

Old Apostolic Church of Africa – Grahamstown, Albany District

A Christian

Several years ago, a preacher from out-of-state accepted a call to a church in Houston, Texas. Some weeks after he arrived, he had an occasion to ride the bus from his home to the downtown area. When he sat down, he discovered that the driver had accidentally given him a quarter too much change.. As he considered what to do, he thought to himself, 'You'd better give the quarter back. It would be wrong to keep it.' Then he thought, 'Oh, forget it, it's only a quarter. Who would worry about this little amount? Anyway, the bus company gets too much fare; they will never miss it. Accept it as a 'gift from God' and keep quiet.'

When his stop came, he paused momentarily at the door, and then he handed the quarter to the driver and said, 'Here, you gave me too much change.'

The driver, with a smile, replied, 'Aren't you the new preacher in town?' Yes' he replied. 'Well, I have been thinking a lot lately about going somewhere to worship. I just wanted to see what you would do if I gave you too much change. I'll see you at church on Sunday.'

When the preacher stepped off of the bus, he literally grabbed the nearest light pole, held on, and said, 'Oh God, I almost sold your Son for a quarter.'

Our lives are the only Bible some people will ever read. This is a really scary example of how much people watch us as Christians, and will put us to the test! Always be on guard -- and remember -- You carry the name of Christ on your shoulders when you call yourself 'Christian.'

Watch your thoughts;
they become words.
Watch your words;
they become actions.
Watch your actions;
they become habits..
Watch your habits;
they become character.
Watch your character;
it becomes your destiny.

How To Plant Your Garden

First, you come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses....

FOR THE GARDEN OF YOUR DAILY LIVING ,

PLANT THREE ROWS OF PEAS :

- * Peace of mind
- * Peace of heart
- * Peace of soul

PLANT FOUR ROWS OF SQUASH:

- * Squash gossip
- * Squash indifference
- * Squash grumbling
- * Squash selfishness

PLANT FOUR ROWS OF LETTUCE:

- * Lettuce be faithful
- * Lettuce be kind
- * Lettuce be patient
- * Lettuce really love one another

NO GARDEN IS WITHOUT TURNIPS:

- * Turnip for meetings
- * Turnip for service
- * Turnip to help one another

TO CONCLUDE OUR GARDEN WE MUST HAVE THYME:

- * Thyme for each other
- * Thyme for family
- * Thyme for friends

WATER FREELY WITH PATIENCE AND CULTIVATE WITH LOVE. THERE IS MUCH FRUIT IN YOUR GARDEN BECAUSE YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW.



Sr Simone Swarts	6 Nov
Sr Jacinta Sphere	11 Nov
Sr Valerie Roberts	15 Nov
Sr Elizabeth Smith	4 Dec
Br Vernon Fry	14 Dec
Sr Melanie Petzer	15 Dec
Br Moses Du Plessis	27 Dec
Br Johnnie Kitching	28 Dec

As ons iemand se verjaarsdag vergeet het – askies – en laat weet ons asb ...



DIE 3-BENIGE POT

Lekker Pudding

(from South Africa 🇷🇺)

Ingredients:

- 235ml Milk
- 1 1/2 tbsp Apricot Jam
- 125g Flour
- 1 tsp Baking Powder
- 200g Sugar
- 1 tsp Baking Powder / Bicarbonate of Soda
- 1 Egg

Method:

Beat the egg and sugar together. Mix all ingredients except the milk and baking/bicarbonate of soda. Mix the milk and baking/bicarbonate of soda together and add to the mixture. Bake in dish 40 min at 180°C / 350°F / Gas Mark 4 or Microwave on high for 6 minutes. Pour the syrup over the pudding.

Syrup

- 200g Sugar
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 120ml cup Milk
- 115g Butter

A couple of drops of vanilla essence or a vanilla pod

Method:

Bring all the ingredients to the boil and pour over the pudding when hot from oven. (Don't leave the vanilla pod in!!!) You can also serve it with custard or ice cream!



Continued...

Durban Prawns

(from South Africa 🇷🇺)

Ingredients (4 servings)

- 500g Prawns, cooked & shelled
- 120g Butter
- 2 medium Onions, chopped
- 2 tbsp Flour
- 300ml Tomato Juice
- 2 tsp Curry Powder (or more)
- 1 medium Cucumber, peeled & diced
- 2 cloves Garlic, crushed
- 2 tsp Mango Chutney
- 75ml Cream
- 400g Tomato, skinned & chopped
- Salt & Pepper to taste

Method

Melt butter and sauté onion and garlic over low heat until soft. Stir in flour and curry powder. Keep heat low and cook for three minutes, stirring all the time.

Add tomato juice, followed by chopped tomatoes and diced cucumbers, stirring all the time. Simmer uncovered until the cucumber is just tender. Add prawns and chutney, stir in cream and heat through.

Season with salt and pepper. Serve with rice.

Hoekom Kerk Toe Gaan?

'n Persoon skryf 'n brief aan 'n tydskrif en kla dat dit vir hom geen meer sin maak om kerk toe te gaan nie.

Hy skryf: "Ek gaan al vir meer as 30 jaar kerk toe, ek het gedurende hierdie tydperk na ongeveer 3200 preke geluister, maar ek kannie een onthou nie. So ek dink ek mors my tyd en die predikante mors hulle tyd deur al hierdie preke voor te berei en Sondag vir Sondag te preek".

Die artikel is in die tydskrif gepubliseer en 'n paar weke het verbygegaan voordat iemand soos volg op die artikel geantwoord het: "Ek is reeds 30 jaar getroud. Gedurende my getroude lewe het my vrou ongeveer 32,000 etes voorberei. Maar, net soos jy, kan ek nie een van die spyskaarte onthou nie. Maar dit weet ek, al daardie etes het my gevoed en versterk, as dit nie vir daardie etes was nie, Dan sou ek vandag dood gewees het. Dieselfde geld ook vir die kerk. As ek nie gegaan het om geestelik gevoed te word nie sou ek vandag geestelik dood gewees het."

Wanneer jy af is, is God besig met iets! Geloof sien die onsigbare, glo die ongelooflike en ontvang die onmoontlike! Dank God vir ons Fisiese en Geestelike voeding.

Liars

Preacher finished the service one morning by saying, 'Next Sunday, I am going to preach on the subject of liars. As a preparation for my sermon, I would like you all to read Mark Chapter 17.'

On the following Sunday, the preacher rose to begin. Looking out at the congregation he said, 'Last week I asked you all to read Mark Chapter 17.

If you have read the chapter, please raise your hand.'

Nearly every hand in the congregation went up. Smiling, the preacher said, 'You are the very people I want to talk to today... the liars ...

Mark has only 16 chapters.'

THE X-MAS FILES

by Frank Cammuso and Hart Seely

We're too late! It's already been here. Mulder, I hope you know what you're doing.

Look, Scully, just like the other homes: Douglas fir, truncated, mounted, transformed into a shrine; halls decked with boughs of holly; stockings hung by the chimney, with care.

You really think someone's been here?

Someone, or something.

Mulder, over here -- it's a fruitcake.

Don't touch it! Those things can be lethal.

It's O.K. There's a note attached: "Gonna find out who's naughty and nice."

It's judging them, Scully. It's making a list.

Who? What are you talking about?

Ancient mythology tells of an obese humanoid entity who could travel at great speed in a craft powered by antlered servants. Once each year, near the winter solstice, this creature is said to descend from the heavens to reward its followers and punish disbelievers with jagged chunks of anthracite.

But that's legend, Mulder -- a story told by parents to frighten children. Surely you don't believe it?

Something was here tonight, Scully. Check out the bite marks on this gingerbread man. Whatever tore through this plate of cookies was massive - and in a hurry.

It left crumbs everywhere. And look, Mulder, this milk glass has been completely drained.

It gorged itself, Scully. It fed without remorse.

But why would they leave it milk and cookies?

Appeasement. Tonight is the Eve, and nothing can stop its wielding.

But if this thing does exist, how did it get in? The doors and windows were locked. There's no sign of forced entry.

Unless I miss my guess, it came through the fireplace.

Wait a minute, Mulder. If you're saying some huge creature landed on the roof and came down this chimney! You're crazy. The flue is barely six inches wide. Nothing could get down there.

But what if it could alter its shape, move in all directions at once?

You mean, like a bowl full of jelly?

Exactly. Scully, I've never told anyone this, but when I was a child my home was visited. I saw the creature. It had long white shanks of fur surrounding its ruddy, misshapen head. Its bloated torso was red and white. I'll never forget the horror. I turned away, and when I looked back it had somehow taken on the facial features of my father.

Impossible.

I know what I saw. And that night it read my mind. It brought me a Mr. Potato Head, Scully. It knew that I wanted a Mr. Potato Head!

I'm sorry, Mulder, but you're asking me to disregard the laws of physics. You want me to believe in some supernatural being who soars across the skies and brings gifts to good little girls and boys.

Listen to what you're saying. Do you understand the repercussions? If this gets out, they'll close the X-Files.

Scully, listen to me: It knows when you're sleeping. It knows when you're awake.

But we have no proof.

Last year, on this exact date, SETI radio telescopes detected bogeys in the airspace over twenty-seven states. The White House ordered a Condition Red.

But that was a meteor shower.

Officially. Two days ago, eight prized Scandinavian reindeer vanished from the National Zoo, in Washington, D.C. Nobody -- not even the zoo keeper -- was told about it. The government doesn't want people to know about Project Kringle. They fear that if this thing is proved to exist the public will stop spending half its annual income in a holiday shopping frenzy. Retail markets will collapse. Scully, they cannot let the world believe this creature lives. There's too much at stake. They'll do whatever it takes to insure another silent night.

Mulder, I ...

Sh-h-h. Do you hear what I hear?

On the roof. It sounds like a clatter. The truth is up there. Let's see what's the matter.

Tune in next year to see what they found!

Can I borrow R 25 ?

A woman came home from work late, tired and irritated, to find her 5-year old son waiting for her at the door.

SON: 'Mummy, may I ask you a question?'

MUM: 'Yeah sure, what it is?' replied the woman.

SON: 'Mummy, how much do you make an hour?'

MUM: 'That's none of your business. Why do you ask such a thing?' the woman said angrily.

SON: 'I just want to know. Please tell me, how much do you make an hour?'

MUM: 'If you must know, I make R 50 an hour.'

SON: 'Oh,' the little boy replied, with his head down.

SON: 'Mummy, may I please borrow R25?'

The mother was furious, 'If the only reason you asked that is so you can borrow some money to buy a silly toy or some other nonsense, then you march yourself straight to your room and go to bed. Think about why you are being so selfish. I don't work hard everyday for such childish frivolities.'

The little boy quietly went to his room and shut the door.

The woman sat down and started to get even angrier about the little boy's questions.. How dare he ask such questions only to get some money?

After about an hour or so, the woman had calmed down , and started to think:

Maybe there was something he really needed to buy with that R25.00 and he really didn't ask for money very often. The woman went to the door of the little boy's room and opened the door.

'Are you asleep, son?' She asked. 'No Mummy, I'm awake,' replied the boy.

'I've been thinking, maybe I was too hard on you earlier' said the woman. 'It's been a long day and I took out my aggravation on you. Here's the R25 you asked for.'

The little boy sat straight up, smiling. 'Oh, thank you Mummy!' he yelled. Then, reaching under his pillow he pulled out some crumpled up bills.

The woman saw that the boy already had money, started to get angry again.. The little boy slowly counted out his money, and then looked up at his mother. 'Why do you want more money if

you already have some?' the mother grumbled.

'Because I didn't have enough, but now I do,' the little boy replied.

'Mummy, I have R50 now. Can I buy an hour of your time? Please come home early tomorrow. I would like to have dinner with you.'

The mother was crushed. She put her arms around her little son, and she begged for his forgiveness.

It's just a short reminder to all of you working so hard in life. We should not let time slip through our fingers without having spent some time with those who really matter to us, those close to our hearts. Do remember to share that R50 worth of your time with someone you love.

If we die tomorrow, the company that we are working for could easily replace us in a matter of hours. But the family & friends we leave behind will feel the loss for the rest of their lives.

"A Christmas Tale"

By Jacqueline Ramm

At this time of year it is patently clear

That the males are the ones who are blest.

Thoughts like "goodwill to men" we hear time and again

And we find them quite hard to digest.

As we women all know, men think they run the show,

And sometimes we allow them this pause.

But it gets on our nerves, like too many hors d'oeuvres

When we want to get at the main course.

Many times out of mind the same problem we find,

Leaving plans to the men folk is risky.

Christmas spirit they think is some kind of a drink,

Such as vodka or whiskey.

Since we carry the load, men keep out of our road,

We are ready and willing and

able.

For it's perfectly clear, that the stuffed turkeys here Are not always confined to the table.

The traditional way is now rather passé,

Lets give credit, where credit is due.

Then you'll see, man or boy, in return you'll enjoy The fruits of OUR goodwill to you.

.

Red Marbles

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes.

Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

'Hello Barry, how are you today? 'H'lo, Mr Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus 'admirin' them peas. They sure look good.

'They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?

'Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time.'

'Good. Anything I can help you with?

'No, Sir. Jus 'admirin' them peas.

'Would you like to take some home?' asked Mr Miller 'No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with.'

'Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?

'All I got's my prize marble here.

'Is that right? Let me see it' said
Miller
'Here 'tis. She's a dandy.

'I can see that. Hmmmmm, only
thing is this one is blue and I sort of
go for red. Do you have a red one
like this at home?' the store owner
asked
'Not 'zackley but almost.

'Tell you what. Take this sack of
peas home with you and next trip
this way let me look at that red
marble'. Mr Miller told the boy
'Sure will. Thanks Mr Miller.

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing
nearby, came over to help me.
With a smile she said, 'There are
two other boys like him in our
community; all three are in very
poor circumstances. Jim just loves
to bargain with them for peas,
apples, tomatoes, or whatever.
When they come back with their
red marbles, and they always do,
he decides he doesn't like red
after all and he sends them home
with a bag of produce for a green
marble or an orange one, when
they come on their next trip to the
store.

I left the store smiling to myself,
impressed with this man. A short
time later I moved to Colorado,
but I never forgot the story of this
man, the boys, and their bartering
for marbles.

Years later Mr Miller died

Several years went by, each more
rapid than the previous one. Just
recently I had occasion to visit
some old friends in that Idaho
community and while I was there
learned that Mr Miller had died.
They were having his visitation that
evening and knowing my friends
wanted to go, I agreed to
accompany them. Upon arrival at
the mortuary we fell into line to
meet the relatives of the
deceased and to offer whatever
words of comfort we could.

Ahead of us in line were three
young men. One was in an army
uniform and the other two wore
nice haircuts, dark suits and white
shirts...all very professional looking.

They approached Mrs Miller,
standing composed and smiling
by her husband's casket. Each of
the young men hugged her,
kissed her on the cheek, spoke
briefly with her and moved on to
the casket.

Her misty light blue eyes followed
them as, one by one, each young
man stopped briefly and placed
his own warm hand over the cold
pale hand in the casket. Each left
the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his
eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller.
I told her who I was and reminded
her of the story from those many
years ago and what she had told
me about her husband's bartering
for marbles. With her eyes
glistening, she took my hand and
led me to the casket.

'Those three young men who just
left were the boys I told you about.
They just told me how they
appreciated the things Jim
'traded' them. Now, at last, when
Jim could not change his mind
about colour or size.... they came
to pay their debt.

'We've never had a great deal of
the wealth of this world,' she
confided, 'but right now, Jim
would consider himself the richest
man in Idaho.

With loving gentleness she lifted
the lifeless fingers of her deceased
husband. Resting underneath
were three exquisitely shined red
marbles

The Moral: We will not be
remembered by our words, but by
our kind deeds. Life is not
measured by the breaths we take,
but by the moments that take our
breath away.

Kids Are Quick

TEACHER: Jennifer, go to the map
and find North America.

JENNIFER: Here it is.

TEACHER: Correct. Now class, who
discovered America?

CLASS: Jennifer.

TEACHER: John, why are you
doing your math multiplication on
the floor?

JOHN: You told me to do it
without using tables.

TEACHER: Glenn, how do you spell
'crocodile?'

GLENN: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L'

TEACHER: No, that's wrong

GLENN: Maybe it is wrong, but you
asked me how I spell it.

TEACHER: Donald, what is the
chemical formula for water?

DONALD: H I J K L M N O.

TEACHER: What are you talking
about?

DONALD: Yesterday you said it's H
to O.

TEACHER: Winnie, name one
important thing we have today
that we didn't have ten years ago.

WINNIE: Me!

TEACHER: Glen, why do you
always get so dirty?

GLEN: Well, I'm a lot closer to the
ground than you are.

TEACHER: Millie, give me a
sentence starting with 'I.'

MILLIE: I is..

TEACHER: No, Millie.... Always say,
'I am.'

MILLIE: All right... 'I am the ninth
letter of the alphabet.'

TEACHER: George Washington not
only chopped down his father's
cherry tree, but also admitted it.

Now, Louis, do you know why his
father didn't punish him?

LOUIS: Because George still had
the axe in his hand.

TEACHER: Now, Simon, tell me
frankly, do you say prayers before
eating?

SIMON: No sir, I don't have to, my Mom is a good cook.

TEACHER: Clyde, your composition on 'My Dog' is exactly the same as your brother's. Did you copy his?

CLYDE: No, sir. It's the same dog.

TEACHER: Harold, what do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?

HAROLD: A teacher

How many marbles do you have?

The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the kitchen, with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time.

Let me tell you about it. I turned the volume up on my radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning talk show. I heard an older sounding chap with a golden voice. You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business himself.

He was talking about "a thousand marbles" to someone named "Tom". I was intrigued and sat down to listen to what he had to say. "Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well but it's a shame you have to be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young

fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet. Too bad you missed your daughter's dance recital." He continued, "Let me tell you something Tom, something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities." And that's when he began to explain his theory of a "thousand marbles."

"You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less, but on average, folks live about seventy-five years."

"Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900 which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime.

"Now stick with me Tom, I'm getting to the important part. "It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail", he went on, "and by that time I had lived through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays. "I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy. "So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round-up 1000 marbles. "I took them home and put them inside of a large, clear plastic container right here in my workshop next to the radio. Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away.

"I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight. "Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign-off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure if I make it until next Saturday then God has blessed me with a little extra time to be

with my loved ones..... "It was nice to talk to you Tom, I hope you spend more time with your loved ones, and I hope to meet you again someday. Have a good morning!"

You could have heard a pin drop when he finished. Even the show's moderator didn't have anything to say for a few moments. I guess he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to do some work that morning, then go to the gym. Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. "C'mon honey, I'm taking you and the kids to breakfast." "What brought this on?" she asked with a smile. "Oh, nothing special," I said. "It has just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles."

The "W" in Christmas

Last December, I vowed to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience. I had cut back on nonessential obligations - extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending. Yet still, I found myself exhausted, unable to appreciate the precious family moments, and of course, the true meaning of Christmas.

My son, Nicholas, was in kindergarten that year. It was an exciting season for a six year old. For weeks, he'd been memorizing songs for his school's "Winter Pageant." I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd be working the night of the production. Unwilling to miss his shining moment, I spoke with his teacher. She assured me there'd be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation. All parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then. Fortunately, Nicholas seemed happy with the compromise.

So, the morning of the dress rehearsal, I filed in ten minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room, I saw several other parents quietly scampering to their seats. As I waited, students were led into the room. Each class, accompanied by their teacher, sat cross-legged on the floor. Then, each group, one by one, rose to perform their song. Because the public school system had long stopped referring to the holiday as "Christmas," I didn't expect anything other than fun, commercial entertainment - songs of reindeer, Santa Claus, snowflakes and good cheer.

So, when my son's class rose to sing, "Christmas Love," I was slightly taken aback by its bold title. Nicholas was aglow, as were all of his classmates, adorned in fuzzy mittens, red sweaters, and bright snowcaps upon their heads. Those in the front row - centre stage - held up large letters, one by one, to spell out the title of the song. As the class would sing "C is for Christmas," a child would hold up the letter C. Then, "H is for Happy," and on and on, until each child holding up his portion had presented the complete message, "Christmas Love."

The performance was going smoothly, until suddenly, we noticed her; a small, quiet, girl in the front row holding the letter "M" upside down - totally unaware her letter "M" appeared as a "W". The audience of 1st through 6th graders snickered at this little one's mistake. But she had no idea they were laughing at her, so she stood tall, proudly holding her "W".

Although many teachers tried to shush the children, the laughter continued until the last letter was raised, and we all saw it together.

A hush came over the audience and eyes began to widen. In that

instant, we understood the reason we were there, why we celebrated the holiday in the first place, why even in the chaos, there was a purpose for our festivities. For when the last letter was held high, the message read loud and clear:

"CHRIST WAS LOVE"

And, I believe, He still is.



SNUFFELGIDS

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sr Corlette Venter

046 622 7787

MAINTENANCE

Plumbing, painting, tiling, everything ...

Riaan Venter

083 749 9950

UPHOLSTERY

Sr Behr

072 518 6105

HAIRDRESSING

Sr Carmi Fantelas

079 034 9112

CATERING

For all functions ...

Sr Du Plessis

073 692 8686

046 622 3592



REDAKSIE

Sr Corlette Venter

venter.corlette9@gmail.com

Sr Janda Theron






jandagrobler@yahoo.com

Ons groet nou tot volgende keer !





Remember to send us your contributions!



November 2010

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
						
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
NAGMAAL / COMMUNION SERVICE 9h30 SERVICE 16h30	TESTIFY	CHOIR 19h00		TESTIFY		
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
DIENS 9h30 DIENS 16h30	GETUIENIS	KOOR 19h00		GETUIENIS		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
SERVICE 9h30 SERVICE 16h30	TESTIFY	CHOIR 19h00		TESTIFICATION		
28	29	30				
DIENS 9h30 DIENS 16h30	GETUIENIS	KOOR 19h00				

December 2010

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
						
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
NAGMAAL / COMMUNION SERVICE 9h30 SERVICE 16h30	TESTIFY	CHOIR 19h00		TESTIFY		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
DIENS 9h30 DIENS 16h30	GETUIENIS	KOOR 19h00		GETUIENIS		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
SERVICE 9h30 SERVICE 16h30	TESTIFY	CHOIR 19h00		TESTIFICATION		XMAS
26	27	28	29	30	31	
DIENS 9h30 DIENS 16h30	GETUIENIS	KOOR 19h00				

KID'S CRAFTS



MAKE YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS ANGEL

Step 1



Colour the angel in with your favourite colours. You could use gold and silver paint for her wings.

Step 2



Cut out the angel carefully - ask a grown-up to help you, particularly with the delicate wings.

Step 3



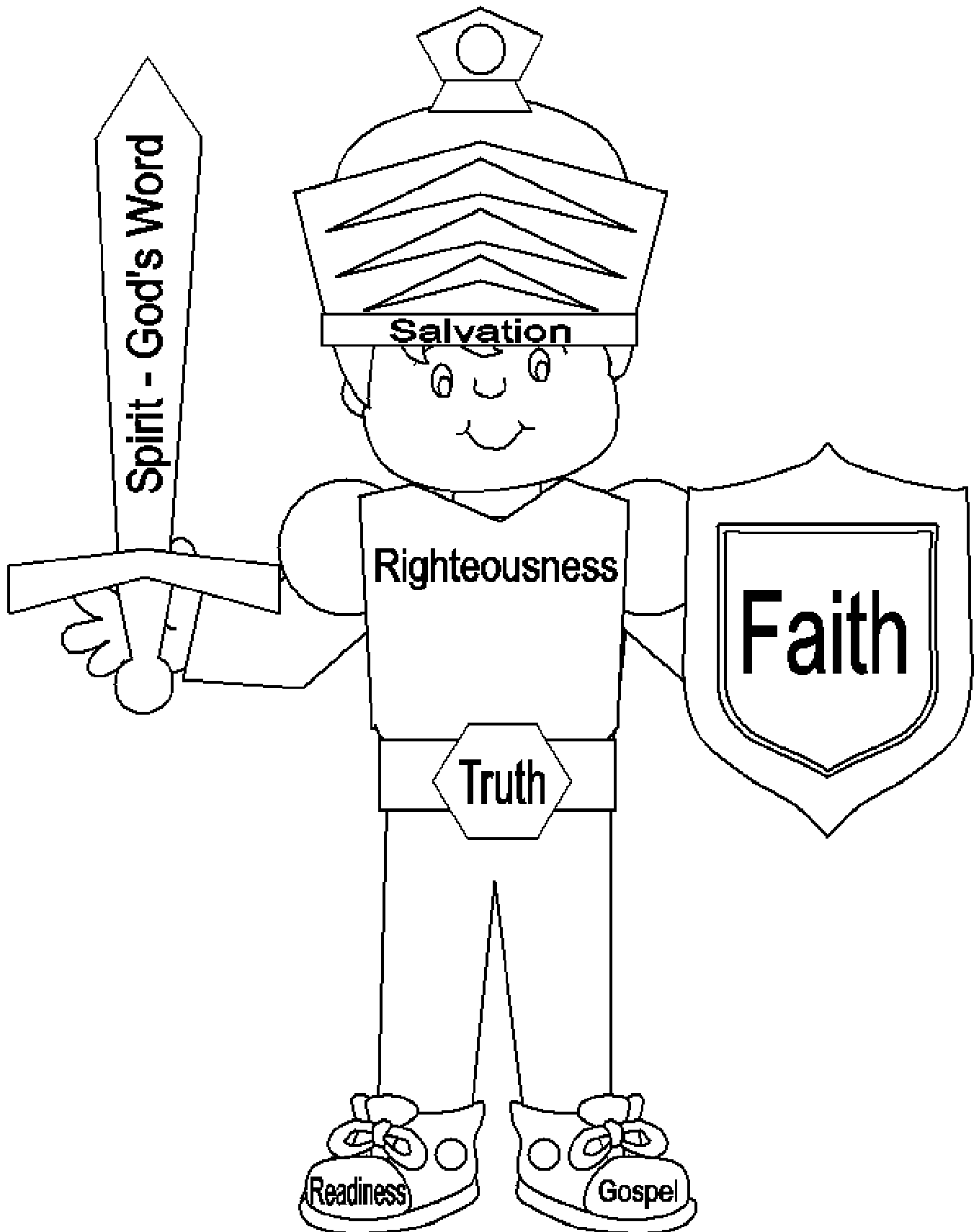
You can make your angel really Christmassy by adding some gold glitter to her wings, or by gluing some foil onto her skirt. Ask a grown-up to help you cut out a piece of doily to stick on top of the foil, so you can see it shining underneath.

Step 4

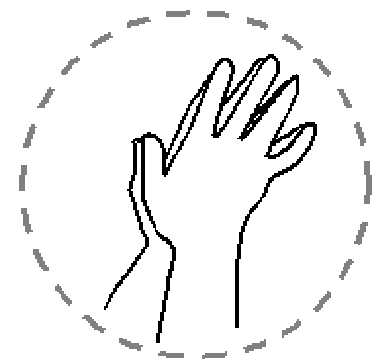
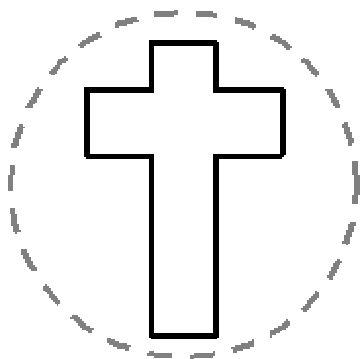
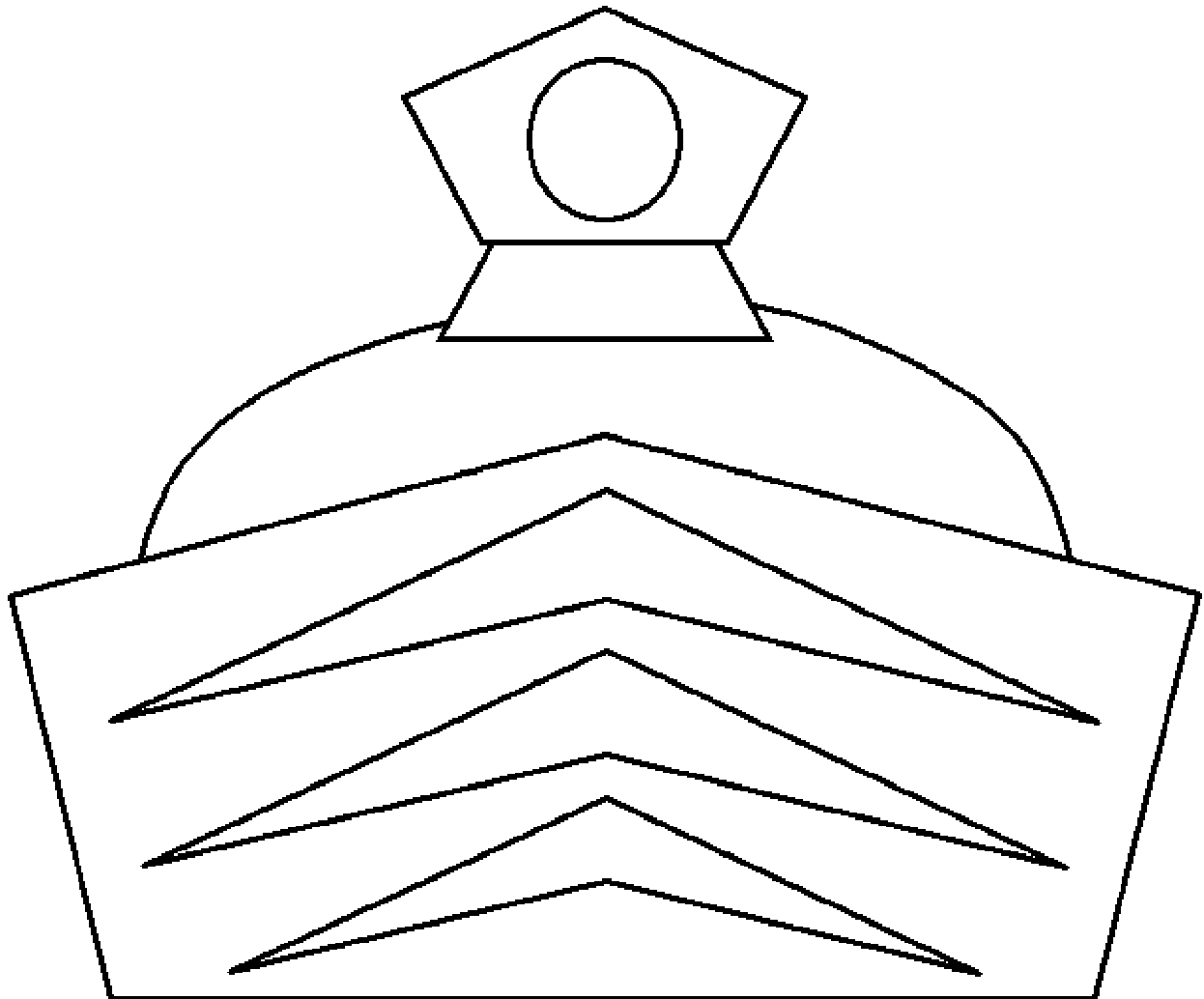


Fold the corners of her skirt behind her and fasten them together with sticky tape or a staple. Now your angel is ready to sit on top of your Christmas tree!

Put on the whole armor of God!

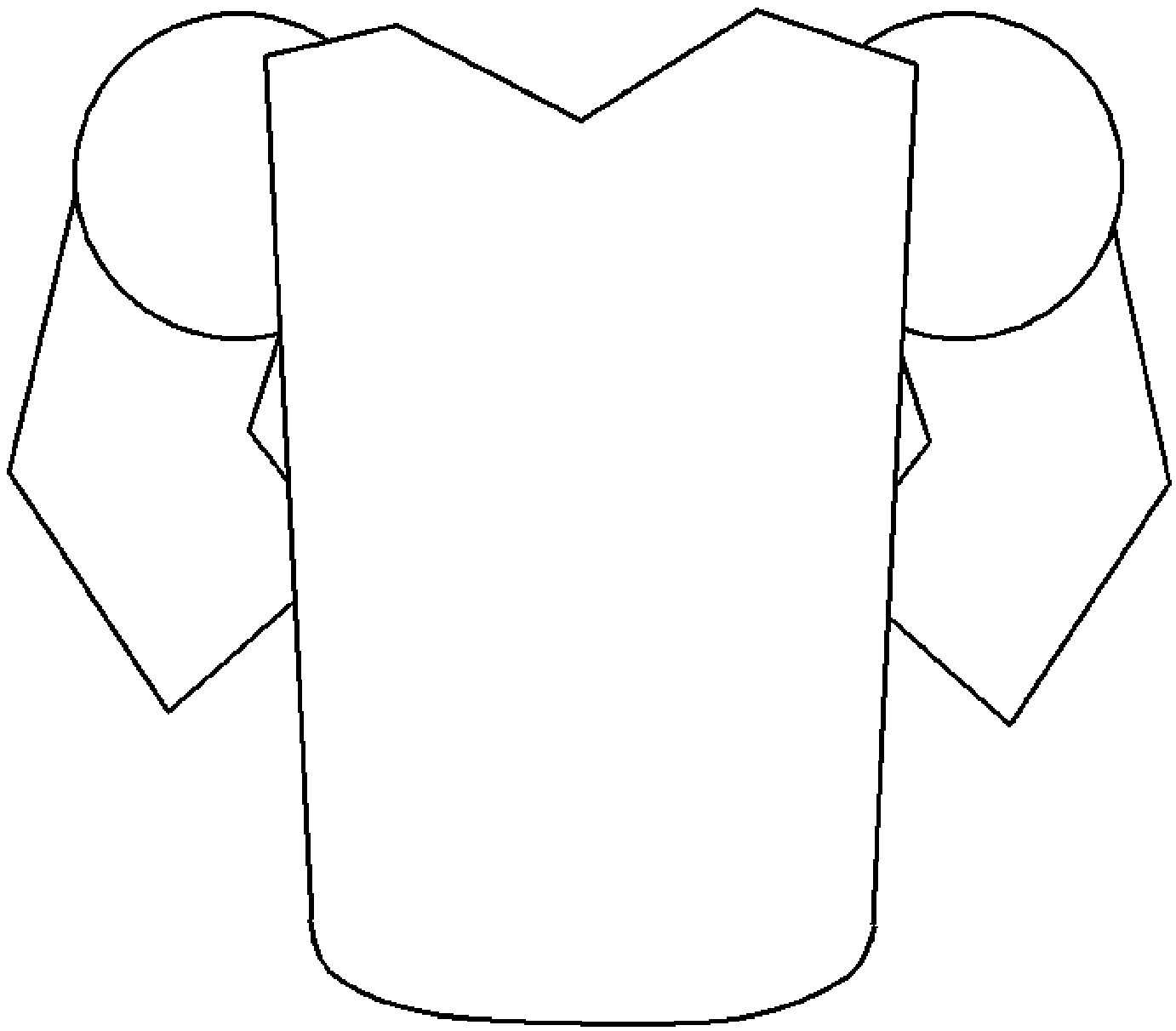


“The Lord is my light and my salvation...” *Psalms 27:1*



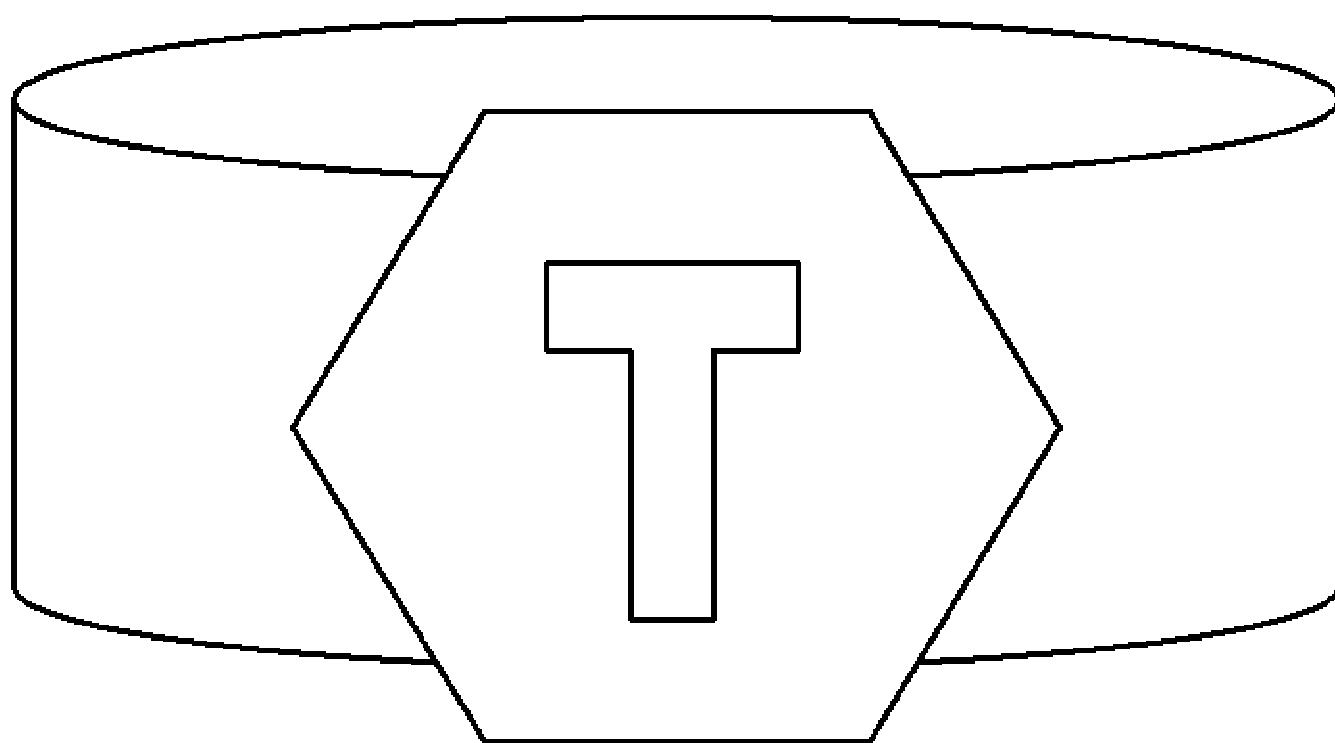
Activity: Draw a solid circle around the pictures that lead to salvation.

“And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.” *Philippians 3:9*



Activity: Draw a picture of yourself doing something “right with God” in the center of the breastplate.

“But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.” *Ephesians 4:15*

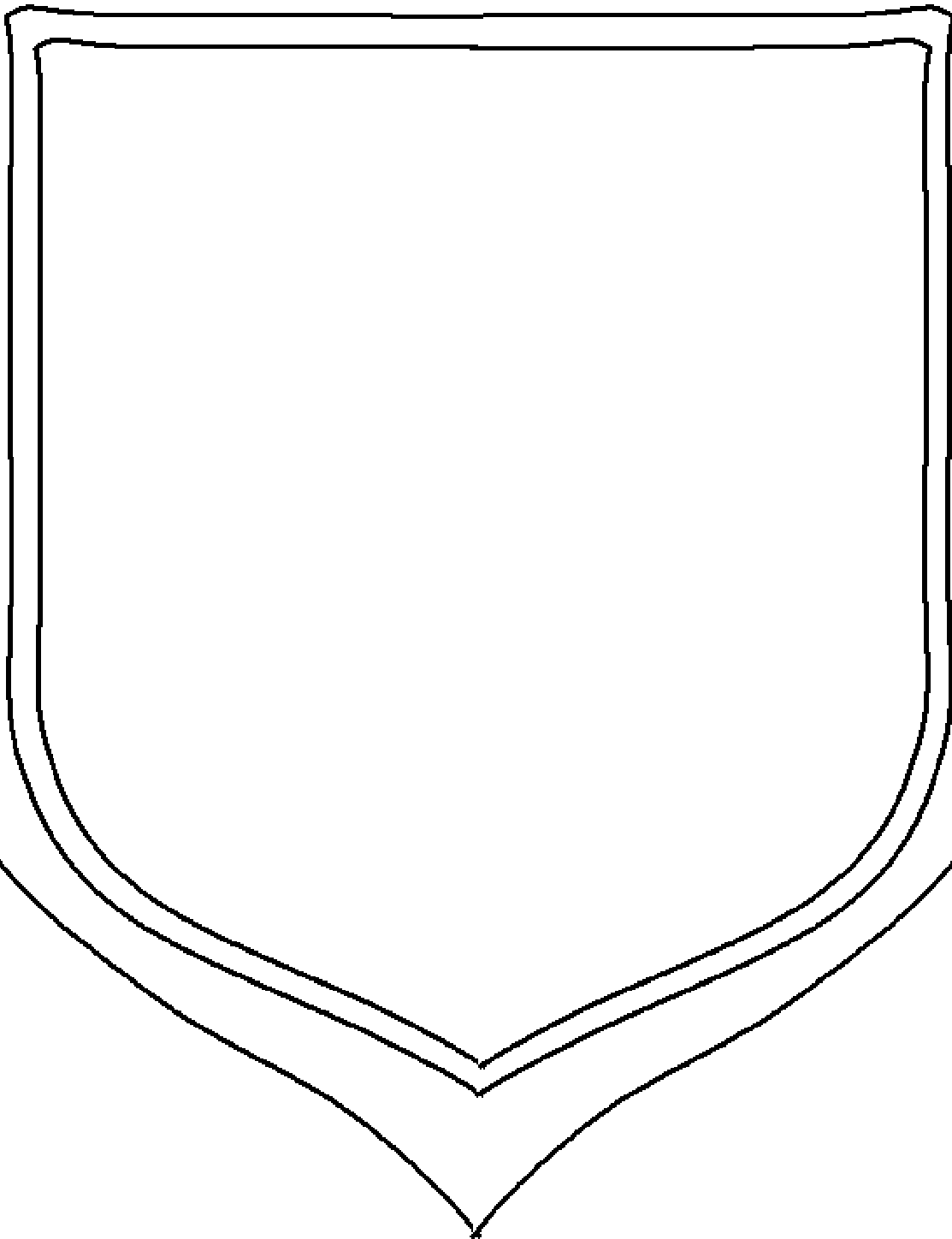


T/F

- _____ God knows each one of us.
- _____ Jesus only loves people who never make mistakes.
- _____ Jesus loves me!
- _____ God wants me to wear the whole armor of God.
- _____ God only hears us on Sunday.

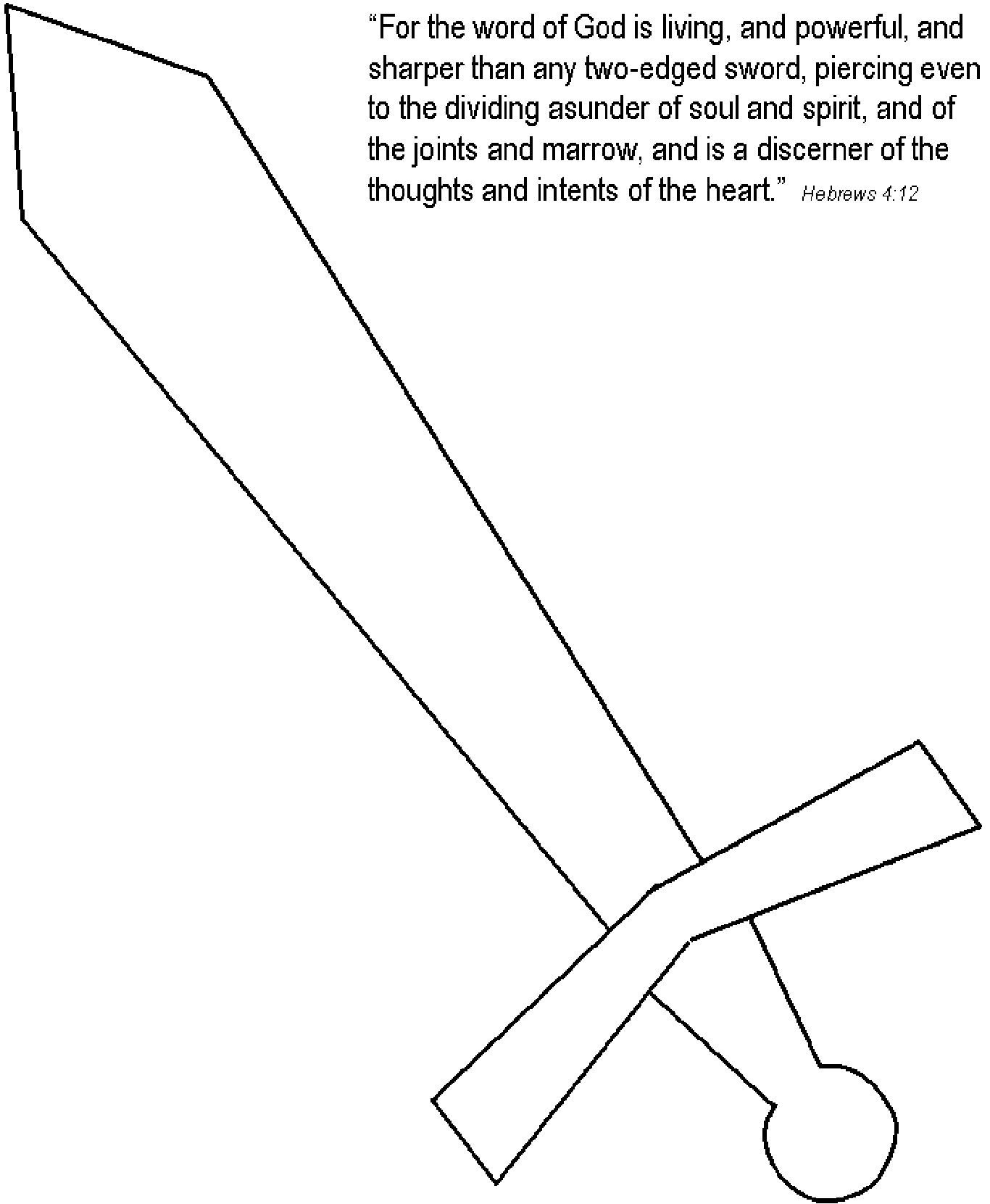
Activity: Put a T beside the true sentences and an F beside the false.

"The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" *Psalm 27:1*



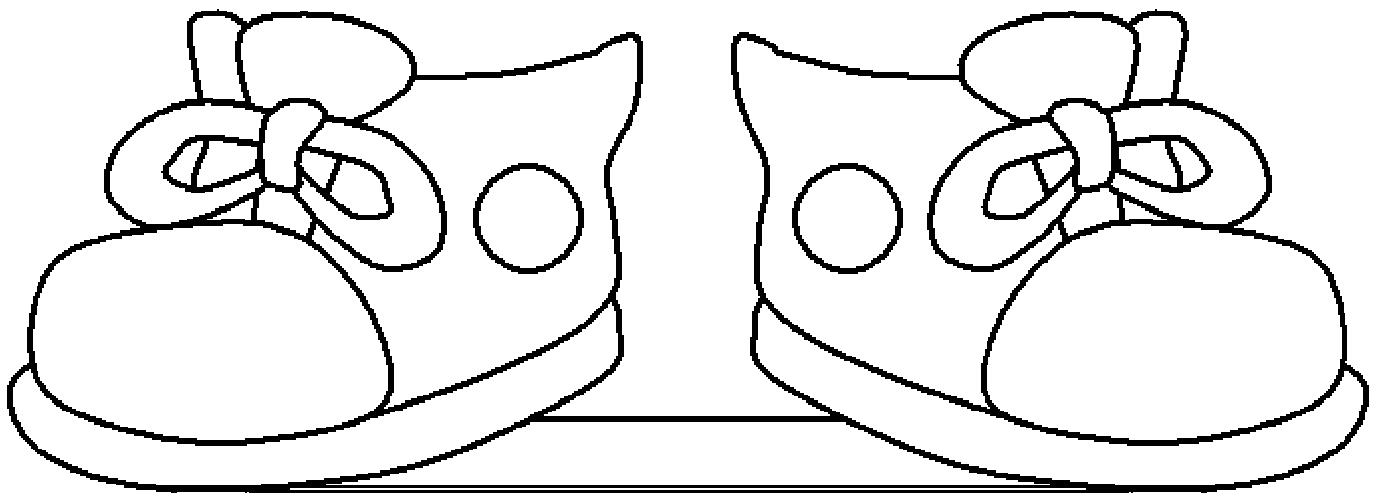
Activity: Draw a picture of something scary on the shield of faith.

“For the word of God is living, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” *Hebrews 4:12*



Activity: Print four words that make you think of God on the sword of the spirit.

Use your shoes! Share the news!



Activity: Who would you share God's news with? Write a word or sentence or draw a picture about sharing God's news.