

# **INSIGHTS**

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ATLANTA METRO WAY OF THE CROSS CHURCH OF THE APOSTOLIC FAITH  
~ PASTOR ERIC L. CANNADY ~

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## **MY GRANDSON**

by Sister Natalie White

My grandson, Jordon White, was born on June 7, 2001, at Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. Before he was born, the doctors had prepared his parents to expect complications. Jordon was born with Beckwith-Wiedemann Syndrome, which causes many complications. I will mention a few that he experienced.

Jordon was born with an enlarged tongue, and his intestines were outside of his abdomen. After his condition became stable, he was transported to Scottish Rite Hospital and had his first surgery when he was 10 hours old. The doctor had to connect his intestines to his bowels. The surgery was a success and Jordon was in the hospital for 9 days. I remember so well that one of the nurses said, "I have never seen a child stay in intensive care and be released to go home with so little medication." It was only by the grace of God!

Jordon grew like a weed. He had to go to the hospital every 6 months for blood work and an ultrasound to make sure that no tumors were growing in his little body. At 10 months old, Jordon went back to Scottish Rite Hospital for tongue reduction surgery. A quarter of his tongue was cut out and he stayed in the hospital for 11 days. To God be the glory, my grandson has no speech problems!

Occasionally, I took Jordon to the doctor's office and they were always surprised at how well he was doing. He was such a happy child! Once I took him to see the craniofacial specialist, and she was amazed that he was not drooling and had no speech issues or jaw abnormalities.

On June 7<sup>th</sup> of this year, Jordon turned 8 and had undergone 8 surgeries. Ten days later, on June 17<sup>th</sup>, he was released from the doctor's care. Thanks be to God, Jordon is doing wonderfully!

## **COOL BLESSING**

by Minister Joy Jackson

One Saturday morning, I was awakened with the unwelcome news that my Jeep check engine light was back on. Normally, I would be upset about news like this because, like most people, I dislike car problems. I was also thinking about the repair costs and the fact that Saturdays are not my favorite day for working on Jeeps. Nevertheless, I remained cool-headed because I still had my receipt from last week's repair.

Before I took my Jeep in for repair for the check engine light problem, I knew that the fan that cools the engine was not working and needed to be fixed in order to keep the engine from overheating. So I bought a Jeep manual and tried to repair the fan myself. I put on the parts and did the test run. My results: I had to drive with my hood slightly open to keep the engine cool.

When I took my Jeep to the dealership, I was cool-headed about it, and whipped out my receipt to show the customer rep the previous week's repair. "No problem," he said, "we'll fix it." But he did not tell me that it would take five hours.

When the customer rep finally approached me with the news that my Jeep was repaired, he said, "Oh, Mr. Jackson, we noticed that there was another problem with your Jeep and we went ahead and fixed it for you." (The fan!)

That Saturday afternoon I was blessed and highly favored by the Lord. Now, as I'm driving around town, a smile comes over my face when I hear that fan cooling down my engine.

My God is so... Cool the way He does things. Praise the name of Jesus!

## **MS. MARY, I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU**

**by Sister Sharon Liner**

Before I begin this story, let me tell you a little bit about Ms. Mary. Ms. Mary was an old lady from back home (Mississippi) who was just like a grandmother to me. She was not related to me at all, but I spent so much time with her until every body thought that she actually was my grandmother. Ms. Mary was in her 90's but she took really good care of herself. I took her to the store every Saturday! I am not exaggerating. Every Saturday around 10:00 am, you would see me, Ms. Mary, and my little Geo Metro headed down to the Piggly Wiggly store. What she had to go to the store for every Saturday, I do not know and I dared not ask. I was also her hairdresser for a long, long time. Although Ms. Mary was up in age, she still liked to look good. I enjoyed hanging out with her because she would tell me those stories about when she was a little girl and when she was a teenager. Ya'll, Ms. Mary did not play. She was funny without even knowing it and whatever came to her mind, she would say it. Let me share one of my most memorable experiences with Ms. Mary.

As a rule, we would call to check on Ms. Mary or she would call to chat with us. One day, Ms. Mary tried to call my mom but she couldn't get through to her. I don't know what number she was dialing or what she was doing but she kept getting the recording on the other end. You know the one where the recording says, "The number that you have just dialed has been temporarily disconnected, please hang up and try your call again. If you feel that you've reached this message in error ... " I don't know the rest of the line. Well, Ms. Mary thought that this was a live person on the other end so she's talking back word for word to this recording. Of course as she's talking back, the recording is still going, which makes Ms. Mary mad or shall I say furious because she feels like she's being disrespected. After trying to call my mom several times and not being able to get through, she finally got the number right and my mom answered the phone. Boy, was Ms. Mary hot! When she finally heard my mom's voice on the other end she started to tell my mom how that old mean white lady wouldn't let her talk with my mom. She proceeded to tell my mom that that old mean white lady wouldn't let her say nothing and that every time she called, she would say the same thing. "She just talked all over me, Shelly." (My mom's name is Shirley.) "She wouldn't let me say nothing. While I'm talking, she's still talking." Then she says to my mom, "She just didn't want me to talk to you. I don't know why she didn't want me to talk to you but I told her that if she keeps on messing with me, I'll have this phone shut off on account of her." You know how old people talk. "Shelly, I told her she's just lying." Ms. Mary had a way of telling what she said that would crack you up. Of course, we couldn't let her know that afterwards we laughed. Ms. Mary was the type of person who would say the same thing over and over and over and over again, which made what she was saying even funnier. I don't think my mom ever tried to tell her that that was not a real person. Knowing Ms. Mary, she wouldn't have believed my mom any way. One time she told me that she had tried calling somebody and a mean old white man was talking that time. "I don't know where the lady was this time," she said.

Saints, there is a lot more that goes with this story and I have other stories about Ms. Mary that would have you rolling. It nearly tore me up inside when I moved to Georgia because I didn't know who was going to take care of Ms. Mary for me. Who was going to take her to the store every Saturday? Who was going to listen to her stories? Whenever I went back home, I would make it my business to go by to see Ms. Mary. I remember one time I went home, we all went to see Ms. Mary. When we were leaving, I told my mom that it wouldn't be long. I felt that it was my last time seeing her alive, and it was. Not long after, Ms. Mary passed. It hurt so badly because I was unable to go back for the funeral. I miss that old lady so much but I will never ever forget the joy and laughter that she brought to my life. As long as I live I will never forget you, Ms. Mary.

## **MEL HOLDER – SAX PLAYER, RECORDING ARTIST, MAN OF GOD**

Atlanta Metro Way of the Cross Church was honored and blessed by recording artist Mel Holder's visit on September 13<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Holder, who is currently the house band saxophonist on "The Dino Show," has appeared on numerous other television programs including "The Candi Staton Show" and "Showtime at the Apollo with Kirk Franklin." He has also ministered with such notable artists as Fred Hammond, Vickie Winans, Timothy Wright, Nancy Jackson, Trinitee 5:7, Kurt Carr, and Angelo and Veronica.

When he blew his saxophone that Sunday, Mel lifted our spirits to heavenly places. He left no doubt that his music flows from a deep relationship with Jesus Christ. Then we were quite surprised when this Grammy-nominee and NAACP achievement award recipient laid his saxophone down and called for the sick to come up for prayer. Under the unction of the Holy Spirit, Mel Holder and Pastor Eric Cannady came together to lay hands on those who were suffering in their bodies.

Mr. Holder did not come to Atlanta Metro as a stranger or even as an entertainer. Rather he came as a brother in Christ to worship with us out of a heart filled with love for our Lord.

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### **GETHSEMANE GROUP**

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Mission Statement

To support the ministry by laboring before God in prayer on behalf of the leadership, the members, and souls of the lost.