



Senior Heartbeat



TEMPLE
BAPTIST CHURCH
COME GATHER AROUND THE WORD

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Parker will provide Christmas music Dec. 17

By Dale Oden

Our recent trip to Branson was a delightful and fun experience!

We left Ruston on a Monday morning

with a temperature of 65 degrees and then drove through rain, sleet, and snow all the way to Branson.

We awoke on Tuesday morning,

and the temperature was 14 (wind chill of 3). It stayed below freezing all week.

But we saw some wonderful shows, folks did some early

Christmas shopping, and we ate lots of delicious food.

There were 49 of us who made the trip. I am thankful for the group of folks with us. We will plan something else soon for folks who like to go.

By the way, I found out that we can get a few more on the trip to Germany next May. Call me if you have an interest, but don't delay.

We were blessed at our November luncheon by Eddie Robinson. He shared with us about his work with media through the International Mission Board.

It is fascinating to learn of the needs and opportunities to get the gospel spread to people around the world.

Please pray about your gift to the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering. Temple's goal for this year is \$155,000.

Our December luncheon is scheduled for Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 11:45 a.m. in the Fellowship Hall. There is always

some great food served at our holiday meal, and the tables will be decorated for the season.

The program for this month will be presented by Hannah Parker. Hannah is the granddaughter of Jerry and Pam Moore and the daughter of Jonathan and Jennifer Parker.

She is a performing arts major at ULM in Monroe. She will be singing some of the songs of Christmas for us. Invite someone to join and come join us for our Christmas luncheon on Tuesday, Dec. 17.

Please pray for our group as we go out to Dallas to work at the Distribution Center for Operation Christmas Child.

We have 20 folks who will be working an afternoon shift on Dec. 3. It was impressive to see so many of the shoeboxes in the worship services last week.

There are lots of special activities in December. Check your Tidings and Order of Service for all the dates and times!

These definitions did not come from Webster's Dictionary

Medical terminology can sometimes be misunderstood. Here is a partial list of misinterpreted terms.

- Artery — Study of paintings
- Bacteria — Back door of cafeteria
- Barium — What doctors do when treatment fails
- Bowel — Letter like A.E.I.O.U
- Caesarean section — District in Rome
- Cat scan — Searching for kitty
- Cauterize — Made eye contact with her
- Colic — Sheep dog
- Coma — A punctuation mark
- D&C — Where Washington is
- Diarrhea — Journal of daily events
- Dilate — To live long
- Fester — Quicker
- Fibula — A small lie
- G.I. Series — Soldiers' ball game
- Grippe — Suitcase
- Hangnail — Coathook
- Impotent — Distinguished, well known
- Intense pain — Torture in a

- teepee
 - Labor pain — Got hurt at work
 - Medical staff — Doctor's cane
 - Morbid — Higher offer
 - Nitrate — Cheaper than day rate
 - Node — Was aware of
 - Outpatient — Person who had fainted
 - Pelvis — Cousin of Elvis
 - Post operative — Letter carrier
 - Protein — Favoring young people
 - Recovery room — Place to do upholstery
 - Rheumatic — Amorous
 - Scar — Rolled tobacco leaf
 - Secretion — Hiding anything
 - Seizure — Roman emperor
 - Serology — Study of knight-hood
 - Tablet — Small table
 - Terminal illness — Sickness at airport
 - Tibia — Country in North Africa
 - Tumor — An extra pair
 - Varicose — Located nearby
 - Vein — Conceited
- From Fred Benefield

Chuckles for today

When a girl complained to her mother that she had a stomachache, the mom said, "That's because your stomach is empty." After having a snack, the girl felt better.

That afternoon the pastor visited that family. While there, he mentioned that he had a headache.

"That's because it's empty," the girl said. "You would feel better if you had something in it."



Bumper sticker: "Be an organ donor. Give your heart to Jesus."



A Sunday School lesson about the visit of the Magi led to the question "What is a caravan?"

One little boy replied, "It's a U-Haul trailer they hooked on the back of a camel."



A pastor's wife collapsed on the sofa on Christmas night saying, "I am exhausted!"

Her amazed husband said: "I had to lead two Christmas Eve services last night and three services today and preach five sermons. Why are you so tired?"

She responded, "I had to listen to all of them."

—From *The Joyful Noiseletter*

My Christmas Message

By Ann Clark

*'Twas the night before His coming
When all through the land;
Sin had become rampant,
Dominating man.*

*Songs had been sung;
Prayers had been said;
But men's hearts were heavy,
As heavy as lead.*

*Souls were in bondage;
Consciences numb;
But man had God's promise,
The Messiah would come.*

*God's children were scattered,
Bereft and bound;
While visions of His Kingdom
Could scarcely be found.*

*In the hearts of these people
There widened a gap;
Many had settled into
A lethargic nap.*

*With a heart open wide,
His love flowing through,
I wish you well;
Merry Christmas to you!*

*When out in the land
As a big star shone brighter
Surprised shepherds reacted,
And pondered the matter.*

*And who to the wondering
World should appear,
But Jesus! God's Son!
A babe, so dear.*

*With an abundance of love,
So tender, so true;
God said, "Here's a gift,
From Me to you."*

*Herod shouted, "It's false!"
Wise men claimed, "It's true!"
Thus hope and joy
Just grew and grew.*

*Now another Christmas is coming,
And this poem I send
To remind you once more,
Of His love, there's no end.*



from *The Joyful Noiseletter*
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Remembering My Dad at Christmas

By: Ann Clark

During the Christmas season I usually recall a Christmas when I was 6 years old.

My Dad had a heart as big as the whole outdoors and always had an eye for those in need. Especially for those genuinely in need.

It was from him that I learned all about the love of giving, not from receiving.

It was Christmas morning and I was so very excited. I had chosen a doll from the Sears catalogue that I had asked Santa to bring me. Sure enough, there under the tree was the precious doll I had requested. Then when I opened the package my Aunt Madge and Uncle George had sent me there was another doll. This one was absolutely beautiful and made the one from Santa look "sorta frumpy." (I don't remember looking at mother or dad, but I bet their faces fell.) Anyway, I was thrilled beyond thrilled — two dolls — and in 1936 one doll was an unexpected luxury.

Mother and Dad didn't say anything for a few minutes, then Dad asked Mother if she had the food ready to take over to this family who were living in a sharecropper's house on the edge of town.

I knew about this family. The mother had died a few months back and because the crops were all in and it was now winter time, the father couldn't find work. They had a little girl my age, Elizabeth — who didn't always get to come to school because of bad weather and/or no warm clothes.

Dad sat down under the Christmas tree with me as I cradled the two dolls and very quietly began to talk about little Elizabeth. He said, "I bet she doesn't have *anything* from Santa except maybe a candy cane and she certainly doesn't have a doll." I was appalled — why would Santa skip her? Dad's response was that sometimes hard times come on good people for no reason other than to give the blessed folks an opportunity to share. Didn't make a lot of sense to me, but Dad didn't give up.

He asked me if I wouldn't like to

experience God's love. Wouldn't I like to understand the great love God had in giving us His Son. Now he had read the Christmas Story from Luke the night before and Dad had explained that God had such a *great love* that He sent Jesus for us. He had given the very best he had because of that great love.

He said it appeared that I now had an opportunity to experience that love for myself. "How," I asked????

He said, "Well, you have two wonderful dolls, I bet Elizabeth doesn't have any, why don't you give one of yours to her — and see if your heart doesn't feel God's love?"

Now I was really, really skeptical, and feeling a little put upon, but knew Dad wasn't going to give up. I sat for a long time, torn about this, but finally decided to do as Dad suggested. At last I chose the beautiful doll my Aunt had sent me to give to Elizabeth. After all, Dad had said that God gave His very best to us. So apparently I was to give my very best.

Mother and Dad prepared a big basket of food, and I gathered up the doll and a little bit of candy that mother put in a pair of socks for me to give to Elizabeth.

Mother gave me a smile as we opened the door to leave the house. "I'm very proud of you," she said, as Dad and I left with the goodies.

As we drove to Elizabeth's humble dwelling, I tried to think through what Dad was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Dad did have work, we had a safe place to live, not much money, but did have a cow, chickens, and a garden — and I still had a mother. I sort of teared up when I thought of Elizabeth without her Mother.

When Dad knocked, it was Elizabeth who actually opened the door. Then she called for her Dad.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Mr. Johnson and Ann," she said. Then together they let us in.

I was stunned at how bare the place was. There was no tree, and it appeared not much in the way of furniture, etc. She and her Dad were just sitting by a little stove and their sadness hit you like a slap in the face.

"We brought you a few things for Christmas," Dad said, and put the food on the table.

Then Dad gave me a small nudge and I handed Elizabeth the doll. Dad told her that it had been left at our house but he knew it was really meant for her. I will never, ever forget the look on her face.

Tears filled her eyes, then she ran to her Dad and said, "You said God wouldn't let us down, and He hasn't". Her Dad was crying and He looked like he wanted to say something but it wouldn't come out.

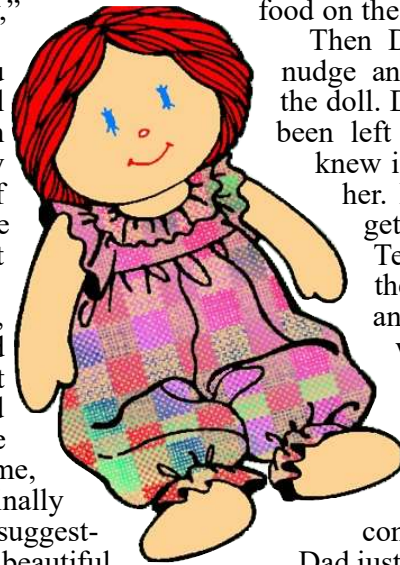
Dad just hugged his neck and I hugged Elizabeth and we left. I had a big lump in my throat and there were tears in my eyes too. I kept seeing so much gratitude in the eyes of those two that they absolutely couldn't speak.

My heart swelled within me and a joy that I'd never known before filled my soul. I remember saying to Dad as we left — "I think I know now what God felt when He gave us His son." Dad gave me a hug and said "Yeah, I know."

I have given at Christmas many times since then but never when it had made so much difference in my life.

For the rest of my life, I have remembered that Christmas, and remembering brings back that same joy I felt riding home beside Dad that night. Dad had given me the best Christmas of my life.

I always think of it as very fitting that Dad went home to be with the Lord on a Christmas Eve.



Temple Baptist Church

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Congratulations!!!

December Birthdays

1 Robroy Wilday	3 Warren Post	9 Donnie Barmore	20 Carol Shadoin
1 Shady Willis	4 Vickie Benefield	9 Jerry Smith	21 Susan Moss
1 Suzy Blackwelder	4 Patricia Edington	10 Patsy Alexander	23 Lynn Williams
2 Tom Thompson	6 Beverly Adams	13 Don Beasley	24 Greg McCarter
2 John Corley	6 Bruce Carter	13 Gloria Frasier	24 Doris Woodard
2 Virginia Ham	6 Bill Colvin	13 Judy Mitcham	24 Terri Johnson
3 Rodney Fuqua	6 Liz Hood	15 Peggy Fallin	25 Emma Lou Beard
3 Marianna Cooper	7 Patrick Cone	16 Mike Stone	25 Kathryn Foster
3 Jerry Owen	7 Suzanne McCarter	17 Woodie Cooper	26 Bill Attebery
3 Dianne Williams	8 Connie Turner	18 Charles Alexander	26 Wayne Causey

December Anniversaries

15 Pat and Joe Dickson (1956)	22 Paula and Tony Osbon (1973)
18 JonAnne and Charles Winstead (1965)	22 Jo and Bodie Woods (1967)
20 Pam and Jerry Moore (1969)	26 Marilyn and Ben Gullatt (1959)
20 Martha and B.K. Miller (1961)	26 Sue and Tommy Ledford (1964)
21 Rachel and Don Gay (1962)	27 Betty and Roy Wall (1954)
22 Edith and Lynn Hawkins (1962)	27 Mary and Bruce Ayres
22 Kay and Harold Naff (1962)	29 Nelda and Wayne Harris (1967)
22 Mary Belle and Tom Kilpatrick (1951)	

If you would like your birthday and/or anniversary added to the lists published each month in Senior Heartbeat, please call the Church Office (255-3745).