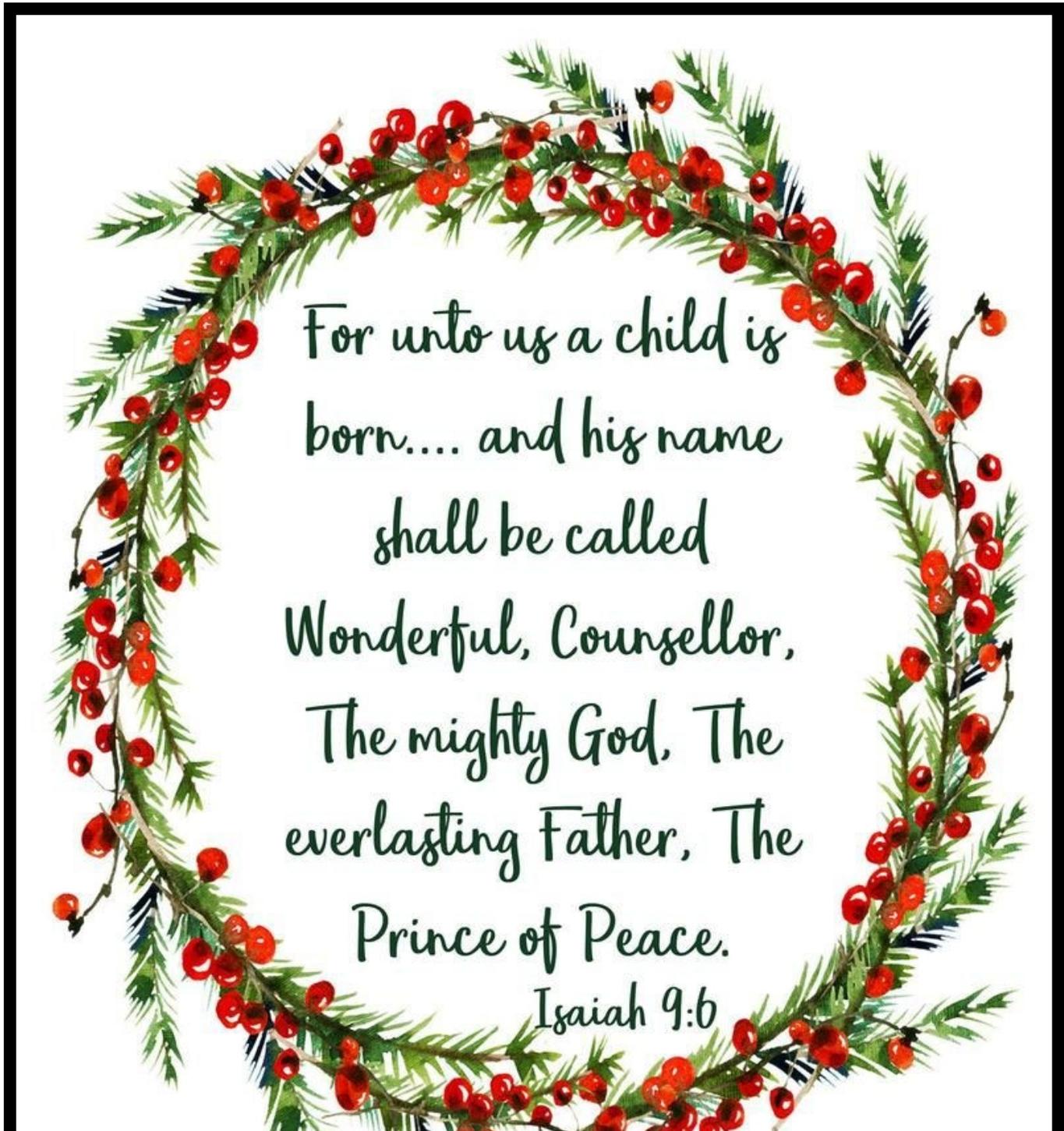




We are Building a Servant Community



For unto us a child is  
born.... and his name  
shall be called  
Wonderful, Counsellor,  
The mighty God, The  
everlasting Father, The  
Prince of Peace.

Isaiah 9:6

**Pulpit Supply for December**

**December 7th (Communion)**

**December 14th**

**December 21st**

**December 28th**

Rev. Doug Johnson  
Rev. David Bierschwale  
Rev. Susan Thomas  
Rev. Dwight Welch

**Liturgist Schedule for December**

**December 7th (Communion)**

**December 14th**

**December 21st**

**December 28th**

Curt Kochner  
Bob Wood  
Sandy Welch  
Curt Kochner

**Musicians Schedule for December**

**December 7th (Communion)**

**December 14th**

**December 21st**

**December 28th**

Martha Krebill  
Jo Chatman  
Martha Krebill  
Jo Chatman

**Greeters and Ushers for December**

**December 7th (Communion)**

**December 14th**

**December 21st**

**December 28th**

Bob and Mary Wood, with Dave Kimball  
Don Johnson, Sandy Welch, and Mike Paterson  
Judy Anderson, Janie Wendland, and Jim Tarr  
Stan Bayley, Annette Bayley, with  
Jeff Kessler, and Cynthia Kessler

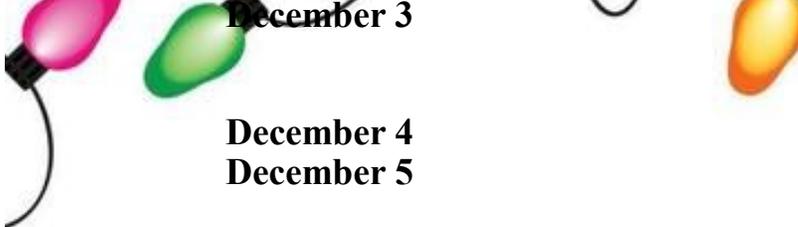
**December Birthdays and anniversaries**

**December**

4 Julie Helms  
8 Don Johnson  
12 Zach Kessler  
14 Annette Bayley  
17 Betty Whiting

**Anniversary**

22 Sonya & Grady Skaggs



December 3  
 December 4  
 December 5  
 December 6  
 December 7  
 December 9  
 December 10  
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 December 12  
 December 13  
 December 16  
 December 17  
 December 18  
 December 19  
 December 23  
 December 24  
 December 25  
 December 26  
 December 30  
 December 31

Quilters meet at 12 p.m.  
 Facilities meets at 10 a.m.  
 Worship Committee meets at 11 a.m.  
 Al-Anon meets at 8 p.m.  
 Al-Anon meets at 7 p.m.  
 Bluegrass Jam Group 7-9 p.m.  
 Bluegrass Group Potluck 1:30-7:30 p.m.  
 Lee Hancock Piano Recital at 5 p.m.  
 Women's Bible Study at 1 p.m.  
 Facilities meets at 10 a.m.  
 Worship Committee meets at 11 a.m.  
 Al-Anon meets at 8 p.m.  
 Al-Anon meets at 7 p.m.  
 Bluegrass Jam Group 7-9 p.m.  
 Lauren Reineking Flute Recital 10 a.m.-1 p.m.  
 Women's Bible Study at 1 p.m.  
 Quilters meet at 12 p.m.  
 Session meets at 10 a.m.  
 Al-Anon meets at 8 p.m.  
 Writers Group meets at 10 a.m.  
 Al-Anon meets at 7 p.m.  
 Bluegrass Jam Group 7-9 p.m.  
 Women's Bible Study at 1 p.m.  
 Christmas Eve  
 Refreshments at 3:30 p.m.  
 Service at 4 p.m.  
 Christmas Day  
 Al-Anon meets at 7 p.m.  
 Bluegrass Jam Group 7-9 p.m.  
 Women's Bible Study at 1 p.m.  
 Al-Anon meets at 8 p.m.

**Women's Bible Study Fall/Winter Schedule**

**The Eyes Have It!**

This fall, we are looking at varied scriptures that speak about eyes and sight, seeing what lessons and insights God might have for us as we study, pray, and share. Please join us Tuesdays at 1 p.m. in the Garden Room.

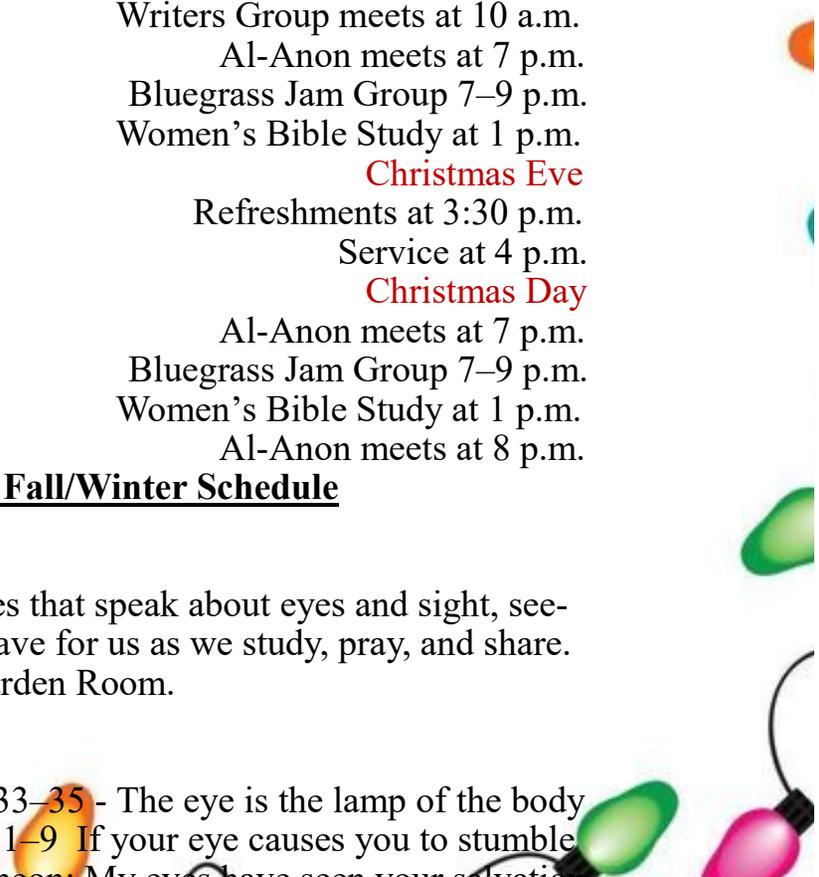
**December**

Dec. 2

Luke 11:33-35 - The eye is the lamp of the body  
 Matt. 18:1-9 If your eye causes you to stumble

Dec. 9

Luke 2:22-25 - Simeon: My eyes have seen your salvation



## Presbyterians for Earth Care offers Daily Advent Devotions

Based on the Revised Common Lectionary texts, these daily reflections help us connect our love of the earth with our longing for its redemption, the message of Advent. Each day, read a scripture and reflection written by a Presbyterian from across the country. Join others in a prayer and consider an action step.

Here's how to access this free new resource.

- Sign up for a daily email delivery. (The easiest way to do this is to email me (Jody) at [krebill.mcdevitt@gmail.com](mailto:krebill.mcdevitt@gmail.com) and I will forward you the link.)
- Download the daily devotions from [presbyearthcare.org](http://presbyearthcare.org)
- Pick up a print copy at the church. These will be available each week in Advent.

Spoiler alert: You all know the author of the December 9 devotion!

### **FAM**

#### **A Merry Christmas Cookie Exchange**

December 14, 2025 Join us for a delightful holiday tradition! Bring six of your favorite cookies, lovingly placed in a bag. Exchange your treats with fellow friends and leave with a bag full of holiday cheer and new flavors to enjoy.

Come share the joy, laughter, and sweetness of the season!

### **Christmas Eve**

Bring your family and join us for a joyful afternoon of shared time together, remembering what Christmas is truly all about, the birth of Christ, our savior. Come share in the peace, hope and joy of Christmas Eve together. The gathering and fellowship starts with refreshments at 3:30 PM on Dec. 24. The service begins at 4:00 PM.

**Are you excited for Christmas?** Are you looking forward to the familiar joys of the season, delicious food, cherished family and friends, lively parties, presents, and perhaps a bit of caroling?

So often we hear, “It wouldn’t be Christmas without it,” whatever *it* may be. Year after year, we gather with the same people, enjoy the same traditions, and embrace the expected joys, because we love them and they are part of the season.

Yet the very first Christmas was filled with the **unexpected**. Mary and Joseph knew they were to have a child, but the circumstances surrounding His birth were far from what they anticipated.

Mary received a surprising visit from an angel. Joseph was visited in a dream. Shepherds in the fields were startled by angelic messengers, and then found themselves at the humble manger, meeting Jesus unexpectedly.

This Advent, our theme is “**Unexpected Visitors.**” Our pulpit supply will be sharing reflections on these remarkable encounters, helping us consider how the unexpected shapes our faith and our lives.

What do you expect this Christmas? And what if Jesus decided to drop in on *you* unexpectedly?

Join us each Sunday as we prepare our hearts for the coming of Christ, both in the familiar and the surprising moments of the season.



indoors and now only muffled sounds of chatter and laughter escaped from closed shutters. Old Papa Panov, the village shoemaker, stepped outside his shop to take one last look around. The sounds of happiness, the bright lights and the faint but delicious smells of Christmas cooking reminded him of past Christmas times when his wife had still been alive and his own children little. Now they had gone. His usually cheerful face, with the little laughter wrinkles behind the round steel spectacles, looked sad now. But he went back indoors with a firm step, put up the shutters and set a pot of coffee to heat on the charcoal stove. Then, with a sigh, he settled in his big armchair.

Papa Panov did not often read, but tonight he pulled down the big old family Bible and, slowly tracing the lines with one forefinger, he read again the Christmas story. He read how Mary and Joseph, tired by their journey to Bethlehem, found no room for them at the inn, so that Mary's little baby was born in the cowshed. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" exclaimed Papa Panov, "if only they had come here! I would have given them my bed and I could have covered the baby with my patchwork quilt to keep him warm."

He read on about the wise men who had come to see the baby Jesus, bringing him splendid gifts. Papa Panov's face fell. "I have no gift that I could give him," he thought sadly.

Then his face brightened. He put down the Bible, got up and stretched his long arms to the shelf high up in his little room. He took down a small, dusty box and opened it. Inside was a perfect pair of tiny leather shoes. Papa Panov smiled with satisfaction. Yes, they were as good as he had remembered -- the best shoes he had ever made. "I should give him those," he decided, as he gently put them away and sat down again.

He was feeling tired now, and the further he read the sleepier he became. The print began to dance before his eyes so that he closed them, just for a minute. In no time at all Papa Panov was fast asleep. And as he slept he dreamed. He dreamed that someone was in his room and he knew at once, as one does in dreams, who the person was. It was Jesus.

"You have been wishing that you could see me, Papa Panov." he said kindly, "then look for me tomorrow. It will be Christmas Day and I will visit you. But look carefully, for I shall not tell you who I am."

When at last Papa Panov awoke, the bells were ringing out and a thin light was filtering through the shutters. "Bless my soul!" said Papa Panov. "It's Christmas Day!"

He stood up and stretched himself for he was rather stiff. Then his face filled with happiness as he remembered his dream. This would be a very special Christmas after all, for Jesus was coming to visit him. How would he look? Would he be a little baby, as at that first Christmas? Would he be a grown man, a carpenter -- or the great King that he is, God's Son? He must watch carefully the whole day through so that he recognized him however he came.

Papa Panov put on a special pot of coffee for his Christmas breakfast, took down the shutters and looked out of the window. The street was deserted, no one was stirring yet. No one except the road sweeper. He looked as miserable and dirty as ever, and well he might! Whoever wanted to work on Christmas Day -- and in the raw cold and bitter freezing mist of such a morning?

but every now and then his eyes strayed to the window. It would never do to miss his special visitor. "Expecting someone?" the sweeper asked at last. So Papa Panov told him about his dream. "Well, I hope he comes," the sweeper said, "you've given me a bit of Christmas cheer I never expected to have. I'd say you deserve to have your dream come true." And he actually smiled.

When he had gone, Papa Panov put on cabbage soup for his dinner, then went to the door again, scanning the street. He saw no one. But he was mistaken. Someone was coming. The girl walked so slowly and quietly, hugging the walls of shops and houses, that it was a while before he noticed her. She looked very tired and she was carrying something. As she drew nearer he could see that it was a baby, wrapped in a thin shawl. There was such sadness in her face and in the pinched little face of the baby, that Papa Panov's heart went out to them. "Won't you come in," he called, stepping outside to meet them. "You both need a warm seat by the fire and a rest." The young mother let him shepherd her indoors and to the comfort of the armchair. She gave a big sigh of relief. "I'll warm some milk for the baby," Papa Panov said, "I've had children of my own -- I can feed her for you." He took the milk from the stove and carefully fed the baby from a spoon, warming her tiny feet by the stove at the same time. "She needs shoes," the cobbler said.

But the girl replied, "I can't afford shoes, I've got no husband to bring home money. I'm on my way to the next village to get work." A sudden thought flashed through Papa Panov's mind. He remembered the little shoes he had looked at last night. But he had been keeping those for Jesus. He looked again at the cold little feet and made up his mind. "Try these on her," he said, handing the baby and the shoes to the mother. The beautiful little shoes were a perfect fit. The girl smiled happily and the baby gurgled with pleasure. "You have been so kind to us," the girl said, when she got up with her baby to go. "May all your Christmas wishes come true!"

But Papa Panov was beginning to wonder if his very special Christmas wish would come true. Perhaps he had missed his visitor? He looked anxiously up and down the street. There were plenty of people about but they were all faces that he recognized. There were neighbors going to call on their families. They nodded and smiled and wished him Happy Christmas! Or beggars -- and Papa Panov hurried indoors to fetch them hot soup and a generous hunk of bread, hurrying out again in case he missed the Important Stranger.

All too soon the winter dusk fell. When Papa Panov next went to the door and strained his eyes, he could no longer make out the passers-by. Most were home and indoors by now anyway. He walked slowly back into his room at last, put up the shutters, and sat down wearily in his armchair. So it had been just a dream after all. Jesus had not come. Then all at once he knew that he was no longer alone in the room. This was not dream for he was wide awake. At first he seemed to see before his eyes the long stream of people who had come to him that day. He saw again the old road sweeper, the young mother and her baby and the beggars he had fed. As they passed, each whispered, "Didn't you see me, Papa Panov?"

"Who are you?" he called out, bewildered. Then another voice answered him. It was the voice from his dream -- the voice of Jesus. "I was hungry and you fed me," he said. "I was naked and you clothed me. I was cold and you warmed me. I came to you today in everyone of those you helped and welcomed."

Then all was quiet and still. Only the sound of the big clock ticking. A great peace and happiness

Address Service Request  
180 24th Street West  
Billings, MT 59102

