



Bates Women's Fellowship Newsletter

Winter 2012

God So Loved The World

Our Father up in Heaven,
long, long years ago,
Looked down in His great mercy
upon the earth below.
And saw that folk were lonely
and lost in deep despair,
And so He said, "I'll send My Son
to walk among them there.
So they can hear Him speaking
and feel His nearness, too,
And see the many miracles
that faith alone can do.

For if man really sees Him
and can touch His healing hand
I know it will be easier
to believe and understand."
And so the Holy Christ Child
came down to live on earth,
And that is why we celebrate
His holy, wondrous birth.
That is why at Christmas
the world becomes aware
That heaven may seem far away
but God is everywhere.

Helen Steiner Rice



LOOK FOR US ON THE INTERNET!!!

Our Church's Website

In January the Church Board agreed that it would be a good idea to pursue the creation of a church website. After looking at several examples and checking out prices, the Board gave the okay to contact "mychurchwebsite.net". They set up our domain name and the initial web template. Joyce Childs has been very helpful in working with me to add information, photos, and change the template. It is a work in progress as we have several bits of information and photos that we plan to add in the near future.

If you haven't checked out the website, please do. Our address is www.batesumc-oh.org. I find using Google as your search engine will bring it up much quicker than the others. If you have suggestions as to something that should be featured or put on the calendar, please let me (Carrie Ator-James), Joyce Childs or Dona Collins know. We are pleased to say that folks came to our fall bazaar after finding out about us through our website!

Carrie Ator-James

CHRISTMAS 2011



Addy Hankinson, Hannah Dowler



Hannah Dowler, Hannah and Hunter King



Addy Hankinson, Hannah Dowler, Hannah King, Hunter King, Matthew Coon



Pastor Mary Jo and Santa Claus share a laugh!

Our Christmas Program last December was based on the song, "I Need a Silent Night", by Amy Grant, and directed by Juanita Deal. Her cast included Joyce Childs, Chad and Sue Cooley, Matthew Coon, Sherry Coon, Hannah Dowler, April and Addy Hankinson, Christy, Hannah and Hunter King, Pastor Dave and Bess Wolfe.

The children recited Bible verses they had learned over the past year, and sang "Away in the Manger", "Jesus Loves Me", and "Jesus Loves the Little Children". Special music was provided by Betty Rosser and Ken Sams, Candy Stebbins, and the men of the congregation. As a surprise, Santa and his number one elf (a.k.a. Phyllis Grubbs) arrived and distributed gifts to all the children. A delicious Christmas carry-in dinner was enjoyed by everyone following the program.

If you're headed in the wrong direction God allows U-turns.

MEN'S CHORUS



Every so often Pastor Dave coerces the men of the congregation into singing a special hymn. This picture was taken on October 14, 2012. Hunter is always invited to sing with the men, so on this Sunday Pastor Dave asked Hunter to pick out the hymn they would sing. Hunter's favorite hymn is page 2 in our hymnal, "How Great Thou Art". When asked which verses they were to sing, Hunter replied, "No. 1 and 2, then 3 and 4."

CLEVER ANAGRAMS

An anagram is defined as a word or phrase made from another by rearranging its letters. (Someone has way too much time on their hands.)

PRESBYTERIAN = BEST IN PRAYER

ASTRONOMER = MOON STARER

DESPERATION = A ROPE ENDS IT

THE EYES = THEY SEE

THE MORSE CODE = HERE COME DOTS

DORMITORY = DIRTY ROOM

SLOT MACHINES = CASH LOST IN ME

SNOOZE ALARMS = ALAS! NO MORE Zs

A DECIMAL POINT = I'M A DOT IN PLACE

THE EARTHQUAKES = THAT QUEER SHAKE

ELEVEN PLUS TWO = TWELVE PLUS ONE

Listen and Silent have the same letters. Coincidence?



THE HISTORY OF BATES UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

Following is an abbreviated history of Bates, taken from the book Athens County: The Second Century, 1905-2005. Information on our church's history was provided for inclusion in this book by Juanita Sams Deal.

On July 24, 1840, George Bates deeded one acre for the purpose of a free burying ground and public meeting house. Trees were cut from the burying site and nearby farms, and logs were drawn to the building site by teams of oxen. The construction was done by people of the neighborhood, and the log church was built in 1856. Revivals were held at night and days were spent in prayer meetings during this period. The preacher boarded at various homes, staying as long as six weeks at a time.

As time went by a contention arose in the congregation and a split developed. In 1870, Joseph and Margaret Anthony deeded nine-tenth of an acre to the trustees of the Christian Union Church. This land bordered the Methodist lot. In 1896, the two congregations were united once again. The log church was torn down and replaced by a large frame church. This church was dedicated as Mount Pleasant Methodist Protestant Church. Years later the name was changed to Bates Methodist Protestant, in honor of George Bates, the donor of the land. In 1968 at the annual Methodist Conference at Lakeside, Ohio, the Evangelical United Brethren and the Methodists merged, becoming United Methodist—hence, our current name of Bates United Methodist Church.

On March 18, 1943, the Women's Society of Christian Services (WSCS) was holding their regular monthly afternoon meeting when, due to a defective flue and a windy day, the church caught fire and burned. All that was saved was the pulpit stand, the service flag, the Christian flag, a few pews and some songbooks. At first services were held in various homes; later tent meetings were held on the site where the church burned.

Because of the war situation and economic conditions, it was impossible to buy new materials to rebuild. \$2,000 in insurance money, plus donations, enabled the congregation to purchase the vacant frame gymnasium from the Shade School Board and have it torn down and usable materials hauled to the church site. Dedication of the new church was held on Sunday, January 4, 1948. In the 1950s, the women held monthly dinners to raise money to buy new pews. Many improvements have been made since then, including replacing the furnace, painting, new windows, insulation, new ceiling, new piano, air conditioning, padded pews, new songbooks, remodeled basement with new cabinets, tables, chairs, and appliances, a sound system with speakers, replacement of front doors and a new brick sign with the church name and Methodist logo. Also, during this period the original cemetery was expanded when additional land was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Sams. A new section of land was purchased in 1976 allowing for additional cemetery space across the road from the church.

Homecomings are held annually each September allowing current and past congregation members to reconnect and remember the "good old days". Photos are taken at Homecoming every ten years or so and are on display in the church.

GOD LIVES IN THE POST OFFICE

(I received this email several years ago and was touched by the kindness of someone who works in the dead letter office of the U.S. Postal Service.)

Our 14 year old dog, Abbey, died last month. The day after she died, my four year old daughter, Meredith, was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey. She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey got to heaven God would recognize her. I told her I thought we could, so she dictated these words:

Dear God,

Will You please take care of my dog? She died yesterday and is with You in Heaven. I miss her very much. I am happy that You let me have her as my dog, even though she got sick.

I hope You will play with her. She likes to play with balls and to swim. I am sending a picture of her so when You see her You will know that she is my dog. I really miss her.

Love,

Meredith

We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey and Meredith, and addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it. Then Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven. That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office. A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. I told her that I thought He had.

Yesterday there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch, addressed "To Meredith", in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, When a Pet Dies. Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope. On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey and Meredith and this note:

Dear Meredith,

Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help. I recognized Abbey right away. Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart. Abbey loved being your dog. Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in, so I am sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by. Thank you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and sending it to me. What a wonderful mother you have. I picked her especially for you.

I send my blessings every day, and remember that I love you very much. By the way, I'm easy to find. I am wherever there is love.

Love,

God

COOK'S CORNER

This year's Homecoming celebration in September was especially nice, and I heard several comments to the effect that it was one of the nicest they could remember. Now, as you know, one of the best things about any of our Homecomings is the carry-in dinner that precedes the business meeting and afternoon entertainment. This year was no exception, and one of the best desserts there was a salad brought by Barbara Barringer. In fact, it was so good, I don't think she had anything but an empty dish to take home. I asked her to share the recipe, so I could include it in this issue.

PRETZEL SALAD

Crust:

12 oz. pretzels, coarsely ground in a blender or food processor

1 cup softened butter

2 T. sugar

Mix together and pat into a 9 x 13 baking pan. Bake at 400° for 10 minutes.

Filling:

1 cup sugar

12 oz. softened cream cheese

Mix well. Fold in 12 oz. Cool Whip

Spread mixture over crust.

Cover with strawberry glaze (home-made or purchased)

Slice fresh strawberries and place over glaze. Refrigerate till serving.

(Barbara indicated this is also good if you replace the glaze and fresh strawberries with a cherry pie filling.)

ATHENS FAIR

Each August the King children—Hannah and Hunter—do quite well with their 4-H projects, and this year was no exception. Hannah (12) won second place in Intermediate Showmanship and won fifth place overall in the Medium Weight Class with her pig, "Puzzle". Hunter (7), won first place in decorating his cowboy hat, "Blue Jeans and Country Dreams". Below are pictures of Hunter, wearing his prize-winning hat, Hannah with her pig, "Puzzle", and Hannah and Hunter in the show ring when they were having Pee Wee Showmanship. Hannah was assisting/advising Hunter.



VETERANS DAY



On Sunday, November 11, 2012, the veterans in the congregation were recognized and honored for their service to America. Shown here (front row) are Dale Haning (Army), Charles Grubbs (Army), Ralph James (Army); (second row) David Barringer (Army), Chad Cooley (Navy), Tommy Adkins (Army) and Dick Nisley (Army Air Force).

Pastor Dave read several quotes about freedom and Carrie Ator-James spoke on the definition of "patriotism" and how it has changed throughout the years.

HONOR FLIGHT



In keeping with the honoring of our veterans, Dick Nisley wore the hat he received when he had the opportunity a few years back of flying to Washington, D.C., on the Honor Flight to see the World War II Memorial. The Honor Flight Network Program was conceived by Earl Morse, a physician assistant and Retired Air Force Captain. Earl wanted to honor the veterans he had taken care

of for the past 27 years. When the World War II Memorial was completed and dedicated in May of 2004, the memorial quickly became the topic of discussion among his World War II veteran patients, and they all had a desire to visit THEIR memorial. It soon became clear that his patients simply weren't financially or physically able to make the journey. That's when Earl decided there had to be a way to get these heroes to D.C. to see their memorial. In December of 2004, Earl, who also happens to be a private pilot, asked one of his veteran patients if he would like to be flown, free of charge, to D.C. to visit his memorial. The man broke down and cried; he said at his age he would probably never get to see the memorial otherwise. This led to Earl asking for help from other pilots to make these dreams a reality. Honor Flight was born when Earl addressed 150 members of his aero club, outlining a volunteer program to fly veterans to their memorial. There were two major stipulations to the request. The first was that the veterans pay nothing. The entire aircraft rental (\$600—\$1200/day) would have to be paid solely by the pilots. The second was that the pilots personally escort the

veterans around D.C. for the entire day. Eleven pilots who had never met his patients stepped up to volunteer and Honor Flight was born. Soon other dedicated volunteers joined, a board was formed, funds were raised and the first flight took to the air in May of 2005. It was an experience both veterans and their pilots will remember for the rest of their lives. In 2006, commercial flights were used exclusively due to the number of veterans on the waiting list. In 2008, Southwest Airlines donated thousands of free tickets, and was named the official commercial carrier of the Honor Flight Network. The Network is proud to say that (1) all heroes had a safe and memorable trip and (2) sufficient funds have been raised so that every veteran flies absolutely free.

In his own words, Dick Nisley explains what this flight meant to him:

"I don't know who named it the Honor Flight, but they named it right. It certainly was an honor to be on the flight. It all started at Port Columbus with a brown bag breakfast. I believe there were 99 veterans on the flight and each one had a guardian and a wheelchair on board for them. My guardian was Fran Marysville. When we arrived at Baltimore Airport they wouldn't let us go in until the last person was off the plane. Then they opened the doors to a room full of people to greet us and hand us rolls of lifesavers. After a short wait there they loaded us on three buses and on to Washington we went.

The first place we stopped was the World War II Memorial. We could get our picture taken with Bob Doyle. I think the thing that impressed me the most was the wall of 4,000 gold stars honoring 400,000 lives lost during the war, and the beauty of it all.

The next place we visited was the Iwo Jima Monument. My guardian took me over to a knoll and we took a picture of three things in a row—the Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument and the Capitol Building. What a picture that made! The next place we visited was Arlington Cemetery. What impressed me there was the size of the cemetery and the Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We then were taken all over town. We couldn't get into the Korean or Viet Nam Memorials. The town was pretty well taken over by the Tea Party that day. We went past the Pentagon and you could see where the airplane flew into it by the different color of the bricks.

The thing that brought tears to most of our eyes was when we entered the room at the Columbus Airport filled to standing room only with people cheering. The line I was in was lined on both sides with Boy Scouts and to top it all off a bagpipe band was playing music. I will never forget that flight and the wonderful care we were given, and I would go again at the drop of a hat!"

WHAT HONOR LOOKS LIKE: THE FLASH MOB AT GATE 38 OF REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT

(By Chris Muller, May 23, 2012)

Honor is a hard term to describe. It doesn't have a color or weight or

shape. If someone were to ask me what honor looked like, I'd probably struggle with what to say. But something happened on May 23, 2012, at 9:31 a.m. at Gate 38 of Reagan National Airport that might change that. A flash mob of sorts broke out. But not like you've seen on YouTube with highly choreographed dance members or people singing a song in unison. In fact, virtually all of the participants of this "flash mob" didn't know they would be participating until moments before it happened.

Let me explain. Shortly before 9:30 over the loud speakers, a US Airways gate attendant announced that an Honor Flight of World War II veterans would be arriving momentarily and encouraged anyone passing by to help greet them. Five or six people looked like they were officially part of the welcoming committee, and the rest of the people in the secure section of the airport were regular old travelers going somewhere. Then I had a terrible thought. What if these veterans came off the plane and just those five or six individuals were there to greet them. I walked a gate over to help see the veterans out. But, then it happened and frankly, I wasn't expecting it. All throughout the terminal, people left their gates and gathered around Gate 38. A few active military personnel in plain clothes approached the gate attendant and politely asked if they could join in the salute within the jet way as the heroes first stepped off the plane. Every human being in the terminal stood at attention and faced the door. Someone held up an old newspaper from 1945 that had a banner headline that said, "Nazis Quit!" And when I saw that newspaper, I realized that World War II wasn't just a chapter in a history book. It was men and women who saw an evil like the world has never seen before and traveled across the world to meet that evil. And they defeated it.

I wonder if, in 1945, any of those brave soldiers could ever imagine that 67 years later we'd still be basking in the freedom they preserved. And some of those heroes were about to walk through Gate 38.

The first soldier walked through the door. Old, frail, and needing help walking. And every person I could see in the entire airport stood and applauded. No—maybe cheered is more like it. But, here's the thing. The applause didn't stop. For a full 20 minutes, as veteran by veteran stepped out of the jet way, the US Airways wing of Reagan National Airport thundered in appreciation. Travelers stepped out for the opportunity to shake their hand while others held back tears.

This is the America we picture in our heads. Heroes getting a hero's welcome and those who enjoy the freedom adequately conveying their gratitude.

Now I know what honor looks like.

Kindness is difficult to give away because it keeps coming back.

A DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS POEM

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,
I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.
My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,
My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.

Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,
Transforming the yard to a winter delight.
The sparkling lights in the tree, I believe,
Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep.
In perfect contentment, or so it would seem,
So I slumbered; perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,
But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.
Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know,
Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,
And I crept to the door just to see who was near.
Standing out in the cold and dark of the night,
A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old,
Perhaps a Marine, huddled here in the cold.
Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,
Standing watch over me, my wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked without fear,
"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!
Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve,
You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,
Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts,
To the window that danced with a warm fire's light,
Then he sighed and he said, "It's really all right,
I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night."

"It's my duty to stand at the front of the line,
That separates you from the darkest of times.
No one had to ask or beg or implore me,
I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

My Gramps died at 'Pearl' on a day in December,"
Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas 'Gram always remembers.
My dad stood his watch in the jungles of 'Nam,
And now it's my turn and so, here I am.

I've not seen my own son in more than a while,
But my wife sends me pictures, he's sure got her smile."
Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,
The red, white and blue—an American flag.

"I can live through the cold and the being alone,
Away from my family, my house and my home.
I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet,
I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat.

I can carry the weight of killing another,
Or lay down my life with my sister and brother,
Who stand at the front against any and all,
To ensure for all time that this flag will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said, "harbor no fright,
Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."

"But isn't there something I can do, at the least,
Give you money," I asked, "or prepare you a feast?
It seems all too little for all you have done,
For being away from your wife and your son."

Then his eyes welled a tear that held no regret,
"Just tell us you love us, and never forget,
To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone,
To stand your own watch, no matter how long.

For when we come home, either standing or dead,
To know you remember we fought and we bled,
Is payment enough, and with that we will trust,
That we mattered to you as you mattered to us."

THE 'W' IN CHRISTMAS

Each December I vowed to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience. I had cut back on nonessential obligations—extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending. Yet still, I found myself exhausted, unable to appreciate the precious family moments, and of course, the true meaning of Christmas.

My son, Nicholas, was in kindergarten that year. It was an exciting season for a six-year-old. For weeks he'd been memorizing songs for his school's "Winter Pageant". I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd be working the night of the production. Unwilling to miss his shining moment, I spoke with his teacher. She assured me there'd be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation. All parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then. Fortunately, Nicholas seemed happy with the compromise.

The morning of the dress rehearsal I filed in ten minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room I saw several other parents quietly scampering to their seats. As I waited, the students were led into the room. Then each group, one by one, rose to perform their song. Because the public school system had long stopped referring to the holiday as "Christmas", I didn't expect anything other than fun, commercial entertainment songs of reindeer, Santa Claus, snowflakes and good cheer, so when my son's class rose to sing, "Christmas Love", I was slightly taken aback by its bold title. Nicholas was aglow, as were all his classmates, adorned in fuzzy mittens, red sweaters, and bright snowcaps upon their heads. Those in the front row—center stage—held up large letters, one by one, to spell out the title of the song.

As the class would sing "C is for Christmas", a child would hold up the letter C. Then "H is for Happy", and on and on, until each child holding up his portion had presented the complete message, "Christmas Love". The performance was going smoothly, until suddenly, we noticed her; a small, quiet girl in the front row holding the letter "M" upside down—totally unaware her letter "M" appeared as a "W". The audience of first through sixth graders snickered at this little one's mistake but she had no idea they were laughing at her, so she stood tall, proudly holding her "W".

Although many teachers tried to shush the children, the laughter continued until the last letter was raised, and we all saw it together. A hush came over the audience and eyes began to widen. In that instant we understood the reason we were there, why we celebrated the holiday in the first place, why even in the chaos there was a purpose for our festivities. When the last letter was held high the message read loud and clear:

"CHRIST WAS LOVE"

And I believe He still is.

HAVE A BLESSED CHRISTMAS SEASON!