

## Marbleton Community Free Will Baptist Church

1703 Marbleton Road

Unicoi, TN 37692

Website: marbletonfwb.com

Rev. Cody Fox, Pastor

Cell Ph: 423/218-5807

## WELCOME

### Week of April 26, 2026 Schedule of Services:

Sunday School	10:00 A.M.
Sunday Morning Worship Service	10:45 A.M.
Board Meeting	5:00 P.M.
Sunday Evening Worship	6:00 P.M.
Wednesday, Mid-Week Worship Service	7:00 P.M.

**Happy Birthday:** Chris Scalf (Apr. 21<sup>st</sup>)  
J.M. Whitson (Apr. 21<sup>st</sup>)  
Carl Ballard (Apr. 22<sup>nd</sup>)

## *Smile A While*

A woman from Grand Rapids, Michigan, fell asleep on the couch after her husband had gone to bed. An intruder sneaked in through the sliding door, which the couple had forgotten to lock, and crept through the house. He picked up the television set. The sleeping man woke up, saw a figure standing there, and whispered, "Honey, come to bed." The burglar panicked, put down the TV, grabbed a stack of money from the dresser, and ran out.

The thief was in for a big surprise! The money turned out to be a stack of Christian pamphlets with a likeness of a \$20 bill on one side and an explanation of the love and forgiveness God offers to people on the other side. Instead of the cash he expected, the intruder got the story of God's love for him.



## My Father's Voice in Prayer

In the silence that falls on my spirit  
When the clamor of life loudest seems,  
Comes a voice that floats in tremulous notes  
Far over my sea of dreams.  
I remember the dim old vestry,  
And my father kneeling there;  
And the old hymns thrill with the memory still

Of my father's voice in prayer.  
I can see the glance of approval  
As my part in the hymn I took;  
I remember the grace of my mother's face  
And the tenderness of her look;  
And I knew that a gracious memory  
Cast its light on that face so fair,  
As her cheek flushed faint—O mother, my  
saint!—

At my father's voice in prayer.  
'Neath the stress of that marvelous pleading  
All childish dissensions died;  
Each rebellious will sank conquered and still  
In a passion of love and pride.  
Ah, the years have held dear voices,  
And melodies tender and rare;  
But tenderest seems the voice of my dreams—  
My father's voice in prayer.

*May Hastings Nottage*

## To Dad on Sunday Morning

Dad, will you go with me to Sunday School today?  
For I heard a teacher say the wicked stay away.  
I know you're not a wicked man but just like all the rest.  
If you'll go with me today, I think for you it's best.  
And take mother along also, it will do her good, I'm sure.  
To worship God an hour or two; Her troubles will be fewer.  
For me to go and you to stay just won't seem hardly fair,  
For how would Heaven look to me if you did not get there?  
How can you stay at home and tell me what to do?  
If God has His eye on me, I'm sure He sees you too.  
Now get that frown from off your face and smile while you get ready.  
It will take the burden off your heart and make you strong and steady.  
You'll sleep lots better at night, too, just try it once and see  
How much more you'll love your home, and mother, and also me.  
You cannot live forever, Dad, you might as well admit;  
So get the burden off your heart, and straighten up a bit.

Virgil Ingram