

## COLLINSVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH



December, 2016    January 2017

### Christmas Day Schedule

Worship 10:00

No Other Activities

Come join us for worship. Feel free to dress casually.

Lighting of Christ Candle, Special Children Participation in Service

We will let out by 11 in order for you to get to any family/friends gathering you may be having.

If you do not have other activities, feel free to stick around and visit awhile.

### Epiphany

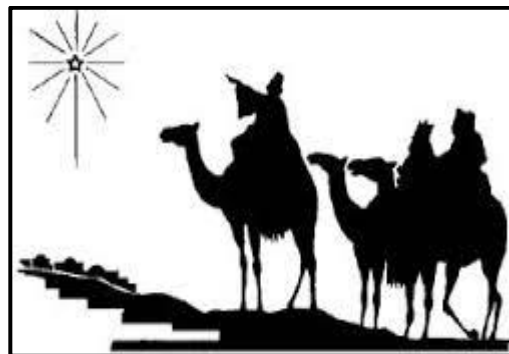
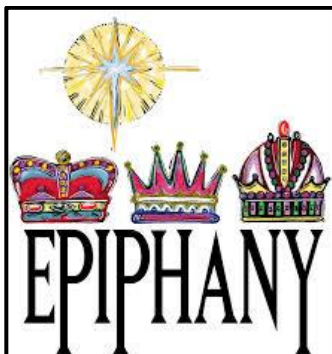
Friday, January 6

We Will Observe on Sunday, January 8

Did you know that Advent ends on December 24? Because in our part of the world most Christians celebrate the birth of Christ on December 25. But in other parts of the world, many

Christians celebrate the birth on January 6, the date of Epiphany, a word that means the appearing. In between those two dates are twelve days. Some Christians celebrate all twelve days. Maybe you remember a song about the twelve days of Christmas. In our part of the world, we especially remember the coming of the Wise Men on Epiphany. There are also a few

Christians who wait until January 19 to celebrate the birth due to a disagreement about calendars. Most of us would say the more we celebrate Jesus the better. This year Collinsville Baptist will have celebrations on December 25, January 1 and January 8.



*The story below took place about 1995. That means there were no cell phones, no wifi, no internet access for most people. Only pay phones. 9/11 restrictions on travel were not yet in place.*

### ***An Early Late Christmas Present***

We were getting an early Christmas present. One Gloria and I had wanted for a long time. The only catch – we had to go to Atlanta to get it. And to make it worse, we had to go to the Atlanta airport. But we were sure the present would be worth it.

Our son John had been in Europe for six months. He had studied and lived in Copenhagen, Denmark. And he went early to wander around Europe, visiting about fifteen countries.

Our communication with him was limited. We knew he was fine, and he was having an amazing time, but Gloria was ready to see her baby. I might have been ready, too. We climbed into our old blue van and set off. Mark, in from college, Glenda and Matthew still in high school, joined us. They began to play a board game of Risk on the way there.

We hit Atlanta traffic early and often. So, we were running a little later than we wanted to be. We knew John's scheduled arrival time. We were looking forward to standing at the gate to greet him as he got off the plane. We parked and walked quickly into the terminal. His flight was arriving at concourse five, the one that was the furthest away from the main terminal.

That meant we had to go underground to the Transportation Mall, a mile-long underground corridor that runs under the concourses where the planes land. You can walk the distance. Or step onto a moving sidewalk. Or ride the train that runs back and forth by the corridor. We moved quickly onto the train and rode to the far end. Up the steps in a rush. Down the hall to the right gate. It was time for John's flight to arrive. Was he here?

We ground to a halt. No John. About twenty people standing in the waiting area. Nobody at the desk to tell us what was happening. Above the desk a single sign. John's flight number on it. And next to the flight number one word. Delayed.

We didn't know what to do. I wandered around hunting anybody who could help us. No officials at our gate or back at the terminal office. Nobody. We all stood or sat. Waiting and wondering. After a while, some people left. Our family settled in to wait. We had not eaten supper thinking that we would let John choose American fast food when he arrived. None of the shops were open. Turns out John's flight was the last one scheduled that night.

After a while, Mark made the twenty minute each way trip back to the van. To get the Risk game. The game began again on the floor of the waiting room.

I looked around at the others waiting. A very quiet, distinguished man of about sixty. Suit and overcoat against the mid-December weather. Waiting on his daughter. Hat in his hand as he stood staring at the window and the sign. Delayed.

Another man of a similar age. Waiting on his wife. They were United Nations peacekeepers in the Sinai. He had come on ahead. Now she was coming for Christmas in the U.S. He and his wife traveled a lot. He left after a couple of hours. He assured us his wife would know how to get home. A last glance at the sign. Delayed.

A couple with their children. The woman went in and out of the area several times. The Risk game continued. Gloria and I read and waited. We were determined to meet John as he got off the plane. How much longer? Our stomachs growled. It was almost 11. How long is Delayed?

The woman came back in. “I found an 800 number for the airline and called it. There is a terrible snowstorm in New York. The airplane is on the ground in D.C. They thought they would still have to fly to New York before coming to Atlanta.”

We felt it would be safe for us to go get some food. Gloria sweetly said that she was not leaving. She would stay there in case John came in. It would only be a ten minute drive downtown to The Varsity Drive In for hamburgers. We trekked back to the van and drove to the Varsity. It was closed. I remembered an all night IHOP about five miles up Peachtree. We went there and ate. Full of pancakes, when we got back in the car it was after one. Much later than we meant to be.

Back to the airport. Ready to rush to John’s gate. Wondering how close he was. Escalator turned off. We ran down the stairs. Got ready to jump on the train. Closed. Moving sidewalk closed. We walked/ran the mile to the other end. Up the stairs to the gate. Workers at the desk. The woman at the desk told us that the passengers had been carried to luggage claim in a bus. “Sorry for any inconvenience.” Plastic smile. I looked up at the sign. Not Delayed. Arrived.

Gloria had been allowed to ride the bus with John. We ran back down the stairs. A mile run past the closed train. Up the stopped escalator to the Main Terminal. Turn right to Baggage Claim. And then we could see it ahead of us. A crowd of people. We ran in among them. There was Gloria.

And there was John. As we ran to him, I was holding back tears. John was home for Christmas. I hugged him as did his brothers and his future sister-in-law.

Everyone was talking. We all wanted to know about his delayed flight and the snow. And everything he had done for six months. And we all wanted just to look at him. John was home. It was less than a week to Christmas. But Christmas had already begun. In the baggage claim of the Atlanta Airport. After a long wait he was there. Arrived. Merry Christmas.

I don’t remember a lot about the drive home except for lots of talking. No more Risk games. Just being family. Wanting to hear everything. The old van’s heater did its best to make us comfortable and keep the windshield clear. But somehow we were warm all the way home.

I don’t know what kind of year you have had. Maybe it has been hard for you. Sickness and problems. A year when you have talked to God a lot. But you feel like that all you get back is a sign saying “Delayed”. Over and over. Delayed.

Had we known when we left home about the hours-long wait, would we have all gone? Probably. Because looking back on it, it was worth it. To see John. And to have that experience of waiting made it all the sweeter. Maybe someone you loved got an Arrived sign this year. Gloria’s mother got that sign in January. Arrived. Pains and sickness gone forever.

One of the messages of Christmas is that Delayed ends. God keeps His promises every time. In His time. A Christmas story verse from Luke – “While they were there, **the time came for the baby to be born.**” Jesus was not born a second late. Or a second early. The time came. God knew what He was doing.

And the wait was worth it. Forget no rooms. And far from home. And a baby in a manger. Mary knew when she held her baby boy. Joseph knew when he held Jesus. (I think he would understand the tears in my eyes in the Atlanta airport when I hugged John.) The shepherds and Wise Men and angels knew. Maybe they even put up a sign above the manger. Star shining on it.

ARRIVED.

**New Year's Day Schedule**  
Regular Morning Schedule  
Sunday School 10, Worship 11  
No Evening Activities

**Quarterly Ministry Meeting**  
Covered Dish Dinner  
Sunday, January 8  
Noon

**Christmas Caroling**  
Sunday, December 18  
5:00  
Caroling in Our Community

**Men's Day**  
Sunday, February 5  
Tentative Date

**Lent Begins**  
Ash Wednesday, March 1  
**Easter Is April 15**

**Christian Ladies Retreat**  
Coming in March  
Donations for Yard Sale Needed



### **The Annual Chili Cookoff**

This Will Be Held **During the Covered Dish Dinner January 8**

Contest is open to all who are brave enough to enter.

Bring your regular covered dishes whether you are entering chili or not.

Go Watch the Interstate for Road Kill or Use Left Over Turkey from Christmas Dinner

But You Can't Win If You Don't Enter.

Who will be the 2017 Chili Champ?

It has been a busy and fruitful Fall. Since the last newsletter, **we need to say thank you** for: **Fall in the Park** was wonderful. Thank you for such a great turnout. And thank you to our cooks led by Rex Leath and Rick Carter and all those who brought food. It was a beautiful day to enjoy God's amazing creation.

**Trunk or Treat.** Great crowds. Great event. Special thanks to Lisa, Lexie, Phillip, and Joey for working at the church sponsored places.

**Turkey Trot** We had a church information booth staffed by Deb Redditt, Deborah Ross, Luke Laney, Jennifer Wilkins, Sheila Smith and Donzella Bobo.

**Community Thanksgiving** Luke Laney did a great job on the sermon. 35 Food Boxes were sent to families. The offering was \$589. There was also a great offering of food staples for the food boxes.

**Community Christmas Tree Lighting** – Thank you to all of you who jumped in and helped with music and with the drinks for the community.

**Community Christmas Service** – was richly blessed by God. Great music, great participation by local churches, great fellowship and food afterwards. *He Is Here* was the theme. And He was.

**Community Christmas Parade** – the parade and downtown decorations were wonderful.

**Youth Fundraiser Lunch** – Me, oh my. Jambalaya. And everything else. Thank you for your support.

**AWANA Dinners** – Our church began an exciting new ministry this year with AWANA. It would not have been possible without so many helping with the dinners for all participants, children, youth and adult.

**Special Offerings** – In September and October, many of you gave generously to the *World Hunger Relief Offering*. In October and November, you turned your attention to *Operation Christmas Child*. Symphony Graves stepped in to lead us to sending in 23 boxes. No word yet as to which country received your gift boxes. And now, during November and December, we joyously give toward mission work all over the world with the *Lottie Moon Christmas Offering for International Missions*.

The Youth Praise Team helped lead service on several Sunday mornings. Thank you. Many of you helped with the Veterans' Day preparation at the cemetery.

**Sympathy** – to the family of Ruth Mooring who passed away in November.

**Lord's Supper Volunteers** – December – J.R. and Donzella Bobo; January – Joey and Terri Bobo; February – Mark and Glenda Morgan; March – Clyde and Sandra Killian

**A Reminder** – The Nominating Committee Report is no longer issued as an annual report. The Committees remained the same. Let the Committee know if you would rather not continue to serve in a church position.

**Awana** resumes Wednesday, January 4 **No** Awana on Wednesday, December 21 or 28 (Remember – if DeKalb Schools do not meet, Wednesday night Awana and choirs do not meet).

Wednesday, January 4 is regularly scheduled Youth **WOW**.

**Sanctity of Human Life** Sunday, January 15





Why should we not  
instead of the paltry offerings we make,  
**DO SOMETHING**  
that will prove we are really in earnest  
in claiming to be followers of him, who,  
though he was rich  
for our sake became poor?

- Lottie Moon  
Tungchow, China on Sept. 15, 1887

**Lottie Moon Christmas Offering**  
Church Goal: \$2,000

Collinsville Baptist Church  
P. O. Box 558  
Collinsville, AL 35961

Non-profit Permit Imprint  
Permit Number 2  
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