Marbleton Community Free Will Baptist Church

1703 Marbleton Road Unicoi, TN 37692 Website: marbletonfwb.com

Rev. Tim Broyles, Pastor

Home Phone: (423) 753-2142

Mobile Phone: (423) 895-2161

WELCOME

Week of December 11, 2022 Schedule of Services:

Sunday School	10:00 A.M.
Sunday Morning Worship Service	10:45 A.M.
Sunday Evening Worship Service	6:00 P.M.
Tuesday, Second Harvest Food Truck Delivery Followed by Prayer for those that can make it.	10:00 A.M.
Wednesday, Bible Study & Prayer Meeting Gift Bag donations are due – see Church Notes below	7:00 P.M.

Happy Anniversary: Nathan & Brandy Brinkley

CHURCH NOTES:

Christmas Gift Bags for the elderly & shut-ins in our community—The youth will be delivering the gift bags on Saturday, Dec. 17th and if you would like to donate some of the needed items, there is a sign-up list in the vestibule. NOTE: the cut-off date for the donated items is this Wednesday, Dec. 14th.

CHRISTMAS AT MARBLETON IS NEXT SUNDAY – DECEMBER 18TH:

<u>Christmas Treat Bags</u> will be handed out during the morning service for all of those in attendance.

Christmas Program - 6:00 P.M. at the Fellowship Hall.

<u>Christmas Fellowship</u> - Each family will need to bring a finger food or two (sandwiches, chips, snack foods, candy/cookies, etc.) and a drink.

<u>Christmas Day Worship Service</u> – the worship service will begin at 10:30 A.M. with special Christmas songs and preaching. There will be no Sunday School or evening service.



THE MANGER SCENE

Crown of Ivy, leaf of Green, Blood-red berries, thorns unseen. Not just figures cold and hard, Shepherds kneeling, Angel Bard. Joseph keeping watch all night. Star of wonder, glorious sight! Infant King, laid on straw. Who can tell what Mary saw? L. C. Berry

GOD BLESS YOUR CHRISTMAS

God bless your Christmas wherever you are And keep your courage bright; For the spirit of man is the candle of God, And burns on the darkest night.

God bless your Christmas wherever you are And keep you strong in faith; For the Spirit of God is the refuge of man And the light in his dwelling place. Hazel Adams



On Going Home For Christmas

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair;
He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there;
He couldn't see his mother or the lump that filled her throat,
Or the tears that started falling as she read his hasty note;
And he couldn't see his father, sitting sorrowful and numb,
Or he never would have written that he thought he couldn't come.

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made. And the joy it would have given, or he never would have stayed. He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown Once again to see her baby and to claim him for her own. He didn't guess the meaning of his visit Christmas Day Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink, And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think. How the years are passing swiftly, and next Christmas it might be There would be no home to visit and no mother dear to see. He didn't think about it – I'll not say he didn't care. He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely have been there.

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there?
Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?
Going home to greet the father in a way to make him glad?
If you're not I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.
Just sit down and write a letter – it will make their heart strings hum
With a tune of perfect gladness – if you'll tell them that you'll come.
Julia L.