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Merry Christmas



Almost 2,000 years ago a young woman from the town of Nazareth named Mary was visited by an angel named Gabriel. Gabriel told the Jewish woman that she would have a son named Jesus and that he would be the Son of God. At this time, Mary was engaged to her soon-to-be husband Joseph. When told Joseph he was hurt and confused because he did not believe Mary. The angel Gabriel visited Joseph and told him that Mary would be pregnant from the Lord and that she would have a son named Jesus who would save the people from their sins.

Mary and Joseph had to travel to Bethlehem because of an order from the Roman emperor that a census, or record, of all people, be taken in their hometown. After traveling pregnant on a donkey for several days, Mary and Joseph arrived in Bethlehem and were told that there were no places to stay. The inns were full. Seeing that Mary

was due at any moment, an owner of an inn told Joseph that they could stay in his stable.

Mary and Joseph settled down on the hay in a stable with animals sleeping. Mary went into labor and Jesus was born in the stable. The only place for the sleeping baby to rest was most likely in the animals trough, known as the manger.

During this time, an angel appeared to shepherds who were watching their flocks in the fields near Bethlehem. The angel told them the good news of the birth of the Savior and Messiah, Jesus Christ. The shepherds immediately went to find baby Jesus, which the angels told them they would find sleeping in the manger.

After some time, three wise men, also known as magi, saw the brilliant star in that sky that rested over where Jesus

was born. The three wise men traveled from a far eastern country to find the new king. During the wise men's trip, Herod the king of Judah met with the wise men and told them to come back and let him know where the baby king was so that he could go worship him as well. The wise men continued to Bethlehem and found Jesus right where the star pointed. They knelt and worshipped the Savior and gave him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. They then traveled back home a different way knowing that King Herod was not intending to worship Jesus but that he planned to kill the baby.

Today we celebrate the birth of Jesus and the coming of our Savior at Christmas time.

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachy



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Meaning of Christmas

Inspirational Story Reveals True Meaning of Christmas

The short, inspirational Christmas story below reveals the true spirit and meaning of Christmas. It was originally published in the December 14, 1982 issue of Woman's Day magazine. This moving story inspired the creation of The White Envelope Project, a caring nonprofit organization dedicated to developing the next generation of givers, civic leaders, and philanthropists.

May this inspirational story remind us all of the true meaning of Christmas and giving during the holidays and throughout the year.

Christmas Story: For the Man Who Hated Christmas

By Nancy W. Gavin

It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past ten years.

It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas. Oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it – overspending and the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma – the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else.

Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way.

Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was on the wrestling team at the school he attended. Shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes.

As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford.

Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them." Mike loved kids – all kids. He so enjoyed coaching little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came.

That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and

bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes, and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed a small, white envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done, and that this was his gift from me.

Mike's smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year. And that same bright smile lit up succeeding years. For each Christmas, I followed the tradition – one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on.

The white envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning, and our children – ignoring their new toys – would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents. As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the small, white envelope never lost its allure.

The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree. And the next morning, I found it was magically joined by three more. Unbeknownst to the others, each of our three children had for the first time placed a white envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing to take down that special envelope.

Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit will always be with us.

DATA MASTER: Beanna McDowell

The White Envelope Project

The Christmas story “For the Man Who Hated Christmas” printed in previous page is powerful, isn’t it? Having been duped many times before I was curious if it was a true story and it is. The story first appeared in 1982 in Women’s Day Magazine for a contest on The Most Moving Holiday Tradition. In fact, an organization known as, “The White Envelope Project” was created in honor of the story and exists to help organize those who want to give with those who are in need. Here is a link to that organization:

<http://www.giving101.org/white-envelope-project/>

No matter how someone chooses to actually go about giving in their community I really love this idea. When I was growing up I went to Sehome High School in Bellingham, Washington and the school had a wonderful tradition of hosting a program called, “Bring Joy to a Child”. Local teachers would identify children and families in need and each classroom would sponsor a few children. We would all raise money or find gently used items that fit the children/families needs and gather them before the Holidays. For the money that we raised the school had a field trip to the local Fred Meyer where we bought the children items from their wish list. Their lists were more often than not simple and heart wrenching. A coat, some gloves, a blanket ... simple things. I remember one year we had a little girl that, along with wanting the typical coat and gloves, was hoping for a bike and her siblings wanted some other items that were also costly, budget wise. Nonetheless we were able to put our heads together and get everything on their lists by using ingenuity and cooperation. We found a bike that was a bit ugly but painted it to look new and added a bike bell to it and tied it off with a huge ribbon. We were able to get one of her brothers a gaming system by each of us hunting around and donating pieces of our own until we had a full video game system. Finally with the money we came up with we were able to buy all of the children new coats, gloves, boots and things for their stockings. What Bring Joy To A Child also did was provide the family with Christmas dinner. Each family received a turkey along with all of the ingredients to complete the meal. To end the program our school would have an assembly where we celebrated the event with music and even a local elementary class would come to sing Christmas songs with us. The highlight was listening to the speakers. Often a child who was helped in the past or the mother of one of the children would speak about how much the program had meant to them. I am writing about this because of everything I ever did in High School this program sticks out to me the most. It is definitely the most memorable and I can still tangibly feel how wonderful it felt to help those families. Also, I couldn’t tell you

any other presents I gave to anyone else that year or even any presents I had received but I fondly remember shopping and collecting items for the families I helped during those 4 years. Sadly, for a few years after I graduated Bring Joy To A Child stopped because of the whole political correctness of celebrating “Christmas.” Luckily, by googling I was able to discover that Sehome is again conducting this wonderful program.

The Simple White Envelope really touched me because several times with various family members we have discussed what we could do instead of exchanging presents among the adults, since none of us really need anything. Sure there are always things we want, but we seldom actually need anything. This seems like such a simple and fun alternative to giving gifts for the adults. Personally, I’d still like to prefer to do a mini Bring Joy to a Child program and adopt a family for the Christmas but this envelope idea allows everyone to find their own unique way to give in a way that resonates with them.

If any of you have Holiday traditions of giving I’d love to hear your stories.

Merry Christmas!

DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton



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The Wooden Shoes of Little Wolff (French Story)

Once upon a time, — so long ago that the world has forgotten the date, — in a city of the North of Europe, — the name of which is so hard to pronounce that no one remembers it, — there was a little boy, just seven years old, whose name was Wolff. He was an orphan and lived with his aunt, a hard-hearted, avaricious old woman, who never kissed him but once a year, on New Year's Day; and who sighed with regret every time she gave him a bowlful of soup.

The poor little boy was so sweet-tempered that he loved the old woman in spite of her bad treatment, but he could not look without trembling at the wart, decorated with four gray hairs, which grew on the end of her nose.

As Wolff's aunt was known to have a house of her own and a woolen stocking full of gold, she did not dare to send her nephew to the school for the poor. But she wrangled so that the schoolmaster of the rich boys' school was forced to lower his price and admit little Wolff among his pupils. The bad schoolmaster was vexed to have

a boy so meanly clad and who paid so little, and he punished little Wolff severely without cause, ridiculed him, and even incited against him his comrades, who were the sons of rich citizens. They made the orphan their drudge and mocked at him so much that the little boy was as miserable as the stones in the street, and hid himself away in corners to cry — when the Christmas season came.

On the Eve of the great Day the schoolmaster was to take all his pupils to the midnight mass, and then to conduct them home again to their parents' houses.

Now as the winter was very severe, and a quantity of snow had fallen within the past few days, the boys came to

the place of meeting warmly wrapped up, with fur-lined caps drawn down over their ears, padded jackets, gloves and knitted mittens, and good strong shoes with thick soles. Only little Wolff presented himself shivering in his thin everyday clothes, and wearing on his feet socks and wooden shoes.

His naughty comrades tried to annoy him in every possible way, but the orphan was so busy warming his hands by blowing on them, and was suffering so much from chilblains, that he paid no heed to the taunts of the others. Then the band of boys, marching two by two, started for the parish church.

It was comfortable inside the church, which was brilliant with lighted tapers. And the pupils, made lively by the gentle warmth, the sound of the organ, and the singing of the choir, began to chatter in low tones. They boasted of the midnight treats awaiting them at home.

The son of the Mayor had seen, before leaving the

house, a monstrous goose larded with truffles so that it looked like a black-spotted leopard. Another boy told of the fir tree waiting for him, on the branches of which hung oranges, sugar-plums, and punchinellos. Then they talked about what the Christ Child would bring them, or what he would leave in their shoes which they would certainly be careful to place before the fire when they went to bed. And the eyes of the little rogues, lively as a crowd of mice, sparkled with delight as they thought of the many gifts they would find on waking, — the pink bags of burnt almonds, the bonbons, lead soldiers standing in rows, menageries, and magnificent jumpingjacks, dressed in purple and gold.

Little Wolff, alas! knew well that his miserly old aunt would send him to bed without any supper; but as he had been good and industrious all the year, he trusted that the Christ Child would not forget him, so he meant that night to set his wooden shoes on the hearth.

The midnight mass was ended. The worshipers hurried away, anxious to enjoy the treats awaiting them in their homes. The band of pupils, two by two, following the schoolmaster, passed out of the church.

Now, under the porch, seated on a stone bench, in the shadow of an arched niche, was a child asleep, — a little child dressed in a white garment and with bare feet exposed to the cold. He was not a beggar, for his dress was clean and new, and — beside him upon the ground, tied in a cloth, were the tools of a carpenter's apprentice.

Under the light of the stars, his face, with its closed eyes, shone with an expression of divine sweetness, and his soft, curling blond hair seemed to form an aureole of light about his forehead. But his tender feet, blue with the cold on this cruel night of December, were pitiful to see! The pupils so warmly clad and shod, passed with indifference before the unknown child. Some, the sons of the greatest men in the city, cast looks of scorn on the bare-footed one. But little Wolff, coming last out of the church, stopped deeply moved before the beautiful, sleeping child.

"Alas!" said the orphan to himself, "how dreadful! This poor little one goes without stockings in weather so cold! And, what is worse, he has no shoe to leave beside him while he sleeps, so that the Christ Child may place something in it to comfort him in all his misery."

And carried away by his tender heart, little Wolff drew off the wooden shoe from his right foot, placed it before the sleeping child; and as best as he was able, now hopping, now limping, and wetting his sock in the snow, he returned to his aunt.

"You good-for-nothing!" cried the old woman, full of rage as she saw that one of his shoes was gone. "What have you done with your shoe, little beggar?"

Little Wolff did not know how to lie, and, though shiver-

ing with terror as he saw the gray hairs on the end of her nose stand upright, he tried, stammering, to tell his adventure.

But the old miser burst into frightful laughter. "Ah! the sweet young master takes off his shoe for a beggar! Ah! master spoils a pair of shoes for a barefoot! This is something new, indeed! Ah! well, since things are so, I will place the shoe that is left in the fireplace, and to-night the Christ Child will put in a rod to whip you when you wake. And to-morrow you shall have nothing to eat but water and dry bread, and we shall see if the next time you will give away your shoe to the first vagabond that comes along."

And saying this the wicked woman gave him a box on each ear, and made him climb to his wretched room in the loft. There the heartbroken little one lay down in the darkness, and, drenching his pillow with tears, fell asleep.

But in the morning, when the old woman, awakened by the cold and shaken by her cough, descended to the kitchen, oh! wonder of wonders!

She saw the great fireplace filled with bright toys, magnificent boxes of sugar-plums, riches of all sorts, and in front of all this treasure, the wooden shoe which her nephew had given to the vagabond, standing beside the other shoe which she herself had placed there the night before, intending to put in it a handful of switches.

And as little Wolff, who had come running at the cries of his aunt, stood in speechless delight before all the splendid Christmas gifts, there came great shouts of laughter from the street.

The old woman and the little boy went out to learn what it was all about, and saw the gossips gathered around the public fountain. What could have happened? Oh, a most amusing and extraordinary thing! The children of all the rich men of the city, whose parents wished to surprise them with the most beautiful gifts, had found nothing but switches in their shoes!

Then the old woman and little Wolff remembered with alarm all the riches that were in their own fireplace, but just then they saw the pastor of the parish church arriving with his face full of perplexity.

Above the bench near the church door, in the very spot where the night before a child, dressed in white, with bare feet exposed to the great cold, had rested his sleeping head, the pastor had seen a golden circle wrought into the old stones. Then all the people knew that the beautiful, sleeping child, beside whom had lain the carpenter's tools, was the Christ Child himself, and that he had rewarded the faith and charity of little Wolff.

DATA MASTER: Doug W. Stone

Babouscka (Russian Story)

If you were a Russian child you would not watch to see Santa Klaus come down the chimney; but you would stand by the windows to catch a peep at poor Babouscka as she hurries by.

Who is Babouscka? Is she Santa Klaus' wife?

No, indeed. She is only a poor little crooked wrinkled old woman, who comes at Christmas time into everybody's house, who peeps into every cradle, turns back every coverlid, drops a tear on the baby's white pillow, and goes away very sorrowful.

And not only at Christmas time, but through all the cold winter, and especially in March, when the wind blows loud, and whistles and howls and dies away like a sigh, the Russian children hear the rustling step of the Babouscka. She is always in a hurry. One hears her running fast along the crowded streets and over the quiet country fields. She seems to be out of breath and tired, yet she hurries on.

Whom is she trying to overtake?

She scarcely looks at the little children as they press their rosy faces against the window pane and whisper to each other, "Is the Babouscka looking for us?"

No, she will not stop; only on Christmas eve will she come up-stairs into the nursery and give each little one a present. You must not think she leaves handsome gifts such as Santa Klaus brings for you. She does not bring bicycles to the boys or French dolls to the girls. She does not come in a gay little sleigh drawn by reindeer, but hobbling along on foot, and she leans on a crutch. She has her old apron filled with candy and cheap toys, and the children all love her dearly. They watch to see her come, and when one hears a rustling, he cries, "Lo! the Babouscka!" then all others look, but one must turn one's head very quickly or she vanishes. I never saw her myself.

Best of all, she loves little babies, and often, when the tired mothers sleep, she bends over their cradles, puts her brown, wrinkled face close down to the pillow and looks very sharply.

What is she looking for?

Ah, that you can't guess unless you know her sad story.

Long, long ago, a great many yesterdays ago, the Babouscka, who was even then an old woman, was busy sweeping her little hut. She lived in the coldest corner of cold Russia, and she lived alone in a lonely place where four wide roads met. These roads were at this time white with snow, for it was winter time. In the summer, when the fields were full of flowers and the air full of sunshine and singing birds, Babouscka's home did not seem so very quiet; but in the winter, with only the snowflakes and the shy snow-birds and the loud wind for company, the little old woman felt very cheerless. But she was a busy old woman, and as it was already twilight,

and her home but half swept, she felt in a great hurry to finish her work before bed-time. You must know the Babouscka was poor and could not afford to do her work by candle-light.

Presently, down the widest and the loneliest of the white roads, there appeared a long train of people coming. They were walking slowly, and seemed to be asking each other questions as to which way they should take. As the procession came nearer, and finally stopped outside the little hut, Babouscka was frightened at the splendor. There were Three Kings, with crowns on their heads, and the jewels on the Kings' breastplates sparkled like sunlight. Their heavy fur cloaks were white with the falling snow-flakes, and the queer humpy camels on which they rode looked white as milk in the snow-storm. The harness on the camels was decorated with gold, and plates of silver adorned the saddles. The saddlecloths were of the richest Eastern stuffs, and all the servants had the dark eyes and hair of an Eastern people.

The slaves carried heavy loads on their backs, and each of the Three Kings carried a present. One carried a beautiful transparent jar, and in the fading light Babouscka could see in it a golden liquid which she knew from

its color must be myrrh. Another had in his hand a richly woven bag, and it seemed to be heavy, as indeed it was, for it was full of gold. The third had a stone vase in his hand, and from the rich perfume which filled the snowy air, one could guess the vase to have been filled with incense.

Babouscka was terribly frightened, so she hid herself in her hut, and let the servants knock a long time at her door before she dared open it and answer their questions as to the road they should take to a far-away town.

You know she had never studied a geography lesson in her life, was old and stupid and scared. She knew the way across the fields to the nearest village, but she knew nothing else of all the wide world full of cities. The servants scolded, but the Three Kings spoke kindly to her, and asked her to accompany them on their journey that she might show them the way as far as she knew it. They told her, in words so simple that she could not fail to understand, that they had seen a Star in the sky and were following it to a little town where a young Child lay. The snow was in the sky now, and the Star was lost out of sight.

"Who is the Child?" asked the old woman.

"He is a King, and we go to worship him," they answered. "These presents of gold, frankincense and myrrh are

for Him. When we find Him we will take the crowns off our heads and lay them at His feet. Come with us, Babouscka!"

What do you suppose? Shouldn't you have thought the

poor little woman would have been glad to leave her desolate home on the plains to accompany these Kings on their journey?

But the foolish woman shook her head. No, the night was dark and cheerless, and her little home was warm and cosy. She looked up into the sky, and the Star was nowhere to be seen. Besides, she wanted to put her hut in order—perhaps she would be ready to go to-morrow. But the Three Kings could not wait; so when tomorrow's sun rose they were far ahead on their journey. It seemed like a dream to poor Babouscka, for even the tracks of the camels' feet were covered by the deep white snow. Everything was the same as usual; and to make sure that the night's visitors had not been a fancy, she found her old broom hanging on a peg behind the door, where she had put it when the servants knocked.

Now that the sun was shining, and she remembered the glitter of the gold and the smell of the sweet gums and myrrh, she wished she had gone with the travellers.

And she thought a great deal about the little Baby the Three Kings had gone to worship. She had no children of her own—nobody loved her—ah, if she had only gone!

The more she brooded on the thought, the more miserable she grew, till the very sight of her home became hateful to her.

It is a dreadful feeling to realize that one has lost a chance of happiness. There is a feeling called remorse that can gnaw like a sharp little tooth. Babouscka felt this little tooth cut into her heart every time she remembered the visit of the Three Kings.

After a while the thought of the Little Child became her first thought at waking and her last at night. One day she shut the door of her house forever, and set out on a long journey. She had no hope of overtaking the Three Kings, but she longed to find the Child, that she too might love and worship Him. She asked every one she met, and some people thought her crazy, but others gave her kind answers. Have you perhaps guessed that the young Child whom the Three Kings sought was our Lord himself?

People told Babouscka how He was born in a manger, and many other things which you children have learned long ago. These answers puzzled the old dame mightily. She had but one idea in her ignorant head. The Three Kings had gone to seek a Baby. She would, if not too late, seek Him too.

She forgot, I am sure, how many long years had gone by. She looked in vain for the Christ-child in His manger-cradle.

She spent all her little savings in toys and candy so as to make friends with little children, that they might not run away when she came hobbling into their nurseries.

Now you know for whom she is sadly seeking when she pushes back the bed-curtains and bends down over

each baby's pillow. Sometimes, when the old grandmother sits nodding by the fire, and the bigger children sleep in their beds, old Babouscka comes hobbling into the room, and whispers softly, "Is the young Child here?"

Ah, no; she has come too late, too late. But the little children know her and love her. Two thousand years ago she lost the chance of finding Him. Crooked, wrinkled, old, sick and sorry, she yet lives on, looking into each baby's face—always disappointed, always seeking. Will she find Him at last?

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

The Gold and Ivory Tablecloth

A pastor's impulsive purchase leads to an incredible reunion. Coincidence—or divine guidance? You be the judge in this story of a true Christmas miracle.



At Christmastime, men and women everywhere gather in their churches to wonder anew at the greatest miracle the world has ever known. But the story I like best to recall was not a miracle—not exactly.

It happened to a pastor who was very young. His church was very old. Once, long ago, it had flourished. Famous men had preached from its pulpit, prayed before its altar. Rich and poor alike had worshiped there and built it beautifully. Now the good days had passed from the section of town where it stood. But the pastor and his young wife believed in their run-down church. They felt that with paint, hammer, and faith, they could get it in shape. Together they went to work.

But late in December, a severe storm whipped through the river valley, and the worst blow fell on the little church—a huge chunk of rain-soaked plaster fell out of the inside wall just behind the altar. Sorrowfully the pastor and his wife swept away the mess, but they couldn't hide the ragged hole. The pastor looked at it and had to remind himself quickly, "Thy will be done!"

The joyful purpose of the storm that had knocked a hole in the wall of the church was now quite clear.

But his wife wept, "Christmas is only two days away!"

That afternoon the dispirited couple attended an auction held for the benefit of a youth group. The auctioneer opened a box and shook out of its folds a handsome gold-and-ivory lace tablecloth. It was a magnificent item, nearly 15 feet long. But it, too, dated from a long-vanished era. Who, today, had any use for such a thing? There were a few halfhearted bids. Then the pastor was seized with what he thought was a great idea. He bid it in for six dollars and fifty cents.

He carried the cloth back to the church and tacked it up on the wall behind the altar. It completely hid the hole! And the extraordinary beauty of its shimmering handwork cast a fine, holiday glow over the chancel. It was a great triumph. Happily he went back to preparing his Christmas sermon.

Just before noon on the day of Christmas Eve, as the pastor was opening the church, he noticed a woman standing in the cold at the bus stop.

"The bus won't be here for 40 minutes!" he called, and he invited her into the church to get warm.

She told him that she had come from the city that morning to be interviewed for a job as governess to the children of one of the wealthy families in town but she had been turned down. A war refugee, she had imperfect English.

The woman sat down in a pew and chafed her hands and rested. After a while, she dropped her head and prayed. She looked up as the pastor began to adjust the great gold-and-ivory lace cloth across the hole. She rose suddenly and walked up the steps of the chancel. She looked at the tablecloth. The pastor smiled and started to tell her about the storm damage, but she didn't seem to listen. She took up a fold of the cloth and rubbed it between her fingers.

"It is mine!" she said. "It is my banquet cloth!" She lifted up a corner and showed the surprised pastor that there were initials monogrammed on it. "My husband had the cloth made especially for me in Brussels! There could not be another like it!"

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick

'Tis Better to Give

A mother is a person who, seeing there are only four pieces of pie for five people, promptly announces she never did care for pie.
—Tenneva Jordan



I knew I was not supposed to be quite so excited. I was too old for that. At age eleven, the oldest and my mom's "grown up" girl, I had to keep my cool. I was in middle school after all. But every chance I got, when I was alone, I checked each present under the tree. I read every tag and felt every package, guessing at the contents within. I had examined each gift so often that I could tell which present went to which person without even looking at the tags.

It had been a tough year for my family. Whenever my mom looked over at the tree and scattered presents, she would sigh and warn us, "There won't be as much for Christmas this year. Try not to be disappointed." Christmas had traditionally been a time for my parents to spoil us. In years past, the presents would pile up and spill out from under the tree, taking over the living room. I had heard the phrase "giving is better than receiving," but thought that whoever had said that must have been out of their mind. Getting presents was the whole point! It was the reason I couldn't get to sleep on Christmas Eve.

On Christmas morning, we eagerly waited in the hallway until Dad told us everything was ready. We rushed into the living room and let the wrapping paper fly. We made weak attempts to wait and watch while other family members opened their presents, but as the time passed we lost our self-control.

"Here's another one for you," said Mom as she handed me a package. I looked at it, confused. Having spent so much time examining the presents before Christmas, I recognized this one. But it had not been mine. It was my mom's. A new label had been put on it, with my name written in my mother's handwriting.

"Mom, I can't..."

I was stopped by my mother's eager, joyful look—a look I could not really understand. "Let's see what it is, honey. Hurry and open it."

It was a blow dryer. Though this may seem but a simple gift, to me it was so much more. Being an eleven-year-old girl, I was stunned. In my world, where receiving outweighed giving by light years, my mom's act of self-

lessness was incomprehensible. It was a huge act. Tears filled my eyes and I thought in disbelief about how much my mom must love me to give up her Christmas so I could have a few more presents.

I have always remembered that Christmas fondly. It had such an impact on me. As an adult with children in my life whom I adore, I can now understand my mom's actions. I see how she was not "giving up her Christmas" as I had thought, but was finding an even greater joy in her Christmas because giving truly is better than receiving. My mom's simple act meant the world to me.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton



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A Baker's Dozen

A New York Christmas Story Retold by S.E. Schlosser

Back in the old days, I had a successful bake-shop in Albany. I had a good business, a plump wife, and a big family. I was a happy man. But trouble came to my shop one year in the guise of an ugly old woman. She entered my shop a few minutes before closing and said: "I wish to have a dozen cookies." She pointed to my special Saint Nicholas cookies that were sitting out on a tray. So I counted out twelve cookies for her.

The old woman's eyes narrowed when she saw the cookies. "Only twelve?" she asked. I knew at once what she wanted. There were some bakers in town who sometimes gave an extra cookie to their customers, but I was appalled by the custom. What man of sense would give away an extra cookie for free?

"I asked for a dozen cookies, and you only give me twelve," the woman said.

"A dozen is twelve, my good woman, and that is what I have given you," I replied.

"I ordered a dozen cookies, not twelve," said the old woman.

I was upset by this demand. I always gave my customers exactly what they paid for. But I was a thrifty man, and it was against my nature to give away something for nothing.

"I have a family to support," I said stiffly. "If I give away all my cookies, how can I feed my family? A dozen is twelve, not thirteen! Take it or leave it!"

"Very well," said she, and left the shop without taking the cookies.

From that moment, my luck changed. The next day, my cakes were stolen out of my shop, and the thieves were never found. Then my bread refused to rise. For a week, every loaf of bread I made was so heavy that it fell right through the oven and into the fire. The next week, the bread rose so high that it actually floated up the chimney. I was frightened when I saw the loaves floating away across the rooftops. That was the first moment I realized I had been bewitched. It was then that I remembered the old woman who came to my shop, and I was afraid.

The next week, the old woman appeared again in my shop and demanded a baker's dozen of the latest batch of my cookies. I was angry. How dare she show her face in my shop after all the bad luck she sent my way? I cursed her soundly and showed her the door.

Things became worse for me then. My bread soured, and my olykoeks (donuts) were a disgrace. Every cake I made collapsed as soon as it came out of the oven, and my gingerbread children and my cookies lost their flavor. Word was getting around that my bake-shop was no good, and one by one, my customers were falling away. I was angry

now, and stubborn. No witch was going to defeat me.

When she came to my bake-shop a third time to demand a baker's dozen of cookies, I told her to go to the devil and I locked the door behind her.

After that day, everything I baked was either burnt or soggy, too light or too heavy. My customers began to avoid my cursed shop, even those who had come to me every day for years. Finally, my family and I were the only ones eating my baking, and my money was running out. I was desperate. I took myself to church and began to pray to Saint Nicholas, the patron Saint of merchants, to lift the witch's curse from myself and my family.

"Come and advise me, Saint Nicholas, for my family is in dire straights and I need good counsel against this evil witch who stands against us," I prayed. Then I trudged wearily back to my empty shop, wondering what to do. I stirred up a batch of Saint Nicholas cookies and put them into the oven to bake, wondering how this lot would turn out. Too much cinnamon? Too little? Burnt? Under-done? To my surprise, they came out perfectly. I frosted them carefully, and put my first successful baking in weeks onto a tray where they could be seen through the window. When I looked up, Sinterklaas (Saint Nicholas) was standing in front of me.

I knew him at once, this patron Saint of merchants, sailors, and children. He was not carrying his gold staff or wearing the red bishop's robes and mitred hat that appeared on the figure I had just frosted on my cookies. But the white beard and the kindly eyes were the same. I was trembling so much my legs would not hold me, so I sat down on a stool and looked up at the Saint standing so near I could have touched him. His eyes regarded me with such sadness it made me want to weep.

Saint Nicholas said softly: "I spent my whole life giving money to those in need, helping the sick and suffering, and caring for little children, just as our Lord taught us. God, in his mercy, has been generous to us, and we should be generous to those around us."

I could not bear to look into his eyes, so I buried my face in my hands.

"Is an extra cookie such a terrible price to pay for the generosity God has shown to us?" he asked gently, touching my head with his hand.

Then he was gone. A moment later, I heard the shop door open, and footsteps approached the counter. I knew before I looked up that the ugly old woman had returned to ask me for a dozen Saint Nicholas cookies. I got up slowly, counted out thirteen cookies, and gave them to the old woman, free of charge.

She nodded her head briskly. "The spell is broken," she

said. "From this time onward, a dozen is thirteen." And from that day onward, I gave generously of my baking and of my money, and thirteen was always, for me, a baker's dozen.

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell

How the Grinch Stole Christmas



How the Grinch Stole Christmas (also known as Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas and simply The Grinch in the United Kingdom) is a 2000 American Christmas fantasy comedy film directed by Ron Howard and written by Jeffrey Price and Peter S. Seaman. Based on Dr. Seuss's 1957 book of the same name, the film was the first Dr. Seuss book to be adapted into a full-length feature film. The film stars Jim Carrey in the title role, with Jeffrey Tambor, Christine Baranski, Bill Irwin, Molly Shannon and Taylor Momsen also starring.

Plot

All the residents of Whoville (Whos) enjoy celebrating Christmas, except for the Grinch, a misanthropic and egotistical creature who despises it and the Whos. No one likes or cares for the Grinch, due to the vengeful and harmful stunts he occasionally pulls on them. Six-year-old Cindy Lou Who believes everyone is missing the point about Christmas by focusing on the gifts and festivities, instead of personal relationships. She has a face-to-face encounter with the Grinch at the post office, in which he reluctantly saves her life, and she becomes interested in his history. She asks everyone what they know about him and discovers his tragic past.

The Grinch arrived in Whoville as a baby, and was adopted by two spinster sisters. He showed some sadistic tendencies as a child, but was timid and not as cruel as he would later become. In school, the Grinch had a crush on Martha May Whovier, and was Augustus Maywho's rival for Martha May's affections. One year, the Grinch made a Christmas gift for Martha, and cut his

face attempting to shave after Maywho pointed out he had a beard. When his classmates laughed at his cut face, he lost his temper, destroyed the Christmas gift, trashed the classroom, and exiled himself to Mount Crumpit, north of Whoville.

Touched by this story, Cindy Lou decides to nominate the Grinch to be the Christmas Whobilation "Holiday Cheermeister", much to the displeasure of Maywho, now the mayor of Whoville. She goes to Mount Crumpit to invite the Grinch to the Whobilation; he initially turns her down, but changes his mind, as he considers the promised award, the fact that Martha will see him at the celebration, and it will be a chance to upset his rival. As Cheermeister, he suffers being made to wear an ugly sweater and judge all the Whos' Christmas food concoctions, but he enjoys showing unsportsmanlike conduct as he beats all the children in the competitions. The mayor disrupts his joy by giving him an electric shaver as a present, reminding him of his childhood humiliation. Maywho then publicly proposes marriage to Martha May, giving her a large ring and promising her a new car. In response, the Grinch berates the Whos, and criticizes Christmas, claiming that the holiday is only about gifts that they will just throw in the garbage, which is dumped on Mount Crumpit near his home. He proceeds to ruin the party by burning down the Christmas tree and causing chaos throughout Whoville. His actions prove fruitless, as the Whos have a spare tree, which they are able to erect before he leaves. The mayor then shames Cindy Lou for inviting the Grinch.

Since his attack has failed to crush the Whos' Christmas spirit, the Grinch concocts a plan to steal all of their presents, decorations, and food while they are sleeping. Creating a Santa suit and powered sleigh, and dressing his dog Max as a reindeer, the Grinch descends to Whoville and steals all of the Christmas gifts. When Cindy Lou catches him stealing the tree, he tells her he is taking it to Santa's workshop for repair of a defective light. On Christmas morning, the Whos discover the theft, and Maywho blames Cindy Lou for inciting the Grinch. Her father defends her for reminding the Whos that Christmas is about love of family and friends, not just gifts. The people start singing Seuss's "Welcome Christmas".

Before the Grinch can push the stolen gifts off the top of Mount Crumpit, he hears the Whos' joyful singing and sees he has failed to prevent Christmas, and has an epiphany that Christmas "doesn't come from a store", but "perhaps ... means a little bit more". His heart grows three sizes, and as he sees the sleigh full of gifts beginning to slide over the edge of the cliff, he desperately strains to save them, but can't. He then sees Cindy Lou on top of the sleigh because she has come to spend Christmas with him. Motivated to save not just gifts but a life, the Grinch finds enough strength to lift the loaded sleigh and Cindy

Lou to safety. They then ride the sleigh down the mountain to return the gifts. The Grinch confesses to the burglary, apologizes, and surrenders himself to the police chief. The chief accepts the Grinch's apology, and refuses to follow the mayor's desire to pepper-spray the Grinch. Martha turns down the mayor's proposal and gives him the engagement ring back, deciding to be with the Grinch instead. The Grinch joins in the Whos' celebration feast, carving the roast beast himself.

DATA MASTER: Doug W. Stone

The Stranger Child A Legend By Count Franz Poggi [Translated] (1807-1867)

There once lived a laborer who earned his daily bread by cutting wood. His wife and two children, a boy and girl, helped him with his work. The boy's name was Valentine, and the girl's, Marie. They were obedient and pious and the joy and comfort of their poor parents.

One winter evening, this good family gathered about the table to eat their small loaf of bread, while the father read aloud from the Bible. Just as they sat down there came a knock on the window, and a sweet voice called: "O let me in! I am a little child, and I have nothing to eat, and no place to sleep in. I am so cold and hungry! Please, good people, let me in!"

Valentine and Marie sprang from the table and ran to open the door, saying: "Come in, poor child, we have but very little ourselves, not much more than thou hast, but what we have we will share with thee."

The stranger Child entered, and going to the fire began to warm his cold hands. The children gave him a portion of their bread, and said:

"Thou must be very tired; come, lie down in our bed, and we will sleep on the bench here before the fire."

Then answered the stranger Child: "May God in Heaven reward you for your kindness."

They led the little guest to their small room, laid him in their bed, and covered him closely, thinking to themselves:

"Oh! how much we have to be thankful for! We have our nice warm room and comfortable bed, while this Child has nothing but the sky for a roof, and the earth for a couch."

When the parents went to their bed, Valentine and Marie lay down on the bench before the fire, and said one to the other:

"The stranger Child is happy now, because he is so warm! Good-night!"

Then they fell asleep.

They had not slept many hours, when little Marie awoke, and touching her brother lightly, whispered:

"Valentine, Valentine, wake up! wake up! Listen to the beautiful music at the window."

Valentine rubbed his eyes and listened. He heard the most wonderful singing and the sweet notes of many harps.

"Blessed Child,
Thee we greet,
With sound of harp
And singing sweet.
"Sleep in peace,
Child so bright,
We have watched thee
All the night.

"Blest the home
That holdeth Thee,
Peace, and love,
Its guardians be."

The children listened to the beautiful singing, and it seemed to fill them with unspeakable happiness.

Then creeping to the window they looked out.

They saw a rosy light in the east, and, before the house in the snow, stood a number of little children holding golden harps and lutes in their hands, and dressed in sparkling, silver robes.

Full of wonder at this sight, Valentine and Marie continued to gaze out at the window, when they heard a sound behind them, and turning saw the stranger Child standing near. He was clad in a golden garment, and wore a glistening, golden crown upon his soft hair. Sweetly he spoke to the children:

"I am the Christ Child, who wanders about the world seeking to bring joy and good things to loving children. Because you have lodged me this night I will leave with you my blessing."

As the Christ Child spoke He stepped from the door, and breaking off a bough from a fir tree that grew near, planted it in the ground, saying:

"This bough shall grow into a tree, and every year it shall bear Christmas fruit for you."

Having said this He vanished from their sight, together with the silver-clad, singing children -- the angels.

And, as Valentine and Marie looked on in wonder, the fir bough grew, and grew, and grew, into a stately Christmas Tree laden with golden apples, silver nuts, and lovely toys. And after that, every year at Christmas time, the Tree bore the same wonderful fruit.

And you, dear boys and girls, when you gather around your richly decorated trees, think of the two poor children who shared their bread with a stranger child, and be thankful.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton



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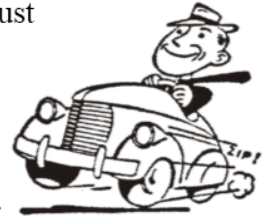
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R & S Deer Processing

As most of our friends and family know we lost R&S Deer Processing back in March to a tragic fire. Nothing was salvageable. After much consideration it is with a heavy heart that we inform everyone that we will not be reopening R&S Deer Processing. We would like all our customers to know how much we have appreciated your business over the last 27 years. Without all of you we would not have had the success we had. We will miss seeing everyone, the conversations, and all the visiting we would do. Our favorite was hearing stories and memories you would share after Roy in 2015, you all helped us through that tragic time. We hope everyone has a wonderful deer season and please be safe.

Thank you for your patronage.

Susan 918-244-5902 or 918-244-0609 Cristin



Getting to know the Lutherans

Christian Consistency Eateries are judged on the basis of the products and cooking as well as the style of food, dependability and consistency. Anonymous inspectors dined at a fancy restaurant 10 -12 times over a two-year period and decided that the consistency just wasn't there, not enough to warrant three-star status.

Hmmm. Consistency. It makes one wonder what kind of a Christian is a Three-star Christian? How do we live before God and the world in a way that makes our lives like a sweet-smelling offering to God? What would one need to do, or not do, to lose a star?

Consistency is important in Christian fellowship as well as in food. When we fail to live a consistent life, it's very hard for people to trust us, or to find our Christian faith appealing.

Of course, the fancy restaurant's dishes looked fabulous. But the taste? Well, it wasn't consistent. We, too, can look really good, but when we're called to actually serve and minister and encourage others, well, sometimes the consistency just isn't there. So what's your "star rating" for today?

We thank God that He doesn't rate us according to our works. He loves us, not rates us. But still, we want our life to be a consistent and faithful witness so that others may never be led astray. In Jesus' name. Amen. DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton

<p>Messiah Lutheran Church 460 N. Wilson, Vinita, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m. Worship 10:00 a.m. 918-256-3223 Email: messiahvinita@aol.com</p>	<p>St. Paul Lutheran Church Washington and Pine, Fairland, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-676-3059 Email: stpaulluthch@aol.com</p>
<p>Bethlehem Lutheran Church 6911 West 380 Road, Adair, OK 74330 Worship 9:00 a.m. 918-785-2994 Sunday School and Bible Class 10:15 a.m.</p>	<p>Immanuel Lutheran Church 706 Rockwood Drive, Grove, OK. Worship 9:30 a.m. 918-786-4585 Website: www.lutheransonline.com/lo/Groveok</p>
<p>Mt. Olive Lutheran Church 2337 North Main, Miami, OK 74354 Worship 2:00 p.m. (918) 542-4681 Sunday School and Bible Class 3:00 p.m. Email: mtolive@cablone.net</p>	<p>Redeemer Lutheran Church 220 N. Seminole, Claremore, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-341-1429 Email: rluther@sbcglobal.net – Website www.rlccok.org</p>
<p><i>Guests are always welcome. See you Sunday at worship.</i></p>	<p>St. John Lutheran Church 607 SE 9th Street, Pryor, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-825-1926 Email: stjohncpyor@sbcglobal.net - Website: www.stjohnpryor.org</p>

Up-coming Events

TOPS #570 We meet 9am to 11am Monday morning at Mt. Olive Lutheran Church in Miami 2337 N. Main St. "Taking off pounds sensibly!"

TOPS #567 meet every Thursday at 10am 433 N Mississippi in Nowata.

TOPS #506 in Miami Heavenly Winds Worship Center meet every 6pm Monday evening. For more info call Susan Walls at 918-540-0570

Every 4th Saturday of the month Veteran's Support Group: Veterans for Veterans. Have you served in the military? Are you struggling with readjustment? Anxious about the future? Struggling to connect with friends and family? Struggling with school? WE CAN HELP! Free veterans support group at 10am every 4th Saturday of the month. The Landing 502 West Corner Fairland, Ok. For more information call Larry Boyd (918) 541-7592 or Cindy (918) 676-3228.

Food Truck Wednesdays —Every Wednesday, grab some tasty eats and gather on the grounds of Guthrie Green. During Food Truck Wednesdays, lunchtime transforms into a community-wide affair, with roaming food trucks posting up at this Tulsa park. While you dine on delicious food, be sure to enjoy the live music and fresh air. Guthrie Green 111 E Brady St Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-574-2421

Chelsea Dance and Jam Session—Every Friday Night 6:00 pm—9:00 pm—Bring a dish for potluck at 6:30 pm. Musicians are welcome. Civic Center 618 Pine street Chelsea, OK 74016

Big Cabin Senior Exercise Program—Fitness program for seniors held at the Big Cabin Baptist Church gym three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 10 to 11 a.m.

Nov 20, 2018 - Dec 30, 2018 Fantasy Land of Lights—Bring the family out for this drive-through Christmas light show at Johnstone Park. Enjoy the music, synchronized lighted tunnel, animated displays and thousands of lights decorating the park each night the display is open. You'll be dazzled by the different colors and shapes of the displays coming together for a park full of Christmas cheer. Johnstone Park Bartlesville, OK 74003 Phone: 918-914-1530

Nov 21, 2018 - Jan 01, 2019 Rhema Christmas Lights—Join over 200,000 annual visitors at the Rhema Christmas Lights display and witness over two million lights and over 100,000 shimmering bulbs synchronized to Christmas music. This much-loved lights display in Broken Arrow began in 1982 and has been attracting thousands of visitors ever since. Visitors to the Rhema Christmas Lights event can drive through the lights in their own vehicle, get out of the car and

SUDOKU PUZZLES

Fill in the grid with digits in such a manner that every row, every column and every 3X3 box accommodates the digits 1-9, without repeating any.

You asked and we listened. The top puzzle is easy and the bottom one is moderately hard.

		4				9	7	
	1		4		7	2		
				9		3	8	
			7	6			2	
		1	8		3	4		
	9			1	4			
	6	3		5				
		8	2		1		6	
	2	7				8		

Hardship level: Moderate

5		4	6					
7						9	5	
	6		3				7	2
		3	4		9		8	
		2				3		
	7		8		2	6		
8	4				1		9	
	5	7						8
					6	5		4

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton
Solutions are printed in page 35.

walk around the park, or view the spectacular displays from a carriage. Horse-drawn carriage rides will be available on select evenings. Don't miss the Rhema Park bridge, complete with over 90,000 lights draped across the bridge alone. Synchronized to both classic and modern Christmas music, these lights have delighted visitors of all ages. While there, enjoy concessions that include cups of hot chocolate, piping hot coffee or sweet apple cider while venturing into the displays. Popcorn, funnel cakes and other treats will also be available. Admission to Rhema Christmas Lights is free; however, donations are appreciated. Rhema Bible Church 1025 W Kenosha St Broken Arrow, OK 74012 Phone: 918-258-1588

Nov 22, 2018 to Dec 31, 2018 Castle Christmas— Experience one of the world's largest collections of holiday inflatables and Christmas lights at this year's Castle Christmas, held at the Castle of Muskogee. Take a drive through the kingdom's winter wonderland and enjoy over 2,000 displays in various holiday scenes ranging from four to 20 feet in height. Bring the whole family and hop on an old-fashioned tractor-drawn hayride or chug along on the train throughout the Christmas village. Castle Christmas will also feature camel and pony rides for the kids and a special visit from Santa or Father Christmas. Visit the holiday gift shop and create a festive ornament with Santa's elves or enjoy a free holiday movie shown at the castle. This event is free; however, donations are much appreciated. Make your way to Muskogee for a breathtaking, old-fashioned Christmas celebration. The Castle of Muskogee 3400 W Fern Mountain Rd Muskogee, OK 74401 Phone: 918-687-3625

Nov 22, 2018 to Jan 01, 2019 Winter Wonderland Christmas Light Tour—Come and enjoy this spectacular old-fashioned Christmas light display featuring over 400,000 lights. Step back in time and become a child again with illuminated log cabins, antique cars and woodland animals all aglow at the Winter Wonderland Christmas Light Tour. Get into the Christmas spirit along the shores of Grand Lake as you drive through the twinkling grounds of Pine Lodge Resort in Ketchum. Admission is free and visitors can drive through the grounds as many times as they like. Pine Lodge Resort Ketchum, OK 74349 Phone: 918-782-1400 , 918-782-7062 Toll Free: 800-640-3173 Fax: 918-782-3493

Nov 22, 2018 to Dec 30, 2018 Twin Bridges Park of Lights—Dress warmly for the brisk winter chill and bring the family out for a drive through this annual Christmas lights display, set up in beautiful Twin Bridges Area at Grand Lake State Park near Fairland. Twin Bridges Park of Lights features a dazzling collection of over 40 brightly lit holiday displays in Grand Lake State Park. One of the largest displays of twinkling Christmas lights in the area, Twin Bridges Park of Lights transports holiday visitors to an evening wonderland filled with themed displays. More than 50,000 visitors drive through this lights display each year, so show up after the sun sets for your chance to

view the lights. Santa Claus will make an appearance December 15th and 22nd and free hot dogs and drinks on those nights as well. Admission is free, although donations are appreciated. Twin Bridges Park 14801 S Hwy 137 Fairland, OK 74343 Phone: 918-542-6969

Nov 23, 2018 to Dec 31, 2018 Limo Holiday Lights Tours—Schedule a two-hour tour of the city's most spectacular holiday lights via limo, and enjoy a smooth ride past vibrant light displays. VIP Limo's Limo Holiday Lights Tours pick up groups of friends, families and couples to drive them to see stunning winter light scenes set up throughout Tulsa. Book a seasonal tour, sit back and relax while taking in the brilliant views. Citywide Tulsa, OK 74136 Phone: 918-492-5984

Nov 23, 2018 to Jan 01, 2019 Garden of Lights— Experience animated displays and over 1.2 million shimmering lights at Muskogee's annual Garden of Lights. Drive through Honor Heights Park and view 120 acres of trees, bushes and water areas decorated for the holiday season. Visit Garden of Lights and experience the natural beauty of the park filled with twinkling streams of light. View rose and azalea bushes illuminated with color, imitating their natural state during the blooming of spring. This Christmas light display will also feature lighted displays of deer, squirrels and birds scattered amongst a wide variety of trees wrapped in lights. Honor Heights Park 1400 Honor Heights Dr Muskogee, OK 74401 Phone: 918-684-6302

Nov 23, 2018 to Jan 06, 2019 Winterfest—Downtown Tulsa is transformed into a festive wonderland during Winterfest, an annual holiday tradition. Bring friends and family together for holiday festivities and share the joyful spirit of the season. Experience the thrill of outdoor ice skating, see Oklahoma's tallest outdoor Christmas tree, take a ride in a horse-drawn carriage, listen to live entertainment and browse beautiful holiday light displays. Downtown Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-894-4268

Nov 23, 2018 to Dec 31, 2018 Philbrook Festival— The Philbrook Museum of Art hosts the Philbrook Festival each winter, an annual holiday tradition in Tulsa. Experience this six-week community celebration of the season, and see the museum decked out in festive Christmas decorations, holiday lights reflecting the spirit of the season and exciting winter events. Philbrook Museum of Art 2727 S Rockford Rd Tulsa, OK 74114 Phone: 918-749-7941 Fax: 918-743-4230

Do You have an event that you would like to share ?
Community Links of Chelsea
1100 Walnut/PO Box 85
Chelsea, OK. 74016
Ph: 918-789-2862
Fax: 918-789-5296

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick



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(918) 789-3252

David Lewellyn Deffenbaugh; WWII veteran, recipient of Purple Heart, POW and numerous medals, was born January 27, 1923 to Emerson and Jane Deffenbaugh of Old Frame, PA. He was the youngest of 5 children, all of whom preceded him in death. He departed a life honorably lived at 6:30 PM on Tuesday November 6, 2018 surrounded by family.

He was raised on a family farm, where he learned the importance of family and community, thereby laying the groundwork for a lifetime of service. After graduating high school, David was drafted into the Army in 1943. During Army Specialized Training at Alfred University, he met his future wife, Carolyn Howe. After acceptance as an Aviation Cadet, while awaiting preflight training, the program was discontinued and he was reassigned into the 106th Infantry. They boarded the Queen Elizabeth to Glasgow, Scotland and eventually arrived in St. Vith, Belgium, the point of the infamous Battle of the Bulge. There his company suffered heavy losses and survivors were taken prisoner. He was wounded in battle, then transported to Stalag XI B in Germany. In April of 1945, the camp was liberated and he was transferred by hospital ship to England.

He married Carolyn and began his life as an Insurance Executive, retired at age 55 and then bought his own agency in Claremore OK. His love of travel took him to all 50 states and abroad, spending weekends at Grand Lake.

He was extremely active in the First Presbyterian Churches of Tulsa and Claremore. He loved music and sang in barbershop quartets and the church choirs.

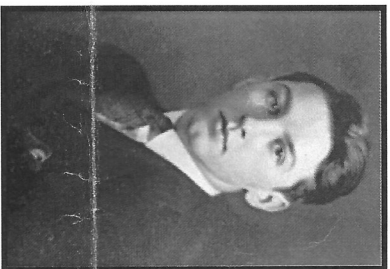
David's commitment to service and family was evident as he was an integral part of his siblings' affairs at the ends of their lives. David was Carolyn's primary caregiver until she passed away.

In his many trips to PA, he was reacquainted with and then eventually married Eleanor Bixler of Smithfield PA. Her devotion to him was apparent to all who knew them. Eleanor's ever-present care gave David boundless joy to the very end.

He is survived by his wife Eleanor, his 3 children, Karen Deffenbaugh of Vinita, Barbara and Vernon Seebaran of Garland TX, and Rick and Kim Deffenbaugh of Tulsa, Ok. 6 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren.

The family would like to acknowledge the amazing care given by the staff of St Simeon's, Tulsa.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a memorial contribution in David's name to either Home of Hope, P.O. Box 903, Vinita, Oklahoma 74301 or First Presbyterian Church, 102 E. 4th Street, Claremore, Oklahoma 74017.



www.mmsfuneralhomes.com

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David Lewellyn Deffenbaugh

January 27, 1923 ~ November 6, 2018

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh



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**Rates are
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Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- 1 Chasm
- 5 Meat alternative
- 9 Many times
- 14 Afloat
- 15 Mined metals
- 16 Make a letter
- 17 Farm building
- 18 Evaluate
- 19 Place
- 20 Pouch
- 21 Hit the water
- 23 Runners used to travel over snow
- 24 Tapered spike of frozen water
- 26 Feign
- 28 Container top
- 29 Head coverings
- 31 Energy unit
- 34 Code
- 37 Spring flower
- 39 Greek god of war
- 40 Alternative (abbr.)
- 41 Phoenix's Basketball team
- 42 Fermented juice of the apple
- 44 List of definitions
- 47 Self-esteem
- 48 Quarry
- 50 Heavy drinking cup made of pottery
- 51 Flightless bird
- 52 Constructs
- 56 Baseball player Ty
- 59 Nuzzle
- 63 Cause of sickness
- 64 Blend of metals
- 66 Troop
- 67 Stake
- 68 Weighted fishnet
- 69 Capital of Italy
- 70 Hand outs
- 71 Frozen pizza brand
- 72 Payable
- 73 Get together

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8		9	10	11	12	13	
14					15					16					
17					18					19					
20					21					22		23			
24				25						26	27				
			28				29	30				31	32	33	
	34	35					36				37	38			
39							40					41			
42					43		44			45	46				
47					48	49				50					
				51						52			53	54	55
56	57	58				59	60	61	62				63		
64						65							67		
68													70		
71													73		

By Evelyn Johnson - www.qets.com

DOWN

- 1 Jewish religious leader
- 2 Abraham's son
- 3 British princess
- 4 Convert into leather
- 5 Sub's weapon
- 6 Voiced
- 7 Soft cheese from Greece
- 8 Wields
- 9 Night bird
- 10 First processes in the freezing of water

- 11 Clock sound
- 12 Decorative needle case
- 13 Loch __ monster
- 21 Cut open
- 22 Beret
- 25 Shut down
- 27 Clock time
- 29 Plant with shiny leaves, red berries and prickly edges
- 30 Singing voice
- 31 Make unclear
- 32 Petite
- 33 Delivery service
- 34 Snob
- 35 Make over
- 36 Animal house
- 38 Utilization
- 39 Expert
- 43 Revolutions per minute
- 45 Melted ore
- 46 Certain
- 49 Operate
- 51 Type of wood
- 53 Long, skinny boat
- 54 Rank
- 55 Freezing rain
- 56 Throw off
- 57 Tub spread
- 58 Singular form of name for Russian pancakes served with sour cream
- 60 European monetary unit
- 61 Frozen form of precipitation that falls as ice crystals
- 62 What a clock tells
- 65 Affirmative
- 67 High naval rank (abbr.)

Solution is printed in page 36

Word Search Puzzle

A T R A I L I N G S Q Q D M
 D O U D B D R E G D U F R A
 N R S E T U C F E E E Y A I
 E M H H P C M L B E L L E D
 P E E S L T O M E W L N B S
 X N S A U S S R E K C I L F
 E T K G N I H T I R W A E E
 N I I O D T T S E I P G A M
 O M C H E E P F N O N N C P
 B I K C R A U D L I P U H O
 W L I A S G F L N Q C O E R
 A U N M E A U R B A N H S I
 J S G S L T A S C Y T H E U
 B O I L E D E G R O G G Y M

Beard
 Belled
 Bleaches
 Boiled
 Bummer
 Cheep
 Consoled
 Cutes
 Darning
 Ducts
 Emporium
 Expend

Flickers
 Fudge
 Gashed
 Gorged
 Groggy
 Jawbone
 Juice
 Kicking
 Limit
 Maids
 Niche
 Phony

Plunders
 Poets
 Pollute
 Quell
 Refuges
 Rushes
 Scythe
 Snare
 Spasm
 Spurn
 Three
 Torment

Trailing
 Ungainly
 Urban
 Weeds
 Wetter
 Windfall
 Writhing

CryptoQuote Puzzle

Topic: Looking Back

When George Burns reflects back on his life, he comes to a strange realization about his grades at school.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
				17																					

_____ ' _____ E _____
 24 26 15 7 6 1 7 18 17 14 21 6 15 7 18 9 5 8 24

_____ E _____ E _____
 11 12 1 7 3 17 18 15 4 17 14 24 26 15 7 5 24 21 6 10 14 8

_____ E _____ E E _____
 9 5 17 7 24 9 15 21 15 3 24 18 6 5 17 14 17 9 15 21

_____ E _____
 21 10 12 24 6 6 12 17 10 11 24 6

- George Burns

DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton

Solution is on page 33


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Logic Puzzle

	First Names				Soft Drinks				Houses			
	Iris	Kamryn	Laila	Michaela	cherry cola	diet cola	orange soda	root beer	country house	duplex	ranch house	victorian house
	Wake-up Calls	6:00am										
		6:30am										
		7:00am										
	8:00am											
Houses	country house											
	duplex											
	ranch house											
	victorian house											
Soft Drinks	cherry cola											
	diet cola											
	orange soda											
	root beer											

Logic Puzzles

Presented by Puzzle Baron

Puzzle ID: D319HL

For hints, solutions and more puzzles, go to www.Printable-Puzzles.com!

Wake-up Calls	First Names	Soft Drinks	Houses
6:00am			
6:30am			
7:00am			
8:00am			

- Laila has an earlier wake-up call than the one who drinks orange soda.
- The one with the 6:00am wake-up call never drinks diet cola.
- The one who drinks diet cola is not Iris or Kamryn.
- The owner of the duplex loves to drink root beer.
- The owner of the victorian house is Iris.
- Of Iris and Laila, one lives in the victorian house and the other loves to drink root beer.
- The owner of the country house is not Michaela.
- The one who drinks orange soda is not Kamryn.
- The one with the 8:00am wake-up call loves to drink orange soda.
- Either the one with the 7:00am wake-up call or the one with the 8:00am wake-up call is Laila.
- The owner of the ranch house has a later wake-up call than the one who drinks cherry cola.

Quotes From Thinkers Around The World

Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that.
Martin Luther King, Jr.

A house divided against itself cannot stand.
Abraham Lincoln

Love yourself. It is important to stay positive because beauty comes from the inside out.
Jenn Proske

Once you replace negative thoughts with positive ones, you'll start having positive results.
Willie Nelson

Work hard for what you want because it won't come to you without a fight. You have to be strong and courageous and know that you can do anything you put your mind to. If somebody puts you down or criticizes you, just keep on believing in yourself and turn it into something positive.
Leah LaBelle

Choosing to be positive and having a grateful attitude is going to determine how you're going to live your life
Joel Osteen

You cannot have a positive life and a negative mind.
Joyce Meyer

If you have a positive attitude and constantly strive to give your best effort, eventually you will overcome your immediate problems and find you are ready for greater challenges.
Pat Riley

Be true to yourself and surround yourself with positive, supportive people
Payal Kadakia

The most important thing in the world is family and love.
John Wooden

There is only one happiness in this life, to love and be loved.
George Sand

Don't let fear or insecurity stop you from trying new things. Believe in yourself. Do what you love. And most importantly, be kind to others, even if you don't like them.
Stacy London

A tree is known by its fruit; a man by his deeds. A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.
Saint Basil

The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched - they must be felt with the heart.
Helen Keller

There is nothing on this earth more to be prized than true friendship.
Thomas Aquinas

Let us be grateful to people who make us happy, they are the charming gardeners who make our souls blossom.
Marcel Proust

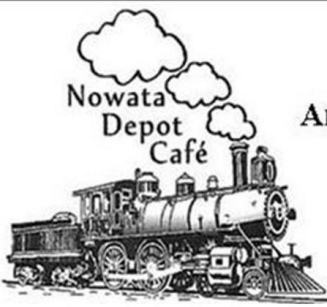
In the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures. For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.
Khalil Gibran

Friends... they cherish one another's hopes. They are kind to one another's dreams.
Henry David Thoreau

And know that I am with you always; yes, to the end of time.
Jesus Christ

If you haven't got any charity in your heart, you have the worst kind of heart trouble.
Bob Heart

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell



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NEWS RELEASE

November 13, 2018

RELEASE TIME: Immediate

CONTACT PERSON: Lahona Young
Ombudsman Supervisor

“Tis the Year for Holiday Cheer”

The holidays can be a depressing time for some people. Residents in Long-Term Care facilities often have little or no direct family. For many residents, Long-Term Care employees may be the only visitor a resident receives. As members of the community, we can help fill those gaps and make the holidays enjoyable for those individuals.

To spread holiday cheer this year, take an hour out of your day and visit someone in a long-term care facility. These facilities include nursing homes, assisted living centers, and residential care facilities. If you have a pet, contact the facility and find out the guidelines for bringing your pet along for a visit. Most residents love pets and most pets love attention! This will bring additional joy to you and the person you visit.

Please do not forget some of the loneliest people right here in our own communities. After visiting a resident, please consider becoming an Ombudsman Volunteer, a voice for those living in long-term care. Grand Gateway Area Agency on Aging serves the following counties in Northeast Oklahoma: Craig, Delaware, Mayes, Nowata, Ottawa, Rogers, and Washington counties. There are approximately 78 facilities in the seven counties, Your Help is needed! Training to become a volunteer is free, flexible, and available in your area~~your time is all that is needed. For more information, please contact Grand Gateway AAA at 1-800-482-4594 and ask for Lahona Young ext. 220 or e-mail: lyoung@grandgateway.org

Funding for this training is provided in part by state and Older Americans Act funds from Grand Gateway AAA and DHS Aging Services. Grand Gateway AAA serves all individuals who are eligible for its programs without regard to race, national origin, ancestry, color, religion, sex, age or disability.

333 S. Oak Street, P.O. Drawer B, Big Cabin, OK 74332

DATA MASTER: Steve Burdick





Library News

CATOOSA PUBLIC LIBRARY

105 E. Oak (918) 266-1684

Hours:

Monday thru Thursday: 9am to 7pm
Friday: 9am to 12pm & 1pm to 3pm
Saturday: 10am to 2pm
Closed Sunday

CHELSEA PUBLIC LIBRARY

618 Pine (918) 789-3364

Hours:

Tuesday: 10:00am to 7:00pm
Wednesday, Thursday & Friday: 10:00am to 4:00pm
Saturday: 9:00am to Noon Closed Sunday & Monday

CHOUTEAU PUBLIC LIBRARY

PO BOX 353, 111 N McCracken Phone: 918-476-4445

Hours:

Mon, Wed, Fri – 10AM to 5PM
Tues, Thur. – 10AM to 3PM
Closed Saturday & Sunday

DELAWARE COUNTY LIBRARY

429 S. 9th St. Jay, Oklahoma (918) 253-8521

Web: www.eodls.lib.ok.us/jay.html

Hours:

Mon., Wed., & Fri. 9:00am to 6:00pm
Tues. & Thurs 9:00am to 8:00pm
Sat. 9:00am to 1:00pm
Closed Sundays and Holidays

GROVE PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Fax: (918) 786-5233

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Tues. & Thurs.: 8:30am-9:00pm
Sat. 8:00am-12:00pm
Closed Sunday



LANGLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY

325 W Osage Ave. (918) 782-4461

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Tue.-Fri. 9:00am to 12:00pm
And 1:00pm to 5:00pm
Closed Sat. & Sun.

MIAMI PUBLIC LIBRARY

200 N. Main (918) 541-2292

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Tues., Fri., Sat., 9:00am to 5:00pm

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PRYOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Hours:

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Tuesday, Wednesday & Friday:9:00AM-5:00PM

SALINA PUBLIC LIBRARY

420 E. Ferry St. (918) 434-8001

Hours: Tue. 12pm-7pm, Wed. 12pm-5pm,
Thurs. & Fri. 10am-5pm
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TALALA AREA PUBLIC LIBRARY

106 W Watova St. (918) 275-4540

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Monday and Thursday evening 6pm to 9pm
Saturday 11am to 2pm

VINITA PUBLIC LIBRARY

215 W. Illinois (918) 256-2115

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Thurs. 11:00am to 7:00pm
Sat. 11:00am to 3:00pm
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Wed. & Thurs. 9:30am to 6:00pm
Fri. & Sat. 9:30am to 5:00pm

This Month in History - Dec

20th

1963 Berlin Wall Opened For 1 Day Passes
1968 The Zodiac killer's first attributable murders
1989 President George Bush launches Operation Just Cause In Panama
2005 Transit Strike New York City

21st

1913 First Cross Word Puzzle Published IN New York World.
1958 General Charles de Gaulle is elected President of France

22nd

1952 The first Corvette, a production-ready prototype, is completed
2001 The shoe bomber, a passenger on an American Airlines flight from Paris to Miami, tried to ignite explosives in his shoes

23rd

1947 Bell Labs demonstrates the worlds first Transistor Radio
1956 British French Troops Withdraw From Suez Canal
1995 A fire in Dabwali, India, kills 540 people, including 170 children .
2006 United Nations Security Council has unanimously imposed sanctions against Iran over its failure to halt uranium enrichment with Resolution 1737

24th

1865 A group of Confederate veterans convenes to form the secret society the "Ku Klux Klan."
1903 The first car number plate (A1) is issued in England
1968 Apollo 8 orbits the Moon, becoming the first manned space mission to achieve the feat.
1994 Four Islamic extremists hijack Air France Flight 8969 in Algiers
2009 The Senate passes health care reform bill

25th

1952 The young Queen Elizabeth gives her first Christmas broadcast on BBC radio from the study at Sandringham House
1974 Thousands are left homeless and more than 30 people are feared dead after cyclone Tracy with winds of up to 135mph hits the northern Australian city of Darwin on Christmas Day

26th

1947 A severe snowstorm covers the Northeastern part of the United States , burying New York City under 25.8

inches of snow in 16 hours

2004 A tsunami caused by an earthquake under the Indian Ocean leaves 216,000 dead in 13 countries..

27th

1932 Radio City Music Hall opened in New York City
1949 Indonesia gains it's independence from the Netherlands after 400 years.
1994 Blood Bath Begins In Rwanda between Hutu majority and the Tutsis
2001 U.S. officials announced that Taliban and al-Qaida prisoners would be held at the U.S. naval base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.
2007 Former Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto assassinated in Pakistan

28th

1945 US Congress officially recognized the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag

29th

1940 Germany begin dropping incendiary bombs on London
1975 A terrorist bomb is exploded in the main terminal of New York's LaGuardia Airport, killing 11 people.

30th

1903 The Iroquois Theater Fire in Chicago, Illinois, claims 602 lives
1986 Canaries made redundant from British Coal Mines and replaced by modern carbon monoxide detectors.
2006 Saddam Hussein hanged in northern Baghdad for crimes against humanity.

31th

1999 The world prepares to have a global party with fireworks and special events around the world to welcome in the third millennium.

DATA MASTER: Doug W. Stone



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Logic Puzzle Solution

6:00am	Kamryn	Cherry cola	Country house
6:30am	Michaela	Diet cola	Ranch house
7:00am	Laila	Root beer	Duplex
8:00am	Iris	Orange soda	Victorian house

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

CryptoQuote Puzzle Solution

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
13	22	24	18	17	11	2	5	24	14	3	12	4	7	10	23	12	14	21	4	1	25	9	19	8	20

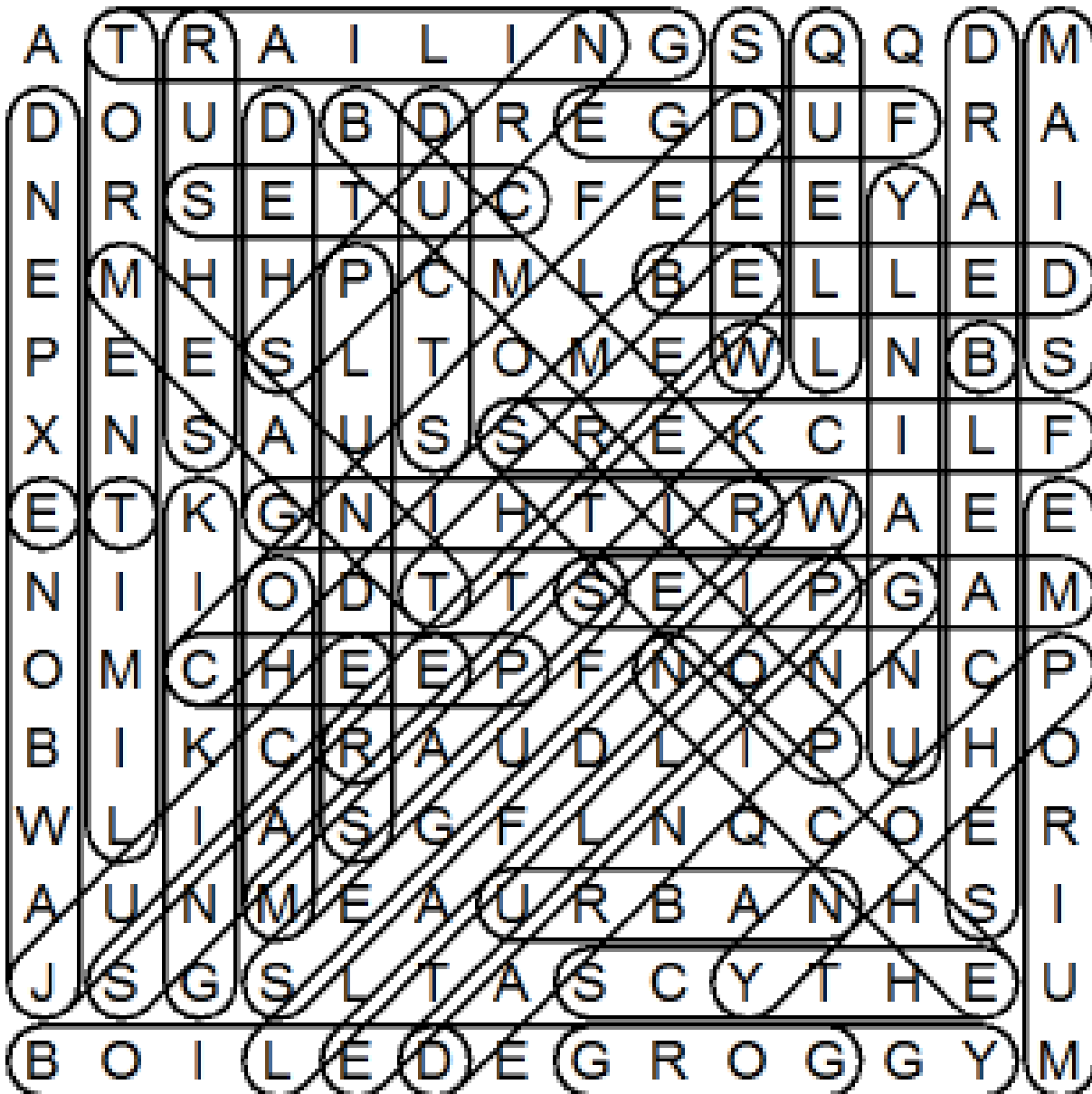
I C A N ' T U N D E R S T A N D W H Y
 24 24 15 7 4 1 7 18 17 14 21 4 15 7 18 9 5 8 24
 F L U N K E D A M E R I C A N H I S T O R Y
 11 12 1 7 3 17 18 15 4 17 14 24 24 15 7 5 24 25 4 10 14 8 8
 W H E N I W A S A K I D T H E R E W A S
 9 5 17 7 24 9 15 21 15 3 24 18 4 5 17 14 17 9 15 21
 5 O L I T T L E O F I T .
 21 10 12 24 4 4 12 17 10 11 24 4

"I can't understand why I flunked American history. When I was a kid there was so little of it." - George Burns



DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton

Word Search Puzzle Solution



DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton

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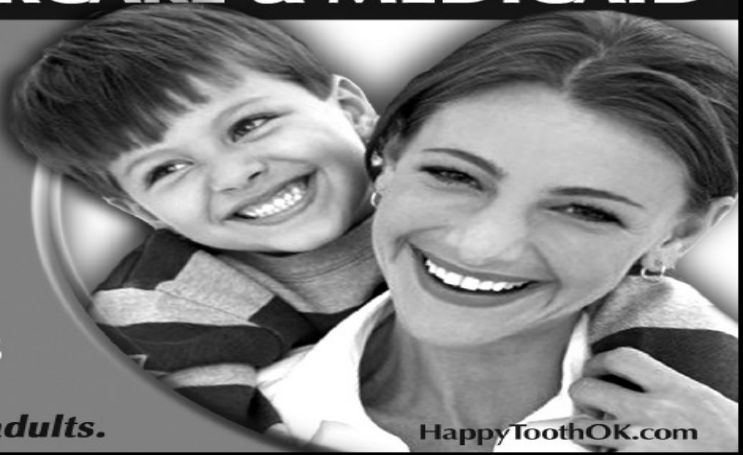
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Sudoku Puzzle Easy Solution


2	8	4	6	3	5	9	7	1
3	1	9	4	8	7	2	5	6
7	5	6	1	9	2	3	8	4
4	3	5	7	6	9	1	2	8
6	7	1	8	2	3	4	9	5
8	9	2	5	1	4	6	3	7
1	6	3	9	5	8	7	4	2
9	4	8	2	7	1	5	6	3
5	2	7	3	4	6	8	1	9

Sudoku Puzzle Moderate Solution


5	2	4	6	9	7	8	3	1
7	3	8	2	1	4	9	5	6
1	6	9	3	5	8	4	7	2
6	1	3	4	7	9	2	8	5
9	8	2	1	6	5	3	4	7
4	7	5	8	3	2	6	1	9
8	4	6	5	2	1	7	9	3
2	5	7	9	4	3	1	6	8
3	9	1	7	8	6	5	2	4

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

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Crossword Puzzle Solution

1	R	2	I	3	F	4	T		5	T	6	O	7	F	8	U		9	O	10	F	11	T	12	E	13	N
14	A	S	E	A					15	O	R	E	S					16	W	R	I	T	E				
17	B	A	R	N					18	R	A	T	E					19	L	O	C	U	S				
20	B	A	G		21	S	P	L	A	S	22	H					23	S	K	I	S						
24	I	C	I	25	C	L	E							26	A	27	C	T									
				28	L	I	D				29	H	30	A	T	S			31	B	32	T	33	U			
		34	P	35	R	O	T	O	36	C	O	L			37	T	38	U	L	I	P						
39	A	R	E	S					40	A	L	T					41	S	U	N	S						
42	C	I	D	E	43	R			44	G	L	O	45	S	46	S	A	R	Y								
47	E	G	O		48	P	49	R	E	Y				50	M	U	G										
				51	E	M	U							52	E	R	E		53	C	54	T	55	S			
56	C	57	O	58	B	B			59	N	60	E	61	S	62	T	L	E			63	A	I	L			
64	A	L	L	O	65	Y					66	U	N	I	T				67	A	N	T	E				
68	S	E	I	N	E						69	R	O	M	E				70	D	O	L	E				
71	T	O	N	Y	S						72	O	W	E	D				73	M	E	E	T				

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey



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Some Riddles

1. A doctor and a bus driver are both in love with the same woman, an attractive girl named Sarah. The bus driver had to go on a long bus trip that would last a week. Before he left, he gave Sarah seven apples. Why?
2. What is more useful when it is broken?
3. There are two monkeys on a tree and one jumps off. Why does the other monkey jump too?
4. What did one math book say to the other math book?
5. What did the little lobster get on its math test?
6. I have a head and a tail but no body... What am I?
7. Why was the picture sent to jail?
8. Which side of the turkey has the most feathers?
9. You can touch me, You can break me, You should win me if you want to be mine. What am I?
10. Why did they let the Turkey join the thanksgiving band?
11. What kind of makeup is a ghost's favorite to wear?
12. Why did the jelly roll?

Answers

1. An apple a day keeps the doctor away!
2. An egg.
3. Monkey see monkey do.
4. Do you want to hear my problems?
5. Sea-plus
6. A coin.
7. Because it was framed.
8. The outside.
9. A heart.
10. Because he had the drumsticks
11. Mas-scare-a.
12. It saw the apple turnover.

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell

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Miami Library
Miami Senior Citizen
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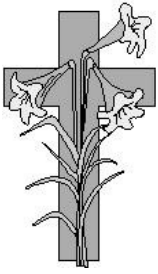
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JEWELS FROM THE WORD

SONGS OF THE HEART

Our holiday has always revolved around school and church Christmas programs.. "Away in the manger, no crib for his bed, the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head." Baby's first song, sung at home and at the church altar for the

grown-ups when we were too small to be in the regular Christmas play.

At school, from Thanksgiving on, we practiced for our Christmas play. Mamas made costumes for angels, shepherds, sheep. We envied the two who got to play Mary and Joseph. We sang "Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright." We memorized the unfamiliar words, singing them over and over with our music teacher, until we could sing them in our sleep. With no shyness, we sang at the tops of our voices, little children loving to sing.

In high school, we began to sing the harder songs. "O, Holy Night." "Little Drummer Boy." "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." "Hallelujah Chorus." We started practicing long before Thanksgiving. Our Christmas concert was the culmination of months of work. We were proud of our hard work and sang with all our hearts.

I lived through it all again with my children. We put on huge productions at church with recorded music to sing to with rehearsals every Sunday night for at least 6 weeks. The music has changed, yet it stays the same. The same songs, new arrangements. Lavish stages, painted backdrops, special lighting.

At school, my daughter sang in the choir as I did many years before, so we had two performances to work on—one at school and one at church. At times, it seemed music was running through our minds all day and all night.

What better way for God to get His Word into our hearts? He set it to music and caused the world to play it through the airwaves night and day, constantly, for 2 months of the year, sometimes starting as early as Halloween.

Christmas means music to me. It really was a "Silent Night, Holy Night" when Jesus was born. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill unto men." Luke 2:14

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

Lavon Hightower Lewis To read more devotions, go to:

<http://jewelsfromtheword.com/> Email me at llewis2138@sbcglobal.net



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