

Room in the Inn

Housing the Holy

A 2021 Advent Devotional Guide



NORTHWAY
CHRISTIAN CHURCH

*...the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid; for see—
I am bringing you good news of great joy for all the people."*

Luke 2:10



The Advent season is a four week period before Christmas that celebrates the anticipation and arrival of Jesus Christ.

This year, Northway has dressed for the occasion with brand new paraments. These one-of-a-kind works of art were created by Pamela T. Hardiman, a Connecticut fiber artist who celebrates life and liturgy through fabric and color.

Dear Friends:

Advent is a time of preparation and expectation when we can step back from chaos and challenges to remember what is truly important. To prepare for the One born anew in our hearts each Christmas.

**The One we call Jesus.
The One we call Christ.
Emmanuel (God with us).**

The devotions inside these pages come from a variety of Northway family voices—from some of the youngest to our most seasoned. No one disciple, no one church can house it all. These devotional gifts come in the form of art, poetry, or a story. The entries reflect journeys.

**Journeys of hopeful expectation.
Seeking the One who assures us.
There is room in the inn.**

Thank you for journeying with us!

Virzola Law

Rev. Virzola Law
Senior Minister



Week One: HOPE
Sunday, November 28
Rev. Virzola Law

Genesis 18:1-10

"...One day Abraham was sitting at the entrance to his tent during the hottest part of the day. He looked up and noticed three men standing nearby. When he saw them, he ran to meet them and welcomed them, bowing low to the ground. "My lord," he said, "if it pleases you, stop here for a while. Rest in the shade of this tree while water is brought to wash your feet. And since you've honored your servant with this visit, let me prepare some food to refresh you before you continue on your journey."

"All right," they said. "Do as you have said."

So Abraham ran back to the tent and said to Sarah, "Hurry! Get three large measures of your best flour, knead it into dough, and bake some bread." Then Abraham ran out to the herd and chose a tender calf and gave it to his servant, who quickly prepared it. When the food was ready, Abraham took some yogurt and milk and the roasted meat, and he served it to the men. As they ate, Abraham waited on them in the shade of the trees. "Where is Sarah, your wife?" the visitors asked.

"She's inside the tent," Abraham replied.

Then one of them said, "I will return to you about this time next year, and your wife, Sarah, will have a son!" Sarah was listening to this conversation from the tent."

There are many things that the pandemic has changed, and one of those is unexpected guests. Rarely, if ever, these days are we surprised with people showing up at our homes unannounced whether via phone call or text. I have a sense of loss over these organic encounters, which have understandably taken a backseat to safety precautions. I find myself wistfully reading this ancient story as we begin our Advent journey together – remembering days welcoming people in to my home, preparing meals, and sharing in community. This story, too, is a story about an unexpected birth, at an unexpected time, to unexpected parents.

I admire the way that both Abraham and Sarah instantly busy themselves in the holy work of hospitality to the strangers in their midst. They made room for the other, unaware of how making that room would change their lives.

I too, have found myself at a meal with others, and left an encounter where someone making more room changed my life, literally.

It was the beginning of my third year of seminary in Fort Worth, TX and it was clear it was going to take me longer than three years. I was living in seminary housing at the time and knew I needed to step back to step forward, so took one semester off to recenter. I did not want to move back to Houston, as I was serving a wonderful church in Carrollton, TX. The biggest challenge before me was housing, as my salary was manageable for a seminary student in subsidized housing, but not for a single parent relocating to a more expensive area of the metroplex. I felt helpless and crowded by all the decisions, and then I was fed.

Over dinner with a church family, I shared my pros and cons list for my next steps. Exhausted I proclaimed, "There's no room in inn!"

These remarkable people who had fed me, listened to me, then acted. They looked at each other and said, "There's always more room." Overnight they converted their office to my bedroom complete with a deluxe futon. The next day we loaded up my belongings, and I was moved in. They housed me for 18 months, allowing me to recenter and return to seminary. By making more room for me, literally, more room was made for God. I came looking to reflect on a list and I left, held in my vulnerability, more whole and holy.

As we enter into this season of Advent, may we reflect together on the ways that we are making more room in our relationships with God, our neighbors, and ourselves.

Prayer:

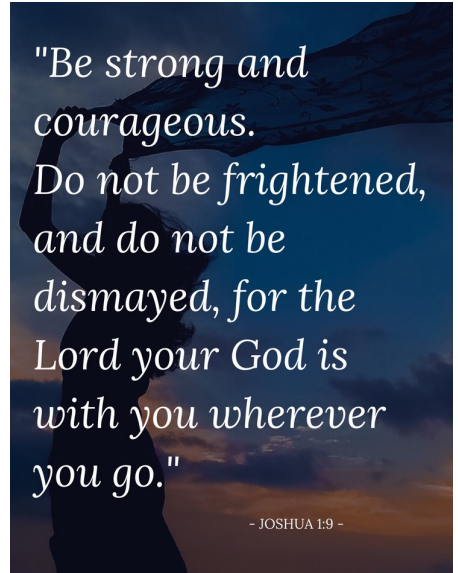
God of unlikely and unexpected hospitality, we give you thanks for this season of Advent. Stir in us a desire, as we wait for the coming Christ Child to make more room. Clear out what no longer serves your goodness, so that we can make more room for the coming glory you are calling us to in our personal and communal lives. Amen.



Week One: HOPE
Monday, November 29
Owen Durrett (age 13)

Joshua 1:9

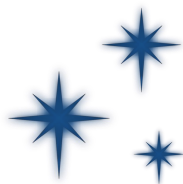
When I was 7 years old I went to my first Rough Riders game. It was the bottom of the 3rd and I saw a ball shooting into the air towards where I was sitting. I got up from my seat and ran towards where the ball just bounced. I grabbed the ball and held it up in triumph, but just as I was walking back to my seat to show it to my family, a man grabbed it from my hands and bolted. At that moment I went from being the luckiest and happiest person in the stadium to being one of the most devastated. It felt like someone had ripped out a piece of my joy. Just then, I saw a man stop him. I couldn't hear what he said, but I didn't have to. He turned and brought the ball back to me. This made me feel really good. So I let him know. I thanked him and went back to my seat.



My joy had been ripped out, but was now put back together. This Christmas season, remember that even though there are people that you are going to have to forgive there will always be people who will forgive you. Joy is a crazy thing. Sometimes you can feel like you've hit rock bottom, but then there will always be those people who lift you back up.

Prayer:

Dear God,
Thank you for joy and those who give you joy.
Amen.



Week One: HOPE
Tuesday, November 30
Sylvia Fernandez

Psalm 91:2

I will say to the Lord, "My refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust."

"What does it mean, "no room in the inn"? I think of "refuge." It is a reminder of Jesus' birth, during a time when his parents kept experiencing denial for their own refuge. Mary and Joseph kept trying to find a place to rest - out of necessity, and with a tremendous trust in Father God.

Seems like the words are a *call to action* for all Christians to be open to the ways each one of us can take someone needy into our own home. Or it is part of our calling as good members of a community [you do not have to be a Christian...].

On 11/22/2009, "*no room at the inn*" was not among my thoughts when I came to learn about two young, neglected children. The knowledge was a call to action for my husband, Eric, and I, to expand our family to six from a family of four.

The unplanned adoption of Emily and Nathaniel provided all of us the chance to learn about God's grace. His grace, or good will, is love and kindness. To learn what "unconditional love" really means, and how to walk with Him, offer refuge to someone in need. You will feel it in your heart when the call comes.

Prayer:

Lord God, creator of everything. You even gave us your only son, Jesus Christ, so we might be saved. Thus, our prayers to you are never too great or too small because you, who created every grain of sand on this earth, hear all our prayers. Grant us the courage, and wisdom to see when others need us to provide a Room in the Inn. Your gifts of grace nourish us. Help us trust that we can be the refuge for those who need it. "Because you have made the Lord your dwelling place."



Week One: HOPE
Wednesday, December 1
Paul Schmidt

Luke 10:25-28

Just then a lawyer stood up to test Jesus. "Teacher," he said, "what must I do to inherit eternal life?" He said to him, "What is written in the law? What do you read there?" He answered, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself." And he said to him, "You have given the right answer; do this, and you will live."

Several Christmases past we were with extended family in Lubbock, needing to return to the metroplex to meet a job deadline. The weather report was ominous - high wind, freezing rain, turning to snow followed by single digit lows. The 350 mile drive usually took about six hours - we were not optimistic but loaded our two young children in the car and departed. Within 40 miles, blowing snow and icing slowed traffic to a crawl, we pressed on but knew it would be a long night. After 10 hours we were only halfway and approaching an incline notorious for ice and jack-knifing 18 wheelers. We left the highway and entered a small town. We tried to find a room... there were very few lodging options and none had room! Eventually though, we were guided to a church and there found other stranded travelers. There we were, weary travellers, at Christmas, in a church, with others, all dependent on the generosity of strangers. Shortly after we arrived the manager of the nearby Walmart came in with armloads of blankets, pillows and sleeping bags! A community of strangers was out in frigid weather taking care of people they had never met and would probably never see again!

I cannot imagine the desperation and worry of Mary and Joseph as they asked for shelter, knowing Jesus' birth was imminent. I know how thankful we were to find shelter and heat that night. I know we were blessed by kind strangers and that we are called to do so as well.

Prayer:

Heavenly Father, Thank you for the kindness of strangers. Thank you for the innkeeper who offered the stall. Help us recognize when we are the innkeeper and give us the willingness and strength to do what you would have us do.

Week One: HOPE
Thursday, December 2
Pat Riley

Philippians 4:6-7

Don't worry about anything; instead, pray about everything. Tell God what you need, and thank Him for all he has done. Then you will experience God's peace, which exceeds anything we can understand. His peace will guard your hearts and minds as you live in Christ Jesus.

Room in the Inn: Housing the Holy (even Me)!

In 1999, I found myself homeless ... not "under a bridge" homeless, but the possibility certainly seemed very real to me. My best friend died suddenly and I had to vacate the home that we had shared for 20 years. Well, I found a little house and I found a church. Yes, there was "room in the inn" for me – both in the little house that I still call home AND at Northway Christian Church.

Prayer:

God of Hope, I prayed and you answered. Thank you. Amen

Hope Waits for Us at Advent

by Amanda Udis-Kessler

*Hope waits for us at Advent.
Hope waits for us to trust.
Hope waits for our commitment
to a land that's kind and just.*

*Peace waits for us at Advent.
Peace waits for us to rest.
Peace waits for our acceptance
of the truth that we are blessed.*

*Joy waits for us at Advent.
Joy waits us to sing.
Joy waits for our amazement
at the grace in everything.*

*Love waits for us at Advent.
Love waits for us to care.
Love waits for our compassion,
freely offered, fully shared.*



Artwork by
Rev. Cheryl Scramuzza

Week One: HOPE
Friday, December 3
Emalee Spencer

Matthew 11:28-30

The Lord houses the Holy through us. If we are empty vessels, we are not able to pour into others. Take care of yourself and remember "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

At this point, motherhood is a cliché topic to me, and I mean that in the nicest way possible. Since my mid-twenties, if someone in my life was not announcing they were expecting they were talking about starting a family. I always assumed becoming a mother and motherhood would be an easy journey for me because up until my 31st birthday, generally speaking, everything else in life was. I'll spare the details, but becoming a mother was not as easy as I thought. However, by the grace of God, our miracle child was born August 18, 2020. That's right, God made room in our hearts to welcome a beautiful baby boy in the middle of a global pandemic. I thought of Sarah when she said "God has brought me laughter, and everyone who hears about this will laugh with me." (**Genesis 21:6**) I thought this was my experience of God's grace and even though it was, the story does not stop there.

Prior to welcoming our son into the world, I read all the literature around giving birth, feeding, clothing, and even encapsulating the placenta. If there was an opinion or thought about bringing home and raising a baby, I read it or followed the Instagram page about the topic. I only skimmed the postpartum depression material because I thought I knew all the signs and figured I was prepared or would speak up if I got to that point. But I am a happy person and again, generally speaking, everything else in my life was pretty easy. Months went by and I felt great! Our child was on a sleep schedule, my husband and I found our new normal and I was finally cleared to exercise. Then I went back to work.

I soon realized between my job, my marriage, my friendships and especially my new found motherhood, they all required me to pour into others. I've always been someone who would listen, encourage, support and show love whenever I felt the need to give. However, with motherhood, my world became my son. My world became very small (7 pounds & 7 ounces small) and I didn't know how to express, not even to my husband, how alone I felt with this responsibility. I was pouring so much of myself into my newborn that I was unable to balance and pour into others, let alone myself.

My devoted and loving husband realized where I was mentally and expressed that I needed to seek help. Through therapy, love, and support from family and friends I was able to hear the scripture again "Cast all your anxiety on him because he cares for us" (**Peter 5:7**). One year of motherhood later, I've found my room in the Inn and have experienced God's continued blessings in unexpected ways. This blessing of motherhood showed me 'God is within me and I will not fall; God will help me at the break of day (**Psalm 46:5**). Can I get an Amen?!

Prayer;

Heavenly Father I give you thanks. Thank you for bringing me from where I was, to where I am, and for the comfort of knowing you will always be beside me, wherever I need to be. Remind us Lord that rest is on the horizon. That our hard work, our pain and suffering is only temporary and you will not put more on us than we can bear. You made us in your image Lord and sent your Son to be born in an immaculate way so he may make the ultimate sacrifice to live in your holy light forever. Gracious God I ask that you watch over us and give us the discernment to know when to call upon you Lord to fill our cup so we may pour into others. To make room in the inn for ourselves so we may welcome others with open arms. Thank you God for this and the endless blessings you have given to us. In your name I pray and thank you, Amen.



Artwork by Norah Hussey (age 4)

Week One: HOPE
Saturday, December 4

Scripture: Isaiah 60:19-22

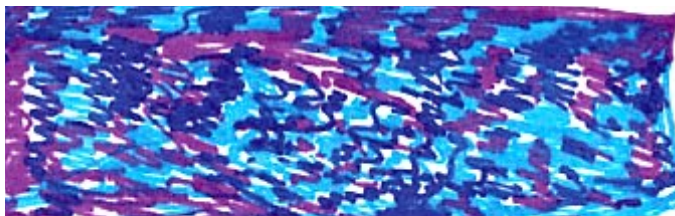
God the Glory of Zion

The sun shall no longer be
your light by day,
nor for brightness shall the moon
give light to you by night;
but the Lord will be your everlasting light,
and your God will be your glory.
Your sun shall no more go down,
or your moon withdraw itself;
for the Lord will be your everlasting light,
and your days of mourning shall be ended.
Your people shall all be righteous;
they shall possess the land forever.
They are the shoot that I planted, the work of my hands,
so that I might be glorified.
The least of them shall become a clan,
and the smallest one a mighty nation;
I am the Lord;
in its time I will accomplish it quickly.



Prayer:

God, when we look to you, we find an everlasting light shining as a beacon of hope. You offer hope to the weary and encouragement for the wonderer. You promise that when we will seek you, you will be found. In your faithfulness we discover hope. In your assurance we find a way forward to begin again, renewed with a sense of thanksgiving. The winds of hope to lift us, carrying us into a new day. God, we come seeking your will and your way to guide us into the blessed space of hope embodied by your loving Spirit. Amen.



Artwork by Rev. Cheryl Scramuzza

Week Two: PEACE
Sunday, December 5
Rev. Dr. Ken G. Crawford

Scripture: Luke 2:6-7

While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

When I was a kid my home church (FCC Tyler) always did a living nativity around our campus. People would walk from one station to another and listen to a broadcast narration as church members and friends acted out the scenes. I was always a shepherd, where our goal was to try to get the very serious and contemplative Mother Mary to crack a smile – by blacking out our teeth, or sneaking stuffed Star Wars figures in our robes.

My father was always the innkeeper. He was 6' tall, bald with a beard that would be the envy of Hipsters. He looked stern even when he was smiling. So his "No room at the inn..." look could be read for miles. And then he would turn back to the young couple, desperate for help, for friendship and welcome, and offer what he could. They would then smile, even if he never did.

It's been 35 years, and I can see it like yesterday. I'm also reminded of the Disciples Women (CWF) prayer that includes the lines:

"I can't do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, with God's help I will do."

Let the spirit of Generosity grow like this in us, seeing what we can do, seeing the need before us, and responding in hope and faith. Perhaps we will find that we have even served the Lord in the process. Blessed Advent.

Prayer:

Loving God, as the love of Jesus is born in us again this year, may we learn to make room in our hearts and lives for the holy and unfamiliar stranger. And may we also learn that sometimes a lowly manger is enough to house the holiest of your miracles. Amen.

Week Two: PEACE
Monday, December 6
Chuck Britain

Luke 2:4-7

Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

The Savior is born after many years of God informing us of This first coming event through His Old Testament prophets and Mary who gave birth to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

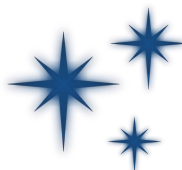
There was "no room in the inn for Him" but there is "room to let Him in" to come and reside in our minds and our hearts on a permanent basis. This leads us to the future eternal state where we will reside with God Father, God Son, God Holy Spirit for all of eternity.

The greatest Christmas gift we can ever imagine.

Prayer:

What an incredible God we worship and has sent himself to planet earth as His Son Jesus Christ to rescue us from our sinful nature when we invite Him to come and live within us. This prayer we offer in the name of God Father, God Son, God Holy Spirit. Amen.

Week Two: PEACE
Tuesday, December 7
Rod Fisher



Scripture: Matthew 25:31-40

"When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on the throne of his glory. All the nations will be gathered before him, and he will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats, and he will put the sheep at his right hand and the goats at the left. Then the king will say to those at his right hand, 'Come, you that are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you

gave me clothing, I was sick and you took care of me, I was in prison and you visited me.' Then the righteous will answer him, 'Lord, when was it that we saw you hungry and gave you food, or thirsty and gave you something to drink? And when was it that we saw you a stranger and welcomed you, or naked and gave you clothing? And when was it that we saw you sick or in prison and visited you?' And the king will answer them, 'Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me.'

In the Christmas story we are told that because there is no room in the inn, Mary and Joseph must go to a stable in the back to spend the night. A sad start to a glorious story of the birth of our Holy Savior. But many of the glorious stories of the Holy in our lives starts with sad humble beginnings.

I've watched one of those stories play out right before my eyes. It begins with my niece Tina, who went to Beauty School and got her cosmetology license, she was a young single parent trying to find her way in this world. She was going from place to place trying to find a place to settle with her toddler daughter until she got up on her feet. My wife and I got wind of her struggle and asked her to live with our family. Our invitation was not a magnanimous gesture on our part, but a tool by which the Holy is working in her life and blessing us along the way.

Tina was only with us for a few months, she found a place where she could earn her way as a hair stylist. She began building her clientele and finding her way, taking care of her growing family, finding a place to live, and thanking the Holy.

This could be the end of the story, but it's not. The Holy is working in indescribable ways through Tina. Long story short, she and a group of her home bible study friends start a street ministry feeding homeless people in downtown Dallas, she became a Foster Parent caring not only for her biological brood of four, but for dozens of abused, abandoned, and, neglected kids over the last fifteen plus years.

To put a cherry on top of this story Tina adopted a brother and sister of a different race from her with special needs. The Holy uses all of us as tools in different ways to bring blessings to those in need. Glory be to God! Amen! Amen! Amen!

Prayer:

God, thank you for Tina and all those you use to do your work. And for all who follow Jesus' teachings of kindness and mercy. In the Holy name of Jesus. Amen!

Week Two: PEACE
Wednesday, December 8
Nancy Stewart

Psalm 90:17

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, And establish the work of our hands for us; Yes, establish the work of our hands.

Psalm 71:6

. . . My praise shall be continually of thee.

My mother, Sara, who many of you know, and my mother in law, Tinker, were extraordinary women!

Tinker .. thoughtful, gracious, elegant ! My Mom .. compassionate, generous, and a smile that would fill the room! These two special women truly imparted upon me the privilege and the responsibility of making "Room in the Inn".

Very quickly after we lost Jim's parents, our home became THE INN ! Year after year for holidays and the everydays our home was blessed to host joyous gatherings of love and laughter, often totaling 40 family and friends.

We especially loved welcoming Mom's dear friends, who enjoyed joining the Stewart family chaos so very much! For my children, this was community and unconditional love. For Jim and I, the opportunity to share GOD's gift of grace and innumerable blessings ...

Thanks be to GOD!



Artwork by Norah Hussey (age 4)

Week Two: PEACE
Thursday, December 9
Addison Willett (age 9)

Will God always be there?

Romans 5:5

"For we know how dearly God loves us, because he has given us the Holy Spirit to fill our hearts with his love"

When I was 9 I got really sad because my grandma died and I tried to tell my friends but they would push me aside and go play with someone else because they wanted to play with someone instead of helping me feel better. I did not want to talk to my mom about this because I was afraid (1) she would start crying and want to be left alone and (2) I did not want to make her remember how sad it made her feel. I felt like I had no one to talk to. I did not think that God was there to help me. So, even though I did not think that God was there I tried talking to him. So, I prayed and prayed, and it worked! I finally found someone I could talk to who would listen and tell me how my grandma was doing. Someone who I could trust to talk to and just wouldn't cry in the middle.

- Have you ever felt like you had no one to talk to?
- Did you think God would be there?

Prayer:

Dear God, thank you for always being there for us when we are sad or need someone to talk to. You always have time for us and make space for our needs. Thank you for always having time for us. Amen.



Week Two: PEACE
Friday, December 10
Sandie Cooper

Exodus 3:11

"But Moses said to God, "Who Am I, that I should go to Pharaoh and bring the Israelites out of Egypt?"

Life's Reflections at the Holidays

Sometimes the holidays cause us to reflect on our life. Do you ever feel like you are being called by God to do something; but you don't feel up to the task?

Many years ago, on the way to church one Sunday, I asked God to show me how He wanted me to serve Him. At the end of the church service, the current Chair of the Deacons came up to me and asked if I would take the position next year? I said, "Wow and yes!" Wow, because I never expected to be asked to do this and secondly, because I felt it was an immediate response from God.

Knowing that God never sends us alone, helped me to overcome my feelings of inadequacy. God goes before us, with us, and behind us. Unknown to me, God was giving me a focus that would help me through the year and through the unexpected death of my son at the end of the year.

Be open to God. He can make anything work!

Prayer:

Heavenly Father, thank you for the gentle nudging from Your Spirit and help each of us to be open to Your possibilities and growth in the coming year. Amen.



Week Two: PEACE
Saturday, December 11

1 Peter 2:5-9

Like living stones, let yourselves be built into a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ. For it stands in scripture:

"See, I am laying in Zion a stone, a cornerstone chosen and precious; and whoever believes in him will not be put to shame."
To you then who believe, he is precious; but for those who do not believe,

"The stone that the builders rejected
has become the very head of the corner,"
and "A stone that makes them stumble,
and a rock that makes them fall."



They stumble because they disobey the word, as they were destined to do.

But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God's own people, in order that you may proclaim the mighty acts of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.

Prayer:

Dear God, we come in prayer to the Prince of Peace. May you build us into a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ. We come with gratitude for the precious gift of peace that passes understanding and settles our souls. Peace you give, not like the world, but like a blessed mother comforting a child and a loving father soothing the shaken. You offer your peace with abundance and generosity, so that we can be still and know that you are good, and you are God. Your presence and your covering is over us, so that we can rest in the sweetness of your peace proclaiming your mighty acts of calling us out of darkness into your marvelous light. Amen.



Week Three JOY
Sunday, December 12
Rev Ruby Hines Henry

Psalm 103:4

Who redeems your life from the Pit who crowns you with steadfast love and mercy.

Sharing, more than enough.

My husband and I were married on January 1st. It was a small house wedding with only a few people, very few people at the beginning. My Father did the ceremony and my mom did the little decoration that we had. My sister was the soloist and her son was the musician. A cake was not in the plan, we did not want a large wedding and had not expected a large crowd, we were in love and just wanted to get married. This was a small place and there was not a lot of room in the inn. However, when others called and asked to attend we really could not say no. When my mom arrived, she discovered that there would be no cake. If you knew my mom, that was just not going to happen. She rushed out to the store to fetch a cake and ingredients to make a punch and that became our reception.

The fear of not having enough to serve the guests went all over me. I should have not worried because if my mom had something to do with it, we would have plenty.

I had prepared the traditional African American New Years dinner and the aroma did not stay in the kitchen. When one of the guests smelled the food she asked if she could have some and that began another worry. Would I have enough food to share? Well, we had more than enough, and we were able to share out of the abundance.

We serve a God of abundance who is consistently "more than enough." We can see God's generous nature in the way He loves His Children.

In Psalm 103, David lists the many ways our Father bestows on us. Verse 4 says that He redeems our life from destruction and crowns us with loving kindness and tender mercies.

The apostle Paul reminds us that God "has blessed us with every spiritual

blessing" and is "able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. 1:3; 3:20).

We are called children of God because of His great love (1 John 3:1). We are given sufficiency in all things" that we may have an abundance for every good work" (2 Cor. 9:8).

God's love and His amazing grace spilled over into my life many years ago, and enables me to share with others. The God of power and provision is always the God of "more than enough" !

Over the years, we have been blessed and now the abundance is less, but the abundance of love and caring for others is becoming greater and greater. For some it is nothing, but for me, it is more than enough. In Psalms 103, David lists the many benefits our Father bestows on us. God is good and I am thankful that I can always make room in the inn.

Prayer:

Dear Lord, thank you for your grace and thank you for your love and mercies. I am so thankful that it spilled over into my life. You have blessed me with a loving, caring husband, respectful children, grand children, nephews, nieces, other family, friends and church family. I cannot begin to tell the world how much love there is in my heart for others. I am so thankful there is plenty good room in the Inn. You have blessed me with more than enough. Sharing is not an option. I am so thankful you are my Father and I am your child. I pray this prayer and all prayers in Jesus name! Amen.



Artwork by Rev. Cheryl Scramuzza

Week Three: JOY
Monday, December 13
Amy Koh



John 8:36

"So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed"

Once upon a time...

I discovered a Room in the Inn. I had been battling addiction for 20 years at the time and was desperate for a change, a miracle. On December 15, 2009, I checked in at Austin Recovery Center. I was sick. The first week of detox was terrible, but they allowed me to stay. These strangers took me in and held me up just because I walked through the door.

I was scared. I was terrified of confronting life in all its sober form. I had self-medicated from such an early age, it was foreign to me how to navigate a grownup life without alcohol or drugs. The people there allowed me to be uncomfortable as I squirmed through this unfamiliar space. I was skeptical. Treatment didn't "work" for me before. I really thought this was just going to be another 30-day time out. The others there helped me change my mind, and to believe that with God's help, a new way was possible.

I was encouraged. At first, to simply wake up in the morning. Then to go to the cafeteria at mealtime. And eventually to just show up for the routine classes. The counselors believed this life I was given could be lived differently. My 30-day stay turned into 90.

I was safe. I eventually allowed myself to become vulnerable with these supporters, to acknowledge the ugly and the Only.

I was not alone. My brothers and sisters at Austin Recovery made a difference. Now, with God's grace, I can make a difference.

I was set free. On March 19, 2010, I left the Inn. It was the very first day of spring and all those old familiar feelings were right outside the door. I was just better equipped.

My last relapse was in March of 2012.



Prayer:

My simple daily prayer...Your will God, not mine.



Hebrews 3:13

But encourage one another daily as long as it is called today.

Shortly after I left home for college in 1980, I received a large postcard from my grandfather. On the front of the postcard there was a beautiful mountain scene and these words: For the people in your life... If you miss them, tell them. If you think of them, let them know. On the back of the postcard there was a note from Grandad. He wanted to introduce me to the concept of the 5 minute letter. Grandad told me that when I missed my family and friends, just sit right down and write a quick note to say "I miss you", "I'm thinking of you", or "I love you". It did not have to be some big fancy letter. This was great advice since there were no cell phones back then, and long distance calls were expensive. It was a way to stay connected. Grandad and I exchanged a lot of 5 minute letters through the years.

I believe a lot of the times when we think of people in our life, it's a nudge from the Holy Spirit to reach out to them. I know I have been on the receiving end of this. A few years ago, my father passed away. Although he was in the hospital, battling cancer, it was unexpected because he died of cardiac arrest during a routine procedure. I was the only one at the hospital with him at the time. After the initial shock, and then letting my mom and siblings know, I was depleted. At that moment, a friend from Northway called to check on me. She did not know my dad had passed, but her call came just when I needed it! It was so comforting. She prayed with me, and then let the church and others know so they could be praying. Her timing (God's timing) was perfect. So many times in my life I have received a note, a call, or a text from someone right when I needed encouragement. Many of these encouragements have come from our Northway family.

My hope this Advent Season is to be open to those nudges from the Holy Spirit, and to make Room in my Inn to connect with people in my life, and people not in my life. I hope to remember that in reaching out, I don't have to make some grand gesture...it can be a 5 minute letter.

Prayer:

Gracious Lord, thank you for those who encourage us. Please give us the eyes to see opportunities to encourage one another.

Week Three: JOY
Wednesday, December 15
Charles Darwin

Scripture: John 1:1-5

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

Why Christmas?

One of my favorite incarnation stories came to me on the radio from Paul Harvey. I was pastoring at the time. It was a snowy night in the northeast, I listened as Harvey spoke of a family preparing to go to the midnight Christmas Eve service. Mom and kids were in the car and wanted the man of the house to go with them to the Christmas Eve service. Dad said that honestly, he just could not continue to believe all that stuff about God being a baby in a manger. The man I'm talking about, Harvey said, was not a Scrooge. He was a kind and decent mostly good man, generous to his family, and upright in his dealings with other men. But he just could not believe all that stuff about God being born and laying in a manger. As the snow continued to fall, Mom and the kids drove down the hill into the valley where the church was located. This husband and father just could not believe in all that incarnation stuff, which the church proclaimed at Christmas time. It just did not make sense and he was too honest to pretend otherwise. At least he did not want to be hypocritical!

He was glad to go in the house and have a seat by the fireplace to warm himself and relax. As he was putting his feet up, he was startled by what he thought must be someone throwing snowballs at his picture window. Then another thud came and another, he was not sure what was going on. He went to the front door to investigate. As he opened the door, he found a flock of small birds scattered in the snow. They were shaking and confused little birds. They were cold and caught in the storm. They must have thought they could find warmth in the house. They flew into the window making the thud sound as an attempt to find cover.

Well, he could not let these poor creatures just lie there and freeze. So, he remembered the stable where his children kept their ponies. He put on his jacket and galoshes. He went out to open the stable door wide and turned on the light. And he tried to encourage the birds to come

into safety and warmth. As he waved his arms and tried to shoo the little birds into the barn, they became more scattered in the snow. He realized that he was only scaring them. So, he went into the house and fetched some breadcrumbs. He sprinkled food on the snow making a trail of breadcrumbs to the light. He opened the stable door wider. But to his dismay, the birds ignored the breadcrumbs. The birds just continued to flop around helplessly in the snow.

He tried catching them. They seemed to scatter in the wrong direction. He wanted to help but could not. He began to understand that he was only scaring the birds. He was not sure how to help them. As he thought about it, he realized that they were afraid of him. To them, he thought, I'm a strange and terrifying creature. If only I could think of some way to let them know that they can trust me. I'm not trying to hurt them but help them. He noticed the danger they were in. If only I could let them know that they can trust me. That I'm not trying to hurt them, but to help them. They just would not follow him. They would not be shooed into the barn because they were afraid of him. He thought to himself, if only I could be a bird. Then I could show them the way to safety and warmth, but I would have to be one of them, wouldn't I? I could mingle with them and speak their language, and tell them not to be afraid. Just then, he heard the music from the church—"O Come All Ye Faithful". The sound reached his ears above the sounds of the snow and wind. And he slowly sank to his knees and prayed in the snow. Listening...and understanding for the very first time.

Prayer:

Thank you, Lord, for coming to us in the baby Jesus. Grant that this Christmas we will find our joy in knowing of your presence, now. Amen.



Artwork by Rev. Cheryl Scramuzza

Week Three: JOY
Thursday, December 16
Ted Brown

Romans 12:10-13

Be devoted to one another in love. Honor one another above yourselves. Never be lacking in zeal, but keep your spiritual fervor, serving the Lord. Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer. Share with the Lord's people who are in need. Practice hospitality.

God's Love in unexpected ways.

In January 2002 or 2003. Northway Christian Church sent a mission team to Honduras for a seventh & final mission trip. Or so we believed at the time. Years later, we were greatly relieved to get to return to different villages in Honduras. We had been blessed to work with one village, San Carlos for that entire tenure of seven mission trips. At that time, the governing organization, HOI, strongly preferred only four or five trips be taken to the same village. We had been graciously granted an unprecedented opportunity for our seventh trip. Our task for this particular mission trip was very different and unique from previous trips. In previous trips our objectives were for individual families. Those objectives included providing sustaining, safe and sanitary drinking water, digging latrines, roofing homes, cementing the floors of homes, constructing mud "stoves" and the all important Vacation Bible School; efficiently, capably, educationally, extremely entertainingly and humorously "performed" by Shari Sims Frol & Judd Austin.

This trip our objective was to build a community center for San Carlos. It was a bold & ambitious project to complete in four days. It required all of the effort of the people of San Carlos, our team of missionaries and our Honduran liaisons. The days were long and laborious. We slept well, woke up tired and repeated the same routine the next day. At the end of each work day, one of the de facto village leaders, Renaldo, asked us to please join him at his house. Due to time constraints we weren't able to accept his gracious invite on Monday...or Tuesday...or Wednesday. We agreed that we needed to join Reynaldo on Thursday. It was a priority and it was clearly important to him. Friday wasn't an option as we'd be leaving the village to begin our 2 day return to home. Thursday, our last day of work in the village was an emotional day. We knew it was our final mission trip to this beautiful place with such beautiful people - God's Children. Rain threatened to stop our work before we completed the final touches of the community center. We worked through the rain as we finished. We were rewarded with a double rainbow that stretched from one side of the valley to the other. We interpreted the rainbow not only as God's approval of the completed project but, as a broader sign

that two team members who had passed (unrelated to their respective trips) from previous mission trips were with us in spirit, Terry Johnson and Bob Eads. It was in this emotional state that we traveled to Reynaldo's home at the end of a long day and week. His intended purpose of our visit wasn't apparent to me initially. He had a collapsible 5 gallon plastic container filled with water. It was suspended from a tree. He asked that each member of our mission team take his staff with an exposed nail at one end of the staff and puncture a hole in the bottom of the water container. Initially I was reluctant to comply with his request. It was because his water container was a precious, rare and much needed commodity. The idea of puncturing it with so many holes made me feel bad. But, when my turn came I did as he asked. Through our interpreter Judd, Reynaldo explained that this water, (provided through the water system funded by Northway and built by the Honduran people) pouring out of the multiple fresh holes of the container bottom into the ground was nourishing food & providing sustenance for the village of San Carlos. But, it was a metaphor for the greater importance and impacting message. Just as this water was filling the land and growing food, it also represented the great love that was filling the valley and more significantly filling their hearts. He explained they had God's love and hope in their hearts to pass on to one another just as we had with them.

The demands of that week left us physically exhausted, emotionally spent, mentally drained and yet our brief time with Reynaldo was spiritually renewing.

Prayer:

Gracious, Holy & Loving God. Thank you for the many ways you show us what it is to be fed spiritually when we serve your people in need.



Artwork by Rev. Cheryl Scramuzza

Week Three: JOY
Friday, December 17
Theo Rahn

Mark 10:15-16

"I tell you the truth, 'Anyone who doesn't receive the Kingdom of God like a child will never enter it.' Then he took the children in his arms and placed his hands on their heads and blessed them."

Luke 18:16

But Jesus called them to him, saying, "Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them, for to such belongs the kingdom of God"

I was called to "House the Holy" when I accepted Pastor Megan's request and volunteered to be in charge of (host) the games at the most recent VBS. I loved Northway VBS when I was kid, but games were not always my favorite rotation. Thus, I decided to make games *the* favorite activity this year at VBS by making them more fun and interactive for the various ages of children participating. Each day was a lot of work, but I found that I was blessed by this experience in several ways. First, I found that I could just be myself around the little kids; I didn't have to think about "fitting in" or worry about others' opinions. Second, I was pleased to get to know other Northway volunteers (Owen D. and Marco R.) better. Third, I felt a sense of pride—and joy—at the end of each day of VBS. Finally, I was happy to give back what VBS had given to me: making kids inside and outside Northway feel welcome!

Prayer:

Holy Father, thank you for opportunities to make children in our community feel welcome. Please bless the children and families of this church and in our neighborhoods this Advent season. In your Son's name we pray. Amen.



Artwork by Harry Rahn

Week Three: JOY
Saturday, December 18

Scripture: Luke 3:1-6

The Proclamation of John the Baptist

In the fifteenth year of the reign of Emperor Tiberius, when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, and Herod was ruler of Galilee, and his brother Philip ruler of the region of Ituraea and Trachonitis, and Lysanias ruler of Abilene, during the high priesthood of Annas and Caiaphas, the word of God came to John son of Zechariah in the wilderness. He went into all the region around the Jordan, proclaiming a baptism of repentance for the forgiveness of sins, as it is written in the book of the words of the prophet Isaiah,

"The voice of one crying out in the wilderness:

'Prepare the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.'"

Prayer:

Dear God, we come with shouts of joy to prepare the way this season. Our desire as your people, is to make a pathway to you for ourselves and others straight and unhindered. We are filled with joy at the prospect of your coming. We know that with you in our presence, you will lead us in ways to meet the needs of those who seek you. Your grace smooths the rough places, and you bring your salvation to all who look to you. We celebrate your coming this season with an abundance of joy.



Artwork by Rev. Cheryl Scramuzza



Exodus 14:14

"The Lord will fight for you, and you have only to keep still."

During my clinical pastoral residency, my supervisor used to say "Wherever you go, there you are." This was always during times in supervision when I was feeling stuck and couldn't see the way out — I had lost my sense of groundedness, agency over my own decisions and the way I show up in the world, and a loss of faith in God's abiding presence in my life. It was beyond frustrating, to find myself on a hamster wheel, exhausting myself with the work I was doing while feeling like it was getting me nowhere. And, yet, every time I find myself in that place, I can still hear his words, in his gentle and firm voice, reminding me "Wherever you go, there you are."

This reminder, while still frustrating at its core, is now a place of grounding for me — a reminder that wherever I go, I am not alone.

It is a reminder for me that when I find myself in this place — lost, afraid, exhausted, out of control, and stuck — that I am in the way.

It is a reminder that I have lost sight of the Holy — that I have forgotten I belong to a God who loves me and never abandons me — that I have forgotten that I am NEVER in control, and that is an unattainable, and also undesirable goal.

It reminds me that what is actually mine to do is to show up, to pay attention to God, to collaborate with God, and to release the results — to let God be God and watch in awe as El Roi — the one who sees me — makes a way, opens doors I didn't even know were there, and removes my blinders to reveal the possibilities that are beyond my imaginings.

It reminds me that there is MORE THAN ENOUGH ROOM IN THE INN... because we serve a God of abundance and grace with more than enough room for each of the beloved children of God.

Prayer:

Holy God, thank you for fighting for us and the reminder to keep still.
Amen.

Week Four: LOVE
Monday, December 20
Kelsey Reinhart

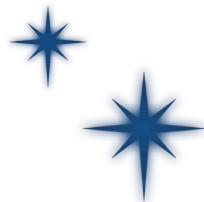
Luke 2: 6-12

"While they were there, the time came for the baby to be born, and she gave birth to her firstborn, a son. She wrapped him in cloths and placed him in a manger, because there was no guest room available for them. And there were shepherds living out in the fields nearby, keeping watch over their flocks at night. An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid. I bring you good news that will cause great joy for all the people. Today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you; he is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger.""

As a teacher, the realities of "devolson", otherwise known as the Dark Evil Vortex of Late September October November, are in full swing. The newness of school has worn off and the tiredness from the daily grind takes its toll. My routine becomes "wake up, teach, eat, sleep", then rinse and repeat the next day. I often find that I get stuck in this pattern, unable to find energy or space in my mind for much else. As the holidays approach, it is an important reminder that we have to be intentional in making room in our hearts to receive Jesus. No matter how busy we may be, no matter how much hustle and bustle may exist, no matter how many distractions occupy our minds, we need to set aside time and space to embrace Emmanuel, our Savior. Our world didn't have a room to welcome Jesus the day He was born, but now that the world knows His story, we can make sure He always has one.

Prayer:

Dear Lord, thank you for this intentional time of spending time with your Word. We may be tired and unfocused, but we took this opportunity to create devotional time with You. During this Christmas season, please give us the strength to be purposeful in making room in our hearts to receive and honor the greatest gift of all, your Son. We are so grateful that He is the reason for this season. Amen.



Colossians 3:12

Therefore, as God's chosen people, holy and dearly loved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness, and patience. –

I try to make sure that there is always “room in the inn” when it comes to giving support, love, prayers, hugs...you name it...to people who are grieving. Most of us have lost at least one person in our life who was dear to us. In 1989, one of my childhood friends lost her husband to cancer; he was only 38 and was special to me as well. I left work and went to their house, and my friend later told her mother, “Linda just sat and listened to me talk.” That was just what she needed at that particular time. Seven years earlier, we had asked her husband to be one of my mother's pallbearers. This brings to mind the hymn “Blessed Be the Tie That Binds.” We are bound to each other through God's love. Sometimes the best thing to do is “just be there.”

Prayer:

Dear Lord, your Word says that we may be able to comfort those who are grieving, with the comfort that you have bestowed on us. Help me comfort others in the ways that You have comforted me. Let my healing be another person's comfort and strength. Heavenly Father, we thank You. Amen.



Artwork by Jackson McNatt (age 3)

Week Four: LOVE
Wednesday, December 22
Fran Harris

A Room at the Inn. That is such an iconic phrase for every Christian. Our minds immediately go to the scene in a stable, a barn in Bethlehem, where our Savior was born. That was His first home, possibly for several months.

Do you think the stable master knew he was housing The Holy? We are reminded of a Hebrews passage.

Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—**Hebrews 13:2**

Strangers, family, friends, we put great importance in showing hospitality, welcoming, helping others in times of need. Some of the most tender stories in the Bible are of Jesus visiting the home of Lazarus, Mary and Martha. This seemed to be a place where our Savior was not only welcomed, but where He found rest. Can you even imagine having the Savior come to your home for some rest and fellowship? A time away from the crowds for Him to relax and restore? And of course, teach.

And that is the guidance we receive from the Hebrews passage, to show hospitality.

Hospitality is defined as the quality or disposition of receiving and treating guests and strangers in a warm, friendly, generous way. It is not selective, it should be given to all. Jesus is our guide as he welcomed on many occasions the unwelcome, the unlikable, and the outcasts. Are we to do any less?

Love is the foundation of hospitality. As we approach the Advent season, let us recall the gift of love that came in the form of a little Child, born in a manger, sent from God to take away the sins of the world.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.
—**John 3:16**

Prayer:

Gracious Father, Thank you for allowing us so much that you sent your own Son who taught us how to welcome all. Help us to follow His example of showing love and hospitality to all, so that by our actions, we may be reflections of the love that You have so generously shared with us. In the name of the risen Savior, Amen.

Week Four: LOVE
Thursday, December 23

Luke 1:46b-55

Prayer:

Dear God, we celebrate your love this week. What greater love could we know than your Son born of your Holy Spirit, carried by blessed Mary. We lift her song, as our prayer today, may her words fill us with her awe and wonder:

Mary's Song of Praise

"My soul magnifies the Lord,
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior,
for he has looked with favor on the
lowliness of his servant.
Surely, from now on all generations will
call me blessed;
for the Mighty One has done great things for me,
and holy is his name.
His mercy is for those who fear him
from generation to generation.
He has shown strength with his arm;
he has scattered the proud in the
thoughts of their hearts.
He has brought down the powerful from
their thrones,
and lifted up the lowly;
he has filled the hungry with good things,
and sent the rich away empty.
He has helped his servant Israel,
in remembrance of his mercy,
according to the promise he made to
our ancestors,
to Abraham and to his descendants
forever."

God, we magnify your glory, as we lift this prayer. Amen.



Artwork by Rev. Cheryl Scramuzza

Week Four: LOVE

Friday, December 24, Christmas Eve

Drew Parker (age 9)

Isaiah 9:6

For a child has been born for us, a son given to us; authority rests upon his shoulders; and he is named Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

One time when I was called to house the holy, I had to help a kid in my class because he was behind in his center work. My teacher asked me to help him because he had a little trouble with his work. I helped by reading the passage to him and helped him answer the questions. He was able to finish his work and turn it in. This blessed me because it made me feel good because I knew Erick needed help.

Prayer:

Dear God, it is important to help others. Please help us remember to always help people when they need it. Amen.



Artwork by Drew Parker (age 9)

Week Four: LOVE
Saturday, December 25, Christmas Day
Rev. Virzola Law

Luke 1:68-79

Praise be to the Lord, the God of Israel, because he has come to his people and redeemed them. He has raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David as he said through his holy prophets of long ago), salvation from our enemies and from the hand of all who hate us—to show mercy to our ancestors and to remember his holy covenant, the oath he swore to our father Abraham: to rescue us from the hand of our enemies, and to enable us to serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness before him all our days. And you, my child, will be called a prophet of the Most High; for you will go on before the Lord to prepare the way for him, to give his people the knowledge of salvation through the forgiveness of their sins, because of the tender mercy of our God, by which the rising sun will come to us from heaven to shine on those living in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the path of peace.

What's in a blessing?

When is the last time you used the word "bless?" Was it when someone sneezed and you said "Bless you?" Was it when someone was acting some kind of way and you said, "Bless your heart?" With these phrases, and countless others we throw around "blessings" so often I find myself wondering if we are missing something. The season of Advent is a season of waiting for the blessing of the birth of Jesus, waiting for Jesus' return, and it is a season when we honor the blessings that are always around us...

Zechariah blesses the Lord, the God of Israel, in his old age because he knows that is it by God's mercy that we will be led in the way of peace.

What words or gestures might you share in the way of blessing in this season? This is an invitation to challenge yourself to be more intentional in looking for a blessing and to share a blessing. What if the very blessing you offer indeed is God's instrument of peace the world needs?

So much is opening up around us, and yet there is still a longing for a world that flows with more hope, peace, and joy for all. All, meaning

everybody. As we wait; may the blessings spring up all the more, even in the grey of winter.

Prayer:

God of infinite peace, hope, joy, and love we come to you this season humbled by the blessings you have already shown us through your Son, our Savior. Help us in this season honor to all of your creation. May we notice the blessings around us and share the blessings on the journey.



Artwork by
Ava Williams (age 4)



Make Of My Heart A Stable

by Amanda Udis-Kessler

*Make of my heart a stable,
a house for the Holy;
a warm and sturdy place
for hope to live and grow.*

You're Invited!

We will begin a year long, mid-week
Churchwide Transformation Prayer Focus
on Wednesday, December 1 at 12:00 pm

via conference call

Call number: 605-313-4281

Once answered, Access code: 2667616#

Join us for a Texas-style chili dinner, photos with Santa,
caroling, hot chocolate and Christmas lights at

Supper with Santa & Christmas Lighting
on Saturday, December 4 @ 4:30 pm

Circle Drive/West Porch area off of Airline

Readings and Carols Worship Service
Sunday, December 12 at 10:00 am
in the Sanctuary

Enjoy a delicious lunch, honor your friends and
family with unique holiday gifts that
directly support organizations that serve others.

Alternative Christmas & Fellowship Luncheon
Sunday, December 12 at 11:00 am

Circle Hall (weather permitting) & Fellowship Hall

*An online Alternative Christmas form is available now
at northwaychristian.org. Forms must be completed by
December 18 in order to receive gift letters
to share with recipients by Christmas.*

A service of comfort, hope and healing.

Blue Christmas Service
Wednesday, December 15 at 7:00 pm
in the Sanctuary

Celebrate the season with the children
as they present the
**Northway Christian Day School
Christmas Program**
Friday, December 17 at 11:00 am
in the Sanctuary

Following the worship service, there will be an
All-Church Congregational Meeting
Sunday, December 19 at 11:00 am
in the Sanctuary

Northway is proud to host the
Concert Bells of Fort Worth
Sunday, December 19 at 3:00 pm
in the Sanctuary

This service includes live animals
and is always a favorite here at Northway.
Christmas Eve Family Worship Service
Friday, December 24 at 3:00 pm
North Lawn—In front of Bell Tower

Usher in the mystery of the Christmas story
at this reflective Christmas Eve worship service.
Carols, Candlelight and Communion Service
Friday, December 24 at 11:00 pm
in the Sanctuary





Merry Christmas



NORTHWAY
CHRISTIAN CHURCH

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