

Be the first to turn in your completed Word Cross Puzzle to the Registration Table and win a prize!



UPGRADE
FRIEND
CHRIST
SISTER
LADY
THOMAS
DAUGHTER
GROWTH
MOTHER
PREPARE
TEA
PRUITTE
LIFE
WIFE
JESUS
BALANCE
WOMEN
OVERFLOW
YOUR



The Business of Bathing

By Sis Delia Pruitte

As a child, I remember spending many a night pleading with my mother not to make me take a bath.

"But I just took one yesterday, Mom! I'm still clean!"

I would choose my words carefully to avoid getting smacked in the mouth, but the thought of taking another bath seemed dreadful. Who wanted to end a fun day of playing outside, eating frozen popsicles, chasing the ice cream man down the street, and bike racing...with a *bath!* What could be the point of bathing every single day if I knew the next day I would jump into my play clothes, go back outside, and get dirty all over again? I held the same logic for making up my bed in the morning, but I wasn't about to start *that* argument again.

Regardless of how much I begged and pleaded with my mother, she remained resolute. Still grumbling (though inaudibly), I would gather my things and head for the tub.

I remember vividly the day I thought I could outsmart her once and for all with this bathing business. After another round of begging and lobbying, I was once again marched to the bathroom. As soon as I was sure my mother was out of earshot, I put my plan into action. I turned the water on full blast, and made sure it was hot enough to steam the mirror. Removing my dirty clothes, I stood on my knees in front of the mirror with a bar of soap. I rubbed the dry bar of soap all over my face, my arms, my legs, and my neck. I then used my towel to wipe off the white residue. Pleased with myself, I put on my clean pajamas, shut off the water, and marched out of the bathroom with my dirty clothes in my arms.

I marched straight into my mother. Needless to say, the rest of that night didn't go so well for yours truly. I learned a few valuable, painful lessons that night, and as I recall that story in my adulthood, a spiritual analogy comes to mind as well.

How often do you take a spiritual bath? Meaning, something more substantial than your Sunday morning "wash-up" routine? I'm talking about an all-out, overflow of the Holy Spirit, soul cleansing.

Many times, we deal with issues in our lives that we don't think God will notice. Maybe it is a bad habit that we don't think is "that bad", or a little bit of unforgiveness we have in our heart that we are sure no one knows about. It can't be that big a deal, can it?

Paul tells us in I Corinthians 9 that keeping ourselves spiritually clean is a daily business. An overflow of God's Spirit is a special experience, and it is not one that He imparts to the spiritually lazy.

When we do our duty as believers, and check ourselves daily to make sure we are aligned with God's Word, we are much more likely to receive God's overflow. When we attempt to cheat and cut corners (as I did that night in the mirror as a little girl), it is only a matter of time before we come face to face with God, and have to give account for ourselves.

This is a lesson I find myself re-learning often, but it is certainly one I intend to master. Especially since the day I cracked open the bathroom door to see my baby sister sitting on top of the toilet with a dry bar of soap in her hand, and a mischievous look on her face...

Continued from page 1

snack. The other day as I was getting ready to bite into yet another meal replacement bar I found myself saying, "I am beginning to *loathe this light bread.*" As the words crossed my lips my mind went immediately to where I had seen those words before. I was always critical of the children of Israel for saying that about the manna God so graciously provided. This light bread is what sustained them on their journey through the wilderness and prepared them to receive the overflow in a better and wealthier place. Here I was on my journey to a better and healthier me and yet I was complaining about *this light bread*

that was conditioning and preparing me for my overflow. I knew then that it was time for me to change my thinking. While this journey has had its peaks and valleys, it has been rewarding. I feel so much better about myself. I look and feel differently. I have a greater outlook on life and have improved my health dramatically. I am ready for my overflow!

How can one actually prepare for an overflow? The best way is to empty out as much as you can to enormously increase your receiving potential. If you are full, you will not be able to capture as much. I urge you not to loathe *this light bread*

you are experiencing; this is just part of the purging process God has to perform in your life in order for you to achieve your overflow of blessings. As I have been purging my body of junk foods and replacing them with healthier ones, I have found that I no longer crave the fatty ones. In turn, as God purges us from the junk we have been feeding our souls and replaces them with His goodness, we will find that we will no longer miss the junk. In closing, I admonish you to *prepare for your overflow and loathe not this light bread.*

The 1st Lady's Blog

Mother Vivian Valdez Pruittte



Mother Vivian Valdez Pruittte

Sometimes we don't appreciate the people God has placed in our lives until they are gone. One significant person in my life when I was a child was my great-grandmother, Consuelo. She is the one I have the fondest memories of when I was between the ages of 4 and 6 years old. Though my mother was already in the United States, my brothers and I had to wait two years on our visas so that we could go live with her. During that time, she along with my great-grandfather raised my brothers and me.

As is true of most grandmothers or great-grandmothers, Consuelo was the one who would reprimand me when I was wrong, but she was also the one to console me with her love afterwards. Her name literally means comfort or consolation. I can remember Consuelo being partially incapacitated; she would have attacks that would render her unable to walk for extended periods of time, but she would always ensure I was taken care of. It was a very sad day when my brothers and I had to say goodbye to my great-grandfather and her to move to the United States. I did not know if I would ever see them again. My great-grandfather believed that he would never see us again and he was right. He died before any of us were able to return. Consuelo, on the other hand, believed that she would get to see us all at least one more time before she died.

I was thirteen years old before I was able to see Consuelo again. I was the last of my siblings to return to the Dominican Republic to visit for the summer. Unfortunately, Consuelo was completely incapacitated by this time. She was in a wheelchair and needed everything to be done for her. When I first saw her I was afraid to come near her. She was not the same woman I remembered. She called out to me in a very weak voice and I hesitantly came near her and allowed her to look me over. Looking back, how I wish I would have just wrapped my arms around her and told her how much I loved her and appreciated her being such an integral part of my life. Instead I acted like an ungrateful teenie bopping brat. I was now an "American" and had completely dismissed my roots. I spent the next several days, there on the farm I grew up in, avoiding her.

Years later I realized how wrong I was and how unjustly I treated Consuelo, knowing how much she loved me and demonstrated it always when I was a child. I wished I could go back in time and correct that, but I understand how time works; you can never recapture it. I thank God for the brief time she was in my life. Going forward, I try to make it a point to tell people how much they mean to me. God placed people in our lives to help mold and shape us into who we are. I encourage you to call or write a note to someone special in your life and let them know how much they mean to you. You never know when God is going to move them from your life.

p.s. Visit my webpage often as I post a new story on the first of the month. You can find me at <http://www.holinesstabernaclecogic.org/category/firstlady/>

No Ice in My Sweet Tea: *Beyond the Artificial Overflow*

By Asp Missy Danielle Benjamin

My family has this thing where every time we order a large sweet tea from McDonalds, we ask for it without ice. No, it's not because we enjoy lukewarm beverages. Rather, we've come to realize the age old trick of fast food service: the more ice they put into the cup, the less drink you actually receive. So while your cup may appear to be overflowing, you're only getting about half for your money.

This concept got me thinking of our church and women's department theme, "Upgrade Your Life: Preparing for the Overflow." I asked myself, "How exactly does one prepare for an overflow?"

I realized one has to first empty themselves of the junk in their lives. This can be anything from bad attitudes, gossipy mouths and lustful eyes to unforgiving hearts, destructive habits and disobedience to God's Word. Once we've cleaned our closets, He can come in and pour out abundantly – thus leading to the overflow!

But something else occurred to me. Sometimes, rather than experiencing the joy of true overflow, we encounter the temporary thrill of an artificial overflow. What's that, you may ask? It's when we haven't emptied ourselves out, but instead ride the wave of a superficial, spiritual high... one that may last for a day or two, before we crash and burn.

Maybe you've seen (or experienced) this scenario: You come to a church like Holiness Tabernacle on a Sunday morning and have a mighty time in the Lord – I'm talking praising and magnifying God, being slain in the Spirit,

rejoicing and leaping over chairs – the whole nine yards! You leave the service overflowing in God's presence. There's nothing that can stop you... at least not until a few days pass. The next thing you know, you're back in the same rut that you were in before. You have difficulty maintaining a consistent walk with God. Some days you pray and read your Word. Other days you don't. Or won't. Sometimes you feel like you can win the whole world for Christ. Other days, you're barely hanging on to your own salvation – with everyone around you, working your *very* last nerve. You ask yourself, where is that overflow in Christ I had just the other day?

It may be that you have experienced an artificial overflow. You see, God's presence is so awesome and powerful, that you can't help but be touched and uplifted when you're around it. Just by coming to church on a Sunday morning, you're bound to get an overflow that can carry you for a few days. BUT... if your life is still full of the snares and weights that entangle our lives... if you haven't emptied yourself of the junk... that overflow will be shallow and short lived. **Think of it like a McDonalds' sweet tea. Sure, it might look like it's overflowing in refreshing goodness, but in reality, you're just a couple of sips away from a cup full of ice and disappointment.**

So what should be our response? How do we prevent ourselves from having an artificial overflow? Allow me to make a few suggestions. First, come to God with an open heart and humbly submit yourself to Him. Only He can remove the junk out of our lives. But we must first confess our faults, repent and then allow Him to begin a new work in our lives.

Second, find a church that wholly believes in the Bible and teaches sanctification or holy living. God wants to dwell in clean vessels. So it is important that we stop doing anything that dishonors Him. If you live in the Woodbridge area and don't have a church home, let me suggest this church – Holiness Tabernacle COGIC as a great place to become rooted in God.

Finally, ask God to fill you with His Holy Spirit. It is when His Spirit lives inside of us that we are empowered to live victoriously – without continuing to fall prey to the ups and downs we experience in this flesh – through Christ Jesus.

As we continue to seek after God, we can enjoy the overflow that He brings into our lives. Whether during a Sunday morning service, a Thursday evening service, in your car as you drive to and from work, or at your home during your prayer and devotion, come expecting to receive a special blessing from Him. I guarantee that as you consistently prepare yourself for the overflow, you'll find that it will become deeper and longer lasting!



If It Ain't Broke...

By Sis Dei Nkai

The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit. (Psa 34:18)

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise. (Psa 51:17)

1:56AM

"My legs carried me quickly as the echo of the door slamming behind me was swallowed up by cement block walls. I turned left and opened the wooden doors. That's when I saw her... I placed my cold hand upon the cheek of this person I once knew. Running my index finger across her cracked and quivering lips, I felt myself wince with an unimaginable fury. "When did this happen?"; I thought, "and why didn't You stop it?" That was my only question. Trying to escape the moment, I closed my eyes, but was brought back by the burning tears that ran swiftly down my cheeks. The walls felt heavy upon my shoulders and the air ran dense like thunderstorm clouds in July. Everything felt dead. The shame was almost as unbearable as the pain. I looked at the swollen red eyes staring directly back into mine, dropped my head, and then without warning began to heave in an unwelcomed ache. "Why God? Why God? Why?"; I choked out through weak gasps. Only, my screams stopped at the ceiling. And my youth seemed to fail me because I lost my balance and landed upright on the bed. I gripped the sheets for leverage, but the exhaustion that comes with screaming waded me to sleep. And when I awoke there was a stillness in the room. So I wiped my eyes and closed the wooden doors - because that's where I kept my dorm room mirror..."

There is this famous saying: "If it ain't broke don't fix it!" It seems straightforward; don't mess with things that aren't broken, right? Not exactly. Though it seems like common sense, this little phrase is normally attributed to things that are kinda broken. You know, a thing such as that car that still drives you where you need to go, but is falling apart nonetheless. The point of the phrase is to discourage you from breaking a thing further than it is already broken. While this makes sense in our physical world, avoiding brokenness will get you nowhere in the spiritual one. Why so? Because Jesus came for the broken.

It's funny what God will do with a moment of pure brokenness - when a person sees himself or herself for what they are and, being unable to handle the actuality of their failure, cry out to Him. I was twenty-two years old, when the above moment - which is actually a fusion of two separate instances - happened. I'd just come in from a night laden with sin and ran to my dorm feeling so ashamed. Seeing myself in my sin, and bearing the weight of that sin, broke me. However, I was well aware that any screw-ups in my life were actually of my own accord and not God's fault. Still, I begged Him to tell me "why" this had all happened in the way it had. I begged Him to take away the pain and to take me back, but as aforementioned, my screaming and cries seemed to stop at the ceiling.

For the next year I tried everything to fix my emotions, something to help me make sense of my failures and then restore me to a place of wholeness. I needed something to heal me. And as such, I searched. I read self-help books, I bought new clothes, I bought more make-up and I surrounded myself with people that would supposedly help. For a while I felt like it was working. I began to feel better. Yet,

every few weeks I found myself always returning to the same place - a desolate one. Then a little over a year later I stopped pretending like I was better and I allowed myself to break fully. Almost immediately I felt fixable. This time my screams passed the ceiling.

You see the problem wasn't that I was *in* a desolate place. The problem was that I would not face that I was in it. In Psalm 34:18, the Psalmist states that the *Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit*. It doesn't say that he saves the whole in spirit, but the *crushed* - the broken, the unfixed, the messed up ones. The key is to let yourself be crushed. It doesn't mean that you live in sadness or spend your time crying. It means that you make a decision to be honest with God about how you feel, even if how you feel doesn't make you feel good. You stop hiding from the truth. After all, God already knows you're broken so the only person you're really fooling is yourself and maybe those around you. He's not waiting for you to tell Him you're broken. He's waiting for you to tell yourself and then allow yourself to be that way. Why? Because if you aren't broken, you obviously don't want Him to fix you. Jesus came for the broken. So if you want to truly upgrade your life this year, examine yourself. If you see some cracks, don't try to fix them. Don't patch them up with the things of this world because then you'll simply be *kinda* broken. Just be still, get out of His way, and let God shatter you more. Only then, will you be fixable!

Have You Had Your Vitamin G(od)?

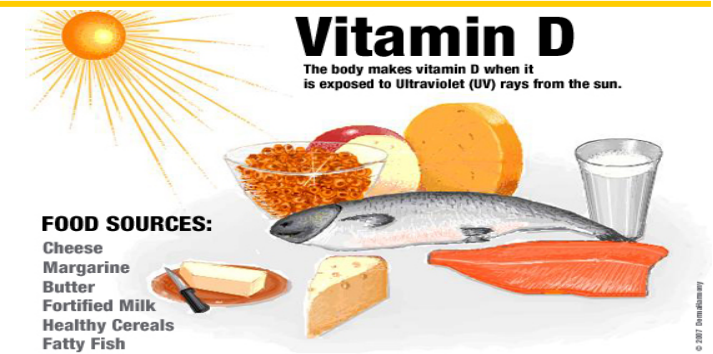
By Sis Marsha Araujo

For a while now, I have been feeling sluggish, exhausted, worn out and downright tired! I lost my zest and zeal for life and I found I didn't have the desire or the vitality to do the things I needed to do in life and those things that I enjoyed. I was wasting away into a dusty, dry husk of my former self and I didn't have the enough energy to care.

This constant state of lassitude I found myself in bled into other aspects of my life. I became irritable and I started to feel aches and pains throughout my body and I would forget simple things on a regular basis. Mentally, physically, emotionally and spiritually, I was a mess and I was trying to operate and my manage life business usual.

Friends and family urged me to start taking better care of myself because I was basically no good to anyone if my body was wearing down. I finally bit the bullet, after experiencing some Vertigo, headaches and melancholic moments, and I scheduled myself an appointment with my doctor. I explained what my symptoms were and like any great, masochistic doctor, she sent me off to the lab and had a plethora of blood work completed.

Two weeks later, I returned to my primary care provider with a follow-up appointment and learned that I was Vitamin D deficient. Both my mind and brow furrowed. I was familiar with Vitamin D. It



was found in milk, right? Seriously though, I did recall that after I had my last son, that his pediatrician gave me Vitamin D drops to give to him on a daily basis due to the fact I was nursing him and human milk doesn't provide the adequate amount of vitamin D that an infant requires. In addition, African-Americans and other people of color tend to be vitamin D deficient and this leads to Rickets in children and other various bone diseases in adults.

Rickets is a disorder caused by a lack of vitamin D, calcium or phosphate. It leads to softening and weakening of the bones, according to PubMed Health. However, further studies are showing that lack of vitamin D affect more than just bones. Research has found that a lack of this vital nutrient causes cardiovascular issues, muscle weakness, high blood pressure and possibly cancer. There are several ways to get vitamin D. You can take a regiment of supplements that boost up your levels if your critically low, or, you can spend time out in the sun.

Thinking on my deficiency of vitamin, I was yet again amazed at how awesome our Lord is. He fearfully, wonderfully and individually made each and every one of us. We are all unique and different. **We must actively take care of these extraordinarily crafted machines in order to continue functioning at a level that God has intended for us.** Vitamin D insufficiency is just one of the many things that can happen when we don't maintain our bodies. By exercising three times a week, eating natural and unprocessed foods, and drinking lots of water, we ensure that our bodies are able to function at a sustainable level. However there is one very important thing is needed in our lives in order to operate above that level, and that is God. He not only guides and leads us, but He teaches us how to live in all aspects of our lives. He is the Creator and He knows our mind, body and soul better than anyone. He is the best vitamin supplement around! He purifies us. He heals us! He restores the mind. So I ask you, have you had your vitamin G(od) today?