

“Bless the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.”-Psa. 103: 1

Yes, “Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.”

Psalm 103: 2

CLYDE & JOYCE SIMPSON

5322 Blackstone Lane
Northport, AL 35473-0803

Cell: (205) 765-3889

E-mail: clydesimpson99@yahoo.com

NEWS as of Saturday, March 29, 2014

Who forgiveth All
thine iniquities;

Who healeth All thy
diseases;

Who redeemeth thy
life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee
with loving kindness
and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy
mouth with good
things.

Whose mercy is
from everlasting to
everlasting upon
them that fear Him;

His love has no
limit. His grace
has no measure;
His power has no
boundary known
unto man.

Cry. The LORD will
hear and DELIVER
you out of trouble.

THE JAIL MINISTRY:

Since the Christmas holidays, the population of the County Jail seems to have decreased a bit. Whereas there were between 20-30 in most of the cell blocks on the Metro side (where I preach), there have only been from 4 to 10 in most of them for weeks. In several of the cell blocks there are inmates who have made professions of faith and are holding on to New Testaments that I had given them. In the last three weeks fifteen inmates have prayed and professed to be saved.

Joyce and I were greatly blest when our daughter Sarah, her husband Kerry, and their autistic daughter Melody, drove in from Indiana (12 hours on the road) to celebrate Joyce’s 76th birthday.

OUR HEALTH has been fairly good, until March 18th, when first Joyce, then I came down with some kind of virus. In Australia they call it “the wog.” For a whole week both of us were unfit for duty, yet caring for one another. The pioneers would have put it, we were “home, sick abed, upstairs on a cot.” (We live in a one story house.)

In preparation for revival services at our church, we soon will host a cottage prayer meeting.

Oh, the Lord’s loving kindnesses to us are so sweet, and just when we need them most. A preacher in Papua New Guinea to whom we ministered 22 years ago, contacted me by E-mail when his wife was dying of cancer. Only today a phone call came from a man who, as a boy, I led to Christ on the island of St. Croix 52 years ago.

“Awake, my soul to joyful lays and sing thy great Redeemer’s praise.” His loving kindnesses are so free, so great and change not.

Heart felt thanks to all of you for your prayers and support of the Lord’s work in our care. One glimpse of His dear face all sorrow will erase, so bravely run to race, ‘til we see Christ!

Bro. Clyde