



The Worship of God

November 29, 2020

THE FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

Eleven O'Clock

Come, Christmas . . . the Hanging of the Greens

ORGAN PRELUDE: Of the Father's Love Begotten

13th Century Plainsong/arr. John Innes

WORDS OF WELCOME AND CONCERNS OF THE CHURCH

LIGHTING OF THE ADVENT WREATH

Joyce and Alan Clements

Advent begins with a prophetic announcement that speaks to a deep truth: to a world eager for love, searching for joy, and longing for peace, Christ comes. As much today as in any year, we long for Christmas to come, to bring reassurance to our hearts once again that we are not alone, that God still dwells with us. Today we light the Candle of Hope and confess our longing for all that Christmas means to us and to the world. Come Christmas . . . and bring us hope!

CHORAL INTROIT: "The Lord Shall Come and Not Be Slow"

Zebulon M. Highben

The Lord shall come and not be slow; his light is soon appearing. Prepare, you sinners, here below who are these tidings hearing. Arise, O sleepers, trim your lamps! Their flames so swiftly burning reveal the path to hope and peace, the dawn for which you're yearning. Come forth, you weary, meek, and poor! Forget your strife and labor. Messiah comes to those who toil, bestowing God's own favor. Your king eternal, Lord on high, in humble form and lowly, transforms a simple oxen stall into a throne most holy. For Christ shall come and not be slow; his light is now appearing. Rejoice, you saints on earth below! His reign of love is nearing.

LITANY OF PREPARATION

Rebecca and Brent Watkins

How shall we prepare this house for the coming of the King?
With branches of cedar, the tree of royalty.
How shall we prepare this house for the coming of the eternal Christ?
With garlands of pine and fir, whose leaves are ever living, ever green.
How shall we prepare this house for the coming of our Savior?
With wreaths of holly and ivy, telling of his passion, death, and resurrection.
How shall we prepare our hearts for the coming of the Son of God?
By hearing again the words of the Scriptures foretelling the saving work of God.
For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world,
but that the world through him might be saved. Glory to God in the highest!

THE INVOCATION AND LORD'S PRAYER

Elizabeth Edwards

In this time of preparation and waiting, we again watch for signs of your coming, O Lord. In this world where all is not hopeful, come and bring us hope. In all our places of longings and questions, of doubts and fears, come and bring us hope. In a world that seems overcome by scarcity and need, by uncertainty and confusion, come and bring us hope. O come, O come, Emmanuel, come into our lives once more and bring us hope. In the Name of the coming Christ who is our hope for today and for all our days to come, and who taught us to pray, saying,

Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.

THE CHORAL ADORATION

VENI EMMANUEL

O come, O come, Immanuel, and ransom captive Israel that mourns in lonely exile here until the Son of God appear. Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel shall come to you, O Israel.

THE OLD TESTAMENT LESSON: Malachi 3:1-4

Margaret Carpenter

See, I am sending my messenger to prepare the way before me, and the Lord whom you seek will suddenly come to his temple. The messenger of the covenant in whom you delight—indeed, he is coming, says the Lord of hosts. But who can endure the day of his coming, and who can stand when he appears? For he is like a refiner's fire and like fullers' soap; he will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he will purify the descendants of Levi and refine them like gold and silver, until they present offerings to the Lord in righteousness. Then the offering of Judah and Jerusalem will be pleasing to the Lord as in the days of old and as in former years.

THE BLESSING OF THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

Betsy Waters and Ronnie Crow

Because holly and ivy bear their berries in the dark, cold winter months, our ancestors hung them in their homes to symbolize the hope and expectation of spring. Today we use holly as a reminder of Christ's passion during the otherwise joyous Christmas celebration. Legend has it that a shepherd brought a sprig of holly to the stable on Christmas night as a gift to the Christ child. Its leaves glistened in the moonlight, and its berries were snow white. As the Child reached to receive the gift, the berries suddenly turned a deep red. For Christians today, the prickly leaves represent the crown of thorns which Christ wore during his crucifixion and the berries represent the blood he shed for us. The ivy represents our human weakness clinging to divine strength. May God bless the holly and ivy that grace our sanctuary that we may remember his great sacrifice for us.

ANTHEM: "The Holly and the Ivy"

English Traditional Carol/arr. Alice Parker and Robert Shaw

The holly and the ivy, when they are both full grown, of all the trees that are in the wood the holly bears the crown. *O the rising of the sun, and the running of the deer, the playing of the merry organ, sweet singing of the choir.* The holly bears a blossom as white as lily flow'r, and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet Saviour: *O the rising of the sun, and the running of the deer, the playing of the merry organ, sweet singing of the choir.* The holly bears a berry as red as any blood, and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good. The holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn, and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn. The holly bears a bark as bitter as any gall, and Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.

THE BLESSING OF THE GREENERY AND WREATHS

Witten, Travis, Ramsey and Duffy Ward
and Kathy Hutcheson

In many ancient civilizations it was believed that all objects possessed spirits. Since it was believed that most trees possessed kindly spirits, it became customary for people to bring home sprigs and branches of trees in order that their homes might be blessed by their presence. When Christianity came into existence, the newly converted pagans refused to give up this custom, so it eventually became part of our tradition. As we decorate our homes and places of worship, the evergreens symbolize God's eternal and everlasting love for us, even after death. The wreaths, round with no beginning and no end, symbolize the victory and glory of the fulfillment of scripture in the coming of Christ.

THE BLESSING OF THE POINSETTIAS

Jennifer and Catherine Cobb

Poinsettias add a special glow to the pageantry of the Advent season. This plant blooms at Christmas in Mexico, where it is known by its native name, "flower of the Holy Night." The legendary account bears out the appropriateness of the name. A small boy had no gift to bring to the Christ Child's manger bed in the village church. As he trudged toward the church, scuffing his feet in the dust of the road, he decided he could at least offer the Holy Infant the branches from a bush that grew beside the way. Quickly he stripped off some of the branches and made his way to the church where he reverently placed the green leaves at the manger. As he knelt there, the other children jeered and mocked his offering. Rising tearfully, he looked once more at the branches, only to find that where his tears had fallen bloomed a brilliant red star-shaped flower. Today the Poinsettia is the most popular of Christmas plants, for even without the legend, Christians see in the flaming star of its red bracts the star of Bethlehem. May God remind us that the sincerest gifts are those of the heart which always give birth to new life.

ANTHEM: "In the Bleak Midwinter"

Gustav Holst/arr. Donald Moore

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan, earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone; snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow, in the bleak midwinter, long time ago. Angels and archangels o'er the stable there, cherubim and seraphim gathered in the air; But his mother only, in her maiden bliss, worshiped the beloved, worshiped with a kiss. O what can I give him, poor though as I am? If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb; if I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; what I can I give him: give him my heart. What I can I give him: give him my heart.

THE BLESSING OF THE CRECHE

Terry, Rob, Chris and Harker Martin and Ester McKnight

After Jesus was born in the stable in Bethlehem, his parents bundled him in soft cloths and made a bed for him in a manger. What a humble beginning it was for the Son of God! That which held feed for animals also cradled the "Bread of Life." Later, as Jesus traveled about teaching and healing, he had no place to call "home" and likely spent a few nights in other borrowed stables. The manger reminds us that the Son of God was also the "Son of man," that he who was divine was also human. May all who contemplate this mystery be filled with awe and wonder and bow down in humble worship as did the shepherds and Wise Men.

THE BLESSING OF THE CHRISMON TREE

Elizabeth, Maggie and Matthew Paszek

The most popular legend holds that the first Christmas tree was cut down by Martin Luther, who brought it home and decorated it with candles to symbolize the stars that lit the Bethlehem sky on the night of Jesus' birth.

The Chrismon Tree is an evergreen that symbolizes the eternal life which our Savior offers to us all. On it are tiny white lights that speak of Him Who is light of the World. The Chrismons (which stand for Christ monogram) proclaim the Name, the Life, and the saving acts of Jesus the Christ. May God enable us to see the entire drama of redemption and love as we look upon this tree and draw us into a life of service and witness.

PRAYER

Doug Edwards

O God, you sent your Son to be King of kings and Prince of peace. Grant that this Christmas he may be born not only in our memories but anew in our hearts. Help us to come to this festive season seeking him, as did the shepherds of old, that we may go home a new way — new creatures in Christ. O Lord, we stand before you as one from whom no secrets are hid.

May your beauty transform our ugliness.

May your love drive out our hate.

May your goodness penetrate our evil.

May your mercy forgive our unworthiness.

May your hope calm our fears.

May your humility shame our arrogance.

May your joy invade our sorrow.

O God, may the star which first pointed the way
be the light that will lead us out of darkness. Amen.

ANTHEM: "Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus"

Mark A. Miller

Come, thou long expected Jesus, born to set thy people free; from our fears and sins release us, let us find our rest in thee. Israel's strength and consolation, hope of all the earth thou art; dear desire of every nation, joy of ev'ry longing heart. Born to save, born to heal, come, O Savior, come. Hope of all heaven and earth, come, Jesus, come. Born thy people to deliver, born a child and yet a King, born to reign in us forever, now thy gracious kingdom bring. By thine own eternal Spirit rule in all our hearts alone; by thine all sufficient merit, raise us to thy glorious throne. Born to save, born to heal, come, O Savior, come. While we wait, while we pray, come, Savior, come. Hope of all heaven and earth, come, Jesus, come. O Jesus, come.

THE GOSPEL LESSON: Luke 1:5-24, 57-80

In the days of King Herod of Judea, there was a priest named Zechariah, who belonged to the priestly order of Abijah. His wife was a descendant of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth. Both of them were righteous before God, living blamelessly according to all the commandments and regulations of the Lord. But they had no children, because Elizabeth was barren, and both were

getting on in years. Once when he was serving as priest before God and his section was on duty, he was chosen by lot, according to the custom of the priesthood, to enter the sanctuary of the Lord and offer incense. Now at the time of the incense offering, the whole assembly of the people was praying outside. Then there appeared to him an angel of the Lord, standing at the right side of the altar of incense. When Zechariah saw him, he was terrified; and fear overwhelmed him. But the angel said to him, "Do not be afraid, Zechariah, for your prayer has been heard. Your wife Elizabeth will bear you a son, and you will name him John. You will have joy and gladness, and many will rejoice at his birth, for he will be great in the sight of the Lord. He must never drink wine or strong drink; even before his birth he will be filled with the Holy Spirit. He will turn many of the people of Israel to the Lord their God. With the spirit and power of Elijah he will go before him, to turn the hearts of parents to their children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the righteous, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Zechariah said to the angel, "How will I know that this is so? For I am an old man, and my wife is getting on in years." The angel replied, "I am Gabriel. I stand in the presence of God, and I have been sent to speak to you and to bring you this good news. But now, because you did not believe my words, which will be fulfilled in their time, you will become mute, unable to speak, until the day these things occur." Meanwhile the people were waiting for Zechariah, and wondered at his delay in the sanctuary. When he did come out, he could not speak to them, and they realized that he had seen a vision in the sanctuary. He kept motioning to them and remained unable to speak. When his time of service was ended, he went to his home. After those days his wife Elizabeth conceived, and for five months she remained in seclusion. She said,

Now the time came for Elizabeth to give birth, and she bore a son. Her neighbors and relatives heard that the Lord had shown his great mercy to her, and they rejoiced with her. On the eighth day they came to circumcise the child, and they were going to name him Zechariah after his father. But his mother said, "No; he is to be called John." They said to her, "None of your relatives has this name." Then they began motioning to his father to find out what name he wanted to give him. He asked for a writing tablet and wrote, "His name is John." And all of them were amazed. Immediately his mouth was opened and his tongue freed, and he began to speak, praising God. Fear came over all their neighbors, and all these things were talked about throughout the entire hill country of Judea. All who heard them pondered them and said, "What then will this child become?" For, indeed, the hand of the Lord was with him.

Then his father Zechariah was filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke this prophecy: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he has looked favorably on his people and redeemed them. He has raised up a mighty savior for us in the house of his servant David, as he spoke through the mouth of his holy prophets from of old, that we would be saved from our enemies and from the hand of all who hate us. Thus he has shown the mercy promised to our ancestors, and has remembered his holy covenant, the oath that he swore to our ancestor Abraham, to grant us that we, being rescued from the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all our days. And you, child, will be called the prophet of the Most High; for you will go before the Lord to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of salvation to his people by the forgiveness of their sins. By the tender mercy of our God, the dawn from on high will break upon us, to give light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." The child grew and became strong in spirit, and he was in the wilderness until the day he appeared publicly to Israel.

MEDITATION:

“Come, Hope . . .”

Jody Wright

In one of his own sermons, Presbyterian pastor and author Frederick Buechner remembers a sermon by George A. Buttrick, then pastor of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. In that sermon, Dr. Buttrick recounted how one Sunday as he was leaving the church after worship, he overheard two friends talking and one of them asking the other, "Are you going home for Christmas?" That question settled into Dr. Buttrick's heart as he pondered what "going home for Christmas" really means. That same question resonated with Buechner as he reflected on the answer his pastor and mentor gave which was that Christ is the home of Christmas.¹

The truth, as both of these memorable preachers realized, is that we can never go home for Christmas because Christmas is not something we go to. Christmas is what come to us.

¹Frederick Buechner, "The Longing for Home," *Secrets in the Dark* (New York: HarperOne, 2006), 234.

We can decorate the house, the tree, the yard, and the church. The colorful lights, the verdant greenery, the lovely creche, the elegant angels, the happy Santas, and jolly Rudolphins are beautiful and meaningful, and I would not want to do without them, but decorations are not Christmas.

We can bake and cook and share holiday feasts and goodies, but all of the food in the world is not Christmas. We can shop and create and wrap the best gifts ever, but our gifts are not Christmas.

We cannot go home or anywhere else for Christmas because Christmas is not some place we can visit. I don't mean that returning to the places we grew up or visiting family and friends in their homes or, especially, coming to the church house is not important and should be abandoned. Heavens, no! It is just that it is impossible for us to go to Christmas because Christ is the home of Christmas and Christ always comes to us.

The message to the Hebrew children given by prophets like Malachi, Isaiah, and John the Baptist was that God would come to them. The Messiah, the anointed One, the long-hoped-for-One was coming. Because of that hope, we still sing that haunting and well-loved carol that we heard earlier:

O come, O come, Immanuel,
and ransom captive Israel
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice!
Immanuel shall come to you, O Israel.²

Imagine, over the centuries, how many voices have made that prayer, "O come, O come, Immanuel." How many hearts have clung to that promise, how many souls have believed that Christ would come—does come! He does come . . . to find us. Wherever we are, whatever we are doing, no matter our dreams—fulfilled or broken, whatever our doubts—nagging or entrenched . . . He comes to us!

Like the prophets of their ancient days, a messenger came to prepare the way for those first century Hebrews. John the Baptist arrived on the scene in a manner just as mysterious and spectacular as Jesus' own birth. Luke reminds us that John's conception and birth are not to be overlooked because God was involved in John's arrival. The child of elderly parents, his father turned speechless at the news of his conception, John was the first one to recognize Christ - even in utero! His kicks and fist bumps signaled that Christ was indeed on the way! His was the final prophesy that would result in what we celebrate as Christmas—the coming of Christ.

Christmas comes not as decorations, though they bear beautiful and poignant witness to its purpose as we have heard today. The greenery, the Christmas flowers, the tree, the creche, the candles and wreaths and holly and ivy—they all bear witness to the coming. They sing for joy at the promise, but they are not Christmas.

Christmas comes to us, but not as gifts, though gifts as an expression of love point us to the heart of Christmas. Our gifts—the silly and nostalgic, the high tech and low brow, the cheap and the expensive, the well-thought-out choice and the spur-of-the-moment pick—all reflect Christmas which is about giving, the sharing of love, the giving of self, the giving of God to us. But our gifts are not Christmas.

Christmas comes to us, not as food or feasts, though the breaking of bread together is an intimate act of love and trust. Sharing nourishment and putting our feet under common tables are the oldest marks of friendship and celebration. Feasts open the door to Christmas which is about feeding body, mind, and spirit, but feasts are not Christmas.

In the truest sense, we can never go home for Christmas—our ancestral home, the house in which we live now, even our sanctuary—because Christmas is not a place. Christmas is where Christ is and Christ comes to us.

There has probably never been a year when any of us wanted to go home for Christmas more. Especially at a time when some of us will not be able to gather with family or friends because of the threat of Covid 19, especially at a time when so many people throughout our community, our nation, and our world will not be at home this Christmas or any other Christmas, we long, we need, to be where home is for us. We want to go home for Christmas.

²Ancient Latin Antiphons, c. 12th century, J. M. Neale, trans. (1851).

This has been a dark and frightening year. We have fought against an unseen enemy which continues to threaten each and every one of us. Sadly, in our anxiety and partly out of our fear, we have sometimes made enemies out of one another as we have struggled to find a way through the many issues that have faced us this year. I suspect we have all longed for Christmas, hoping that the spirit of this season will heal our spirits, our community, our nation, our world. But a time set aside on the calendar for worship and decorations, for feasts and gifts cannot heal us. Christmas is not a place we can go or a time we can share or a thing we can buy and give. Christmas is Christ and the Good News is that Christ comes to us.

When the baby John was born to Zechariah and Elizabeth, his father broke his silence and blessed his son (and us) with these words:

And you, child, will be called the prophet of the Most High; for you will go before the Lord to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of salvation to his people by the forgiveness of their sins. By the tender mercy of our God, the dawn from on high will break upon us, to give light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."
Luke 1:76-79

John was born to prepare the people for the hope that was coming into the world. His witness still speaks to each of us because he reminds us that Christ still comes to us.

This is our hope . . .

No matter who we are,
no matter our circumstances,
whether we can get to church or not,
whether we can be with family or not,
whether we can give or receive a gift or not,
whether Covid has afflicted us or not,
Regardless of what is happening in our nation or around the world,
Christ comes.

When Christ comes, we discover that Christmas is our home
because God is with us.

Come Christ, bring us hope! Amen.

CONFESSION OF FAITH

Let us decorate this tree with symbols of our faith.

The Chrismons we use represent the life and inspiration of the church in times past,
the witness of the church today, and the hope of the church for generations to come.

As we share these symbols, let us confess what we believe.

We believe in God: Father, Creator, Sustainer.

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord: Alpha and Omega, Light of light, Prince of Peace,
King of kings, Lord of lords, Immanuel: God with us. Jesus!

Born of the virgin Mary, born in Bethlehem, cradled in a manger.

Heralded by shepherds, Magi, and angelic hosts. Glory to God in the highest and on earth . . . peace.

We believe in the Holy Spirit: Comforter, Heavenly Dove, Spirit of Love.

We believe in the church: the Body of Christ, the communion of the saints, the people of God.

We believe in the Word of Life: sent from God, living, transforming, and challenging.

We believe that Christ has conquered life and death and that he was crucified, dead, and buried:
the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world.

We believe in the resurrection which offers life everlasting! Bursting forth with hope! Hallelujah!

Let us offer our lives to God in gratitude for the gift of love and life. Amen.

ANTHEM: "A Christmas Blessing"

Philip W.J. Stopford

May the joy of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, the worship of the wise men, and the peace of the Christ child be yours, be yours this Christmas. May Christ, who by his incarnation gathered into one all things earthly, all things heavenly, and fill you with joy, fill you with joy and peace. And the blessing of God the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit be with you and remain with you always. With you always, and remain with you always. Amen.

THE MINISTRY OF WORSHIP

Jody C. Wright
Senior Minister

Elizabeth Edwards
Associate Minister

Amy Shortt
Minister of Music

Sarah Summers
Soprano

Diana Kirkpatrick
Organist

Erica Timmerman
Alto

Jacob McCain
Tenor

Jackson Baldwin
Baritone/Bass

*We are grateful for the participation of everyone who prepared videos and were a part of today's service.
We are also grateful for everyone who helped prepare the Chrismon Tree,
the Advent Wreath, and decorate the church for this season.*



**Creche and Scenery in Memory of
Maggie Brown Branch and Glenda Branch Murray**
by their family & friends

**Large Poinsettias at the Altar are in Memory of
Carolyn and Buck Overton**
by Ann Winstead, Libba Robbins, Bucky Overton, Sue Daughety, & Families

Dr. and Mrs. Gaylord L. Lehman
by Carol and Will Lucas

Corrinne "Crin" Congleton Willcox
by J. N. Willcox

Sanctuary Poinsettias
Given in Memory of:

Jane Abbott
by Keith, Chris, & Tonya Abbott

Mark Powers Alford
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Allen
by Angela Allen

Ed Astin
by Marie Bridgers

Gail Ayers
by Marie Bridgers

George Baker
by Paul, Elaine, & Katy Jaber

Virginia and Bruce Ballentine
by Susan & Keith Ballentine

Their Parents
by Carol & Andy Barker

Alma S. and Roy L. Barnes
by Barbara & Stencil Barnes

Erma Berry
by Elwood Berry

Erma Canady Berry
by Nancy & Dick Berry

Erma Berry
James R. Moore
Ann Morton
by Jennifer, Wesley, & Ann

Garrett Bishop
by Mom & Dad, Leannette, & Kurt

Kathleen and Carl Bishop
by Linda & Bill Hoyle

Aucey Gray and Allen Booth
by Doris Booth

Luther Ernest Bridgers, Jr.
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

**Mr. and Mrs. Luther Ernest
Bridgers, Sr.**
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

**Rev. David F. Browning and
Elizabeth L. Browning**
by Molly & Theo Pitt

Bessie Griffin Bulluck
by the Kincheloe Families

William Adrian Bulluck
by the Kincheloe Families

Bernie Capps
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Carawan
Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Bishop
by Ann & Leo Bishop

Shelton Juan Chesson, Jr.
by His Parents, Lela & Shelton

Velma Harrison Coburn
by Vel & Sam Johnson

Jean Collie
by Jo Ann Lamm & Barry Goldstein

Carl Collins
Chorey Collins
Chris Bottoms
by Dozia Collins

Joseph and Thelma Costa
by Dolores & Jerome Costa, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Lyon Craig
Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker
Natalie Stewart Cortez
by Nancy & David Parker

Anne Crane
by Jeff, Sarah, Katie, Angie,
Emily, & Stew

Madeline Crane
by Jeff, Sarah, Katie, Angie,
Emily, & Stew

Mike Crane
by Jeff, Sarah, Katie, Angie,
Emily, & Stew

Mike and Anne Crane
by Susan & Keith Ballentine

Pat Culpepper
by Dennis Culpepper
Norman Davis
by Janet & Robert Sykes

Mae and Sam Goldstein
by Jo Ann Lamm & Barry Goldstein

Susi Goodman
by David Goodman

Nelda and Gordon Griffith
by Michele Harrold

Frances Harper
by Harold & Margaret Harper

Vester T. Harris
by Thomas Harris

Gray and George H. Harrison, Jr.
by Vel & Sam Johnson

Jim Harrold
by Michele Harrold

Herman Herboth, III
by Helen Laughery

John High
by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Henderson

J. D. Hines
by Ethel Hines

Harris Hortman
by Karla & John Willcox

Harris Hortman
by Allison & Eric Tolston

Veora Hoyle and J. V. Hoyle
by Linda & Bill Hoyle

Clayton and Katie Ingle
by Mary & Larry McAdams

Farris and Polly Jaber
by Paul, Elaine, & Katy Jaber

Irma and Henry S. Johnson, Jr.
by Vel & Sam Johnson

Wilba Rae Joyner
by Marie Bridgers

Elizabeth Bulluck Kincheloe
by the Kincheloe Families

Florence Henderson Kincheloe
by the Kincheloe Families

Fran Warren Kincheloe
by the Kincheloe Families

Hatcher Byrd Kincheloe
by the Kincheloe Families

John William Kincheloe, Sr.
by the Kincheloe Families

Jack Laughery
by Helen Laughery

Jim Leathers
by Margaret & Harold Harper

Dr. Adolfo H. Marsigli
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Randolph
Sr. and Sra. Eduardo Marsigli
Sue Marsigli
Melissa Marsigli
by Karyl Marsigli & Family

Kathie Hoyle Masten
by Linda & Bill Hoyle

Bill and Dot Maynard
by Ginger & Frank Maynard

Niki McAdams
by Mary & Larry McAdams

William and Mozelle McAdams
by Mary & Larry McAdams

Peter Wendell McDonald
by the Kincheloe Families

Our parents; Grace and Samuel Monroe,
Jean and Frank Wright
by Deborah & Jody Wright

Grace Monroe
by Barbara & Stancil Barnes

James R. Moore, Jr.
by Nancy & Dick Berry

Ann Moore Morton
by Nancy & Dick Berry

Shirley P. Murray
by Barbara & Stancil Barnes

J. E. and Cecelia Nelson
by Dolores & Jerome Costa, Sr.

Heidi Palmer
by Helen Laughery

Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Bernard Pearson
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Boyd Pearson
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Charles Alton Pearson
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Mary Lib and Theo Pitt, Sr.
by Molly & Theo Pitt

George A. and Bessie E. Pittman
by Barbara & Stancil Barnes

Rev. Winfred W. Porter
by Nancy Porter

Jane B. Poston
by Barbara & Stancil Barnes

Mayme Cuthrell Purvis
by Marty & Bill Kincheloe & Family

Steven Randolph Purvis
by Marty & Bill Kincheloe & Family

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Robbins
by Grace & Chuck Robbins & Family,
Melanie Robbins & Family, &
Dee & Stewart Gibson & Family

Mr. Bill Robbins
by Grace & Chuck Robbins & Family,
Melanie Robbins & Family, &
Dee & Stewart Gibson & Family

Thomas C. Robbins "Robbie"
by Libba, Tom, Chris, Kelly,
Darby, & Peyton Robbins

Don Scalf
by JoAnne, Children, & Grandchildren

Don Scalf
by Barbara & Stancil Barnes

Joyce Land Scott
by Debra & Robert Kincheloe

Reba and Randolph Sherrod
by Jo Ann Lamm & Barry Goldstein

Peggy Simpson
by Janet & Robert Sykes

Isaac and Christine Smith, Jr.
by Ginger & Frank Maynard

Silas "Double" Snow
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Our son, Mark Strickland
by Rita & Hank Strickland

Ann Sugg
by the Kincheloe Families

Joe Sugg
by the Kincheloe Families

Mavis Sugg
by the Kincheloe Families

Speight Sugg
by the Kincheloe Families

Ella Smith Terry
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

George William Tharrington
by Bonnie Tharrington Kane

Rosa Lee Ellen Tharrington
by Bonnie Tharrington Kane

Lonnie Meredith Thomas
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Martha Jane and Morris Thompson
by Helen Laughery

Tim Thompson
by Helen Laughery

Maurice Tolston
by Allison & Eric Tolston

Fred Turnage
by Susan & Keith Ballentine

Annie Maude Turner
by Allison & Eric Tolston

David and Lucille Wagner
by Paul, Elaine, & Katy Jaber

Roger Waters
by Marie Bridgers, the Matt Alford Family,
& the Todd Misenheimer Family

Roger Waters
by Paul, Elaine, & Katy Jaber

Elizabeth Gay Whitaker
by Molly & Theo Pitt

**A. G. Willcox, Jr.
Mason Willcox Kruger
William Graham Willcox**
by J. N. Willcox

**A. G. Willcox, Sr.
Pauline B. Willcox**
by J. N. Willcox

Corrinne Willcox
by Karla & John Willcox

Corrinne Willcox
by Allison & Eric Tolston

Joan Wood
by Susan & Keith Ballentine

Sammy Wood
by Janet & Robert Sykes

Frank and Jean Wright
by Barbara & Stencil Barnes

Sanctuary Poinsettias
Given in Honor of:

Their Children and Grandchildren
by Carol & Andy Barker

Elwood Berry
by Kate, Maggie, Hank, Wood,
Mya, & Hayes

Gigi and Pops
by Kate, Maggie, Hank, Wood,
Mya, & Hayes

James and Jaye Willcox Biggs
by J. N. Willcox

Gray, Joan, Andrew, and Brittany Booth
by Doris Booth

Dr. David Browder
by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Henderson

**Grady, Ashley, Benjamin, Harrison,
Lily, and Luke**
by Marie Bridgers

Trey and Dianne Willcox Bulluck
by J. N. Willcox

Brenda Culpepper
by Dennis Culpepper

Chuck Harriman
by Jeff, Sarah, Katie, Angie,
Emily, & Stew

Teresa Herring
by Ethel Hines

Sherry Allsbrook Johnson
by Jackie & Bob Allsbrook

Carlton Kimbro
by Mary & Larry McAdams

Marty and Bill Kincheloe
by Debra & Robert Kincheloe

The Church Staff
by Susan & Keith Ballentine

The Lakeside Staff
by Debra & Robert Kincheloe

Lakeside Youth
by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Henderson

**Lakeside's Medical and Health Care
Professionals**
by Debra & Robert Kincheloe

Lisa Nelson
by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Henderson

Jim and Jan Willcox Raynor
by J. N. Willcox

JoAnne Scaff
by Barbara & Stencil Barnes

Jean Sykes Smith
by Janet & Robert Sykes

Adelaide Morgan Tolston
by Allison & Eric Tolston

Adelaide Morgan Tolston
by Karla & John Willcox

Sheila Whitley
by Ethel Hines

Ami Willcox
by J. N. Willcox

John and Karla Hortman Willcox
by J. N. Willcox