

THE TRINITY TIMES

THE NEWSLETTER OF TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

December 2020

From the Pastor

Each year for the last 15 years, I have written a Christmas story that I read at the Christmas Eve service. This year, since our Christmas Eve service probably will be shorter in length, as it might be held outside!—I am sharing my Christmas Eve story in the December newsletter.

Tamales and Atole

It was the afternoon of the big family Christmas dinner, and Amanda was sitting in the Emergency Room, blue-checked dish cloth wrapped around her left thumb. The dish cloth was bloody, but Amanda was afraid to unwrap it and look at her thumb. She only knew that one minute she was cutting up carrots for the vegetable tray, and the next minute, she was bleeding. Not on the carrots, of course! As soon as she felt the blade enter her thumb, she knew enough to move it away from the food and wrap it in a towel. Amanda was a good cook--no, she was a great cook and she knew her way well around the kitchen so she mystified as to how she could have committed such a stupid mistake. She must have been thinking about all that she needed to do in preparation for the big dinner; or maybe she was looking at the long dining room table which had yet to be set with a single dish, glass or utensil. Admittedly, Amanda had been a little frantic this afternoon, more anxious than in previous years when she and her husband David had hosted the Christmas get-together. There were just so many people who came to this dinner--David's mother and step-father, his brother and sister-in-law and their teenaged children; Amanda's father, her two widowed aunts and the one bachelor uncle; her four cousins and their children, ranging in age from 3 years to 11th grade, and last but not least, her twin daughters who were home from their first semester of college. Thinking of all that had to be done, and all the people--and personalities!--who would be coming to dinner, Amanda hoped that her name would be called by the receptionist soon. Stupid, stupid, cutting her thumb deep enough to require a trip to the Emergency Room. She probably would have tried to doctor it herself if anyone else had been home to help her but David was at the airport picking

up his mother and step-father, and her daughters were who knows where--shopping or catching up with high school friends who were also home from college. But Amanda couldn't get the bleeding to stop so that she could even take a look at the damage she'd done, so she just twisted a dish rag into a kind of tourniquet, adding rubber bands for some extra pressure.

By the hardest effort she managed to drive herself to the Emergency Room, which was not too far away from her house. It never occurred to her that driving herself was probably not the best idea, until the receptionist looked at her make-shift bandage, made a face and said, "You drove yourself over here? You're lucky you didn't pass out!"

Fainting was not an option for Amanda who had more than she could say grace over. She looked up at the big clock and saw that about 30 minutes had passed since she had signed in. As she began going over the list of what she had to do and the time in which she had to do it (IF these doctors would hurry up!), Amanda looked around the waiting room. It wasn't a large room, but every blue-and-green striped chair was occupied, to the point that Amanda saw a young Latina woman holding a little boy sitting on a table. She almost blended into the office decor, she was sitting so still and the little boy was wrapped in what looked like a navy blue cloth coat. The boy was shivering slightly as if he were cold, but his head was wet like he had been sweating. The young woman wore no coat even though the weather outside was in the teens, and Amanda wondered if the navy blue cloth coat wrapped around the boy was her coat. Everyone else in the waiting room was reading or watching the big screen television or moving their heads slightly to whatever was playing on their iPod. Amanda stole another glance at the young woman, who was pushing the damp hair out of the little boy's face. She gave him a little kiss, and he snuggled in closer to her.

The nurse called Amanda's name, and as Amanda stood up to go back into the examining room, she

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Trinity Presbyterian Church

3201 Hillsboro Road

Nashville, TN 37215

Phone: (615) 297-6513

Fax: (615) 292-6133

E-mail: Office @trinitypresnashville.org

www.trinitypresnashville.org

facebook.com/trinitypresbyterianchurchnashville/

The Trinity Times is published monthly. We welcome news items and other contributions from members and friends of Trinity. Bring your articles to the church or e-mail them to the editor, Judy Schomber (schomberstat@aol.com) by the 20th of the month for the following month's newsletter.

TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH STAFF

Sally Hughes, Pastor

William E. Berger, Minister of Music

Linda Rogers, Office Manager

Jeff Durham, Facilities Manager

SESSION MEMBERS

Sally Hughes, Moderator	Vira Baker (2020)
Lucas Bates (2022)	Vera Billington (2021)
Jackie Elbert (2022)	Hank Howerton (2020)
Paul Parker (2021)	Linda Rutherford (2020)
George Ward (2022)	Aad Zeeuw (2021)

began to pull off her coat in readiness for the sequence of taking blood pressure, pulse, weight.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the young woman look up at her, and noticed that she was shaking just a little. Holding her finger up at the nurse to wait, Amanda walked over to the young woman. Smiling at her, Amanda placed her black leather coat across the young woman's shoulders and said, "Here, use this to keep you warm while I'm with the doctor." The young woman smiled but shook her head, looking puzzled. Amanda pulled together what little bits of Spanish she could remember and said, in Spanish, "Take this. It'll keep you warm," and then turned to follow the nurse, not knowing whether her Spanish was intelligible or not.

The nurse looked at Amanda and said, "I guess you'll be asking for a new coat for Christmas, huh? You know she probably won't even be there when you come out." Amanda said nothing but thought about the young woman's thin, white shirt and how she had wrapped her navy blue coat around the little boy's shoulders.

When Amanda emerged from the examination room, her hand neatly bandaged and the throbbing pain from her thumb lessening, she immediately looked in the corner of the room to see if the young woman and the little boy were there. They were, having moved from sitting on the table to sitting in chairs

DECEMBER WORSHIP SCHEDULE AND LECTIONARY READINGS

December 6 **Second Sunday of Advent**

Isaiah 40:1-11; Psalm 85:1-2, 8-13;
2 Peter 3:8-15a; Mark 1:1-8

December 13 **Third Sunday of Advent**

Isaiah 61:1-4, 8-11; Psalm 126 or Luke 1:46b-55;
1 Thessalonians 5:16-24; John 1:6-8; 19-28

December 20 **Fourth Sunday of Advent**

2 Samuel 7:1-11, 16;
Luke 1:46b-55 or Psalm 89:1-4, 19-26;
Romans 16: 25-27; Luke 1:26-38

December 27 **First Sunday of Christmas**

Isaiah 61:10—62:3; Psalm 148;
Galatians 4:4-7; Luke 2:22-40

now that the waiting room had cleared out. More of the blue-and-green striped chairs were empty, as if emergencies had office-hours which dictated that 5 p.m. was closing time. Amanda set her purse down in the nearest chair and searched the contents of her purse to pull out her card. The receptionist told her how much she owed for her visit, and Amanda punched the card numbers into the machine. Then she poked about in her purse for her cell phone. As she was looking, her eyes rested upon the young woman and the little boy. The young woman was still holding him, although now he seemed to be sound asleep. The young woman held him close; her face and body looked exhausted.

Still holding her phone, Amanda turned to the receptionist. "Where are these two on the list?" she asked, knowing full well the receptionist didn't have to answer her question. Privacy laws and all. But the receptionist raised up enough to look at the woman and child, then study the list before her. "Well, I'm not sure they are checked in," she answered Amanda. Upon hearing that, Amanda went over to the young woman, and hesitantly picked out the appropriate Spanish words, asking if the young woman had given her name to the receptionist. The young woman looked puzzled, and shifting the little boy in her arms, shook her head no.

Amanda spoke as boldly as she knew how to do in a foreign language, one she hadn't spoken in years, "Cuál es tu nombre?" The young woman answered, "Elena Hernandez." Amanda walked to the

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receptionist's desk, picked up the sign-in sheet and wrote, "ELENA HERNANDEZ." As she turned back around, the young woman was struggling to remove Amanda's coat and hand it to her while trying to hold onto to the sleeping child.

"No, no," Amanda protested as she lightly pushed the young woman back down in the chair, adjusting the black leather coat across Elena's shoulders. Calling upon her high school Spanish yet again, Amanda said to Elena, "I'll stay with you." She sat down beside Elena and the little boy, who was now awake and staring at her with wide, dark eyes.

There really wasn't any point in Amanda trying to make conversation, with what little Spanish she could remember. She had used up what she knew, and so she sat there silently beside Elena and this young boy. Amanda flipped open her phone and called David to tell him that she was still in the Emergency Room. "Do you want us to come get you? Do you want us to push back the time of dinner?" David asked.

"No," Amanda said, and then began giving instructing on all that David and their twin daughters could do until Amanda was able to get there. He was genuinely surprised when she said she was still waiting for the doctor--Amanda didn't say she was waiting for the doctor to see Elena. Amanda brushed over his words and convinced him that between him, the twins, and his mother (who would LOVE being in charge!) they would be able to pull off the holiday dinner.

Placing her phone back in her purse, Amanda smiled at the young woman, who smiled back, less nervously than before. She was such a young girl--hardly much older or maybe the same age as Amanda's college-aged daughters. Impulsively, Amanda patted Elena's hand and then felt Elena reach for her hand and hold it tightly. Amanda saw tears in the young girl's eyes.

Time to try another Spanish phrase, Amanda thought. "Can I hold him?" she hoped she said in the best Spanish she knew. It must have been close to correct, because Elena shifted the boy's body and placed him in Amanda's lap. He looked up at Amanda with listless eyes--the eyes of one who is sick, Amanda thought. She pulled him closer to her and instinctively began to rock him, as she rocked her girls many times. The young woman sank back into the chair, closing her eyes and looking exhausted. Her mouth parted slightly, she seemed to be getting a long-overdue and much-needed nap.

Amanda continued to rock and softly sing Christmas songs until she heard the nurse call "Elena Hernández." The young girl's eyes opened and she stood up. Amanda handed the little boy to her. Suddenly it occurred to her that someone would have to translate between doctor and Elena. And as poor as her Spanish skills were, Amanda knew she was the best choice. As Elena walked in front of her, Amanda adjusted the coat around Elena's shoulders and walked back into the examination room with them.

Half an hour later, Elena, Amanda, and the young boy whom Amanda now knew was Elena's son emerged from the examination rooms. Elena clutched the medicine that the doctor had given her, and kissed her little boy, whose name was Marco. Amanda whispered discreetly to the receptionist, "How much do I owe you?" to which the receptionist replied, "Nothing. The doctor says Merry Christmas!" The three of them walked out into the cold night air. It was now about 6 p.m., and the temperature had dropped a few more degrees. Elena tugged on the jacket around her shoulders, trying to remove it, and Amanda stopped her. "Keep it," Amanda said, then in Spanish, "quédate con él," in Spanish, and Elena gave her a kiss on each cheek. Then Elena and her son, Marco, walked away from the hospital, down the sidewalk.

So much to do at home, Amanda thought, as she watched Elena and Marco walk away. She looked at her watch and couldn't believe how late it was. "I really need to get home, all those folks at my house need me," Amanda's thoughts drifted as she saw Elena shift Marc's body from her arms to her shoulders as the distance widened between them. Suddenly, Amanda called out, "I'll take you home!" in English, no more Spanish words or phrases left in her brain, waving her car keys at them like a crazy woman. She caught up to them, and firmly steered the two of them in the direction of her car.

Later, Amanda walked into her house, the family Christmas party appeared to be in full swing. Everyone was glad to see her, and fussed over her bandaged thumb and she had to tell her story of how she cut it over and over again. It all seemed rather silly, now, to have been so worked up over a holiday dinner that she sliced her finger instead of a carrot. Amanda took note of how everyone was involved in cleaning up, unlike in years past when she had insisted on preparing, serving and cleaning up everything, waving off everyone's offers to help do even the smallest task. She thought about Elena,

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who took Amanda's coat so gratefully, and whose hand gripped Amanda's so tightly for comfort. And they were complete strangers. Amanda thought they were complete strangers. Amanda thought about the little apartment where she had dropped off Elena and Marco. While she didn't go in with them, the apartment looked small and cold and Amanda fumbled out some Spanish which inquired whether they would be all right. Elena assured her that everything would all right, bending down to speak to Amanda through the car window, shifting the now sleeping Marco over her shoulder. Again and again, she thanked Amanda for the coat, because by this time, Amanda had scraped together enough Spanish words to tell her that the jacket was hers. Amanda watched Elena and Marco go into their apartment, waving goodbye to them. It was after 7 p.m..

A week later, on Christmas Eve, Amanda was busying herself in the kitchen, pulling out cookies that she had made for Christmas, icing the cinnamon rolls her family enjoyed on Christmas morning. Funny, in years past, she had always been anxious on Christmas Eve--remembering all the food she had to cook, the presents she hadn't wrapped, the non-holiday but necessary duties such as laundry, dusting and vacuuming. In years past, Amanda remembered wishing this season of social obligations would pass. This year, though, she was strangely calm and even happy. She would do what she could but she'd asked David to help, and yes, even his mother who was delighted to be wrapping presents for Amanda. As she listened to her twin daughters laughing as they vacuumed and dusted, she smiled to herself, thinking of young Elena, who spoke no English but showed such courage in taking her sick son all by herself to the doctor; she who had graciously accepted Amanda's gift of a coat.

The doorbell rang. Amanda wiped her hands off on a dishtowel, and called, "I'll get it!" As she opened the door, there stood Elena, her face wreathed in a smile. She was wearing Amanda's coat, and beside her stood little Marco, wearing a coat which fit him, a knit cap on his head. His large dark eyes now lively and expressive. In Spanish, Elena said, "For your Christmas dinner, so you do not have to cook," she held out a large ceramic dish and a thermos. "Tamales and atole. Gracias for all your kindness the other night. Muchas gracias."

Amanda took the container from Elena, which was warm but not hot to the touch. She didn't remember telling Elena where she lived, but then she realized that in the pocket of the coat Elena was wearing

were probably receipts and even pieces of mail with Amanda's address on them. And while she wasn't exactly sure of everything Elena had said, as she stood there looking at these two strangers who had a connection with her, Amanda marveled that they would take the trouble to find out who she was, and where she lived just so they could say "thank you." This was a Christmas she would never forget, this was a Christmas that would change how she viewed all Christmases in the future. It started with a cut thumb, continued with a shared coat, and now ended with a Christmas thank you gift of tamales and atole.

"Gracias, Elena," said Amanda, giving Elena a kiss on the cheek, "muchas gracias to you. And Feliz Navidad."

CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE

Our plans are somewhat tentative at this moment but for Christmas Eve, we will gather outside the sanctuary at 6:30 PM, where we will hear scripture, special music, and sing "Silent Night" using battery operated candles! It'll be brief and socially distanced! Stay tuned for more details!

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SESSION **Moderator: Rev. Sally Hughes** **Stated Meeting of November 2, 2020**

The application for recognition of Trinity's real property tax-exemption has been submitted directly to the State Board of Equalization for review.

Lease agreement has been renewed between LWS and Trinity.

Presbytery reported three new worshipping communities: Evangelical Presbyterian Arabic Church in Smyrna, TN led by Rev. Dr. Samy Estafanos; Southminister Presbyterian Church in Nashville led by Rev. Beth McGraw, and Rock Eternal Presbyterian Arabic Church nested in with Priest Lake Presbyterian Church.

Indoor worship service to resume on Sunday, November 15th with limited seating. Face Book

live service will continue for those who do not feel comfortable attending in person.

Approve the installation of two dog clean up stations (one on each end of the large yard). Cost to be shared expense between Trinity and Linden Waldorf School.

Proposed two Christmas Eve services with limited number of people in attendance. Face Book live service will be available.

The old “flower refrigerator” stopped working. It was not reparable and has been removed. A replacement was not immediately procured, but will be considered in the future when a second refrigerator is needed.

The electric church sign along Hillsboro Road is being repaired and upgraded.

JOIN THE HANDBELL CHOIR!

If you are interested in learning how to play the handbells and being part of a handbell choir, please let Linda Rogers or Will Berger know. The handbell choir might be our next chancel choir, until singing is safe during worship.



FRIDAY PRAYER TIME

On Friday mornings, Sally Hughes is offering a Facebook Live prayer time beginning at 8:30 AM. This prayer time includes concerns and people for which we pray on Sunday, as well as any provided by members or friends. The prayer time will consist of opening words of scripture, a psalm reading, then prayer, and conclude with the Lord's prayer. If you are a Facebook member, you can submit prayer requests via the comments, and if you are not, you can send them via text to Sally (615-594-5765) or email. These Facebook prayer times will NOT be saved on the Facebook page as our worship services are saved.

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS



Marceline Bates – 9

Daniel Brawner – 10

George Ward – 10

Gil Veda – 13

Sally Hughes – 17

Gennette Norman – 22

Hank Howerton – 23

Barbara McClure – 24

Jack Slagle – 31

TRINITY'S BOOK CLUB

The next meeting by Zoom and in person, will be Thursday, December 10 at 6 p.m. The book for December is *The Rosie Project* by Simson. If you would like to be on the email list for the book club, please let Carla McDonough (carla_mcdonough@bellsouth.net) or Katy Wilson (katywilson@gmail.com) know. (Sneak peek for reading ahead: January 14 meeting – *Chances Are* by Russo.)

PIES & COOKIES FROM OUR TRINITY BAKER!

Mountain Laurel Bakeshop is selling 3 kinds of pies for the holidays. Maple Pecan Pie, Pumpkin Butterscotch Pie, and an Apple Almond Galette. Cookies are also available! You can order by emailing abby@mountainlaurelbakeshop.com.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS!

A big thank you to everyone who has been mailing their financial contribution to the church! That is so wonderful! Please continue to remember pledges and contributions to the church via the US Post office, or online if you have the ability to send payments through your bank. As always, we should be careful but not fearful. We should practice compassion as well as cleanliness. Whether sick or well, we are in the hands of a loving God.

The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?

The Lord is stronghold of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?

Wait for the Lord; be strong, and let your heart take courage; wait for the Lord! (from Psalm 27)



TRINITY TRACKINGS

Please keep these folks in your prayers:

If you would like the minister to offer prayer on your behalf or on behalf of someone else, please call the office and leave a message with a prayer request or email at sally.hughes@trinitypresnashville.org.

-Frances Burns, recovering from COVID19 at The Hearth.

-Friend of Joe Brady, Matthew Drumright, diagnosed with COVID-19

-Sandy McRae as she prepares to move

-Steve Nunn's cousins, Cathy Fox and Carleton Orme, and Cathy's grandson's, Kaden and Christopher Davis. Their family has sustained a great personal loss.

-Friends of Linda Rutherford: Diane Hubbs; Gordon Evans and his wife Susan

-Derrie Edge, who has been diagnosed with breast cancer.

-These folks who are in assisted living facilities: **Norma Johnson, Norma DeJarnette, John McCrae**. Please consider sending these folks a letter or card, as they are not able to receive visitors at this time. If you don't have the addresses, please call the church office.

-Joel Guest, son of Sara and Bob Guest

-Bill and Joan Dougherty, at home. Joan will have a medical procedure on December 2nd. Please keep her in prayer.

-Bill Barger and Kim Dougherty

-Paula Arterburn, working for a cure for the virus

-Those who are grieving over the death of a loved one during this time of year.

-All those affected by COVID-19, whether physically, emotionally, spiritually or financially

ENTERED THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT



Madeline Adams

February 3, 1934 – November 21, 2020

Madeline Reynolds Adams passed away peacefully in Atlanta, Georgia on November 21, 2020, surrounded by family and with her devoted husband of 65 years by her side. She was born on February 3, 1934 in Nashville, Tennessee. The only child of Edith Horne Reynolds and John Rook Reynolds, she attended Parmer Elementary, Ward Belmont, and was a member of the first graduating class of Harpeth Hall School. She went on to Vanderbilt University, where she studied Psychology and English. She was an officer of Kappa Alpha Theta, a member of Mortar Board, and active at Westminster House, where she met the love of her life, Howell Elliott Adams, Jr., who survives.

Madeline's deep Christian faith and service to her community through her church were guiding principles of her life. She served as an ordained elder and taught Sunday School at Trinity Presbyterian Church. She was committed to congregational life, including serving as president of the Women of the Church, founding the Wedding Committee, and organizing both the Pastor's Aid Committee and the Young Couples Club.

Madeline is survived by her beloved husband Howell; her children Edith (Don), Howell (Elizabeth), John (Anne), and Elizabeth (Alex); twelve grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, blessed indeed, says the Spirit,
that they may rest from their labors, for their deeds do follow them.*

PRISON MINISTRY

Trinity's prison ministry from previous years resulted in some prisoners on death row joining the church. One of those church members, Kennath Henderson, is asking for folks to correspond with him. If you would like to do so, please use the church address as your return address. When the office receives any response mail, it will be forwarded to your home address. Please limit sharing of personal information in your correspondence.

Kennath A. Henderson #250126
RMSI Unit 2
7475 Cockrill Bend Blvd.
Nashville, TN 37209-1048

FROM OUR MISSION WORKER

Dear companions in mission,

Watch and wait. Toward the end of the gospel according to Mark, in the text the lectionary offers us for the first Sunday in Advent, Jesus tells his followers to watch and wait when they hear news of events that cause human suffering. The Son of Man, the Human One, is coming, but no one knows when.

Watch and wait. It seems I have been watching and waiting through recent weeks. In November, we watched and waited as first Hurricane Eta and then Hurricane Iota, fed by the warm waters of the Caribbean, churned away before making landfall in northern Nicaragua and tearing across Central America. There is no need to wait any long for the impacts of climate change; they are already here.

Watch and wait. In many places in Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala, people are watching and waiting for the flood waters to recede to see if there is anything left of their homes, their farms, their dreams. In crowded and makeshift shelters they are watching and waiting for help to arrive. Weak governments riddled with corruption have little ability to respond to the magnitude of the need. Presbyterian World Mission and Presbyterian Disaster Assistance are moving to send initial solidarity grants to mission partner institutions in Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala and El Salvador. Please follow the link below for more information about how you can help in these efforts.

Watch and wait. The whole world is watching the surging Covid-19 pandemic. The daily figures for new infections and deaths from the United States are greater now than for the entire ten-month course of the pandemic here in Costa Rica. My Facebook feed is once again full of news of friends and family members of friends who have fallen ill or who have died from the virus. The whole world is waiting for the vaccines, though in these small countries of Central America there are many questions about who will have access and when. It seems many people have grown tired of waiting to be with family and friends. Just as in the United States, small social gatherings are the greatest factor in the spread of the disease here.

Watch and wait. Professors watch and wait while students prepare final papers at the end of the academic year. This year there are more obstacles than usual: a laptop ruined by flood waters, marches to protest the removal of Peru's president by that country's congress, and Covid-19 infections. Yet our students press on, believing that theological studies will be a light for their path into the future. Registration for the coming academic year is now open here at the Latin American Biblical University.

Watch and wait with thanksgiving. I am thankful for many things during this pandemic, not in any particular order. For this beautiful house and garden that have been our refuge and shelter. For the many species of birds who visit daily. For conversations with our daughter. For our dogs and my cat who accompany me. For my colleagues at the Latin American Biblical University who are giving so much of themselves in spite of restrictions and salary cuts. For my students who reward my efforts with ever more profound questions. For the technology that allows me to connect with students, churches and friends around the world.

Watch and wait. With the start of Advent a new liturgical year begins, even though the calendar says there is still a month left to go in 2020. The new emerges within the old, if we can perceive it. Watch and wait is not a passive stance, but rather a call to an active yearning for a world renewed. The Human One is coming; we are not left on our own.

In Advent hope,

Karla

THE MEANING OF THE ADVENT CANDLES

In the ancient world, various peoples lit fires to mark the turning of the light into winter's season and to pray for the return of the light. The church has Christianized that practice in the lighting of the Advent wreath. To us, these candles are signs of the growing light of Christ who is coming again in all fullness into the darkness of our world. Until the dawning of that Great Day, we watch and wait in Holy Spirit for Christ's coming into the darkness of our world, lighting candles of hope, peace, joy, and love; and remembering the promises of God with prayer.

First Sunday in Advent: Hope - The first candle is called the *hope* candle. It reminds us that the hope we have today exists because God came to us in human form 2,000 years ago. That God-in-human-form died on a cross to cleanse our sins and restore us to a righteous relationship.

Second Sunday in Advent: Peace - The second candle of Advent is the *peace* candle. It reminds us of the peace we can have when we live a Christ-centered life. Certainly, learning that your fiancée is with child is not a peace-generating bit of news. Being an honorable man, Joseph decided to end their engagement, but to do so peacefully for Mary's sake. Then the angel told Joseph to stay true to Mary and go through with the marriage.

Third Sunday in Advent: Joy - The third candle of Advent is called the *joy* candle. Joy can be defined as a feeling of great pleasure and happiness. There are other synonyms for joy, such as bliss, ecstasy, euphoria and exuberance. Galatians tells us that joy is one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit. And Proverbs tells us that a joyful heart is good medicine.

Fourth Sunday in Advent: Love - The fourth candle of Advent is the *love* candle. We started with hope, which burst forth when God came to us in human form. Then we find peace by living a Christ-centered life. With hope and peace, we can live joyful lives. But it would be a pretty self-centered existence if Advent ended with us just being hopeful, peaceful and joyful. So, we light the candle of love to remind us that hope, peace and joy are the precursors to loving.

Christmas Eve: The final candle is the *Christ* candle. It sits in the center of the other candles because hope, peace, joy and love all come from Jesus. The Book of Acts says: "For in him we live, and move, and have our being." And the Gospel of John records that Jesus said: "As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Remain in my love. If you keep my commandments, you will remain in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commandments and remain in his love. I have told you these things so that my joy may be in you and your joy may be complete."

From Presbyterian Mission Agency



How you can help this Christmas

Trinity is partnering again this year with Fifty Forward senior centers to make a difference in the lives of 2 families (3 older adults and one grandchild) in need. **If you would like to purchase any of the following items and bring to the church office, please reply to this e-mail so the item can be marked off the list.** For the items you purchase, please:

- include receipts for the gifts in an envelope since there may be a need to exchange sizes, etc.
- **bring the items to the church office by Thursday, December 10.** (Please call to plan a time when Linda is in the office and not working remotely.)

Grecia (67 year old female, a survivor of elder abuse. She is a caretaker for her grandson, so the list includes items for both of them. Wish list:

Grecia: Shirt size 1x; Pant size 1x; Shoe size 8; Coat size 1x

- Tennis Shoes, size 8 in dark color
- Fresh fruit

Grecia's Grandson: 2 yrs old, size 3T clothing, size 6 diapers

- Toy trucks/cars
- Spiderman beanie/knit hat & small spiderman backpack

Daphne & Karl will receive a hot holiday meal on Christmas Day, but they would appreciate some additional food items. Karl is caregiver for his wife Daphne who is legally blind. Wish lists:

Daphne (67 year old female)

[Thanks to everyone who signed up – all of her items are provided!]

Karl (64 year old male)

- Black socks, size 15-16
- Food for holiday meal
- Stouffer or other brand frozen, prepared side dishes
- Fresh fruit

(They receive canned goods & shelf stable goods through Second Harvest)