

COMMUNITY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP

JUNE

NEWSLETTER



**"FOR I WILL SATISFY THE WEARY SOUL,
AND EVERY LANGUISHING SOUL I WILL
REPLENISH."**

JEREMIAH 31:25

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Breeanne Davis

June 1st

Dawn Myers

June 1st

Faye Mote

June 2nd

Michael Ramon

June 11th

Alisha Cole

June 13th

Roger McCauley

June 28th

LaDonnya Weaver

June 29th

Volunteers Needed

July 4th

Sno-Cone Stand at

Follow the Flag

(Azle Central Park)

happy
Father's
Day

Sunday, June 21st

*“The righteous man walks in his integrity;
blessed are his children after him.”*

Proverbs 20:7

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MENU

6/3----- PICNIC FOODS

6/10 ----- SALADS

6/17 ----- SEAFOOD

6/24 ----- HAMBURGERS & HOTDOGS



Details of food needed for Wednesday meals will be posted Mondays on Groupme.

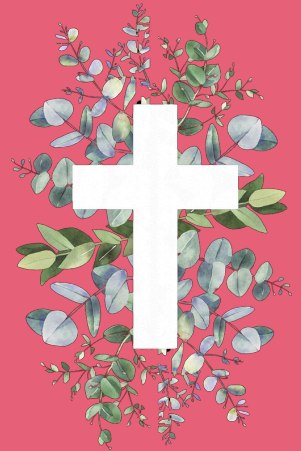
Ladies Meeting



Thursday, June 18th
at 7:00 P.M.

Fellowship Hall

Speaker: Miranda Pyburn



MEN'S MEETING

Tuesday, June 16th
at 6:30 p.m.

Fellowship Hall

Speaker: Kellen Myers



Dad

*God took the strength of a mountain,
The majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle's flight,
The joy of a morning in spring,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family need,
Then God combined these qualities,
When there was nothing more to add,
He knew his masterpiece was complete,
And so, he called it Dad.*

—Anonymous

Grins & Giggles

My Dad's Job

Three boys are in the school yard bragging about their fathers. The first boy says, "My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a poem, they give him \$50."

The second boy says, "That's nothing. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a song, they give him \$100."

Little Johnny says, "I got you both beat. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a sermon, and it takes eight people to collect all the money!"

God Made Us

A little girl was sitting on her grandfather's lap as he read her a bedtime story. From time to time, she would take her eyes off the book and reach up to touch his wrinkled cheek. She was alternately stroking her own cheek, then his again. Finally she spoke up, "Grandpa, did God make you?" "Yes, sweetheart," he answered, "God made me a long time ago." "Oh," she paused, "Grandpa, did God make me too?" "Yes, indeed, honey," he said, "God made you just a little while ago."

Feeling their respective faces again, she observed, "God's getting better at it, isn't he?"