

**Christmas Morn  
-Claire Nixon**

**Cold frosty mornings  
Ice on window pain  
Huddle under coats  
keep the warmth in  
Tiptoe down the stairs  
all quiet and hushed  
barge through the door  
to see what's waiting for us.  
A Christmas tree sparkling,  
multi coloured lights,  
large shiny baubles, and  
an angel smiling with delight.  
Paper chains, garlands  
bells, stars and balloons  
dangling from the ceiling.  
Pine from the tree,  
fresh cooked bread, cakes,  
jam tarts and scones,  
these are the scents waiting for us.  
A coal fire burning  
warmth is in our hearts  
singing along to carols  
on this cold and frosty morning.  
This day may not be THE day,  
but it is deep down in our hearts**

**Hello Ladies,**

**I am glad that you are enjoying the Heart to Heart Newsletter. We are advancing into the modern age. If you would like to receive this newsletter in your e-mail as a PDF document instead of receiving it through the mail, we would be happy to do that for you.**

**Please send us your e-mail address. Our e-mail has been set up exclusively for Heart to Heart. [hearttoheartnews16@gmail.com](mailto:hearttoheartnews16@gmail.com).**

**You will begin receiving your newsletter in your e-mail the next time we print. If, however, you want to continue to receive the newsletter the way you have been you don't need to do anything.**

**Thank you,  
Dianna Davis  
Newsletter Coordinator**

## Sherry's Book Corner

Hello ladies. Just in time for the holidays! At first I was going to share with you a Christmas novel, but when I came across this delightful cookbook it won over. When Randy and I first got married my mom gave us a Betty Crocker cookbook. I wore that copy out and I am now using the one she purchased for herself. The title of this book is what caught my attention. Every holiday is covered for holiday food and fun.

I also enjoyed the gift ideas and the lovely centerpieces that were shown. For those of you out there who may be room mothers for your children's classroom you will like the ideas given. They are simple to make, and sure to please. Whatever you want to celebrate you have plenty of recipes and projects to choose from.

May all of you and your families have a blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In Him,

Sherry Kline Bolitho

### Adult Book:

Title: Betty Crocker Celebrate! A Year-Round Guide to Holiday Food and Fun

Publisher: Wiley Publishing, Inc.

Price: Not listed

Complete holiday menus will make cooking a breeze. There are 140 recipes at your fingertips. Your family will remember these meals for years to come when you use this cookbook. Betty Crocker tests every recipe in America's Most Trusted Kitchens. The full color photographs invite you to put something on your table to put a little spark in your holiday cooking or baking. And I'm sure the gift ideas when given will be received with joy. Kid-friendly dishes are also highlighted.

Hi kids.

I know many of you like to bake and cook, so this book is for you! I was very impressed with the layout of this cookbook. You may ask, what does Sur la Table mean? Sur la Table offers culinary tools and cooking classes made just for kids. The original store and headquarters are in Seattle, WA. The author of this book has been a pastry chef and baking teacher for over 20 years.

This cookbook is fun; the recipes are easy to make and very eye catching. The author's daughter, Bella, plays a big role in this book. I have my eye on the pumpkin gingerbread cake that can be found on page 89. I liked what Bella said about this cake. "This cake always makes me think of snuggling in front of the fire on a cold night. It's easy to whip up when you get the craving because you just stir everything by hand."

Have fun girls! Your family will enjoy your thoughtfulness and help in the kitchen.

In Him,

Sherry Kline Bolitho

### Children's Book:

Title: Baking Kids Love – Sur la Table

By: Cindy Mushet

Publisher: Andrew McMeel Publishing

Price: \$20.00

Age group: 10-adult

Everything you need is listed in this kid friendly cookbook. Everything is made with love and a lot of fun. The tips you learn now may just last you until you have a kitchen of your very own. You will learn how to make 30 kid-approved recipes designed for kids ages 6 to adult.

SONGS WE LOVE  
by Ruth Warren

As the Thanksgiving holiday approaches, this is a wonderful song to think about. **Count Your Blessings** was written by Johnson Oatman, Jr. born in New Jersey in 1856. As a small boy, he loved his father's singing so much that as a child he would stand in the pews listening and trying to emulate his father. His father was a merchant and Johnson joined his father after he graduated school. This hindered his desire to work for the Lord. He told his father his decision to leave the store and soon after entered the ministry where he was ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Again, his ministry at his church hindered his desire to serve the Lord so he decided to travel from church to church spreading the word. Eventually at 36, he found an outlet that seemed to satisfy him: he could preach to millions by means of sermons in songs.

Stanza 1 of his song sees our lives as if it were an ocean with many troubles and discouragement. Stanza 2 refers to us as we are going through many troubles and we begin to doubt in the goodness of God. Stanza 3 warns us about our coveting those around us who seems to have more than us. Stanza 4 shows us that life itself is a conflict--sometimes great, sometimes small. But through it all, he tells us not to be discouraged that God is over all. How we center our thoughts on our life's situations, whether on God or ourselves will tell us if we have a happy life or not.

The music to this song was composed by Edwin Othello Excell in 1897. He was born in Stark County, Ohio and went to Mt Union College in Alliance where he graduated. He died in 1921 and was recognized as one of the greatest song leaders of his day.

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed  
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost  
Count your many blessings, name them one by one  
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care  
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bare?  
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly  
And you will be singing as the days go by.

When you look at others with their lands and gold  
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold  
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy  
Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.

So, amid the conflict, whether great or small  
Do not be discouraged, God is over all  
Count your many blessings, angels will attend  
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Chorus:  
Count your blessings, name them one by one,  
Count your blessings, see what God has done,  
Count your blessings, name them one by one,  
Count your many blessings see what God has done.

**Principle #6**  
**Those Who Do Not Love The Lord**  
**Will Not Help You Serve The Lord**

Of all the principles in Reformers Unanimous (RU), Principle #6 is my favorite. It is also my stumbling block. Let's face it, if we are honest we as women have feelings of needing to be loved and somewhat revered. Friends, acquaintances, and strangers are where we tend to get these feelings fulfilled. Do you notice that if you are at a function such as a school function, work party or just lunch with a group of non Christian ladies that you tend to stay away from talking about Jesus, church, or church activities. While you may not drink, cuss, or act crudely you subtly slip into gossip, backbiting, and laughing at inappropriate things said by others. Most of the time I don't even think we realize we are doing those things, because we are focused on "being good" in the worlds eyes. Then there are those times that we do realize we are not standing up for Jesus, but we justify it by telling ourselves this is not the place or there is nothing I can do. Let me tell you of an incident that happened to me a few years ago when I was still working.

The directors were at lunch (in the spring) and we were talking about an upcoming program we were going to have at the YMCA for Easter. I asked if we were going to have the Bunny costume (which is something we always did). And they all said yes, then a director said didn't you know there was a bunny at the crucifixion, laying eggs and hopping along the trail. I was stunned and horrified that she said that, but I said nothing and laughed with everyone else. She had just made light of Jesus' sacrifice. The joke took on a life of its own and became a funny thing they did in meetings making bunny ears and hopping around for months. Do you think the Lord was pleased with me? I don't. I felt sick. I could have described what Jesus did for us, shared the gospel and the TRUE meaning of Easter or at the very least not laughed and gotten up and left, but I went along with the crowd. Whom was I trying to please? Definitely not the Lord.

It was not until I joined RU and started developing a deeper more personal relationship with Jesus that I truly saw the error in my thinking. It sounds so simple, "Those who do not love the Lord will not help you serve the Lord" but it had not clicked with me until then. It encouraged me to be vigilant in my conversations with those who do

not love the Lord. Does this mean we only associate with Christians? Absolutely NOT! If we only hung out with Christians then who would we share the gospel with? How would we be salt and light to the world? It actually showed me the need for soul winning, and helping those that are hurting in and out of the church.

How do you do that? Where do you start? The answer is simple, start with your quiet time. First, have one! Secondly, get into the word, memorize scripture and PRAY! Finally, if available find a bible study, a place to grow in the knowledge of the Lord and fellowship with other believers. I found this at RU. We get into the word, memorize scripture, pray together, for each other and support each other throughout the week. Come and see what we are about and what God can do and will do in, through and for you!

RU meets every Friday evening at 7:00 in the church Fellowship hall.

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Potato Soup

-submitted by Cathy Henry

- 1-30 oz. bag shredded hash browns
- 3-14 oz. cans of chicken broth
- 1-can cream of chicken soup
- 1-8 oz. package of cream cheese

Mix everything together in slow cooker or crock pot, except for the cream cheese. Cook for 6-7 hours, the last hour add the cream cheese to melt it.

(The recipe does not call for potatoes, so I just dice up a few, boil them and add them after the cream cheese melts.)

Cinnamon Roll Pretzels  
Cathy Henry

4 Cups pretzel twists (a heaping cup)

½ C. sugar

¼ teaspoon cinnamon

¼ C. melted butter

Mix cinnamon and sugar together and set aside. Measure pretzels by heaping cupfuls. Melt the butter.

In a large bowl, toss pretzels with the melted butter, then toss in the sugar mixture. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper, lay pretzels in a single layer and bake at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes. Let cool, melt white chocolate and drizzle on pretzels.

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### **The Lost Purse**

**A lady lost her handbag in the bustle of Christmas shopping. It was found by an honest little boy and returned to her. Looking in her purse, she commented, "Hmmm.... That's funny. When I lost my bag there was a \$20 bill in it. Now there are twenty \$1 bills."**

**The boy quickly replied, "That's right, lady. The last time I found a lady's purse, she didn't have any change for a reward."**

Orange Cookies  
Brenda Angelo

2 C. sugar

1 C. butter

3 eggs

2 Tablespoons ground orange peel

2 Tablespoons frozen orange juice

4 teaspoons orange flavoring

1 C. sour milk

1 teaspoon baking soda

4 C. flour

2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream sugar and butter together. Mix in eggs. Add orange peel, orange juice and orange flavoring. Dissolve the baking soda in sour milk, alternately mix in the flour and baking powder. Drop by teaspoon onto a baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes. Frost when cool.

### **Orange Frosting**

2 teaspoons frozen orange juice

2 teaspoons orange flavoring

½ C. shortening

1 C. powdered sugar (if frosting appears to runny, add additional powdered sugar)

## What's Passed?

Recently the IT department of the company I work for sent me an email asking if I had any pictures from the mid 80's of our plant or any associated facilities. They are setting up a new page on the company website and want some historical pictures to post there. It's caused me to think about some of the people and events from that time and even earlier as I've sorted through old pictures. Since I began work with this company just after the fourth of July holiday in 1970, I've seen a lot of people come and go over the years. Early on I worked a night shift with all men. I worked in the office and they worked at loading trucks and cooler work. They were always respectful and full of fun and often did things just to make me laugh. So much time has passed, my memory isn't that good anymore and I can't remember their names or faces but I can remember some events like it was just yesterday. Maybe it's because they made me laugh. There are two incidents in particular that I remember for that very reason.

One incident occurred on a night when I was working, and my job at that time was to prepare handwritten invoices. This was before we had any computers so everything was done by hand. I would take the individual box weights of products and manually calculate the weights and cost per pound to produce an invoice for each customer whose order was loaded on each of the delivery trucks. So, deep in thought and focused on my work, I was not aware of very much of anything going on around me. Since I worked at night, I was alone in the office and it was very quiet. The only sound the clicking of the calculator and scratches of my pen on invoices. My desk sat at a right angle to the wall and a very large window with sliding panels and a narrow counter top was set into that wall. On the other side of my window was a short hallway. On one end was a door where anyone coming from the loading docks would exit and the other end contained the entrance to the office where I was working. Midway of that hall, right outside my window actually, was another hallway at right angles to that short hallway that went to the men's restroom, some other offices and the lunch room.

On this night I was working away and focused on my work when I began to feel that someone was watching me. I looked around the office and yes, I was alone. Then I looked to my left, up and through the window and standing there was three of the dock workers. One had his hands over his eyes, one had his hands over his mouth, and the last had his hands over his ears – just like the monkeys that saw no evil, spoke no evil, nor heard no evil. Of course, I burst out laughing at the sight, just as I was meant to.

The other event took place early into my shift. For a time a young lady, Judy worked a split shift in the office and worked a couple of hours into the beginning of my shift. On this particular night, it was my birthday and Judy had made a birthday cake for me. She wanted to surprise me with it. She asked all the young men there that night to meet her in the lunch room. She planned to have them come with her to the window by my desk and sing happy birthday to me. Well, they did do that but the best part was in their trip from the lunch room to my office. Judy told me later that they did it spontaneously, nothing was planned, but as they left the lunch room with Judy in the lead carrying her cake with the candles burning bright, the guys formed a single file line behind her. What I heard was them doing a shuffling march

while whistling the theme march from the movie "The Bridge on the River Kwai" all the way down two hallways to my window. It was awesome! I knew and liked the movie. It was a British film about soldiers in World War II. I was very impressed, and again it made me laugh at their good natured sense of humor.

Both of these events may seem to anyone else hardly worth remembering all this time later, but I hold them dear, as do I with many others. They hold a special place in my mind and in my heart. Even though I have a hard time remembering the faces and names of these young men that made me laugh so often, I will always remember how they made me feel. They were my friends and they made me feel special, cared about, and they made me laugh. Those feelings are something I don't think I'll ever forget. It's what everyone yearns for – to be made to feel special and cared about. Being able to laugh is just one consequence of the other two. I've had friends like that my whole life - people that come into my life for even a short time but leave behind warm memories long after I've forgotten their name and or their face. I hope I've in turn done the same on my journey through this life.

The bible tells us to love one another as God loves us. If we practice this commandment then we should be leaving a good impression everywhere we go, doing good works that will leave others feeling good, feeling special. Not everyone we meet will be lovable, of course but how you treat them should always be loving even if they are not. Shown love long enough and often enough, the truth of God's love can penetrate even the hardest heart. We are to be salt and light in this world.

I have always loved to laugh. Laughter is good medicine and a by-product of a happy heart. I've read that laughter has a myriad of positive responses on the human body. Laughter relieves stress, boosts the immune system, makes your heart physically healthier by improving the blood flow through the body, eases fear and anxiety, and having a sense of humor can help you get through the difficult times, disappointments, and loss. Laughter is contagious. Who can hear a baby laugh and not laugh or at least smile, too. It brings people together. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." is a line from a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox called "Solitude". It's very true, so laugh as often as possible and show the world your happy, Godly heart.

LeuAnna Taylor

*Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. We love him because he first loved us.* 1 John 4:11,12,19

*A new commandment I give unto you, That you love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.* John 13:34,35

## Christmas Hardships

(This is a story that says, maybe or it could have happened similar to this.  
It is not meant to be taken as an interpretation of scripture)

"Do you really expect me to go to Bethlehem?" Joseph banged down his chisel on the scarred bench. Ephraim, his cousin, had just entered the low workshop. "You don't have a choice, Joseph. If you don't go the Romans will confiscate your house and your precious tools. Just try to carve a yoke with your fingernails." "What are we, cowards?" the carpenter retorted. "Mark my words, Ephraim, this 'Enroll-in-your-ancestral-city' business is nothing more than a way to squeeze more taxes out of us. If we give into those foreign tyrants now they'll just be back for more money." "What's more," Joseph continued, "you're crazy if you think I'd take Mary on a trip this month. She'd probably have the baby on the way!" "Couldn't you just leave her with your mother for a couple of weeks? She'd be all right. Nobody says the women have to go. It's the heads of households who have to register." "Register, hah! Be taxed, you mean." "So why not leave her at home?"

The carpenter spoke in a low but earnest voice. "Mary's aunt has made life miserable for her ever since she found out Mary was pregnant. Some people were willing to let it go. Not Tabitha." "She got my wife all stirred up about it," Ephraim volunteered. "Not just your wife. Most of the women in this town go out of their way to avoid her. At the village well they whisper about her. Many's the day she's come running home in tears." Ephraim got up. "Well, you are going to Bethlehem, aren't you?." "Joseph stood up slowly. "Yes, I'll go. But Mary will have to come along!"

However, when Joseph talked to Mary about it, she didn't seem nearly as sure as her husband. "How could I walk all that way?" she said." "Mary, we'll bring old Jake. You can ride him when you get tired." "Have you ever ridden on Jake?" "Well, no." "That animal is the most bony, jolting mule in Nazareth. I'd rather walk!"

She did ride, though ... some of the way. Joseph would finally stop for the day when Mary just couldn't take any more. He'd help her down off Jake, then he'd fix a fire while she would unload their heavy blankets and try to find some shelter under a tree or large rock. Joseph glanced over at Mary in the flickering firelight. He could see fear flit across her face. Her hands moved to her swollen belly so she could feel the baby's reassuring kick. Joseph put his arm around Mary's shoulders and pulled her close. Only one more night on the road before Bethlehem.

They reached the sleepy village of Joseph's ancestors just about dusk the fifth day. Joseph went to the inn and nearby houses trying to find a place to sleep. "God," he whispered as he combed the

town, "can't You find us a decent place to have this baby?" He went to the inn and the innkeeper was sympathetic, but told them he had no rooms left. All at once he saw Mary's face tighten. She tried to suppress a groan as she fought with the pain. It was a long moment before she relaxed, but he could see worry written all over her. Joseph went back to the innkeeper again. "Are you sure there isn't any room? My wife's about to have a baby. We've got to find a place out of this wind tonight!" The innkeeper thought a while. "Well, there's the stable in the back," offered the innkeeper at long last. "Of course, it's full of animals from all the visitors in town for that blasted Roman census. But if you can find a place in the corner, I guess that'd be okay." He paused. "Just don't keep the animals awake all night." It was the other way around. The dozen donkeys in the strange barn never stopped moving. And the smell was overpowering to Mary who had been fighting nausea as her pains got stronger.

Joseph tried to clean up around Mary. It must have been nearly two in the morning by the time the baby came. Joseph carefully wrapped the baby in swaddling cloths. Then he returned to his wife and took her hand as they looked into the face of their son. "I'm so tired, Joseph," Mary said, settling back into the blanket-covered straw. The baby finally stopped crying and drifted off to sleep. Joseph stirred a few minutes later as some men peered from the darkness into the lamp-lit stable. He nudged Mary awake and reached for his staff. "We're shepherds," one called out. "We saw angels out on the hills an hour ago." The entire story tumbled out as the shepherds edged into the stable to see the baby. Joseph relaxed his grip on the staff. The shepherd continued, "And the angel told us, 'To you is born this day in the City of David a Savior which is Messiah the Lord.' The angel even told us about the swaddling cloths and the manger here." "The angel told you about the manger, too?" Joseph interrupted. "Oh, yes. That's how we knew where to look." Joseph glanced over at Mary. Her eyes met his. He squeezed her hand.

"This baby is the Messiah, isn't he?" Joseph said quietly. "After all these hassles I had started to question. But..." He paused. "God planned this whole thing: the trip neither of us wanted to take." He chuckled. "He must have seen you on bony old Jake." Joseph laughed out loud. "Even this smelly old barn and it's manger." He stood up, still chuckling. "What do you know? In spite of the problems--no, in the midst of the problems--God's been at work all along."

## Crock Pot Cheesy Chicken, Bacon, & Tater Tot Bake

Cook time-3 hours

Crock Pot Cheesy Chicken, Bacon, & Tater Tots is a delicious and super easy meal to put together! Your whole family will love it!

Serves: 6 or more

### Ingredients:

One 32 ounce bag frozen tater tots

6 slices thick-cut bacon

3 large boneless, skinless chicken breasts, cut into 1-inch cubes

2 cups (8 ounces) shredded cheddar cheese or Colby jack cheese blend

2/3 cup 2% milk (whole milk would be fine too)

3/4 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon pepper

### Instructions:

1. Cook bacon in a large skillet over medium heat until crispy. Remove to a paper towel lined plate to drain. Once bacon cools, crumble it into small pieces, and set it aside.
2. Coat the inside of your crock pot with non-stick cooking spray.
3. Dump half the frozen tater tots into the crock pot, and spread into an even layer. Top tots with 1/3 of the cheese and 1/2 the crumbled bacon.
4. Place uncooked chicken on top of the tater tot layer. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Top chicken with 1/3 of the cheese.
5. Spread remaining tater tots over the chicken layer. Top with remaining bacon and cheese. Pour milk over the top of the dish.
6. Cover your crock pot and cook on HIGH on 3 hours, or until chicken is no longer pink in the center. Serve warm.

Notes-You can cut down on your prep time by using ready to serve (cooked) bacon as well.

## Triple Treat Cookies

1 C. granulated sugar

1 C. brown sugar

1 C. butter

1 C. peanut butter

2 eggs

1 teaspoon vanilla

3 C. flour

2 teaspoons baking soda

1 1/2 teaspoon salt

1 1/2 C. chocolate chips

Cream sugars together with the butter and peanut butter. Add the eggs and vanilla. Combine dry ingredients in separate bowl, then add to wet mixture. Add chocolate chips. Roll dough into balls. Bake at 350 degrees 10-12 minutes.

### Filling

1/2 C. peanut butter

1/3 C. milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

3 C. powder sugar

Combine filling ingredients and spread between 2 cookies.