

Dedicated to Toby & Shirley Spurlock

Fellowship Class Poem on 17 Episodes in Mark 2–5

by Michael G. Maness (9-17-23)

For the sake of economy ... let's combine these 17 into Early & **Late**
We shall **FLY** thru these ... Hopefully ... for this Quarter's **Sake**
And build a smooth & elegant theme, something that might help us **Quake**
A theme simple, noble & true, built tall & soft like a Wedding **Cake**

So, in the Fellowship Class, we began with a **Man**
Paralyzed with friends who let him down on a **Span**
Some Teachers of the law could not **Understand**
Think as they may, their mind like a cacophonous **Band**

So many miracles & cast-out devils He did **Surmount**
Jesus worked all the harder His Father to **Recount**

At this, the Fellowship Class heartily **Concurred**
Knowing all the while how much they need **Cured**
'Twas an easy thing to see how well Jesus **Insured**
As our well-being and **Eternal Life** He surely **Secured**

What in the world did **FASTING** have to do with Cloth & **Skin**?
The class did pine away as though kicked in the **Shin**
Save that the New in the Old will always struggle & **Grin**
John & all of the Old were still trying to catch a **New Win**

Ahh, how familiar to those at Woodville Frist **Church**
When the unsavory from afar do **LOOK** in & **Lurch**
As so often is the case, when the good people do **Search**
That the proud do look down from their unsavory **Perch**

Fellowship Class sat and pondered these many **Deeds**
From long ago of our Lord meeting so many great **Needs**
Now thru His great disciples are sown the Gospel **Seeds**
Honored ever since, a task the Church boldly **Leads**

Bob & Barbara, Richard & Sue, Charles & Betty, even Dale & **Me**—
ALL pause to reflect, even to muse, for there's so much to **See**
Fellowship Class, so small & quaint, carries a tradition **FREE**
As family & friend of our Savior's eternal promise & **Guarantee**

Now for millennia we've pondered the parables' **Notions**
As broad and deep they are, deeper than the **Oceans**
And there in the midst of all our far-flung mental **Commotions**
The **LIGHT** doth shine, and *immediately* dark turns to **Devotions**

Though deep they are, the Lamp, the Seeds, all of life's **Motions**
We find the parables so true as we grow in all our **Emotions**
So much missing, that we almost want to cry many **Demotions**
Though these we possess have given us exquisite **Promotions**

For millennia now, we ponder this prestigiously calming **Power**
No parable itself, yet no storms in our lives He has failed to **Cower**
Though few of us will ever know how **Satan** tries to **Devour**
And down the concourse of time every soul to brutally **Scour**
Woe—to poor souls that dreaded **Legion** crushes like a **Flower**
So many abused, seemingly without any hope at any **Hour**

Even at First Baptist, a ruler & a woman can a garment **Hold**
Many have come, over the decades long, with & without **Gold**
So many wonders, parables & miracles, too many to **Behold**
Even today, the stories keep coming as the **Good Gospel is Told**



Storm on the Sea of Galilee
by Rembrandt, 1632



Raising of Jairus' Daughter
by Paolo Veronese, 1546

