

McAllister Messenger

~ December 2022 ~

A Word From Your Pastor - A Season of Waiting

I don't like to wait. I get impatient while microwaving leftovers, because it takes a couple of minutes. I get impatient while pumping gas. I get impatient while waiting in line in the grocery store.

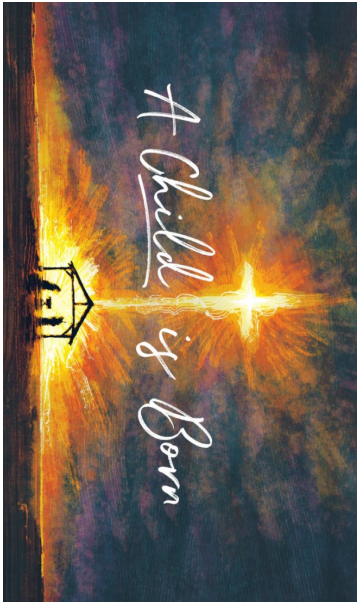
In this respect, I share a lot in common with our culture. Because we are a culture that doesn't like to wait. This impatience comes out especially during this holiday season, as we all wait for the big day of Christmas to come.

All of which means that the season of Advent is a season that doesn't make much sense in our culture. Advent is a season during which we wait for the Christ child to come. We celebrate Advent on the four Sundays before Christmas Day.

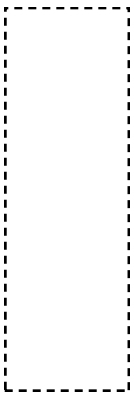
Now why would we celebrate the fact that we have to wait? Why would we mark these four Sundays as one of the most important times in the life of the church? The reason is because we always have to wait for Christ to come. God doesn't operate according to our schedules and when we want things to happen. God operates on God's time.

So we should be thankful that God gives us this season of waiting. In the busyness of the holidays, it is a gift that reminds us to slow down and be patient. Christ is coming. That promise has been made, and God always keeps his promises. The light of the world will shine again into our lives and into our hearts. If only we can be patient. And if we can wait...

McAllister Memorial Presbyterian Church
900 North Alleghany Avenue
Covington, VA 24426



McAllister Memorial Presbyterian Church
900 N. Alleghany Avenue
Covington, VA 24426
(540) 962-2675
e-mail - mcmpres@ntelos.net
Website: mcallistermempcusa.org
(with online giving link)
Rev. James Edward Moss, Minister
Cell phone—434-738-8841
Email—revjimmos95@gmail.com



BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Covington, VA
Permit No. 67
Non-Profit Organization



The church
office will be
CLOSED:
Friday,
December 23
@
Monday,
December 26

Musical Minute:

My mother was a bodacious maker of bows, a skill she attributed to having worked for a local florist when she was a newlywed. Whether adorning packages, wreaths, swags or garlands, mom's bows were always generously full, long-tailed, and perfectly symmetrical with elegant cinched loops. Sadly, I didn't inherit her talent for bow making, although it's not for lack of trying. Over the years I have studied her bows and attempted to fashion something equally beautiful, but never with much success. My bows always look sort of "scrinchy" and stingy by comparison, like they've already spent a decade or so in the wind and rain on a tired wreath. But my mama was a true artist when handed a spool of ribbon and we are blessed to still have a few of her creations hidden amongst our Christmas decorations.



We had a tree behind our home in Austria that hosted an abundance of mistletoe each winter and it became tradition to harvest a basketful to decorate for the holidays. It was so fresh that the greenery remained bright and the white berries plump throughout the whole season. Usually the harvest required Andy on a ladder, but one Christmas there was about a foot and a half of snow on the ground and a particularly bountiful supply of mistletoe high in the tree. By clambering up the snow-covered hillside behind the tree, mom was able to reach the mistletoe and cut a huge cluster about the diameter of an extra large pizza! She made a lovely bow out of green, gold, and red striped ribbon to decorate it and we hung it from the base of one of the light fixtures in the dining room. From that time, the striped bow became the official "bow of the mistletoe."

Our last Christmas in Austria was 2009. Mom stayed home that year to celebrate with Nick and Cathy. As I packed up our Christmas decorations following the holidays, I had no inkling that it would be the final time we would celebrate Christmas in Europe and that I wouldn't see my beloved Christmas ornaments for another three years. I was on a plane home to Covington by early May of 2010 after learning of mom's cancer diagnosis. Andy remained in Europe through November and although our household goods were packed up in late October, they had to



Presbyterian Women:

Circle #3 ~ December 13th, 5:30 p.m. at church
Circle #4 ~ December 14th (Drapers—The Greenbrier*)
*meet at church at 10:30am to carpool



"Buzzy"

Financial Book 2022 closing December 30th

The financial records for 2022 will close Friday, December 30th. In order for contributions to be recorded in our records as 2022 gifts, they need to be delivered to the office by Friday, December 30, postmarked by December 31, or made online by midnight December 31. Many thanks for all your financial gifts throughout yet another financially challenging year and for your cooperation as we work to close the books for 2022.

OFFERING ENVELOPES will be ready for pickup in the church office by December 30th. Please feel free to pick them up during office hours or call to make other arrangements. Thank you.



MEALS ON WHEELS needs volunteers beginning the week of Monday, January 30th into February. If you have any questions or would like to help, please contact Marshall or Donna Fox @ 540-962-3889.

BREAKFAST with SANTA: Clifton Forge Presbyterian Church



Saturday, December 10, 2022 ~ 8 a.m.—9:30 a.m.

There will be pancakes, bacon, sausage, and juice.
There will be a special surprise gift from Santa!

The TAP (Total Action Against Poverty) office is in need of coats in all sizes (youth & adult). They are also in need of MEN'S clothing. Donations of these items can be dropped by the TAP office (118 S. Lexington Avenue, Cov.) weekdays, 9am to 4pm.



Christmas gifts & memorials as well as the Christmas Poinsettia list will be published in the January 2023 newsletter.

Coolers of Love: We Are Family UPDATE

(submitted by Linda Trumbo)

Buckhorn, KY—We saw brothers and sisters in need, and showed them that they are loved.

**1600 lbs of food was collected. *Twenty-nine (29) families received the food / items*

A cashier's check for \$527.05 was made payable to Buckhorn School to use for student's needs. The check was mailed 11-03-2022. The school has a budget line item designated for this. The funds will not go into the school's "General Fund". I called Tim Wooten, Principal of Buckhorn School, and advised him that we had funds available. We had over estimated cost of gas to make the trip. The thinking was that teachers have a relationship with the students and their families. Teachers have a day-to-day interaction with the students, and know the struggles, challenges, that the students (and families) face.

Important: Tim wanted me to be sure to tell you all how much what you have done means to his students (their families) and his staff. I told him I would definitely pass on his thanks.

Buckhorn School is a school with grades K-12. Tim sent me the breakdown of his students. There is one classroom for each of the grades (K-12). The breakdown is below:

Kindergarten - 21
1st grade - 18
2nd grade - 22
3rd grade - 16
4th grade -17
5th grade - 20
6th grade -18
7th grade -28
8th grade -27
9th grade -30
10th grade -27
11th grade - 28
12th grade - 35
TOTAL—307 students

The information below was taken from WYMT in Hazard, KY on 08-10-2022. Buckhorn School will be closed this year and next year. An engineering firm has been to the Buckhorn School site and will make a recommendation for the future of the Buckhorn School, Buckhorn, KY facilities.

As a result, Buckhorn students will be temporarily housed in the West Wing of A.B.Combs School. "This will allow us to be able to house all of the Buckhorn School staff and students in one building under the same roof as we had at Buckhorn," a post read on the Buckhorn School Facebook page.

"This is a tremendous asset for our students to be with their familiar peers and school staff! We are excited about this opportunity," officials added.

Buckhorn School also has its own Facebook page which posts school activities. It is great to see and read what these amazing students/teachers/parents/community are doing.

make the long voyage across the Atlantic on a cargo ship and then be cleared through customs. Our furniture, books, and other belongings, including the Christmas decorations, didn't make it home until mid-December. There was no time to unpack everything and search for the decorations before Christmas, so we celebrated with a small pre-decorated tree. It was an odd year anyway considering the circumstances, and the little tree suited our purpose just fine.

We were finally reacquainted with our Christmas decorations in December of 2012, about a year and a half after losing mom and three years after packing them away. (We had an extensive project at the house in December 2011 that necessitated me and our big dog vacating the house each day for a number of weeks. That little pre-lit tree from the previous year came in handy!) It was a joy to finally unbox the linens, ceramics, and ornaments and to discover that, remarkably, even the most fragile baubles had survived the long journey home to Virginia. Each of our Christmas decorations, like yours, I am certain, have a story to tell—the ornaments that hung on the magical trees of our childhood, the special ones that were given over the years by family and dear friends, the unexpected "perfect" ornament found on a trip to the beach . . . Unpacking was like visiting with old friends I hadn't seen in far too long. I wasn't prepared, however, for the flood of emotions and memories that hit me when I unearthed that striped ribbon, "the bow of the mistletoe," scrunched in the corner of a box with some Christmas linens. There were some tears, of course, but they were quickly followed by smiles as I remembered mom purposefully scrambling up the snowy hillside, clippers in hand. The ribbon was a little worse for its time spent crushed in the box, but nothing that couldn't be refreshed with a little fluffing and maybe some steam. And it was as though mom had reached out her very talented hands and said, "Don't worry. I'm right here and I made this just for you. Merry Christmas!" I pulled out the "bow of the mistletoe" while writing this, just to take a look, and after at least fifteen years, I'll admit that it is looking a little tired. Maybe it's mom's way of saying, "Don't worry. I'm right here. Why don't you try your hand at making a new bow?"

I wish you warm and wonderful new holiday memories (exuberantly bedecked with ribbons and bows) to go along with the old. Merry Christmas!

Beth



Notes From Pastor Jim



- * **CHRISTMAS CHEER:** We are collecting donations for Christmas Cheer, and the fund is running a little low this year. If you would like to give to this program which helps needy families have a good Christmas, please place a check in the offering plate with "Christmas Cheer" in the memo line. You can also mail to or drop a check off at the church.
- * **POINSETTIAS:** The time has come to reserve your poinsettias. Please return the form included in this newsletter to the church office by Sunday, December 4th. You may also place the form with payment in the offering plate on Sunday.
- * **CHRISTMAS NATIVITY TABLEAUX:** The children and youth of the church will be performing the Christmas Nativity on Sunday, December 18th during worship. We will have rehearsals during Sunday School on December 11th & 18th. If you have grandchildren/great-grandchildren who would like to participate, please let Margaret Moss know (434-738-8512). Participants will have a Christmas Party after worship on December 18th. Please bring a gift for the White Elephant gift giving, no more than \$10 in value.

~POINSETTIA ORDER FORM~

Please ORDER BY:
Sunday, December 4th

We will be using red poinsettias to decorate the sanctuary for the December 18th & December 25th worship services. To participate please complete this form. Make checks payable to:

McAllister Presbyterian Church

Enclose cash or check payment with this form. Return your order to the church office OR you may call in your order at 540-962-2675. Thank you.

Your Name: _____ Phone: _____

In memory/honor of (circle one): _____

Given By: _____

of Plants: _____ @ \$12.50 ea. = \$ _____

**** You may pick your plant up after the service on December 18th or 25th. ****

knew we didn't have any money. Widow Clark had closer neighbors than us. Why was it our concern?

We unloaded the wood behind the Clark house and knocked on the door. It opened a crack, and a timid voice said "Who is it?"

"James Cotton, ma'am, and my daughter, Elizabeth. Could we come in for a bit?" Mrs. Clark opened the door. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The three children were huddled underneath another blanket, sitting in front of a small fire in the fireplace. Widow Clark fumbled with a match and lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, ma'am," Pa said, and set the sack of flour and meat on the table. He handed her the other sack. She opened it hesitantly and took out the shoes, one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children—sturdy shoes that would last.

She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling as tears ran down her cheeks. She looked at Pa as if she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out.

"We brought a load of wood, too, ma'am," Pa said. He turned to me and said, "Elizabeth, go bring in enough to last a while. Let's get that fire roaring and heat this place up."

I wasn't the same person when I went to get the wood. I had a lump in my throat and tears in my eyes.

Soon the fire was blazing, and everyone's spirits soared. The kids giggled when Pa handed them each a piece of candy, and Widow Clark looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face in a long time.

"God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord sent you. The children and I prayed that he would send us one of his angels to spare us."

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit, and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord, the Lord made sure he got things right.

Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their pa, and I was glad I still had mine.

At the door, Pa turned to Widow Clark and said, "The missus wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals.

"We'll be by to get you about 11. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again." he added. With a look of deep gratitude, Widow Clark nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Cotton. I don't have to say 'May the Lord bless you.' I know for certain that he will."

On the sled, Pa explained that he and Ma had tucked away money here and there all year long to buy me a dress for Christmas.

Yesterday, when he had seen little Jake with his feet wrapped in gunnysacks, Pa knew what he had to do. "I spent that money on some shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand," he said.

I understood very well. My father had given me a gift much greater than a dress. He gave me the look on Widow Clark's face, the smiles of her three children, and the best Christmas memory of my life.

~~~~~A special thank you to Dorothy Wimer for this lovely story to share~~~~~

# Gifts from Their Hearts

by Charlene Elizabeth Baltimore

FROM THE REMINISCE BOOK “Life in America”

(excerpt from Reader’s Digest—December 2019/January 2020)

It was Christmas Eve 1949. I was 15 and feeling sad because there was not enough money to buy the dress I wanted. We did the chores early that night, so I figured Pa wanted extra time for us to read the Bible.

After supper, I took off my boots, stretched out by the fireplace, and waited for Pa to start reading. I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, wasn’t in much of a mood to listen to the Scriptures. But Pa didn’t get the Bible; instead, he bundled up again and went outside. I couldn’t figure it out—we had already done all the chores.

It was a cold, clear night, and there was ice in Pa’s beard when he came back in. “Come on, Elizabeth,” he said. “Bundle up. It’s cold out.”

I was upset. Not only wasn’t I getting the dress; now Pa was dragging me out in the cold. I put on my coat and boots, and Ma gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door. Something was up.

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house, was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever we were going to do wasn’t going to be a quick job.

I reluctantly climbed up beside Pa, the cold already biting at me. We pulled in front of the woodshed, put on the high sideboards, and started loading wood—the wood we’d spent all summer hauling down from the mountain and fall sawing into blocks and splitting.

Finally I asked, “Pa, what are you doing?”

“Have you been by the widow Clark’s lately?” he asked.

Mrs. Clark lived about two miles down the road from us. Her husband has passed away the year before, leaving her with three children to raise on her own.

“Yeah,” I said. “Why?”

“I rode by just today,” Pa said. “Little Jake was out digging around in the woodpile, trying to find a few chips. They’re out of wood, Elizabeth.”

That was all he said, and we loaded the sled so high with wood that I began to wonder whether the horses would be able to pull it.

Pa then went to the smokehouse and took down a big ham and a side of bacon, telling me to go load them. He returned to the sled carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand.

“What’s in the little sack?” I asked.

“Shoes. They’re out of shoes. Little Jack had gunnysacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn’t be Christmas without some candy.”

We rode the two miles to the Clarks’ place in silence. I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We did have a big woodpile, meat, and flour, so we could spare that, but I

Sympathy

Memorials & Gifts

Appreciation & Thanks

McAllister Church extends sympathy and prayer to the families of:

Larry Whitmer—*member, father of Jackie Baker, Robbie Horn, Alan Whitmer, Gary Whitmer, and “Woody” Whitmer*

In memory of Larry Whitmer by:

~Butch & Norma Curtin

~Marshall & Donna Fox

In memory of Travis O’Rourke by:

~Chuck & Jean Bartley

~Joe & Pat Martin

~Frank & Susan Sponaugle

~Dorothy Wimer

In Memory of Arnold Hostetter, Jr. by:

~Vicky & Bob Gerow

In appreciation for the bereavement dinner provided for Travis O’Rourke by:

Larry & Josephine O’Rourke and Jeri O’Rourke

Memorial Gifts by Dianne Tingler Mahan in memory of:

\*Kitty Carson \*Teresa Powell \*Ruby Stull

\*Lang Gilbert \*Travis O’Rourke

Dear McAllister family and friends,

*This has not been a particularly good (health) year for the Washburns. But our McAllister family has been a great support. Your cards, calls, and especially your prayers have gotten us through. God bless you all.*

~ Gail and Larry Washburn

Dear McAllister Church,

*Hope this Thanksgiving is a happy one for you filled with family, friends, and many happy memories. We are thinking of fond memories spent at the church as my Uncle Arnold practiced and played for the holidays. God bless all.*

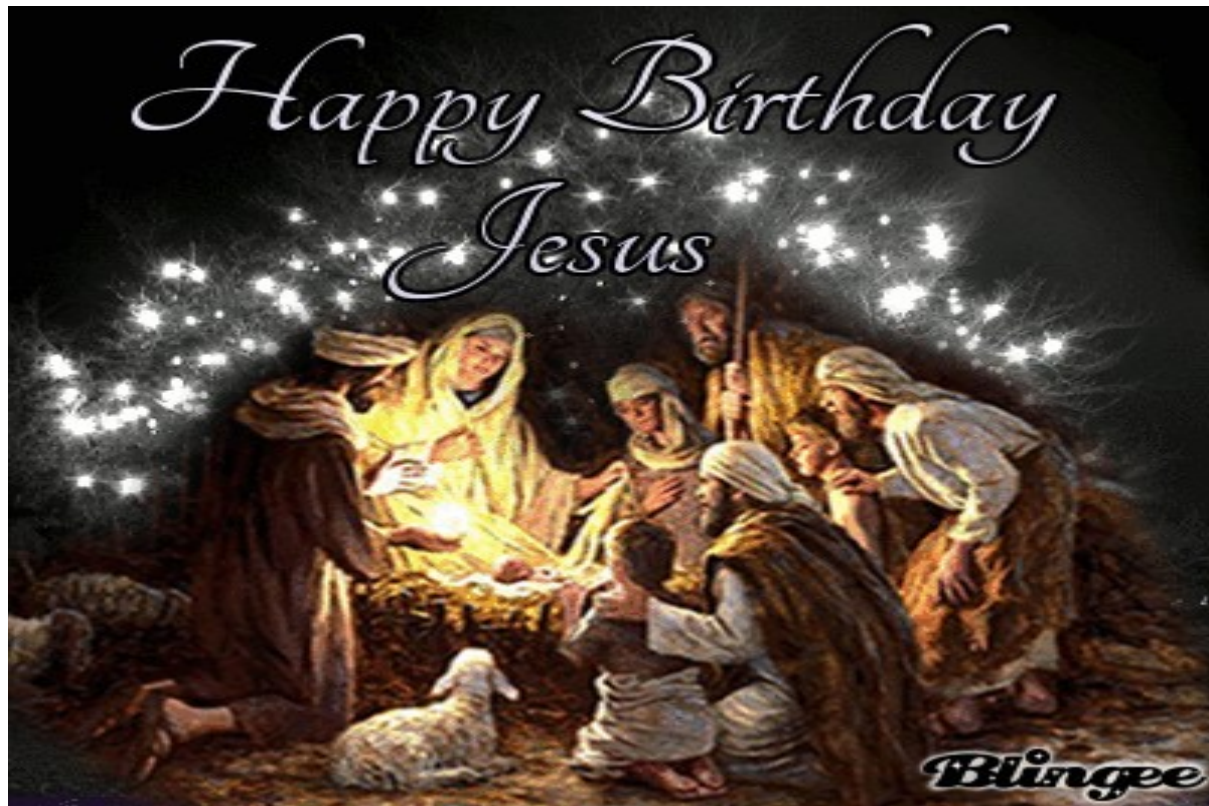
~Vicky and Bob Gerow

Dear McAllister family and friends,

*Thank you for your cards, calls, prayers, food, and other expressions of concern and caring following my recent accident and surgery. Your support and encouragement have been both humbling and uplifting. God bless you all.*

~Becky Hayslett





**Happy Birthday**

18 Bob Bartley  
 20 Brett Smith  
 21 Ricky Cooke  
 22 Barbara Noel  
 24 Diane Hicks  
 Seth McKee  
 28 Meghan Craft  
 31 Katie Riley  
 Frank Sponaugle  
 Chris Whitehead

**Happy Anniversary**

21 Gus & Becky Hayslett

## Prayers

Rob Bennett  
 Mike Bowen  
 Jim Faidley  
 Margaret Griffith  
 Frank Hepler  
 Linda Ratliff  
 Kincaid Family  
Chesapeake, VA:  
 Wal-Mart shooting  
 victims, community

University of Idaho & NMU- shooting victims, communities  
Colorado Springs- shooting victims & area  
 Braxton Abney  
 Adam Baker  
 Chuck Bartley  
 Jerry Brinkley Family  
 Carol Bush  
 Kinsey Cline  
 Priscilla Downer  
 Kathy Gibson Family

Jason Lawrence  
 Joe & Pat Martin  
 Priscilla Moncus  
 Larry Whitmer Family  
 Peggy Yancey  
 Kevin Young  
 Mike Young  
 UVA shooting victims  
 Jean Broughman  
 Norma Curtin  
 Nadine Humphries  
 Karra Lee  
 Pat Loving  
 Ben & Sam Moss

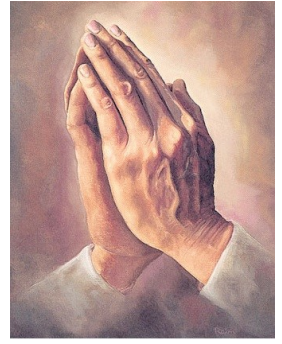
Jill Ramsey  
 Gary Skidmore  
 Kellen Sponaugle  
 Teresa Weikle  
 Tracie Fox Wegman  
 Bonnie Lockhart Family  
 Anita Boone  
 Sandra Capps  
 David Crosier  
 Baby Graham  
 Dennis Harmon  
 Becky Hayslett  
 Debbie Curtis Knick  
 Kathy McCauley

## Deaths

Carol Patterson  
 David Wenke  
 Ellen C. Fridley  
 L. "Pete" Nicely  
 Steven Pleasant  
 Troy Shifflett  
 Lloyd Smith, Jr.  
 Phoebe Albright  
 Natalie Austin  
 Jerry Brinkley  
 C. "Mike" Hosey

Vance Gibson  
 Jannett Rider  
 Shirley Robey  
 "Bob" St. Clair  
 Larry Whitmer  
 Ruth Brewster  
 Ida Bunch  
 Elta Chittum  
 Dean DePriest  
 Thelma Haynes  
 Bill Lockhart  
 "Lou" Mills  
 George Minor, Sr.

Steve Pleasant  
 JoEllen D. West  
 Randy Caldwell  
 Reba Craft  
 Bernice Crawford  
 Calvin Crawford  
 Owen Fleming  
 Bernard Goodbar  
 Talmadge Goode  
 Moses Hunter, Jr.  
 Stella Knotts  
 Mike Paitsel  
 Charles Snead



Betty H. Swaim  
 Annette Stover  
 Alfreda Wallace

MILITARY - Kristopher Hoffman, Colton Poague, Chris Whitehead  
MISSIONARIES - Tom & Judy Harvey, Kurt Esslinger, Hyeyoung Lee  
BRIAN CENTER- Louise Humphries, David Lynn, Kara N. Asboth, **Linda Ratliff**  
SCOTT HILL - Phyllis Lynn, Sarah Mays SPRINGS NURSING - Andy Howell  
TOCKWOTTEN (R.I.) - Shelby Rock  
SHUT-IN - Joyce Bartley, Jean Broughman, Etha Hayslett  
CONSTANT NEED - Midge Akers, Erskine Back, Miki Ballengee, Bob & Leta Bartley, Gary Bartley, Linda Bogar, Matt Bowser, Harry & Jean Casey, Luke Crawford, Patty Crosier, Leslie Downer, Betty Gibson, Evan Groves, Barbara Flint, Derek Garrett, Don Hampton, Danny & Rhoda Hill, Lori Isaacs, Wendell & Judy Jones, Pearl Miller, Bucky & Doris Mottern, Patsy Parker, **Bonnie Patterson (now home)**, Denise Pillow, Ethan Thompson, Buddy Vass, Shirley Wickline, Dorothy Wimer, Linda P. Wolfe, Buddy Young, Donald Kelley (missing)