

Marbleton Community Free Will Baptist Church

1703 Marbleton Road
Unicoi, TN 37692
Website: marbletonfwb.com
Cody Fox, Pastor
Cell: 423/218-5807

WELCOME

Week of July 19, 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 Service	6:00 P.M.
Wednesday, Quarterly Business Meeting (Regular Bible study to follow)	7:00 P.M.

Happy Anniversary: Tim & Glenda Yarber (July 15th)
Dan & Angie Johnson (July 17th)

Old-fashioned Mother

She wasn't in for politics, she never cast a vote;
She simply lived and labored in a little home remote.
She didn't go to clubs and teas, her clothes were not the latest;
But she was happy knowing well the things that counted greatest!
Her family was a sailing ship, that must be guided straight;
With skillful hand that faltered not, nor found the course too late.
A captain, she, who sought no fame, yet served her country well;
Whose mighty deeds of sacrifice no hero could excel.
But now she's called old-fashioned by mothers of today,
Who find the greatest joy in life to be carefree and gay;
But that old sweet love and courage seem to me divine,
And all that I am I owe to her – that old-fashioned mother of mine.

Cleo P. Sutherby

A Nurse's Reflection on Alzheimers

For those placed in my care
Each day I will be constant, I will stay
Even though bewildered, I try to impart
All of the feelings that crowd my heart
They once led strong, productive lives
These Mothers and Fathers,
Husbands and Wives

Before they wore the frightened masks
Their lives were purposeful and filled with tasks

The men will show a weathered hand
From reaping harvest of well worked land
The bloom of youth has vanished from faces
Of women whose children are in other places

Their home is now like a foreign land
And they are lost — they've lost life's plan
These frightened souls with questioning stares
Must understand that someone cares

They are so grateful for everything
Give a smile, a hug, they're remembering

Maybe of a time in earlier years
When they comforted someone and wiped away tears

Perhaps they used a soothing voice
Not out of duty, but out of choice

To help a lost one find their way
Even if only for a minute each day

It is so hard on the families
Knowing the way they used to be

They ask, why does it have to be this way
That the ones they remember have been taken away

They think they are left with an empty shell
Of a former self they once knew so well

But each of them has much to give
Even though it's an alternative life they live

They still remember kindness and love
And most do not question our God above

And if I question what God's plan may be
The answer I think, is to humble me

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