

**NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK**

10:50 a.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: NEED VOLUNTEER!  
Cradle Roll 2: NEED VOLUNTEER!  
6:30 p.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: NEED VOLUNTEER!  
Cradle Roll 2: NEED VOLUNTEER!  
Wed. Evening Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: NEED VOLUNTEER!  
Cradle Roll 2: NEED VOLUNTEER!

**AND THE PEOPLE CAME...**

Week of December 4, 2016

Sunday School ----- 23  
Sunday Morning Service ----- 26  
Sunday Evening Service ----- 20  
Wed. Eve., 12/07/16 Service ----- 16

**AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...**

Week of December 4, 2016

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 808.58  
Total Received for Week of 12/04/16: \$ 808.58

Average amount of **UNDESIGNATED** Offerings  
needed to operate the church **EACH WEEK**,  
**as a minimum = \$ 1,400.00**

**TITHING**



**LISTEN TO -**



**ABIDINGRADIO.COM**

**WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SAVED**

1. Admit that you are a sinner.
2. Admit that God says all sins must be paid for.
3. Accept the fact that Christ took upon Himself the suffering necessary to pay for all your sins.
4. You must change your mind about sin and sinning (God calls this repentance).
5. By an act of your will, accept by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, who can save you from the penalty of sin. Then, tell God about this in a simple prayer. Believe that God keeps His promise to save you, and thank Him for His salvation.



**Please Remember To Be Faithful to Give!**

As with everything else, the costs of keeping a church going never go down - they always go **up**. Bills wait for no one, and churches are no exception to this. An extra, sacrificial gift today by everyone present would go a long way...

We encourage all of our membership to practice obedience to God by being faithful every payday to give back to Him His tithe (10%). *If every family in our church would practice this one simple discipline, we would never have weeks where we have to put off paying some bills until the following week!*

Everything is expensive, especially for a small church like ours, but ours is a BIG God, and He LOVES to bless His children when they are obedient to Him!

If you are already a tither, we thank you, and encourage you to also give offerings as well. If you're currently not tithing, won't you please start **today - OK?** Thank you.

**Church Directory**

Todd W. White ----- Pastor  
Mickie Shatwell ----- Pianist  
Lois Mae Floyd ----- Pianist/ Organist  
----- Greeter  
Shayne Hooper, Brian Crawford, Charity Crawford, LeAnna White -- S.S. Teachers  
Larry & Mary Byars, ----- Outreach  
Bertha Segebarrt ----- Custodian  
Flowers ----- Shirley White, Charity Crawford

**REMINDER**

**'Twas The Night Before Christmas - And Who Thought Of Jesus?**

A New Version By Patricia T. Warren

*T*was the night before Christmas  
and all through the house,  
Everyone was stirring,  
perhaps even the mouse!

Our Bibles were laid on the shelf without care -  
Who thought of Jesus? No time for Him here.  
For no one thought that Jesus would come there.

The children were dressing to crawl into bed,  
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.  
With me in a dither over presents to wrap,  
And dinner to fix . . . So I took a nap!

When at the front door there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw open the sash!  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear?  
But carolers singing about "Midnight Clear,"  
Of a Saviour in Bethlehem, laid on some hay,  
"Hark,; how the angels sing, He is the Way!

The truth in their words made me bow my head,  
To think of this Jesus whom I thought was dead,  
And though I possessed wordly wisdom and wealth,  
I knew I'd missed something when I saw myself.

This baby whom others had worshipped as God  
Had now become Saviour and walked on this sod.  
O come now, you mean all the ribbons and bows  
Have kept me from Jesus, the real Christmas rose?  
I've caught up with Christmas, spent money galore.  
But not seeing God's gift, I simply ignore

The truth of this Day, the reason He came,  
To bear all my sin, to take all my shame.  
They called Him a Saviour, but such a small boy,  
A babe in a manger, can He bring such joy?  
He grew up I'm sure, walked Palestine o'er,  
And now is He knocking at my heart's door?  
That night in dark Bethlehem there was no room,  
And later they killed Him, a Cross and a Tomb,  
Why did they do that? Did they forget?  
He healed their sick, fed them bread, and yet,  
No one remembered; they wouldn't believe  
That He was God's Son whom we should receive.  
In spite of the miracles, they cried, "Crucify Him!"  
They watched as He died, rejected by them.  
But "Father, forgive them," I remember He said,  
Not malice, but love He ofered instead,  
On this Cross where he died,  
this true Christmas tree,  
He died as a Saviour, for all, even me.

He rose up to prove it, that's why they still sing  
Of a manger in Bethlehem, that "cradled a King."  
This Christmas so special, I must make a change,  
I must tell the children, get away from the range,  
We'll worship the Saviour, yes, enjoy all the toys,  
But we won't forget Jesus, no matter the noise,  
We'll shout from the housetops  
and sing it with glee.  
"Joy to the world," for you and for me.



# The Tablecloth

A brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn, arrived in early October, excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve. They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc. and, on December 18, were ahead of schedule and just about finished.

On December 19, a terrible rainstorm hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 6'x 8' fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high. The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home.

On the way, he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity; so he stopped in.

One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time, it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hanger, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area.

Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet. "Pastor," she asked, "where did you get that tablecloth? The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, EBG were crocheted into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten the tablecloth.

The woman explained that before the war, she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. She was captured, sent to prison and never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth; but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home, that was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a house cleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return.

One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to the one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war, and how could there be two tablecloths so alike? He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety, and he was supposed to follow her; but he was arrested and put in prison. He never saw his wife or his home again or all the 35 years in between.

The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride.

They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

- Author Unknown



# I'M SPENDING CHRISTMAS WITH JESUS CHRIST THIS YEAR

*I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below;  
With tiny lights like Heaven's stars reflecting on the snow.*

*The sight is so spectacular - please wipe away that tear;  
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.*

*I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear;  
But the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas Choir up here.*

*For I have no words to tell you the joy their voices bring;  
It is beyond description to hear the angels sing.*

*I know how much you miss me, but please remember dear,  
That I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.*

*I cannot tell you of the splendor of the peace inside this place;  
Can you just imagine Christmas with Our Saviour, face to face?*

*I will ask Him to light your spirit as I tell Him of your love;  
So pray for one another as you lift your eyes above.*

*Please let your hearts be joyful and let your spirit sing;  
For I spending Christmas in Heaven and walking with the King!*

## NEWS OF INTEREST TO CHRISTIANS

**9 SCIENTISTS HAVE FOUND WATER "LURKING MUCH DEEPER" THAN PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT** - Scientists have concluded that minerals near the earth's mantle could hold massive amounts of water. "Scientists running complex simulations on the mineral brucite, which forms part of Earth's mantle, have concluded that IT CAN HOLD WATER UNDER HIGH PRESSURE UP TO 595 KILOMETRES (OR 370 MILES) BELOW THE SURFACE--much deeper than earlier estimates. ...

Geologist Mainak Mookherjee from Florida State University [says,] 'We didn't think water could be stored by hydrous minerals such as brucite at these depths. But now that we know it's there, we need to figure out how much water could be effectively stored inside it.' Every year, billions of tonnes of water are pushed underground through the process of subduction, where one tectonic plate rides over the top of another. It's just as important a part of the water cycle as rainfall and evaporation. ... And brucite is only part of the story: other hydrous minerals, such as mica, lawsonite, serpentine, could be involved as well. ... water could be found way underground--as deep as 660 kilometres (410 miles)--through the mineral ringwoodite" ("Water could be lurking much deeper in our planet than we thought," Science Alert, Nov. 24, 2016). This reminds me of a passage in the ancient book of Genesis, "**In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day WERE ALL THE FOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT DEEP BROKEN UP, and the windows of heaven were opened**" (Genesis 7:11).

**9 JUDGE IN GERMANY RULES FOR SHARIA POLICE** - On November 21, a German court ruled that "a group of Islamists did not break the law by forming 'sharia police' street patrols and telling people to stop drinking, gambling and listening to music" ("Sharia police are not illegal," The Local, Nov. 22, 2016). The patrols wear orange vests emblazoned with the words "Sharia Police," but the court found that the vests were not "threatening."

This report reminds us that a major Islamic objective is to put Western nations under Sharia law. They have long-range plans and accomplish their goals incrementally. If they suffer a defeat, they do not give up. Very few western political leaders understand these things, probably including Donald Trump. While he is concerned about keeping Islamic terrorists out of America, the more foundational issue is to understand and deal effectively with the fact that conquering the world for Allah has been a fundamental aspect of Islam since the days of Mohammed. The Jihadist is not an "extremist" or "ultra" anything. He is a true and obedient Muslim who is taking his Quran seriously. Political activity and worldly-minded political leaders cannot change hearts and minds, but prayer can.

