



Senior Heartbeat



TEMPLE
BAPTIST CHURCH
COME GATHER AROUND THE WORD

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Deacons of Light to sing at luncheon

By Dale Oden

“Bless the Lord O my soul and forget not all his benefits.”

I hope you and yours have had a wonderful Thanksgiving.

Sadel and I made a quick trip to Atlanta to visit with Angela and her family.

We also got to visit my only three living first cousins (my Mother’s one niece and two nephews).

All three of them live about 30 miles south of Atlanta. I will have to tell you that story sometime.

Now that Thanksgiving is over, Christmas is just around the corner! And that means lots of activities, music, family time, food, and worship opportunities.

Make plans to be involved in the various services and programs over the next few weeks.

There will be lots of music programs, our annual Carol Sing, our March for Missions, plus our monthly luncheon. So check your Tidings and Order of

Service every week for dates and times.

Our monthly luncheon will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 11:45 a.m. in the Fellowship Hall.

Come enjoy a time of delicious food (I’ve heard that there will be some dressing on the table), great fellow-

ship and a wonderful program.

The program for this month will feature Temple’s Deacons of Light Quartet.

These guys have always been a blessing when they have sung in our worship services.

I hope that you will come hear them

and invite someone to come join you at the luncheon.

Dr. Reggie and I have booked a tour to see the Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany, in May of 2020.

This play is presented every 10 years by the citizens of Oberammergau as a promise to God in

gratitude for His deliverance during a plague that hit Europe in the 1600s.

It is quite an experience! Pick up a brochure in the Church Office if you have an interest.

Merry Christmas to you and your family from Dale and Sadel!

Kids make such unexpected comments

Author unknown

While I sat in the reception area of my doctor’s office, a woman rolled an elderly man in a wheelchair into the room.

As she went to the receptionist’s desk, the man sat there, alone and silent.

Just as I was thinking I should make small talk with him, a little boy slipped off his mother’s lap and walked over to the wheelchair.

Placing his hand on the man’s, he said, “I know how you feel. My Mom makes me ride in the stroller too.”

As I was nursing my baby, my

cousin’s 6-year-old daughter, Krissy, came into the room.

Never having seen anyone breast feed before, she was intrigued and full of all kinds of questions about what I was doing.

After mulling over my answers, she remarked, “My mom has some of those, but I don’t think she knows how to use them.”

Out bicycling one day with my 8-year-old granddaughter, Carolyn, I got a little wistful. “In 10 years,” I said, “you’ll want to be with your friends and you won’t go walking, biking, and swim-

ming with me like you do now.

Carolyn shrugged. “In 10 years you’ll be too old to do all those things anyway.”

Working as a pediatric nurse, I had the difficult assignment of giving immunization shots to children. One day, I entered the examining room to give 4-year-old Lizzie her injection.

“No, no, no!” she screamed.

“Lizzie,” scolded her mother, “that’s not polite behavior.”

With that, the girl yelled even louder, “No, thank you! No, thank you! No, thank you!”

On the way back from a Cub Scout meeting, my grandson innocently said to my son, “Dad, I know babies come from mommie’s tummies, but how do they get there in the first place?”

After my son hemmed and hawed awhile, my grandson finally spoke up in disgust, “You don’t have to make up something, Dad. It’s okay if you don’t know the answer.”

Just before I was deployed to Iraq, I sat my 8-year-old son down and broke the news to him. “I’m going to be
See More, page 2.

More comments from kids

Continued from page 1.

away for a long time," I told him. "I'm going to Iraq."

"Why?" he asked. "Don't you know there's a war going on over there?"



Paul Newman founded the Hole in the Wall Gang Camp for children stricken with cancer, AIDS and blood diseases.

One afternoon he and his wife, Joanne Woodward, stopped by to have lunch with the kids.

A counselor at a nearby table, suspecting the young patients wouldn't know Newman was a famous movie star, explained, "That's the man who made this

camp possible. Maybe you've seen his picture on his salad dressing bottle?"

Blank stares.

"Well, you've probably seen his face on his lemonade carton."

An 8-year-old girl perked up. "How long was he missing?"



His wife's graveside service was just barely finished, when there was a massive clap of thunder, followed by a tremendous bolt of lightning, accompanied by even more thunder rumbling in the distance. The little, old man looked at the pastor and calmly said, "Well, she's there."

—From Fred Benefield

Hold fast to Christian assurance

By Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler

It is the right and the privilege of the genuine child of God to possess the assurance of Christ's perfect love and perpetual protection.

Old Latimer used to say that when he had this steadfast trust in his Master he could face a lion; when he lost it, he was ready to run into a mouse hole.

Why should a redeemed follower of Christ ever worry himself sick with wretched doubts and insulting fears? If I have put my everlasting all in Christ's hands, He is responsible for the trust —

as long as I leave it with Him.

If I check my trunk to Philadelphia, it belongs to the baggage master until I get there. Surely I ought to have as strong a faith that my immortal blood-bought soul is forever safe in the keeping of the omnipotent Son of God.

His Spirit beareth witness with my spirit; and I am persuaded that neither death nor life, principalities nor powers, things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!

God wants the love of His people

After a mother had finished a task, she said to her little girl, "You may come now, dear."

The girl said, "I am so glad, for I wanted to love you so much."

"But I thought you were happy with your dolly," said the mother. "Yes, Mother, I was, but I soon get tired of loving her, for she cannot love me back."

There is profound wisdom in the answer of the wee philosopher. God could have stopped His creative work with in inani-

mate creation; but no: He wanted to be loved back!

And so He made man and then He revealed to man His sacrificial love, on the cross; and sinful men who see that love trust God and love Him back.

So God will have in Heaven, not mere "dolls," machines; but He will have redeemed men who will love and serve Him for all He has done for them!

"We love him, because he first loved us" (I John 4:19).

—From *The Sword Scrapbook*

Faith Suspends a Bridge

Don't cross your rivers 'til you come

To where your rivers are,

For faith can make them disappear

And you will journey far.

For crossing rivers in one's mind

When rivers are not real

Requires no brilliant intellect

Nor calls for special skill.

And crossing rivers in your mind

When rivers are not there,

Makes thoughts play tricks on you,
and you'll

See rivers everywhere.

Don't cross your rivers 'til you come

To where your rivers are,

But when they're real, don't fear to
cross;

That's what a river's for!

And you will cross each river if

Upon some rocky ridge,

Hope sinks a shaft beside the gorge

And Faith suspends a bridge.

— Perry Tunksley



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What might you give for Christmas?

Non-material gifts mean much to recipients

Christmas is celebration; and celebration is instinct in the heart. With gift and feast, with scarlet ribbon and fresh green bough, with merriment and the sound of music, we commend the day — oasis in the long, long landscape of the commonplace.

Through how many centuries, through how many threatening circumstances, has Christmas been celebrated since that cry came ringing down the ages, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Christmas is celebration, but the traditions that cluster sweetly around the day have significance only if they translate the heart's intention — the yearning of the human spirit to compass and express faith and hope and love.

Without this intention, the gift is bare, and the celebration a touch of tinsel, and the time without meaning.

As these attributes, exemplifying the divine spark in mankind, informed the first Christmas and have survived the onslaughts of relentless time, so do they shine untarnished in this present Year of our Lord.

Faith and hope and love, which

cannot be bought or sold or bartered but only given away, are the well-springs, firm and deep, of Christmas celebration.

These are the gifts without price, the ornaments incapable of imitation, discovered only within oneself and therefore unique. They are not always easy to come by, but they are in unlimited supply, ever in the province of all.

This Christmas:

- Mend a quarrel.
- Seek out a forgotten friend.
- Dismiss suspicion, and replace it with trust.
- Write a love letter.
- Share some treasure.
- Give a soft answer.
- Encourage youth.
- Manifest your loyalty in word and deed.
- Keep a promise.
- Find the time.
- Forgo a grudge.
- Forgive an enemy.
- Listen.
- Apologize if you were wrong.
- Try to understand.
- Flout envy.
- Examine your demands on others.
- Think first of someone else.
- Appreciate.
- Be kind; be gentle.

- Laugh a little.
- Laugh a little more.
- Deserve confidence.
- Take up arms against malice.
- Decry complacency.
- Express your gratitude.
- Go to church.
- Welcome a stranger.
- Gladden the heart of a child.
- Take pleasure in the beauty and wonder of the earth.
- Speak your love.
- Speak it again.
- Speak it still once again.

These are but inklings of a vast category; a mere scratching of the surface. They are simple things; you have heard them all before; but their influence has never been measured.

Christmas is celebration, and there is no celebration that compares with the realization of its true meaning — with the sudden stirring of the heart that has extended itself toward the core of life.

Then, only then, is it possible to grasp the significance of that first Christmas — to savor in the inward ear the wild, sweet music of the angel choir; to envision the star-struck sky, and glimpse, behind the eyelids, the ray of light that fell athwart a darkened path and changed the world.

—From *Friendly Words and Golden Thoughts*

THE FAMILY CIRCUS

By Bil and Jeff Keane



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Temple Baptist Church

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Congratulations!!!

December Birthdays

1 Robroy Wilday	4 Vickie Benefield	10 Patsy Alexander	23 Lynn Williams
1 Shady Willis	4 Patricia Edington	11 Ayres Bradford	24 Greg McCarter
1 Suzy Blackwelder	6 Beverly Adams	13 Don Beasley	24 Doris Woodard
2 Tom Thompson	6 Bruce Carter	13 Gloria Frasier	24 Terri Johnson
2 John Corley	6 Bill Colvin	13 Judy Mitcham	25 Emma Lou Beard
2 Virginia Ham	6 Liz Hood	15 Peggy Fallin	25 Kathryn Foster
3 Rodney Fuqua	7 Patrick Cone	16 Mike Stone	26 Bill Attebery
3 Marianna Cooper	7 Suzanne McCarter	17 Woodie Cooper	26 Wayne Causey
3 Jerry Owen	8 Connie Turner	18 Charles Alexander	28 Bill Albritton
3 Dianne Williams	9 Donnie Barmore	20 Carol Shadoin	
3 Warren Post	9 Jerry Smith	21 Susan Moss	

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).