



It's A Wonderful Life!

Senior Adult Fellowship

November, December 2015

January 2016

“Listen, I tell you a mystery. We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed – in a flash, in a twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed.”

1Corinthians 15: 51-52

Several weeks ago we were having dinner with some friends of ours. One of the wives brought her iPad with her so that she could show us pictures of her class reunion she had just attended in her hometown in Kentucky. She had a picture of her with her prom date that was taken 50 years ago and then one that was taken of both of them at the reunion. You can imagine the laughter as we compared the two pictures and saw the physical changes that occurred to each of them in a half century.

I had actually just attended my reunion as well. I graduated from high school in a small town in Southeastern Pennsylvania. Since I have remained very close to many of my classmates it is always fun to see them and catch up on our lives when we get together at these events. However, I am always a little apprehensive about seeing classmates I don't stay in touch with because in my mind I see them as they were in high school rather than as they are now. Needless to say, the reality is that we have ALL changed since we walked across the stage to receive our diplomas.

Reunions can certainly be fun but for some they may bring back memories of painful adolescent experiences, disappointments or dwelling on “what could have been.” However, if we are part of God's family we will one day enjoy the greatest reunion of all, either when Christ returns or at the end of our earthly life when He takes us home to be with Him. There will be no pain, no tears and no sorrow, no regrets. Yes, we will all be changed as we are told in the passage above, but we also will be reunited with loved ones who have gone on before us. If you are like me, I truly cannot fathom this from a human standpoint but it will be so much more that we can imagine in our wildest dreams. But I am sure right now you are thinking of those you are yearning to see again.

As for being changed, we don't know what we will look like but my understanding is that we WILL recognize each other in heaven. Therefore the great fellowship we enjoy here on earth as believers will be continued there. AND, we will see Jesus face to face. Now that is a reunion we can all look forward to with great anticipation!

In His love,
Carla Brown

Schedule for our next three months ...

NOVEMBER 12, 2015

"Here's adventure! Here's romance! Here's O. Henry's famous Robin Hood of the old west, the Cisco Kid!" Millions of kids, and their parents, heard this introduction weekly for the six years "The Cisco Kid" played on television. Come join us to hear Carol Waffel tell of her experiences working with Richard Renaldo, son of Duncan Renaldo who played Cisco. She'll have a few "best of" scenes from the show as well as photographs of Cisco and Pancho.

Our meetings begin with fellowship at 10:30 AM followed by the program at 11:00 AM and a delicious lunch at a cost of \$6. Please contact Janette Barnes (706-820-9029) or Rosa Wrenn (423-886-6349) for reservations.

DECEMBER 10, 2015

We are in store for a special treat this month when Sigrid and David Luther share their wonderful musical talents with us. We'll hear both Christian and secular Christmas music sung by David. Sigrid will play piano pieces celebrating the Christmas season. There may even be an opportunity to have a sing along!

JANUARY 14, 2016

Come join us to learn how First Presbyterian Church Chattanooga has been deeply involved in Bible History from the very beginning. We'll have the opportunity to see and hear how it is being taught in our local schools in 2016.

Pastor's Prayer Corner ...

Building our life on Jesus Christ - 2015 World Missions Conference

For God loved the world in such a way, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believes in Him, will not perish but will have everlasting life. John 3.16

Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, North America and South America were all represented at our recent World Missions Conference. We listened to our missionaries, our dear ones who are committed to taking the gospel and love of Jesus around His globe. We learned first-hand of the ways that God's love is being shed abroad. God loves the nations. God loves the people of His world. (And yes, Jesus loves you, too!)

We are living during perilous and exciting times. Now, just a few weeks after the closing worship service, we find ourselves pondering our experiences from the 64th Annual World Missions Conference. Many of us are still reviewing the sermons and seminars that we attended. We are praying for the missionaries whom we met. I'll never forget when Rev. Sandy Willson said, "The earth and everything in it is the Lord's, and we have been entrusted to manage the resources that He has entrusted to us" and "What if we looked over each other's budgets the way we look over our missionaries' budgets?"

We can still see the faces of our missionaries. We can replay the videos in our minds and still see the images of the people they serve ... the people they love ... the people God loves.

Please commit to praying that God's glorious love would spread throughout our church, our city and throughout our world. Please pray for our missionaries. Please pledge and give financial resources to the glory of God. Please see our website for specifics.

A friend who labors quietly in China reaching the lost for Jesus sent me a quote from one of the "baby Christians" with whom he works. Yu Yu said, "We earn money so that we can live, but we build a life by what we give away."

In His grip,
Tim Tinsley, Senior Pastor

Birthdays ...

November

1 Cullen Davis
 2 Wallace Mantooth
 3 Jean Kinser
 7 Ed Durham
 Jackie Myers
 8 Jeanette Kelly
 12 Bashie Evans
 Gerry Gratigny
 13 Carla Brown
 16 Therese Van Wickler
 17 Betty Jones
 Herman Weaver
 18 Margie Richardson
 19 John Boxell
 21 Harriet Bond
 Patti Hite
 23 Marianne Weddle
 25 Ray Hall
 27 LaVonne Jolley
 27 Trudy Perdue
 28 Mary Ferguson
 30 Jean Bruewer
 Teeny Lassiter

December

2 Ginger Spears
 5 Madeleine Garner
 6 Leroy Hite
 8 Jeanne Evans
 Bobbie Meadows
 9 Lenette Glass
 10 James Garner
 11 Cathy Barker
 Mary Katherine Pace
 12 Wilma Dietzen
 Bea Hicks
 13 Doris Mantooth
 15 Lee Anderson
 16 Eva Setliffe
 Martin Whited
 17 Scott Brown
 21 Ann Maddox
 23 Benora Holder
 25 Phyllis Holwerda
 28 Richard Bohner

January

4 Rick Conner
 5 Pam Craven
 6 Peggy Nabors
 7 Neale Kelly
 Mimi Willis
 8 Marilyn Boxell
 10 Martha Whaley
 11 Sally Koehn
 12 Charlie Hill
 Judy Smith
 Sherry Tucker
 17 Peggy Bizzell
 19 Steve Hawkins
 20 Shirley Hardy
 Winnie Rose
 21 Wilma Fowler
 22 Betty Franklin
 23 Wally Henry
 25 Frankie Ditto
 26 Karen Fisher
 Gayle Sorenson
 27 Raleigh Maddox
 Gloria Hartshorn
 31 Vivian McKinnon
 Jean Moss

Prayer & Praise ...

Emily Adams
 Ken Akin
 Lee Anderson
 Betty Ball
 Jack Bannister
 Janette Barnes
 Jan Bond
 Jay & Kathleen Craven
 Diane Edmondson
 Bashie Evans
 Ted Franklin
 Lenette Glass
 Mindy Hanson
 Gil Knier

Nancy Jones
 Doris & Wallace Mantooth
 Ted Mills
 Jean Moss
 Rosemary Robertson
 John Rose
 Curtis Smith, Judy's son
 Everett Sorensen
 Nancy Tatum
 Pat Thatcher
 Martha Whaley
 Rosalie Williams
 Ruth Wolf
 Mary Wright

Paul & Joyce Ritch & Family
 Mary Roser's son Richard
 Kitty Stone's, son Doug
 Gay Tucker's son, Jeff



In our
 thoughts
 & prayers

In Loving Memory ...

We extend our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of those who have passed away.

Hal North's mother, Frances Starr North
 Jeff Messinger's mother, Shirley
 Sally Koehn's cousin John Schwartz

Rudy Walldorf's nephew Albert Smith
 Family and friends of Bob Coker

Christmas at the Gas Station

The old man sat in his gas station on a cold Christmas Eve. He hadn't been anywhere in years since his wife had passed away. It was just another day to him. He didn't hate Christmas, just couldn't find a reason to celebrate. He was sitting there looking at the snow that had been falling for the last hour and wondering what it was all about when the door opened and a homeless man stepped through. Instead of throwing the man out, Old George as he was known by his customers, told the man to come and sit by the heater and warm up. "Thank you, but I don't mean to intrude," said the stranger. "I see you're busy, I'll just go." "Not without something hot in your belly." George said. He turned and opened a wide mouth thermos and handed it to the stranger. "It ain't much, but it's hot and tasty. Stew ... Made it myself. When you're done, there's coffee and it's fresh."

Just at that moment he heard the "ding" of the driveway bell. "Excuse me, be right back," George said. There in the driveway was an old '53 Chevy. Steam was rolling out of the front. The driver was panicked. "Mister can you help me!" said the driver, with a deep Spanish accent. "My wife is with child and my car is broken." George opened the hood. It was bad. The block looked cracked from the cold, the car was dead. "You ain't going in this thing," George said as he turned away. "But Mister, please help ..." The door of the office closed behind George as he went inside. He went to the office wall and got the keys to his old truck, and went back outside. He walked around the building, opened the garage, started the truck and drove it around to where the couple was waiting. "Here, take my truck," he said. "She ain't the best thing you ever looked at, but she runs real good." George helped put the woman in the truck and watched as it sped off into the night. He turned and walked back inside the office. "Glad I gave 'em the truck, their tires were shot, too. That ol' truck has brand new ..." George thought he was talking to the stranger, but the man had gone. The thermos was on the desk, empty, with a used coffee cup beside it. "Well, at least he got something in his belly," George thought. George went back outside to see if the old Chevy would start. It cranked slowly, but it started. He pulled it into the garage where the truck had been. He thought he would tinker with it for something to do. Christmas Eve meant no customers. He discovered the block hadn't cracked, it was just the bottom hose on the radiator. "Well, shoot, I can fix this," he said to himself. So he put a new one on. "Those tires ain't gonna get 'em through the winter either." He took the snow treads off of his wife's old Lincoln. They were like new and he wasn't going to drive the car anyway.

As he was working, he heard shots being fired. He ran outside and beside a police car an officer lay on the cold ground. Bleeding from the left shoulder, the officer moaned, "Please help me." George helped the officer inside as he remembered the training he had received in the Army as a medic. He knew the wound needed attention. "Pressure to stop the bleeding," he thought. The uniform company had been there that morning and had left clean shop towels. He used those and duct tape to bind the wound. "Hey, they say duct tape can fix anythin'," he said, trying to make the policeman feel at ease. "Something for pain," George thought. All he had was the pills he used for his back. "These ought to work." He put some water in a cup and gave the policeman the pills. "You hang in there, I'm going to get you an ambulance." The phone was dead. "Maybe I can get one of your buddies on that there talk box out in your car." He went out only to find that a bullet had gone into the dashboard destroying the two-way radio. He went back in to find the policeman sitting up. "Thanks," said the officer. "You could have left me there. The guy that shot me is still in the area." George sat down beside him, "I would never leave an injured man in the Army and I ain't gonna leave you." George pulled back the bandage to check for bleeding. "Looks worse than what it is. Bullet passed right through ya. Good thing it missed the important stuff though. I think with time your gonna be right as rain." George got up and poured a cup of coffee. "How do you take it?" he asked. "None for me," said the officer. "Oh, yer gonna drink this. Best in the city. Too bad I ain't got no donuts." The officer laughed and winced at the same time. The front door of the office flew open. In burst a young man with a gun. "Give me all your cash! Do it now!" the young man yelled. His hand was shaking and George could tell that he had never done anything like this before. "That's the guy that shot me!" exclaimed the officer. "Son, why are you doing this?" asked George, "You need to put the cannon away. Somebody else might get hurt." The young man was confused. "Shut up old man, or I'll shoot you, too. Now give me the cash!" The cop was reaching for his gun. "Put that thing away," George said to the cop, "we got one too many in here now." He turned his attention to the young man. "Son, it's Christmas Eve. If you need money, well then, here. It ain't much but it's all I got. Now put that pea shooter away." George pulled \$150 out of his pocket and handed it to the young man, reaching for the barrel of the gun at the same time. The young man released his grip on the gun, fell to his knees and began to cry. "I'm not very good at this am I? All I wanted was to buy something for my wife and son," he went on. "I've lost my job, my rent is due, my car got repossessed last week." George handed the gun to the cop. "Son, we all get in a bit of a squeeze now and then. The road gets hard sometimes, but we make it through the best we can." He got the young man to his feet, and sat him down on a chair across from the cop. "Sometimes we do stupid things." George handed the young man a cup of coffee. "Bein' stupid is one of the things that makes us human. Comin' in here with a gun ain't the answer. Now sit there and get warm and we'll sort this thing out." The young man had stopped crying. He looked over to the cop. "Sorry I shot you. It just went off. I'm sorry officer." "Shut up and drink your coffee" the cop said. George could hear the sounds of sirens outside. A police car and an ambulance skidded to a halt. Two cops came through the door, guns drawn. "Chuck! You OK?" one of the cops asked the wounded officer. "Not bad for a guy who took a bullet. How did you find me?" "GPS locator in the car. Best thing since sliced bread. Who did this?" the other cop asked as he approached the young man. Chuck answered him, "I don't know. The guy ran off

into the dark. Just dropped his gun and ran." George and the young man both looked puzzled at each other. "That guy work here?" the wounded cop continued. "Yep," George said, "just hired him this morning. Boy lost his job." The paramedics came in and loaded Chuck onto the stretcher. The young man leaned over the wounded cop and whispered, "Why?" Chuck just said, "Merry Christmas boy ... and you too, George, and thanks for everything." "Well, looks like you got one doozy of a break there. That ought to solve some of your problems."

George went into the back room and came out with a box. He pulled out a ring box. "Here you go, something for the little woman. I don't think Martha would mind. She said it would come in handy some day." The young man looked inside to see the biggest diamond ring he ever saw. "I can't take this," said the young man. "It means something to you." "And now it means something to you," replied George. "I got my memories. That's all I need." George reached into the box again. An airplane, a car and a truck appeared next. They were toys that the oil company had left for him to sell. "Here's something for that little man of yours." The young man began to cry again as he handed back the \$150 that the old man had handed him earlier. "And what are you supposed to buy Christmas dinner with? You keep that too," George said. "Now git home to your family." The young man turned with tears streaming down his face. "I'll be here in the morning for work, if that job offer is still good." "Nope. I'm closed Christmas day," George said. "See ya the day after." George turned around to find that the stranger had returned. "Where'd you come from? I thought you left?" "I have been here. I have always been here," said the stranger. "You say you don't celebrate Christmas. Why?" "Well, after my wife passed away, I just couldn't see what all the bother was. Puttin' up a tree and all seemed a waste of a good pine tree. Bakin' cookies like I used to with Martha just wasn't the same by myself and besides I was gettin' a little chubby." The stranger put his hand on George's shoulder. "But you do celebrate the holiday, George. You gave me food and drink and warmed me when I was cold and hungry. The woman with child will bear a son and he will become a great doctor. The policeman you helped will go on to save 19 people from being killed by terrorists. The young man who tried to rob you will make you a rich man and not take any for himself. "That is the spirit of the season and you keep it as good as any man." George was taken aback by all the stranger had said. "And how do you know all this?" asked the old man. "Trust me, George. I have the inside track on this sort of thing. And when your days are done you will be with Martha again." The stranger moved toward the door. "If you will excuse me, George, I have to go now. I have to go home where there is a big celebration planned." George watched as the old leather jacket and the torn pants that the stranger was wearing turned into a white robe. A golden light began to fill the room. "You see, George ... it's My birthday. Merry Christmas."

George fell to his knees and replied, "Happy Birthday, Lord Jesus" Merry Christmas!!

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND GOD BLESS!

Pictures from the October Trip to Rome, Georgia



**It's A Wonderful Life! Senior Adult Fellowship
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This newsletter is prayerfully prepared for:

Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same, or one day we will spend our sunset years telling our children and our children's children what it was once like in the United States where men were free.

Ronald Reagan



**Merry
Christmas!**
*and a
Blessed New Year*