



November Rotas

3rd

Prayer: Robbie
Welcome: Tom
Communion: Alan
Speaking: Alan
Crèche: Marie, Elaine, Nikki
Babies: Jeanette
Kitchen: Irene, Jack & Annemarie

10th

Prayer: Jules
Welcome: Alan
Speaking: Jules
Crèche: Marie, Kirsty, Elaine
Babies: Jennifer
Kitchen: Lesley & Robert, Elaine R

17th

Prayer: Davina
Welcome: Mark
Speaking: Alan
Crèche: Marie, Kirsty, Beverley
Babies: Paula
Kitchen: Margaret M, Claire S, Lorraine

24th

Prayer: Meg
Welcome: Alan
Dedication: Ffion
Speaking: Family Service
Crèche: Family Service
Kitchen: Lesley, Aidan, Hugh

Family Fun Night: Tuesday, 5th
November at 6.30pm, all welcome.



Monthly Prayer Topic:

PRAY FOR OUR NATION,
GOVERNMENT LEADERS AND FOR A
SPIRITUAL AWAKENING.

1 TIMOTHY 2: 1 - 5 I URGE, THEN,
FIRST OF ALL, THAT REQUESTS,
PRAYERS, INTERCESSION AND
THANKSGIVING BE MADE FOR
EVERYONE, FOR KINGS AND ALL
THOSE IN AUTHORITY, THAT WE
MAY LIVE PEACEFUL AND QUIET
LIVES IN ALL GODLINESS AND
HOLINESS, THIS IS GOOD AND
PLEASES GOD OUR SAVIOUR, WHO
WANTS ALL MEN TO BE SAVED AND
TO COME TO A KNOWLEDGE OF
THE TRUTH, FOR THERE IS ONE
GOD AND ONE MEDIATOR BETWEEN
GOD AND MEN, THE MAN CHRIST
JESUS.

Hope Conference

A special day for the women in our church
and community.

Saturday, 2nd November 2019

This year's theme: Fearless

If you would like a ticket please see Grace.





*"In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below."*

by John McCrae, May 1915

Why we wear a poppy:

The red poppy was first created as a symbol of Remembrance by an American, Miss Monia Belle Michael, a professor at the University of Georgia. She was inspired on 9th November 1918 by the poem *In Flanders Fields* by Canadian, John McCrae, with its opening lines referring to the thousands of poppies that were the first flowers to grow in the churned-up earth of the battlefields and on soldiers' graves.

Life is but a Weaving (the Tapestry Poem)

*My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me.
I cannot choose the colours
He weaveth steadily.*

*Off' times He weaveth sorrow;
And I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper
And I the underside.*

*Not 'til the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Will God unroll the canvas
And reveal the reason why.*

*The dark threads are as needful
In the weaver's skilful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned*

*He knows, He loves, He cares;
Nothing this truth can dim.
He gives the very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him."*

— Corrie ten Boom

Corrie ten Boom understood persecution and hardship. She and her family hid Jews from the Nazis during the Holocaust. Because of an informant Corrie and her sister Betsie were imprisoned in a concentration camp where Betsie died. Fifteen days later Corrie was released apparently due to a clerical error. Just one week after her release all the women in her age group were sent to the gas chamber. It makes the words of her poem more poignant.

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