

First Quarter Events

January 1st – Happy New Year!!

January 6th – no Heart to Heart

February 5th – Saturday morning breakfast at 9 am

Chocolate Lady will visit us

March 3rd – Heart to Heart – paint day!

We'll have a charcuterie board for snacking

You will have to sign up ahead of time and

pay a small fee for the craft



With the new Covid variant, Omicron rapidly spreading throughout the area, Covid cases are on the rise. It's suggested that we should cut back on making physical contact with each other in the forms of hugs or handshakes again for a while to stay as safe as possible. Maybe going back to wearing a mask might be a good idea, too if you are comfortable with it. We want people to be able to continue attending church but if things get too bad again more people will not feel safe attending and will return to watching from home. Do what you can to stay safe everyone!

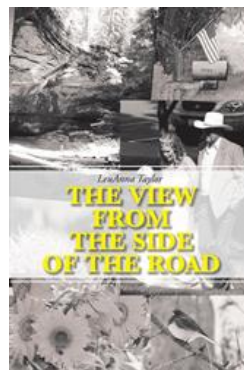


This is a reminder that all the digital back issues of the newsletter can be found on the church website, www.tbclighthouse.org. After opening go to the heading Ministries and then Heart to Heart and scroll down. Just click on any issue to read as often as you like.

For anyone who likes the original articles I write for the newsletter, you may be interested to know . . .

I began writing articles for this newsletter over fifteen years ago. I was encouraged by several of our church ladies to publish them over the years and in 2019 God made a way for me to do that. It took a whole year from the time of signing to having a finished copy in hand. It's called "The View From the Side of the Road" and is available for sale at traditional brick & mortar bookstores, or online at Amazon.com, Apple iTunes store, or Barnes and Noble, and it can also be checked out at the Akron Summit County Public Library. It can be found in soft cover book form or as an eBook.

LeuAnna Taylor



Distractions

God wants us to live on mission, fulfilling all that he has called us to do. That's why it's so important to be aware of the distractions that arise in our daily lives. Whether those distractions are relatively harmless or destructive, they can pull us away from what matters. I cringe to think of the great works for God that were never finished because people grew distracted from their God-given purpose!

As much as I don't like to admit it, there are many times when I have temporarily taken my eyes off Jesus and given my focus to some mundane, annoying thing. Maybe it was a delayed flight, a package that got lost in the mail, or a smoke detector malfunctioning in the middle of the night. I made a big deal out of what's not really a big deal. But I'm always trying to get better at reframing the situations I encounter. I want to see such everyday inconveniences for what they really are — inconveniences. I don't want to lose my focus on what *really* matters.

I love how Proverbs 4:25 tells us, "*Let thine eyes look right on; and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.*" After all, where we focus is where we'll go! As we wrap up this year, let's commit together to doing well what God has called us to do. Let's shrink our inconveniences back down to size. Let's keep the main thing the main thing — persevering in our pursuit of the prize, Jesus.

Christine Caine
Propel Women Weekly
December 2, 2021



12-19-1997
I'M SORRY GUY, I KNOW THAT YOU'VE GOT
A GOOD HEALTH PLAN AND YOU GIVE OUT
FREE GIFTS AND ALL, BUT JESUS REALLY
DOES HAVE A MUCH BETTER PLAN

Old Fashion Potato Soup and Dumplings

By Judy Crews

8 potatoes, cubed
1 qt. milk
Salt and pepper



Boil potatoes until soft; drain. Add milk and let get hot.
Then mix the following:

1 egg, well beaten ½ cup flour
7 Tbl. butter ¼ cup milk

Work butter into flour; add egg and milk. Drop by teaspoon into hot mixture above. Spread evenly around pan and cover; let cook about 10 minutes.

"The local news station was interviewing an 80-year-old lady because she had just gotten married for the fourth time.

The interviewer asked her questions about her life, about what it felt like to be marrying again at 80, and then about her new husband's occupation.. "He's a funeral director," she answered. "Interesting," the newsman thought... He then asked her if she wouldn't mind telling him a little about her first three husbands and what they did for a living.

She paused for a few moments, needing time to reflect on all those years. After a short time, a smile came to her face and she answered proudly, explaining that she had first married a banker when she was in her 20's, then a circus ringmaster when in her 40's, and a preacher when in her 60's, and now - in her 80's - a funeral director.

The interviewer looked at her, quite astonished, and asked why she had married four men with such diverse careers.

(Wait for it...)

She smiled and explained, "I married one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go."

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

Luke 1:49

Mary's wonderful words from her Magnificat offer us an opportunity to catch a glimpse of several facts about her:

Her excitement. Mary had probably been too scared to celebrate before, but Elizabeth's confirmation of God's miraculous work set her free! How do I know? Behold Luke 1:47 "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior." The original word for "rejoiced" is *agalliao*, meaning "to exalt, leap for joy, to show one's joy by leaping and skipping denoting excessive or ecstatic joy and delight. Often spoken of rejoicing with song and dance." Whether or not Mary began physically jumping up and down with joy and excitement, her insides certainly did! I am totally blessed by the thought. Nothing is more appropriate than getting excited when God does something in our lives. I think He loves it!

Her love of Scripture. Mary's song reflects twelve different Old Testament passages. She didn't just hear the Word; she held it to her heart and pondered it. Scripture draws a picture of a reflective young woman with an unusual heart for God. A young Hebrew girl believed nothing to be as important as motherhood. I believe she must have recalled a favorite Old Testament story when she received the news. Mary sang praises to God just as Hannah had done over the birth of Samuel.

Her humility. Her statement that "all generations shall call me blessed" (Luke 1:48) was not voiced in pride but from shock. Mary reminds me of David, who said: "Who am I, O Lord God; and what is my house, that thou has brought me hitherto? . . . is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" (2 Samuel 7:18-19). In a way, the answer to his question is yes. God seems to love little more than stunning the humble with His awesome intervention.

Her experience. Please don't lose the wonder of it. Marvel with me at the fact that she was plain, simple, and extraordinarily ordinary. I always felt the same way growing up. Still do, deep down inside.

That's part of the beauty of God choosing someone like you and me to know Him and serve Him. May we never get over it.

Beth Moore
Portraits of Devotion

In Times Like These

We read the headlines daily and listen to the news,
We shake our heads despairingly and glumly sing the blues,
We are restless and dissatisfied and we do not feel secure,
We are vaguely discontented with the things we must endure . . .
This violent age we live in is filled with nameless fears
As we listen to the newscasts that come daily to our ears,
And we view the threatening future with sad sobriety
As we're surrounded daily by increased anxiety . . .
How can we find security or stand on solid ground
When there's violence and dissension and confusion all around;
Where can we go for refuge from the rising tides of hate,
Where can we find a haven to escape this shameless fate . . .
So instead of reading headlines that disturb the heart and mind,
Let us open up the *Bible* and in doing so we'll find
That this age is no different from the millions gone before,
But in every hour of crisis God has opened up a door
For all who seek His guidance and trust His all-wise plan,
For God provides protection beyond that devised by man . . .
And we learn that each *tomorrow* is not ours to understand,
But lies safely in the keeping of the great Creator's Hand,
And to have the steadfast knowledge that *we never walk alone*
And to rest in the assurance that our *every need is known*
Will help dispel our worries, our anxieties and care,
For doubt and fear are vanquished in *the peacefulness of prayer*.

Helen Steiner Rice
Just For You

This is the story of "Stille Nacht".

In 1816, a young priest, Joseph Mohr lived in Oberndorf, a small village in Salzburg Austria. He wrote the words to a beautiful poem inspired by the birth of Jesus. Stille Nacht, yes, written originally in German, was an expression of deep reflection and spiritual longing for peace. St. Nicholas Church, Mohr's church was close to the Salzach river which had flooded the church and ruined the organ. Close to Christmas and working on the Christmas Eve service, Mohr needed help and some inspiration. He set off to a neighboring village where his friend, schoolmaster and church organist, Franz Gruber lived. In just a few short hours Gruber wrote the melody to the poem, the first version of the world-renowned Christmas hymn, "Silent Night". Written as having a guitar accompaniment, the two men performed it and succeeded in restoring Mohr's plans for a beautiful Christmas Eve service.

I've sung this song many times for many years, never really paying much attention to how it was written. But, if it's just words, they're good. Change a comma to an exclamation mark and for me, as a singer, it changes everything. Take a minute, READ IT, DON'T SING, and let it remind you, Christ the Savior was born!

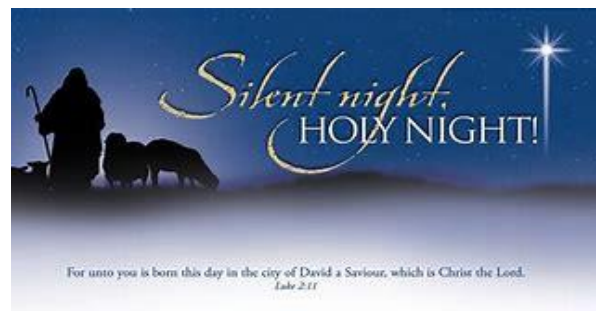
Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born!

Silent Night! Holy Night!
Son of God, loves pure light

Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth!
Jesus, Lord at thy birth.

Submitted by Peggy Somosko



The English translation we most frequently sing today was written and published by Episcopal priest John Freeman Young in 1859, who translated three verses of Mohr's original six.

Are you a worrier? Do you stay up late at night worrying about what might happen tomorrow? Rather than wasting a lot of time and sleep working yourself into a stressful state, God wants you to cast all your worry and care on Him. Rather than planning for what might happen, tell God what's worrying you. If you do, he will give you peace.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Philippians 4:6-7

Cornbread Cakes

By Brandi Lewis

1 box yellow cake mix
2 boxes Jiffy cornbread mix

Mix together both boxes of cornbread mix and the box of cake mix along with ingredients listed on the back of each box until well blended.

Pour into lightly greased 9 x 13 inch pan and bake until golden brown and toothpick comes out clean.

Bake at 400 degrees for 35 – 40 minutes

Excellent with chili!

...they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Matthew 2:10

Joy to the world!
The Lord is come; Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing.

Issac Watts

I will praise thee: for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

Psalms 139:14

This is the Night

Author Unknown



This is the night
When all our finest art
Pales before the beauty
Of a single shining star.

This is the night
When all our profoundest symphonies
Fade beneath the swelling
Of a simple angel song.

This is the night
When all the badges of office
Are smothered in the folds
Of a rough-woven tunic,
And the scepters of power give way
To a humble shepherd's staff.

This is the night
When man's swiftest wheels and wings
Prove far inadequate,
And he treads, instead, the path
Of a camel caravan.

This is the night
When the unkind act is frozen still,
And is buried in the desert sand. . .
When the first sharp word falls soundlessly,
And is swallowed by the desert air.

This is the night
When princes, and kings, and presidents
Make one obeisance. . .
When diplomats forsake finesse
And ministers, their chambers. . .
When a worried world abandons argument,
And breathes its plea for peace
In the quiet of a stable.

Submitted by Brenda Angelo

Book Corner

I want to introduce the dear lady that has stepped up to do the adult/ladies book review for us – Marcie Robinson. We are still looking for someone to write the children’s review though so anyone willing to do, please step forward. We look forward to seeing who that might be.

Adult Book

Waves of Mercy by Lynn Austin

This is a book that will make a cold snowy January day fly by. I could not put this book down as a portrait of two profoundly different women are skillfully interwoven by author Lynn Austin who holds the record for winning the most Christy Awards.

This is a multi-generational, historically accurate novel that takes place in Holland, Michigan. Geesje de Jonge crossed the ocean at age 17 with her parents and a small group of immigrants from the Netherlands, settling in the then Michigan wilderness. Fifty years later, in 1897, she’s asked to write a memoir of her early experiences as the town celebrates its anniversary. Reluctant at first, she soon uncovers memories and emotions hidden all these years, including the story of her one true love.

At the nearby hotel, the Ottawa Resort on the shore of Lake Michigan, 23-year-old Anna Nicholson is trying to ease the pain of a broken engagement to a wealthy Chicago banker. But her time of introspection is disturbed after her experience aboard a steamship in a violent storm stirs up memories of a childhood nightmare. As more memories and dreams surface, Anna begins to question many things that have been troubling her about God and her purpose in life.

While Geesje looks back at hardships and personal loss, Anna who has lived a privileged life, looks forward, taking her first faltering steps toward God and her independence.

These two women have something in common. Happy reading finding out what it could be!

Marcie Robinson

Children’s Book

A Dog Named Chilli: My New Home by Mark Chartrand

As Eleanor Roosevelt once said, “Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints in your heart.” Switch that out for “pawprints,” and the quote remains the same. Our four-legged friends are with us through thick and thin and have earned their place in our hearts.

Mark Chartrand discusses in his story "A Dog Named Chilli: My New Home" (Dorrance Publishing) the varied relationships between a dog, Chilli and the people and animal neighbors in and outside his new home. This charming children’s book shows that friendship can transcend species and other barriers that may keep us apart.

This isn’t simply a spoof on the small-town drama that can happen between human neighbors, however; Chartrand’s story uses this dynamic to help teach important lessons to young readers. Social circles are complicated for both humans and dogs, and as children age, these groups only become more intricate. From birthday party invites to fighting within friend groups to bullying, children need to learn how to navigate some difficult dynamics.

That’s why Chilli and his friends are here to help. At 195 pages, "A Dog Named Chilli" is for stronger readers (9 to 12 years old), but the lessons in the book are vital to that age group. By following Chilli’s lead, children can absorb the lessons of kindness and open-mindedness that will help them navigate conflicts in their own personal lives. Chilli’s powerful spirit of comraderie helps break down the barriers that have driven this neighborhood apart, and instead helps start a new wave of understanding between the different animals. Chilli’s kind nature drives home the point of the story — that if you keep an open mind, you may find a truly special friendship where you least expected it.



Remember the story of Uzzah, who died because he touched the ark of the covenant? The event made David angry with God, so he named the place Perez-Uzzah.

1 Chronicles 13:11

Rehoboam, Solomon's son, had 28 sons and 60 daughters.

2 Chronicles 11:21

The Israelites couldn't eat storks.

Leviticus 11:19

Some people, including Herod, thought that Jesus was John the Baptist raised from the dead.

Mark 6:14

Some other people thought he was Elijah.

Mark 6:15

God made Adam and Eve's first clothes, aside from the fig leaves, of course.

Genesis 3:21

God allowed Israel to drive out other nations from Canaan because those nations were evil, not because Israel was so righteous.

Deuteronomy 9:4-5

During the Passover, Israelites couldn't break any of the bones in their feast, not even the wishbone.

Exodus 12:46

Jesus chose 70 people to travel by twos ahead of him and to heal people.

Luke 10:1

Fun Facts About the Bible You Never Knew

Robyn Martins

Let your light so shine

Matthew 5:16

Cheaters Fudge

By: Claire Lower from lifehacker.com posted Dec.12, 2017

There are candy makers, and there are candy eaters, and I am firmly in the latter camp. Though I don't mind a cathartic candy-crafting sesh, my main goal—during the holidays especially—is to churn out the treats. This is why this fudge, which takes less than five minutes of your active time, gets made every single Christmas.

The recipe is so simple, it almost feels like cheating. Besides salt and vanilla, which I bet you already have, you'll need a 12-ounce bag of semi-sweet chocolate chips, and a 14-ounce can of sweetened condensed milk.

Pour these two in a microwave safe bowl, along with a 1/2 teaspoon of salt, and give everything a stir. You can also add a cup and a half of nuts, dried fruit (why though?), or mini marshmallows, if you like. Pop it in the microwave for a minute, stir again, and microwave in 30-second intervals, stirring between each one, until the chips are completely melted. Stir in a teaspoon of vanilla, transfer to a 9-inch(ish) square pan lined with parchment or wax paper, and smooth out the top. Then you wait.

Once the fudge is matte on top and completely firm—this will take a couple of hours in a cool, dry place—lift it from the pan by its paper and transfer it to a cutting board. Cut it into squares, eat five pieces in a manner most unbecoming of your station, and store the rest in an airtight container at room temperature.

Enjoy your very easy, but still creamy, rich, and slightly crystalline confection. I don't know if the lack of laborious stirring, boiling sugar, and temperature monitoring makes it taste better, but it doesn't hurt.

But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us. . . For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God. . . Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

~Ephesians 2:4,8,19

Rescued

. . . as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

~2 Corinthians 6:16-18

When one is helped in a time of need and put in a safe place, we say we have been rescued. It's a popular term these days especially when people adopt an animal. The animal is referred to as a rescue. In the past it was just an adoption, where the animal was taken home and became a member of the family. But now, it's a rescue.

When I was a young girl living in Springfield Township, I lived on a dead-end street. It went past my house and up a small hill before it ended. It was not an uncommon event, in the spring especially, to see a car go past my house, turn around at the end of the street, start driving back but stop about halfway down the hill, push a dog out and drive away. By spring all those cute puppies that were given as Christmas presents weren't so cute anymore. Sometimes it was an older dog that was in the way or maybe they just didn't fit in the people's lifestyle anymore. Or maybe they had to move and couldn't take the dog where they were going or weren't allowed pets in their new home. Whatever the reason a dog was abandoned, it was wrong, and heartbreaking for the pet that was suddenly homeless, had no direction as to what to do, and with no source of food or shelter. But sometimes their loss was my treasure. Many of those dogs that were literally dumped became mine. As many of them as I could talk my folks into letting me keep that is. I also fostered some until I could find a home for them. Unfortunately, too many were picked up by the dog warden and taken away. I hate to think what became of those.

It started when I was young, and it continues still – the adopting of other people's castoff animals. Animals that they no longer wanted or even cared enough about to find new homes for themselves. Just before Christmas last year I lost one of the most awesome dogs I've ever owned. Her name was Sadie. I found her listed on Petfinder on the internet with a notation that she was to be euthanized on my

birthday if not adopted. So, I did. She had been found tied to the door of a veterinarian's office one morning where her owner had abandoned her. She was my shadow and best friend for over twelve years. I still have two other dogs. I adopted Gretchen to be a companion for Sadie after my father passed away. A friend of mine had pulled her out of a kill shelter and was fostering her until she could find a home for her. She's been a part of my family now for over eight years. My other dog is Maggie. I also found her on Petfinder. Her and her sister had been pulled from a nasty puppy mill where they had been used for breeding. She had a litter of puppies with her when she was brought in. She was about 2 years old at that time. She had never been given a name; had never known love, walked in grass, or been walked on a leash. She's been a part of my family for almost three years now. When I got her she was undernourished physically and was afraid of everything and everyone. She went about with her tail between her legs and her head down. Her life is so very different now. She is a happy dog. She walks around with her tail high and a swing in her walk. She knows she's loved and a part of my family. In turn she's help the two cats I brought in last winter when it was terribly cold out (they had been living under my porch) and the one kitten that was born the following spring, to be welcomed into the family, too. She treats them as her own.

When we become a Christian and follower of Christ, we are adopted into His family and are His. We become a child of God. He cares for us like no other. He is always with us, no more than a prayer away. He provides sustenance for our soul and shelter in His arms. He will never leave us or abandon us. He makes a way for us. We become His children and He is our Father. When we ask God to forgive us of our sins and take Him into our heart, we say we are saved. In other words, we are rescued from the world, from Satan and all that darkness, and brought into His light and His family. He loved us all so much that He sent His son, Jesus to be born as a babe in a stable, to grow up as a man that went about healing and preaching God's Word, and then to die on a cross for the sins of the world. That's how very much He loves us. Jesus came to seek and save those of us that were lost. Come today and let God rescue you from this world and give you a future filled with His love.

LeuAnna Taylor

