

Kedron United Methodist Church



Open Hearts, Open Minds, Open Doors

The people of The United Methodist Church

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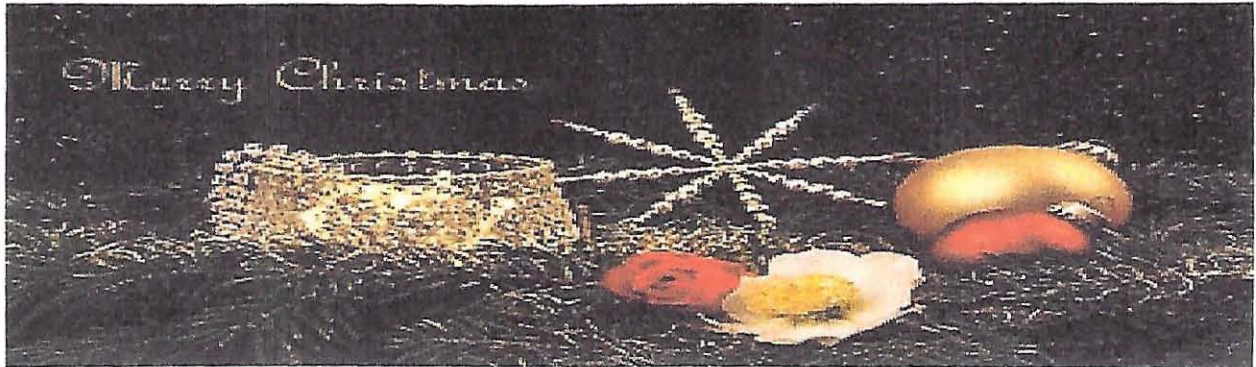
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The Kedron Connection

December 2022

Volume 28

Issue 12



From our Pastor:

We have just gone through a holiday season that originated in order to commemorate a gathering of indigenous peoples and early settlers of what is now America. Eventually, the holiday evolved into a massive celebration that includes one of the largest travel days in America, a day centered around festive gatherings, and huge feasts. For some, this is interspersed with long periods of football, and even heated discussions about family differences. For others, it becomes a dreaded day because of loneliness, inability to obtain enough food and supplies or even shelter.

Many times, the true meaning of the day is obscured by all of the things which are mentioned above, plus others. Thanksgiving is sometimes anything other than giving thanks, even under good circumstances.

Whatever happened on your Thanksgiving, or the days that surrounded it, please take a moment—a quiet moment, if possible—and bow in prayer to the one true Creator of all to express gratitude for anything that has made our life better than it could have been.

I realize that for some, whether suffering from family squabbles, loneliness, or even the threat of serious illness and death, the promise of Salvation and spending Eternity with God is a true blessing that is often taken for granted, or has been shoved to the back of our hearts by emotions, either happy or sad. There is no greater blessing. And that is what brings me to worship each week.

I once had a friend who retired from the pastoral ministry and was so thankful that Sunday mornings were free to do whatever that person pleased—and it did not necessarily mean worship. I have found in my retirement, even when I was not actively filling in at some church or position, that I am not the same person when I miss worship. For me, there is no substitute for gathering with believers to offer praise and thanks, and my offering, gifts, or tithe. And, this is true when the preaching is not as good and the music is weak. I am not there to be entertained. I am there because I need to express to God my sincere thanks and praise for offering me abundant living, both now and forever.

Michael D. O'Bannon, Pastor

Administrative Council

Our Administrative council will meet
On **January 15th, 2023** at 1pm.

Fellowship Supper

There will be no fellowship supper this month.

Men's Breakfast

December 3rd, 2022 at 8:00 am will be our Men's Breakfast and the ladies are invited!!

Bucket Offering

Our December bucket offering taken on Sunday Morning worship service will be donated to: Christmas fund for kids/shut ins.

Food Bank

You may bring food donations for the local food Bank on the 1st and 2nd Sundays of the month. Place the donations on the pew in the narthex. The food will be delivered to the food bank. The suggested item for December is **peanut butter**. All non-perishable foods are accepted and appreciated.

Happy Birthday

Alfred Rhodes	Dec. 12th
Jane Watts	Dec. 24th



December Calendar

Sun. Nov 27th 8:45 am Sunday School
9:30 Church Service 1st day of Advent

Sat. Dec. 3rd, 8:00 am Men's Breakfast (ladies invited)

Sun. Dec. 4th, 8:45 am Sunday School
9:30 am Church Services
2nd day of Advent

Sun. Dec. 11th, 8:45 am Sunday School
9:30 am Church Services
3rd day of Advent

Sun Dec 18th 8:45 am Sunday School
9:30 am Church Services
4th day of Advent
Finger foods after service

Saturday Dec. 24th 6:00 pm Christmas Eve
At Kedron

Sunday Dec. 25th 9:30 am Christmas Service

January 2023 newsletter info due to Dee by
December 26th 615-574-9320 or
ddrouse10@gmail.com

Resources Available

Resources for various kinds of help/support for you or someone you know that might benefit from counseling and/or spiritual support are listed below.

Insight Counseling Center, Murfreesboro
615-383-2115 for in person or online/phone counseling.

Upper Room Prayer Ministry **615-340-7200**

Talkspace.com Online/phone counseling

Methodist News Source

www.umnews.org
Stones River District Office
P O Box 12191
Murfreesboro, TN37129

On Santa's Team

Author Unknown



My grandma taught me everything about Christmas. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," jeered my sister. "Even dummies know that!"

My grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her world-famous cinnamon buns.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me.

"No Santa Claus!" she snorted. "Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad. Now, put on your coat, and let's go."

"Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second cinnamon bun.

"Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days.

"Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I

knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church.

I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobbie Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class. Bobbie Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out for recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough; but all we kids knew that Bobbie Decker didn't have a cough, and he didn't have a coat.

I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobbie Decker a coat. I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that. I didn't see a price tag, but ten dollars ought to buy anything. I put the coat and my ten-dollar bill on the counter and pushed them toward the lady behind it.

She looked at the coat, the money, and me. "Is this a Christmas present for someone?" she asked kindly. "Yes," I replied shyly. "It's ... for Bobbie. He's in my class, and he doesn't have a coat." The nice lady smiled at me. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper and ribbons, and write, "To Bobbie, From Santa Claus" on it ... Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy.

Then she drove me over to Bobbie Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially one of Santa's helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobbie's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk.

Suddenly, Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell twice and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobbie. He looked down, looked around, picked up his present, took it inside and closed the door.

Forty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my grandma, in Bobbie Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: Ridiculous!

Santa was alive and well ... AND WE WERE ON HIS TEAM!