

2015 LOTTIE MOON CHRISTMAS OFFERING®

WEEK OF PRAYER FOR INTERNATIONAL MISSIONS • NOV. 29 – DEC. 6



BECAUSE OF WHO HE IS

... AND **BECAUSE YOU GIVE**, IMB HELPS
CHURCHES SEND MISSIONARIES TO THE
BILLIONS **WHO HAVE YET TO HEAR.**



PRAY » GIVE » GO » SEND »

imb.org

Lottie Moon Christmas Offering

November 22 – January 3

Church Goal - \$3400

Thank you to all who assisted with the Singing Seniors of DeKalb County service.

To Mamie Moore and all of those who worked on the Operation Christmas Child gathering of Christmas boxes for children

To those who cooked and brought food for Fall in the Park

To those who cooked and served at Turkey Trot

To Leah Perkins and her volunteer crew for providing treats for our church for the town celebration of Trunk or Treat

To Mamie Moore for Hosting Chili Cookoff

To all who have given sacrificially to Fall offerings:

World Hunger Offering to Date - \$257.50

Operation Christmas Child – 45 Boxes

Congratulations to Carson Dennis who was baptized in November

Community Thanksgiving Service

Sunday, November 22

Hosted by First Methodist

Speaker – Don Jones, Pastor, Vernon Baptist

6:00

Please bring non-perishable food items to be placed in food boxes.
Please bring names of anyone you think would appreciate a food box.

Community Christmas Tree Lighting

Thanksgiving Day

Thursday, November 26

5:00

At the Red Light in Front of the Church

Community Christmas Service

Sunday, December 6

Hosted by Harvest Center Church of God of Prophecy

Each Church Will Be Making a Presentation

Lord's Supper and Candlelight Service

Light Refreshments Afterwards

Collinsville Christmas Parade

Saturday, December 12

2:00

Open House

Alabama Baptist Children's Homes

Sunday, December 6

Decatur

Dec 7 – First Day of Hanukkah

Nov 29-Dec 6 Week of Prayer of International Missions

Sundays in Advent

November 29 First Sunday in Advent - **Hope**

Isaiah 40:5 Glory of Lord Shall Be Revealed

Luke 21:25-36 Signs of Second Coming – Fig Tree

December 6 Second Sunday in Advent – **Peace** Isaiah 9:6

Luke 3:1-6 John Baptist

Children's Choirs Christmas Program

December 13 Third Sunday in Advent – **Joy** Luke 2:10-11 Shepherds

Luke 3:7-18 Searching for Peace

December 20 Fourth Sunday in Advent - **Love** John 3:16

Luke 1:39-55 Mary

December 27 Christ Matthew 1:23 Emmanuel

Luke 2:41-52 Jesus at Temple

January 3 My Times Are in Your Hands Psalm 31:15

Epiphany Observed in Collinsville

Matthew 2 John 1:10-18

Sunday Nights

November 22 Community Thanksgiving

November 29 Lottie Moon Emphasis

December 6 Community Christmas

December 13 Christmas Caroling

December 20 Lighting of Christ Candle and Lord's Supper

December 27 No Service

January 3 Wise Men's Movie

Quarterly Ministry Meeting and Covered Dish Dinner

Sunday, January 10

Noon

Volunteers for December and January

Lord's Supper – Will be served on Sunday night, December 20

Flowers -

Wednesday Night Schedule at 6:00 for Adults

First Wednesday WOW

Third Wednesday Deacon Meeting

Second, Fourth and Fifth Wednesday – Bible Study and Prayer

Regular Wednesday Night Schedule

5:40 Supper

6:00 Children's Choirs

CBC Youth

7:00 Adult Choir

School Breaks for Christmas

December 19 – January 4

For DeKalb County and Fort Payne Schools

Possible Men's Day

Sunday, February 7

Ash Wednesday

February 10

Lent Begins

Easter

Sunday March 27

Dear Family,

The year has passed quickly, and October marked a year that my mother, Mary Lorena Roberts, came to Collinsville to be with us indefinitely. We are grateful for her almost 96 years. We feel so blessed to have children, other extended family and church family and friends who have been so supportive, prayerful, caring, compassionate, loving – not just in this year, but in the several years mother has needed assistance. Thank you all.

My husband and I are particularly grateful for health and stamina to be able to care for Mother at home, and I am especially thankful for my husband being so willing to share in this way.

In addition to precious family, I am grateful for God's blessing of our church with an amazing number of children and youth, and leaders He has called to work with them. We are approaching the Christmas season when we remember again the gift God gave us – the Christ child – and I am thankful.

I am thankful we can look to a new year—2016 – with faith and hope, and wish for you the joy of the Lord to be your strength, and His peace that passes all understanding.

I thank God for you.

Gloria

Children and Youth rehearsals will resume January 6, 2016 and Sanctuary Choir Rehearsals will resume the following Wednesday, January 13.

Music Leadership Children's Choir Summit, Shocco July 8-9, 2016
Summer Music Camp at Shocco July 11-15

Children's Choir Christmas Program

Sunday, December 6
11:00

Christian Ladies of Collinsville

Spring Retreat

March 5, 2016

Theme: "Don't Give Up"

Please begin praying for the retreat and gathering items to contribute to the

Upscale Yard Sale

Which will be used to help cover costs of the event.

WMU Christmas Store

Collinsville Nursing Home

Thursday, December 10

Two Christmas Crowds

My senses were being assaulted. Especially my hearing. Could music be any louder?

Twenty years ago it was Christmas time and I was trying to find a way to get our children the Christmas presents that they wanted on the amount of money that we had budgeted. One son wanted in-line skates that were suddenly very popular. If

he got the safety gear, too, the cost would be double what we had budgeted. His mom was quite certain he needed the safety gear.

It looked like a year of Christmas disappointment. Then I saw an ad for Just for Feet, a large shoe store in Birmingham next to the Galleria. They were having a sale from 11:00 the night of December 23 until 6:00 on the morning of December 24. There would be different things on sale every half hour. And sure enough, there were the skates and safety gear on sale for half price at 1:30 and 3:00 in the morning.

So off I went to Birmingham. The store was the only thing still open in the Galleria area. Lots of empty parking lots except around the shoe store. I had to park a quarter mile away because of the number of people at the sale.

I could hear the music well before I got in the building. Just for Feet's target audience was not me. It was teen age/early twenties. And the music reflected that. You could not hear the person next to you. The crowd was stifling. You could not leave the building until you paid for everything that you were getting, and you could only go through the payment line once.

In other words, the only thing you could do was shop. And wait. Stand around and cover your ears. I got in the line to get the skates a little after one. The worker handed me the skates along with a note saying that I had gotten them during the thirty minute sale.

I found a small corner where I sat on the floor for about thirty minutes. People were shoving and grasping. Everybody trying to get the things they wanted. I wanted out of the building. I went up near the door where the security guard watched me closely. I ended up with a pair of clearance running shoes that I did not need because they were on special sale that half hour. Finally, I got in line and got the safety gear.

The line to check out took over an hour. Music breaking ear drums the whole time, arms breaking from holding purchases, people trying to be polite. Mostly. Everyone sweating from the heat of the crowd and the winter clothes we all wore. Forty degrees outside. A hundred and forty inside. It was awful. Someone broke line and almost started a riot.

I finally got to the cashier who checked to be sure I got my things at the right times for the sale. I paid and staggered to the door, the guard opening it for me at 4:30. I

needed to drive home and be nice all day with holiday company in spite of my exhaustion. I was pretty sure my bargains were not worth it.

As I walked out into the cool air and the quiet, I realized it was still dark. My car was down the hill out of sight of the store. I don't get scared easily, but I realized I was a perfect target for thieves. I was alone in the dark.

I thought to myself, why? Why would we all have done this? What could be so important that we suffered hearing loss and knew we would be exhausted through the rest of Christmas? I looked around me at the dark, fumbling at my keys wanting to get into the safety of the car. Was anybody about to jump me? Why would we do it? Why? *As I looked around, I desperately clutched the shopping bags to my chest.*

One year and one day later we were in Nashville for Christmas with family. We were staying at Gloria's parents' house. Christmas Eve. Some of the family had gone to other gatherings. I had always wanted to go to a Midnight Mass. I found out that there would be one at the Cathedral in downtown Nashville. I asked if anybody would want to go with me. Several said yes at six. By eleven it was down to just me and John.

We had decided we would get there fifteen minutes before twelve to get a good seat. The streets of Nashville were pretty much deserted. Until we got close to the Cathedral and had our first hint that we might not be early enough. Parking lots were full. We parked across the street in the dark.

When we opened the front door to go into the church, the entry area was full of people. We went through the next doors. Every seat was taken. Every pew completely full. Standing room only at the back where we were, and we were standing ten deep. Turns out that the service starts at midnight, but it is preceded by an hour of Christmas music from choir and instruments. John and I were amazed and a little overwhelmed.

By midnight there was no standing room left. The entry area through the doors was full. The crowd was about twenty deep now where John and I were standing. Lots of shuffling feet and hunting space to breathe.

At midnight all those seated stood up and sang "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" with those of us already standing. The priests and bishop marched in from the back. One was swinging incense whose sweet smell filled the Sanctuary. As did the

sound of over a thousand voices. A chill ran up my body. The presence of the Spirit. It was beautiful. A true sense of being one of the Faithful who had come to this special place on this special night. Midnight. It was Christmas.

I looked around at the congregation from my vantage point in the back. There were people in formal wear that had obviously come straight to church from a fancy Christmas get together. There were suits and dresses. Shirts and khakis. Jeans. Some Christmas scarves. All ages. There were families sitting near the front in what was obviously an annual worship time for them. Blacks, White, Hispanics. Business people, college students. Rich, poor. Next to John and I there was a man whose dress implied that he was homeless. In that room it did not matter. The dress code for the night was to wear a smile. We all knew that we belonged in that room. We were united in that room in joy. "Joy to the World" indeed.

The service would last about an hour. It neared conclusion and climax with the observance of Communion. Pretty much everyone there went to the front to receive the bread and cup. Smiles at trying to work out the logistics of how to get in and out of pews and from the back where we were to the front and then back to where we started. We all got it figured out with lots of smiles as the choir sang in the balcony above us.

As John and I waited in line going down the aisle, we knew that we would be back in other years. And bring more family with us. And get there early enough for all the music. What an amazing way to celebrate the coming of the Christ child.

I looked around me at the people. What would get so many people out so late on a holiday night? Why would they fight the parking and crowds? Why did they so gladly mix with people who did not look like them? Why would they stand in the back for an hour pushed tightly together? What could be worth this mass of humanity?

I stood before the priest and held out my open hands. He placed the bread in my hands and said, "The Body of Christ".