

Faith Bible Baptist Church

8688 South Main Street - Eden, New York 14057
 Pastor Art Kohl - Assistant Pastor Seth Garland
 716-992-2091 - www.fbbc.com

September 24, 2006 – Please Pray for This Week’s Events:

Sunday:

Men’s Prayer Meeting (Room 12)	8:40 am
Sunday School for children & teens	9:50 am
Adult Bible Study	"
- Hard Questions	
- The Believer, Computers, & the Internet	
Morning Service	10:50 am
Nursery: <i>Cindy Keefe & Cassie Spiller</i>	
Training Hour	5:30 pm
Men’s Meeting - Mike O’Mara speaking	"
Ladies’ Meeting	"
Baptist Boy’s Battalion	"
Gracious Girls Class	"
Nursery for ages 0-24 months	"
Brass Practice	6:00 pm
Evening Service - Pastor Seth Garland to preach	6:30 pm
Ushers: <i>Chris Czech, Dave Van Oyen, Roy Winder</i>	
Nursery: <i>Amy & Jennie Spiller</i>	

Monday:

Hopevale - ministry to teen girls 5:45 pm

Tuesday:

Men’s Visitation 6:45 pm

Wednesday:

Adult & Teen Bible Study 7:00 pm

- Frank Broughton & Rich Braymiller speaking

Kids’ Club "

Ushers: *Henry Moore, John Czech, Ty Worden*

Nursery: *Jen O’Mara & Beckie Barr*

Friday:

Ladies Retreat begins 3:00 pm

Saturday:

Men’s Visitation 10:00 am

Teen Visitation 1:00 pm

Next Sunday am:

Ushers: *Andy Allen, Randy Foucha, Jim Evans, Dave Van Oyen*

Nursery: *Laura Hamberger & Jessica Wamback*

Isaiah Paradiso was born Tuesday, September 19 at 12:13 am. He weighed 6 pounds 3 ounces and was 20 1/2 inches long. He is in NICU because he had a collapsed lung. Pray for him!



The Forbidden Romance-Part II

Matilda C. Edwards, written 1874

“Your house is too plain ,” said the old World
 “I’ll build you one like mine:-

Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of lace,
 And furniture ever so fine.”

So he built her a costly and beautiful house-
 Splendid it was to behold;

Her sons and her beautiful daughters there:
 Were dressed in purple and gold;

Fairs and shows in their hall were held,
 The World and his children were there
 And laughter and music and feasts were heard
 In the place that was meant for prayer.

She had cushioned pews for the rich and great
 To sit in their pomp and pride,

While the poor folks clad in their shabby suits,
 Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the Church,
 And whispered, “I knew the sin.”
 The Church looked back with a sigh and longed
 To gather her children in.

But some were off at the midnight ball,
 And some were off at the play,
 And some were drinking with Satan’s crowd,
 So the angel went away.

The sly World gallantly said to her,
 “Your children mean no harm-
 Merely indulging in innocent sports.”
 So she leaned on his proffered arm,

And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers.
 As she walked along with the World:
 While millions and millions of deathless souls
 To the horrible pit were hurled.

“Your preachers are all too old and plain,”
 Said the gay old World with a sneer:

“They frightened my children with dreadful tales,
 Which I like not for them to hear:

They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
 And the horrors of endless night:

They talk of a place that should not be
 Mentioned to ears polite.

I will send you some of the better stamp,
 Brilliant and gay and fast,

Who will preach that folk may live as they wish
 And go to heaven at last.

The Father is merciful, great and good,
 Tender and true and kind;

Do you think He would take one child to heaven
 And leave the rest behind?



So they called just "liberal" preachers in,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
And garments extremely fine.
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children, they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

The Church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.
The sons of the World and the sons of the Church,
Walked closely hand and heart.

And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I am rich, and in good increased;
I have nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."

The sly World heard her, and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside
"The Church is fallen-the beautiful Church-
And her shame is her boast and pride!"

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered, in sighs, her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down, through the hush of heaven
From Him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
'I am rich;' and hast not known
That thou are naked and poor and blind
And wretched before my face;
Therefore, from My presence I spew thee out.
And remove thy candlestick from its place!"