



Wishing You All A Christmas Filled  
With LOVE

# The Lamplighter

Volume 17 Issue 12  
December 2001

## Heart to Heart

By Pastor Richard Wright

### Inside This Issue:

Pastor Appreciation Weekend	2
Puzzler Page	3
Past, Present, Future	4
Tomorrow's Thanksgiving	5
Editor's Comments	8
December Calendar	9
Hello Friends	10

I have an idea that the celebration of Christmas this year will take on a greater significance and have more meaning for a lot of people. Because of the recent tragedies our country has faced there is a closeness to God that we haven't seen in a long time. Let's hope that continues after the crises is over.

For those of us who are Christians, the birth of Christ should always be important to us. When we think of what Christ gave up for us to come to this world to be born in a manger, we wonder at His unconditional love. So when we give gifts this year, let's not forget to give to Christ who has given so much for us. All He wants are our hearts and all we need is Him. When we accept Him as our Savior we have the greatest gift that heaven could give. With the gift of Jesus comes other gifts; peace, joy, salvation, eternal life, a home in heaven. Gifts that are everlasting, gifts that will

never pass away, or be put away. Gifts that are priceless because they were bought with the blood of Jesus Christ. Luke 2:14 says, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

We can sing praises to God now for the gift of Christ and be assured that soon there will be peace forevermore because of what He has done and will do.

May God bless each one of you as you celebrate Christmas. My wife and I want to wish you all the best and we thank God for such a wonderful church family.

Merry Christmas to you all.



"Today your Savior was born in David's town. He is Christ, the Lord. This is how you will know him: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a feeding box."  
Luke 2:11-12

## Pastor Appreciation Weekend

October 27th, The Woodstock church celebrated Pastor Appreciation Weekend. It totally caught our pastor by surprise. Pastor Richard Wright was abruptly interrupted by the whole congregation as he went about his duties as a minister that particular Sabbath morning. Many from the congregation spoke of how his leadership has touched their lives. So much was mentioned of his home visits and how much it meant for each individual to have him there in their time of sickness, discouragement, or of their need for spiritual guidance and prayer. A sum of money was raised for a weekend away for the pastor and his wife. May God bless our pastor and all pastors who are leading congregations nationwide toward the gospel of Christ.



## YOUR HELP IS NEEDED!!

The family of Dora Hadley Hazelton is compiling a book about her life. We would appreciate any anecdotes (long or short) that anyone could write about her. Thank you!

Laurie Wilson & Martha Hadley

## Answers to Bible Books Puzzle

*The Challenge: There are 24 books of the bible to find this time. One appears twice. See how many you can find. Keep in mind that each book name could span several words and disregard all punctuation and spaces.*

*I recently made a challenging **remark** about the hidden books of the Bible in this paragraph. I asked if my friends could find all twenty-four hidden names. They thought this exercise was a **lulu** - kept them **looking** seriously for over an hour. Some became frustrated and began to **act** **silly**. But my friend **Daniel** found even the hardest ones quickly, as though they were **revelations** springing forth from **answers** he said he found **those** after prayer. **Yes, there** are some really easy ones to spot, but some participants required **judges** to help them find the last few. Some got into a **jam**, especially since the names of the books were not capitalized. One got out of his **jam**, ostensibly by examining all the word **gaps**. **Alms** were given by some for assistance, for the **truth** is that **numbers** of participants found it to be a tedious and frustrating **job**. I will quickly admit **it** usually takes a minister to find one of them - and there will be loud **lamentations** when it is found. Some people look for the first letter of a book throughout the paragraph, say the letter "j." "Oh, nobody finds that one," we cried when **Joel** discovered his last and finished first. Jen said **she brews** an espresso for challenges like this. Can you **compete**? **Relax**, I'm sure you'll find all twenty-four books of the Bible in this paragraph. Whether you are from **Guatemala**, **Chicago**, **Frankfort** or **Tel Aviv**, this word search can be **a most** fascinating adventure. And biblical too, for **NOTHING** in the Bible is unimportant!*

### Who Am I??

1. I retired when I was in my 30's
2. I love to tell stories
3. My family was very non-traditional
4. I'm a people person but I do like my solitary moments
5. I wasn't born in the hospital

*Answer to this month's on page 4*

Last Month's "Who Am I" was  
Bill Wisnosky



### Christmas Caroling

December 21<sup>st</sup>, Meet at  
Thurlow Hall, 6 pm.  
(Church Family Welcome!)

December 22<sup>nd</sup>, Meeting  
Place and Time to be  
announced in upcoming

church bulletin. Hot drinks, popcorn and games  
to follow at Frank & Christie Hodson's place.

(Frank & Winnie's former residence)



## Past, Present, Future

By Lorena Faye Wilson



We all have memories that come to mind at this time of year of those we've loved and held most dear coming home for the holidays or memories of we ourselves going home. There is a type of home that has been dubbed the "Tin Can", and back in 1917, the "Tin Can Tourist of the World" was organized at Tampa, Florida, and as it became more and more popular to own one of these trailers some folks were afraid that far to many would forget the true meaning of home. "Home" means different things to different people and many things to many people. Going "home" might be where you live now or where you grew up or

in a broader sense of meaning one's country or nation. Wherever home is to each of us those places hold memories of the past. Now we can enjoy making new ones for the future until that time when He says "Welcome Home". Then we will be home at last!!



## Forestdale Turns "69" Years Old!!!!

On the 6<sup>th</sup> of December, Forestdale will celebrate its 69<sup>th</sup> birthday! The school started on this date in 1932 and has been in continuous operation ever since.

This past month we held parent-teacher conferences and collected canned food for the needy. We baked cookies for thanksgiving baskets and visited the Ledgeview residence. We had a fun day after school for the young ones and a Thanksgiving banquet for our grandparents. We delivered baskets/boxes of food to needy homes. We gave money for the children of NYC. We also continued to learn about the basics of math, reading, and writing of course.

Perhaps the highlight for most students this past month was the grade 3-9 overnight trip to Massachusetts. There we ate at AUC café with former Forestdale students now attending this college. We toured the campus and played in their gym. The following day we went to Old Sturbridge Village, an 1820-1840's reconstructed village, live with actors that portray the time period. We asked the parson if he had heard of William Miller, we were amazed at the farmer who made pottery, we discovered what it was like for girls on wash day. We had great weather and a very good time. Katrina Mason deserves the award for packing the lightest!

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of December an evaluation of our school will take place. Mrs. Trudy Wright and others from around the conference will look over the school and assess how we are doing and what we can do to make our school better. Again, this year we are raising money for prison ministries and are continuing our prayer partner program. The 5-6<sup>th</sup> graders, who have been studying about rocks and minerals, will be going on a tour at Perhams soon. Don't miss our cantata this year. It will be presented Friday evening and Saturday morning, December 14-15.

We thank you for your prayers and support.

Mr. Stahl

Teacher at Forestdale SDA School



ANSWER TO DECEMBER'S "WHO AM I" IS "JESUS, THE SON OF GOD"

# TOMORROW'S THANKSGIVING

By Burna Wilson

Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, and that is the time  
 When we gather with friends and with families to dine  
 The dishes are sparkling, the silverware gleaming  
 The rolls have been baked and the pudding is steaming  
 We'll bring out the fixings, and bring out the roast  
 and the taste-tempting foods that we all like the most  
 There'll be onions and squash and potato and peas

Cranberries, celery, and turnip and cheese  
 Each person will gaze at his favorite pie  
 Lined up with the others in splendor nearby  
 We'll pause to say grace (I should hope that we do)  
 And maybe give thanks for a blessing or two  
 Bestowed upon us in the year that has passed  
 Before we sit down to our annual feast

Good food is delightful. Good friends I adore.  
 But shouldn't Thanksgiving Day mean something more?  
 Do we truly feel grateful for God's special care?  
 Do we seek for some way, those blessings to share?  
 Do we think of that banquet we're asked to attend?  
 Are we planning to go and inviting a friend?

The table prepared will be many miles long  
 The background music will be angel's song  
 The food will be special, the fellowship sweet  
 And we can bow down at His visible feet  
 To offer our thanks for the sacrifice rare  
 That paid for our seat at that table so fair  
 And the power and guidance that, day after day  
 has steadied our feet on the Heaven bound way



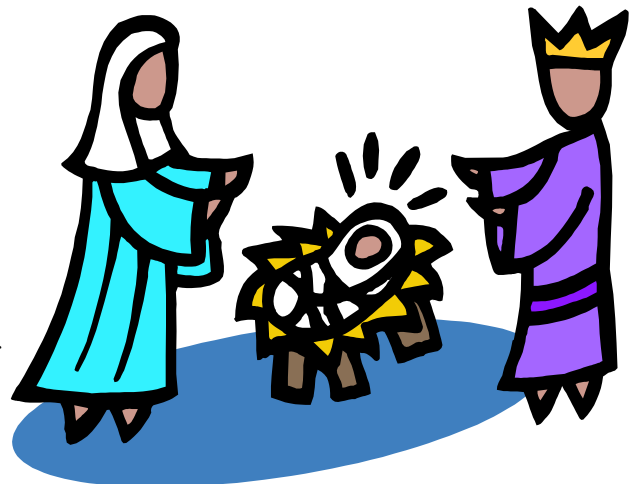
So spread out the table, and spread out the food  
 And gather around it in true gratitude  
 Celebrate with your family and friends all about  
 But be careful you don't leave your DEAREST Friend out





## InnKeeper's Tale

They think I'm some kind of cruel, heartless landlord. Someone must have told them that. But they're wrong, just plain wrong, and it's time to set the record straight, once and for all. People say I'm an innkeeper. I suppose you'd call it an inn. To us it's just a big house. My grandfather, Joshua ben-Yahoudi, built it back when his trading business was at a peak. And he built it big enough to fit all fourteen kids. Well, a few years ago, the missus and I were just rattling around in that big house--kids grown up and all--and we were thinking, maybe we could take in a few travelers. Rachel has always been mighty good in the kitchen, so we just let out word that we'd take people in, and they started to come. Every night we'd have a person or two, sometimes more. People would always come back when they came to town again, intent on another bowl of Rachel's lamb stew. Then came that blankety-blank census the governor thought up. Taxation, pure and simple! People from all over the province flooded into town that week. Filled us clean up. Rachel and I slept in the main room where we always do, and we started putting guests in the other three rooms. They kept coming. Then we doubled up two or three families to a room. They kept coming. Finally, when we had filled the main room with four families plus Rachel and me, we started turning people away. I must have gotten in and out of bed ten times that night, stumbling over bodies to get to the door. "No more room, sorry folks. No more room. Come back in the morning. We have a couple of families leaving then." They'd mutter something and head back to their party, and sleep somewhere next to a house under the shelter of a blanket. I just couldn't make any more room. That's the honest truth. But I did make room for one more couple. Joseph was a burly man with big arms and strong hands, down from Nazareth, I think he said. He wouldn't take "no" for an answer. I would say, "No, I'm sorry," and he'd tell me about his "little Mary." Well, when I saw "little Mary" she wasn't very little. She was just about as pregnant as a woman can get, and awfully pale. While Joseph was pleading, I saw her grab her tummy in pain, and I knew I couldn't let her have that baby outside in the wind and sleet. The barn. That would just have to do, I told myself, and led them and their donkey out back. Now it was pretty crowded, so I shooed several animals into the pen outside to make room in one dry corner. Joseph said, "We sure are grateful, sir." Then with a serious look, he asked me, "Do you know where I can find a midwife in these parts? We might need her tomorrow or the next day." That man didn't know much about having babies, it was plain enough to see. I ran to Aunt Sarah's house and pounded on the door until her husband came. "One of the travelers is having a baby," I told him. "I'll wait while Aunt Sarah gets dressed." I stopped a moment to catch my breath. "And tell her to hurry." By the time we got back to the barn, Joseph had "little Mary" settled on some soft, clean hay, wrapped up in a blanket, wiping the perspiration off her brow, and was speaking softly to her as she fought the waves of pain. Aunt Sarah sent me to get my Rachel, and then pushed Joseph and me out of the barn. "This ain't no place for men," she said. We waited just outside in the shelter of the barn for hours, it seemed like. Well, all of a sudden, we hear a little cry. "You've got a baby boy," Aunt Sarah was saying as we peeped around the corner. She hands the young-un to Rachel, and she wraps it up in those swaddling bands she had saved. Cute little thing, I tell you. Well, Joseph goes over to Mary and gives her a big hug, and a kiss on the cheek, and Rachel hands Mary the baby, and then comes over to me and takes my hand. "Remember when our Joshua was born?" she whispers. The lantern was blowing almost out, the cattle were lowing softly, and baby Jesus was asleep in his mother's arms. That's how I left them as I walked Aunt Sarah home. Chilly wind, though the sleet had stopped. By the time I got back, Rachel was in bed, and I was about ready to put out the light, step over sleeping bodies, and get under the warm covers, when I heard some murmuring out by the barn. I'd better check, I told myself. When I peeped in, I saw shepherds. Raggedy, smelly old shepherds were kneeling down on the filthy barn floor as if they were praying. The oldest one was saying something to Joseph about angels and the Messiah. And the rest of them just knelt there with their heads bowed, some with tears running down their faces. I coughed out loud, and Joseph looked up. I was almost ready to run those thieving shepherds off, when Joseph motioned to me with his hand. "It's okay," he whispered. "They've come to see the Christ-baby." The Christ-baby? The Messiah? That was when I knelt, too. And watched, and prayed, and listened to the old shepherd recount his story of angels and heavenly glory, and the sign of a holy baby, wrapped in swaddling bands, to be found in a stable-manger. My Lord,, it was my stable where the Christ-baby was born. My manger he rested in. My straw, my lamp, my wife Rachel assisting at his birth. The shepherds left after a while. Some of them leaned over and kissed the sleeping Christ-child before they departed. I know I did. I'll always be glad I made room in the barn for that family-- that holy family. You see, I'm not some mean inn-keeper. I was there. I saw him. And, you know, years later that boy came back to Bethlehem, this time telling about the Kingdom of God. Oh, I believe in him, I tell you. I was there. And, mark my words, if you'd seen what I've seen, you'd be a believer, too.



## It Depends Who's Hands It's In

A basketball in my hands is worth about \$19

A basketball in Michael Jordan's hands is worth about \$33 million

**It depends whose hands it's in**

A baseball in my hands is worth about \$6

A baseball in Mark McGuire's hands is worth \$19 million

**It depends whose hands it's in**

A tennis racket is useless in my hands

A tennis racket in Pete Sampras' hands is a Wimbledon Championship

**It depends whose hands it's in**

A rod in my hands will keep away a wild animal

A rod in Moses' hands will part the mighty sea

**It depends whose hands it's in**

A sling shot in my hands is a kid's toy

A sling shot in David's hand is a mighty weapon.

**It depends whose hands it's in**

Two fish and 5 loaves of bread in my hands is a couple of fish sandwiches.

Two fish and 5 loaves of bread in God's hands will feed thousands

**It depends whose hands it's in**

Nails in my hands might produce a birdhouse

Nails in Jesus Christ's hands will produce salvation for the entire world.

**It depends whose hands it's in**

As you see now it depends whose hands it's in.

So put your concerns, your worries, your fears, your hopes, your dreams, your families and your relationships in God's hands because

**It depends whose hands it's in.**



**Forestdale School Children will be collecting a  
Love Offering for Prison Ministries  
on December 22, 2001  
Consider donating for this cause.**

## In My Humble Opinion

Thoughts Expressed By Lamplighter Editor, Christie Hodson

Of all the holidays celebrated, Christmas is indeed my most favorite. I don't know if it's the music, the lights, the family getting together or just the overall ambiance of the season. As a child it was indeed the gifts that drew the most excitement. Unwrapping a gift that you'd looked forward to and wanted was the highlight of the day. As I've gotten older the excitement for the gifts has been replaced with the need for togetherness. As a child and even as a young Christian, it's much the same way. We need a lot. We need information to answer our questions, attention to soothe our insecurities, assurance to calm our fears. As we grow in the Lord we realize that our wants being met are not what will bring us the most lasting joy and peace, but rather meeting the needs of others. The biggest gift we can give, that others need, is love, True love, Agape love. Love is the base for the Gospel of Christ and is the greatest gift given to us by our Savior, Jesus Christ. Our definition of human love usually comes with conditions or with the pressure to give people what they want. Both involve self and our individual wants. Both will ultimately bring no lasting joy. Commercialization of Christmas has ruined Christmas for many. The wants of the stores to make money has played right into the wants of the consumers to buy for others, what they think their friends and family want. Want, want, want. If we're all getting what we think we need why are so many still left wanting? Webster's first definition of want is "to be needy and destitute". Our selfish natures and our supposed need to have the things we want sets us up to be needy and destitute of something. Both God and satan know this. The result; A Savior and a deceiver. The road of deceit and want is a much easier and more natural path because of our selfish nature. The way of grace and love is unnatural to us and a much more difficult path. For we find it hard to imagine such an unconditional love exists. There is also a drastic difference between the two. One offers death, the other life eternal. As we enter this holiday season may we not be so consumed with selfish want. That want will only leave us to being needy and destitute for the lies of the deceiver. But may we want the love of Christ in our lives, and be needy and destitute for His salvation, grace and love. May love reign in our hearts for our Savior and for our fellow man. Light a candle of love for each other this season and beyond. May our natural tendencies to want leave us needy and destitute for a Savior who's birth was the greatest gift we were ever given. I thank you all as you've helped me through this first year as Lamplighter Editor. My prayer for each of you is that you choose Christ this day and every day. Take the unnatural path of agape love for it leads to the Savior who promises to return soon to take us home, to a place where every day will be like Christmas. Happy Holidays!

---

## Light A Candle

By Christian Recording Artists—Avalon

Light a Candle for the old man who sits staring at a frosty window pane.  
 Light a candle for the woman who is lonely and every Christmas is the same.  
 For the children who need more than presents can bring.  
 Light a candle, Light the dark, Light the world, Light a heart or two.  
 Light a candle for me, I'll light a candle for you

Light a candle, for the homeless and the hungry a little shelter from the cold  
 Light a candle, for the broken and forgotten. may the season warm the soul.  
 Can we open our hearts to shine through the dark.  
 Light a candle Light the dark, Light the world, Light a heart or two.  
 Light a candle for me, I'll light a candle for you.

And in this special time of year,  
 May peace on earth surround us here and teach us there's a better way to live  
 Oh every everything that burns we must somehow learn  
 That Love is the greatest gift that we could ever give.  
 Light a candle, Light the dark, Light the world Light a heart or two.  
 Light a candle for me, I'll light a candle for you.

---



# December 2001

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 * - Deadline to order 2002 devotional books B - Gary Austin B - Irwinna Smith
2	3	4	5	6 B - Karen DePaula B - Jane Roberts B - Cleo Ryerson	7 B - Jim Mason Jr.	8 B - Lyndon Mason B - Christie Hodson
9 B - Rachel Grover	10 * - School Board Mtg- 6pm * - Church Board Mtg- 7pm Both @ Ledgview	11	12 B - Kerry Strong	13 A - Kevin & Natasha Hodson B - Laurie Wilson B - Paul Benson	14	15 * - Church Potluck @- Thurlow Hall
16	17	18	19 B - Danny Hume B - Stephen Penney	20 B - Alex Poland	21 * - Caroling - Meet at Thurlow Hall - 6 pm	22 A - Bill & Leanna Wisnosky A - Daryl & Kerry Strong B - Brian Yap * - Newsletter Deadline * - Christmas Caroling
23 B - Eda Waterhouse	24	25 B - Jesus Christ, our Svaiaour A - Annual Celebration of Jesus' birth * Christmas Day	26 B - Marilyn Wheeler	27 B - Penny Taylor	28	29 B - Chris Penney B - Leanna Wisnosky B - Aaron Wiggin
30 A - Randy & Tia Gladden	31 B - Roni Grover Jr. B - Peter Gleason Sr. B - Christopher Wilday					

A = Anniversary

B = Birthday

\* = Event

Woodstock SDA Church  
Perkins Valley Road  
Bryant Pond, Maine 04219

We're On The Web  
[www.woodstockchurch.com](http://www.woodstockchurch.com)

## Hello Friends

By Laurie Wilson

As I was reading my devotional book this morning, I was in awe of how it described me and maybe others in the same shoes. The title was "Chosen". I just had to read it twice. the second time to my husband as we both related to this story in school and even sometimes today.

In high school physical education, my husband and I had always experienced the team "boo's" or maybe I should say "blues" as we were eventually chosen to serve on their so-called best team. Actually we wanted to run far way when the time came for the captain to call us as he sent us over with an unneeded shrug and sigh that told you and everyone else that he will take you if he has to. (We were always last anyways!) How it hurt!!!! If only the highest in class or even your friends that were always there for you would have understood! To be "chosen". We realize now that it was

all the growing experiences like a lot of the experiences that we face today. With those experiences in mind that lead us to change our attitudes. We can be truly thankful that we don't have to prove a thing to Jesus to be chosen by Him. We already are children of the King. We don't have to be the best in sports, the skinniest, best dressed, etc. to suit Him right? It feels great to be chosen and my heart swells with pride to know the Captain calls me always to be on His awesome team! Doesn't yours?

***"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you... I have chosen you out of the world. John 15:16-19***