



# Senior Heartbeat



TEMPLE  
BAPTIST CHURCH  
COME GATHER AROUND THE WORD

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## Piano-organ program scheduled for luncheon

By Dale Oden

O, the weather outside has been frightful but the fire inside has been delightful!

The past few weeks have certainly been uncharacteristic for our area.

It even caused us to cancel the January luncheon on Tuesday, Jan. 16, and the Wednesday evening activities on Jan. 17.

But we can be thankful that it was not as bad as it could have been. We all managed to stay safe

and warm.

I had contacted Walter Allen, who was to be our speaker for the luncheon to let him know about the cancellation.

He was sorry to miss being able to speak to our group. He will be able to come for our luncheon on Tuesday, April 17.

Our luncheon for this month will be on Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 11:45 a.m. in the Fellowship Hall.

Come join us for a time of delicious

food and fellowship around the tables.

Following our meal, we will move over to the Sanctuary for our program. Barbara Washington and Margie Hearn will provide special music for us.

Barbara will play the organ and Margie will play the piano. Plus we will all join in singing on a couple of hymns.

It ought to be an inspiring time!

In a few weeks, we will begin the sign-up for our Fall

trip to attend the Celebrators Conference in Pigeon Forge.

It is scheduled for Oct. 19-25.

I am planning for us to leave on Friday, Oct. 19, and spend a couple of days in the Asheville, N.C., area before going over to Pigeon Forge on Monday, Oct. 22, for the conference.

Be watching for the brochure with all the details.

Several have asked me if we are going to Branson sometime this year. We can schedule it if there is enough interest in such a trip.

There is a new show, "Samson," at the Sight and Sound

Theater that begins this Spring.

The trip would have to be later this year since our trip to the Holy Land is next month.

Please let me know you might like to go to Branson.

It is hard to believe that another year has come and gone.

As we begin February, I always remember that this is the month that we moved to Ruston and began our ministry here at Temple Baptist Church.

Thank you for allowing me to serve our Lord through this great church! You folks are the best.

## He was a last-minute arrival

A fellow finds himself in front of the Pearly Gates. St. Peter explains that it's not easy to get into heaven.

There are some criteria that must be met before entry is allowed. For example, was the man a church-goer or religious? No?

St. Peter told him that's bad.

Was he generous, giving money to the poor or to charities? No?

St. Peter told him that that, too, was bad.

Did he do any good deeds, such as helping his neighbor? Anything? No?

St. Peter was becoming concerned. Exasperated, the saint

says, "Look, everybody does something nice some time. Work with me, here! I'm trying to help. Now think!"

The man thinks for a minute, then says, "Well, I did help this old lady once. I came out of a store and saw that a dozen Hell's Angels had taken her purse and were shoving her around. I threw my bags down and got her purse back, then I told the biggest biker there that he was cowardly and I spat in his face."

"Wow," said St. Peter, "That's impressive! When did this happen?"

"Oh, about 15 minutes ago," replied the man.

—From Fred Benefield





## Chuckle Corner

A Wednesday night church service coincided with the last day of the hunting season in Louisiana.

The pastor asked who had bagged a deer. No one raised a hand.

Puzzled, the pastor said, "I don't get it. Last Sunday many of you said you were missing because of the hunting season. I had the whole congregation pray for your deer."

One hunter groaned, "Well, it worked. They're all safe."



British humor: As the coffin was being lowered into the ground at a parking ticket officer's funeral, a voice shouted from the coffin, "I'm not dead! I'm not dead! Let me out!"

The vicar smiled, leaned forward, and replied: "Too late, mate, the paperwork's already done."



An ant colony is every bit as complex and organized as human society. In fact it is more organized, because there are no teenagers.

— From *The Joyful Newsletter*

## Billy Sunday hated sin

Billy Sunday, the man who galvanized religion into an active force against social evils, was one of the most colorful characters ever to move across the American scene. Several generations of Americans have come and gone since his name was a household word.

Rev. Sunday, the baseball evangelist and reformer, never spared himself nor those he wanted to help in the vigor of his attacks on sin. He thundered against evil from the Gay Nineties through the Great Depression. He preached Christ as the only answer to man's needs until his death in 1935.

"I'm against sin," he said. "I'll kick it as long as I've got a foot, and I'll fight it as long as I've got a fist. I'll butt it as long as I've got a head. I'll bite it as long as I've got a tooth. When I'm old and fistless and footless and toothless, I'll gum it 'till I go home to Glory and it goes home to perdition!"

—From *The Sword Scrapbook*

## No Time Like the Old Time by Oliver Wendell Holmes

*There is no time like the old time, when you and  
I were young,  
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of  
spring-time sung!  
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns  
are nursed,  
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers  
that opened first!*

*There is no place like the old place, where you and  
I were born,  
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors  
of the morn  
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,  
from the clinging arms that bore,  
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will  
look on us no more!*

*There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared  
our morning days,  
No greeting like his welcome, no homage  
like his praise:  
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy  
crown of gold;  
But friendship is the breathing rose, with  
sweets in every fold.*

*There is no love like the old love, that we courted  
in our pride;  
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and  
we're fading side by side,  
There are blossoms all around us with the  
colors of our dawn,  
And we live in borrowed sunshine when  
the day-star is withdrawn.*

*There are no times like the old times — they shall  
never be forgot!  
There is no place like the old place — keep  
green the dear old spot!  
There are no friends like our old friends — may  
Heaven prolong their lives!  
There are no loves like our old loves — God  
bless our loving wives!*

# 'Sometimes a little ice cream is good for the soul'

A woman took her 5-year-old son into a restaurant for lunch. The boy asked to say grace.

"God is good. God is great. Thank you for the food we eat, and I would even thank you more if Mom gets me ice cream for dessert. Amen."

Most of the nearby customers laughed, but the boy overheard a woman complaining.

"That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Can you imagine asking

God for ice cream?"

The boy burst into tears. An elderly man nearby approached the table and told the boy, "I'm sure God thought that was a great prayer. Too bad that woman never asked God for ice cream. Sometimes a little ice cream is good for the soul."

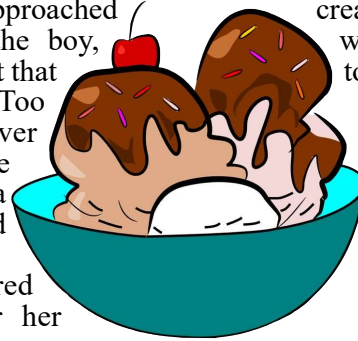
The mother ordered some ice cream for her

son.

But the boy picked up his ice cream and took it over to the woman's table and gave it to her.

"This is for you," he said, smiling. "Ice cream is good for the soul sometimes, and my soul is good already."

—From *The Joyful Noiseletter*



# 'I love you, Mommy' makes up for a lot

By: Rev. Paul Lintern

Robin McAlister was having, not a bad day, a mom day. She had awakened as she always did, with a determination that her three-and-a-half-year-old Tyler would not get the best of her with his busyness and curiosity.

Although Daddy played with Tyler and helped to get him up and ready in the morning, he always seemed relieved to be driving downtown to the meat-grinder on the 15th-floor finance company, leaving Robin to create strategies to entertain, educate, nourish and contain her Tyler.

It was February, with enough cold and snow to keep them inside. Tyler had emptied the building blocks bin, unkept the stuffed animals shelves, dismantled the game rack and stripped the bed to make a fort over

the couch.

Were it not for the one mom-approved channel of nonstop children's video on the cable, Tyler would have not slowed at all, but finally, he settled to watch and all was quiet.

Too quiet.

Suddenly, Robin recognized the sound of silence and what that could mean with a pre-pre-schooler.

She walked around and suddenly spotted her blond-haired superhero sitting on the dining room table, surrounded by a smear of school glue, paper shreds, crayons and a pair of scissors.

She screamed his name and rushed toward the little demon who had finally broken the camel's back of motherly tolerance.

His eyes widened as he saw disci-

pline rushing toward him like a mighty wind.

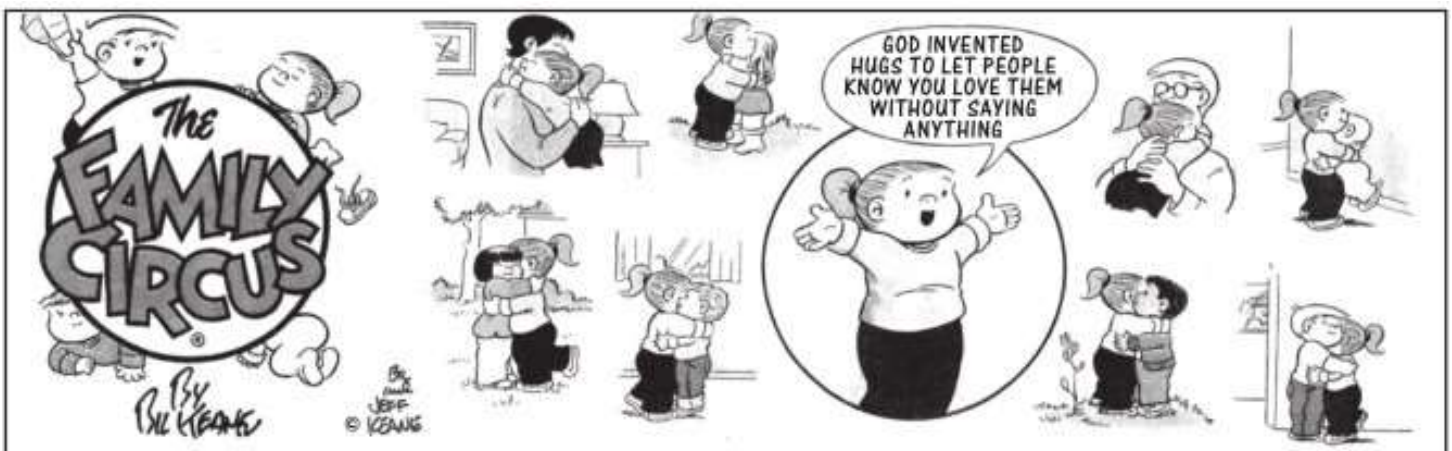
As Robin was about to grab Tyler off the table, he handed her a piece of red construction paper, crudely pasted on a doily. It had the letters "I" and "U" with a heart in between, as Robin had shown him an hour before on her phone. (The phone was now covered with gluey fingerprints and sitting in the middle of the table.)

"I love you, Mommy."

The squeeze that Robin gave her little boy as she hugged him and pulled him off the table was mostly about love, and being thankful for a good story she would get to tell her husband when he bravely returned home.

And a little about wishing he hadn't gooped up the phone!

—From *The Joyful Noiseletter*



# Temple Baptist Church

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## Congratulations!!!

### February Birthdays

- |    |                 |    |                    |    |                     |
|----|-----------------|----|--------------------|----|---------------------|
| 1  | Cindy Burns     | 10 | Pat Dickson        | 20 | Tommy Gregory       |
| 1  | Mike Collie     | 10 | Janece Miller      | 20 | Sue Moore           |
| 2  | Virgil Orr      | 12 | Randy McWhorter    | 20 | Harold Naff         |
| 2  | Harold Shrell   | 13 | Wayne Parks        | 22 | Zilla Cone          |
| 2  | Ivin Hood       | 14 | Carolyn Fleming    | 22 | Kay Lynn Tettleton  |
| 3  | Carole Elkins   | 14 | Jim Watkins        | 23 | Nita Mobley         |
| 3  | Susan Stutson   | 14 | Lynne Pippen       | 24 | Becky Strozier      |
| 4  | Beth Riley      | 16 | Robert Hearn       | 24 | Beverly Beasley     |
| 5  | Kay Naff        | 17 | Rita Belding       | 25 | Reagan Sutton       |
| 5  | Janie Cherry    | 17 | Howard Whitlock    | 26 | Jeraldine Tolar     |
| 6  | Alice Brazzel   | 18 | Fredric Hoogland   | 26 | Nelda Neal          |
| 6  | Shirley Pesnell | 18 | Mary Beth McCullen | 27 | Claudette Christian |
| 6  | Jackie Robbins  | 18 | Mary Jane Rogers   | 27 | Billie Dawkins      |
| 9  | Pat Tippit      | 19 | Cindy Austin       | 27 | Dottie Ferrington   |
| 10 | Rusty Mabry     | 19 | Linda Evans        | 28 | Phillip Washington  |

### February Anniversaries

- |    |                                 |    |                                 |
|----|---------------------------------|----|---------------------------------|
| 1  | Joy and Leonard Faulkner (1956) | 17 | Jean and Ronnie Cole (1968)     |
| 3  | Patsy and Wayne Causey (1956)   | 21 | Joyce and Reagan Sutton (1958)  |
| 7  | Hilda and Mack Estes (1970)     | 26 | Mary and Billy Wilkinson (1960) |
| 14 | Louise and Bud Alexander (1959) |    |                                 |