

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Our Minister is available on Sunday for personal Bible Studies on any topic. Please see the front of the bulletin for his contact information.

We are continuing to have Bible Study and Worship services only on Sunday morning. **We have changed our Wednesday Bible Study to start at noon on Wednesday so those who can't drive at night can attend.** We are reading through the Bible.

PRAYER REQUESTS:

Please continue to pray for our members and their families who are struggling with health and spiritual issues.

Our sympathies to **Amelia and Cornbread** over the loss of her brother.

Bonnie and Bob – We have not been able to reach them but we still need to keep them in prayer.

The Erickson Family McKenna (daughter) has been cured of cancer due to a successful bone marrow transplant, Steve (father) has a broken hip and Michelle (mother and wife) is feeling better. We praise God for McKenna's recovery.

Jim Marshall continues with chemotherapy.

HAPPY DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS!

Juana Rippstine 12/08 Margaret Heinesh 12/13
Jack Heinesh 12/25 Hailey Rippstine 12/29

Southwest Church of Christ

San Antonio



Located at Loop 1604 & 8900 Old Pearsall Rd.

San Antonio, Texas 78252

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Mailing Address: P.O. Box 1 Von Ormy, Texas 78073

December 20, 2020

*Minister: **Adrian Siller***

Schedule of Service:

Sunday Bible Study: 9:45 a.m.

Sunday Worship Service: 10:45 a.m.

Evening Service: 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday Bible Study: 6:00 p.m.

<http://www.churchofchristswsa.com>

You know him. Or you recognize his type. We hear about them all the time these days. Troublemakers. Rabble-rousers.

His life? No one knows exactly how to classify him.

Born in poverty. No formal education. Suspected to be illegitimate, as his real father was never around. A minority by any standard. Definitely discriminated against.

He mixed with the outcasts of society stirring malcontent. He was known to keep bad company. Prostitutes. Diseased people. But there were those who were drawn to him, trusted him.

He might have been a preacher, he drew crowds of poor, desperate, hungering people and talked of persecution, equality, riches, happiness, and kingdoms they would inherit.

He might have been a politician, as he spoke by cloaking his words in stories, painting pictures that people would have to ponder, and interpret on their own. He deplored the corruption of the rich. He provided food that no one brought, bought, or could account for.

Maybe he was a teacher. He seemed to instinctively know how a person could find peace and joy and tried to teach them the way. He urged them to change their life and be the best they could be.

He might have been a hooligan, as he entered a holy place and caused a riot, wreaking havoc on the merchants – overturning the tables and running the people out.

Some believe he was sorcerer, others a magician, and a few called him a miracle worker, as he healed the sick, cured the lame and blind, threw out demons. It is said he brought back the dead and walked on water.

He assembled a motley crew that traveled the roads together. A rag-tag gang that gave up real jobs and left their families to follow a dreamer and teacher. Some of these friends would eventually end up in prison. One old friend suffered the gruesome death of decapitation.

He was a loner. Often going into the wilderness for weeks at a time, saying he was being tempted by the devil and cared for by angels. He said he was communing with God.

Lots of people suspected him of being these things, maybe all these things. Eventually, one of his closest friends betrayed him for a price, turning him over to authorities. He was arrested, tortured and condemned.

It might have been a miscarriage of justice, a fear of the unknown or an over-zealous reaction to someone who was not like everybody else. He was nailed to a cross, flanked by thieves and left to suffer an excruciating, tormenting death.

Who is he? He is the one whose story has defied history. Over two thousand years later people still tell of his legend. His virgin birth in a humble stable. Wise men and kings and shepherds worshipped at his crib. Angels acclaimed his coming.

You know him. We find bits of his life in everyone of us. He gave us hope and promise. He lived, to die for us. And in dying, He lived again to keep his promises to the faithful, the believers. We celebrate his death, burial and resurrection every first day of the week.

This, this, is Christ the King.

The greatest story ever told.

Borrowed from a friend of Margaret Heinesh's.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!
BE SAFE AND STAY WELL.