

First Presbyterian News



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Carol Wrabl

Pastor's Column

Live expectantly in Advent

So how shall we live in such times as these?

Live expectantly for our Lord Jesus Christ.

Keep awake.

Be alert.

Prepare for God's certain arrival.

Be not like King Herod who prepared for the advent of Christ

by killing the infants and children of Bethlehem.

Prepare for the second advent by saving the children;

saving them from starvation,

saving them from child abuse,

saving them from all manner of deprivation.

Be not like the shepherds of the fields

who were caught totally unaware of God's advent.

Prepare for the second advent

by knowing the Bible,

by loving God and all people,

by coming out of the hills and fields to attend the worship of Christ.

Be not like those of Bethlehem who had no room

for Joseph, Mary and the baby.

Prepare for the second advent by taking time

to entertain the stranger,

to visit the sick and imprisoned,

to talk with God so frequently that God becomes

a heavenly parent known intimately as 'our Father.'

Prepare for the second advent by remembering the first advent.

Celebrate Christmas by exhausting your supply of Christmas cards,
advent wreaths, and manger scenes.

Celebrate Christmas until your voice gets hoarse
from singing the Christmas carols.

Celebrate Christmas by attending all the plays, pageants,
concerts and Christmas eve services that you possibly can.

Celebrate Christmas without hesitancy and with joy.

See you in Church.

Written by Paul Kabo, Jr.

Upcoming Events in December

Blackhawk Presbytery Records Review

Once a year, Blackhawk Presbytery sets up sites around the presbytery where clerks of session or their representatives gather to review their session minute books and church registers to be sure they are being produced and preserved according to the required procedures

Since we are located on the a far edge of the presbytery, those sites were traditionally far away. However, 10-15 years ago, I offered our church as a site and we have hosted one of these events annually ever since. We scheduled a date for this purpose in November, but due to a communications mixup by the presbytery office, no one showed up. So it was rescheduled for December 6.

Noisy Offering

We will accept the Noisy Offering once again on the third Sunday of December (December 21). As always, half of that offering goes to our partners in Kenya and half remains here to support our own budget.

Christmas Eve

Our annual Christmas Eve worship service with carols and candlelight will take place at 7 pm on Wednesday, December 24.

The service will feature a play in which the gospel writer Luke interviews Mary, the mother of Jesus, about the nativity story so he can gather information for the gospel he is preparing to write.

The service will also include the singing of four favorite Christmas hymns, ending with the lighting of candles held in the hands of each participant followed by the singing of "Silent Night."

It will be a wonderful way to celebrate the birth of our Lord. Please join us!

December Lectionary

12/7: Malachi 3:1-4

Luke 1:68-79

Philippians 1:3-11

Luke 3:1-6

12/14: Zephaniah 3:14-20

Isaiah 12:2-6

Philippians 4:4-7

Luke 3:7-18

12/21: Micah 5:2-5a

Luke 1:46-55

or Psalm 80:1-7

Hebrews 10:5-10

Luke 1:39-45, (46-55)

12/24: Isaiah 9:2-7

Luke 2:1-20

John 1:1-5, 9-14, 16-18

Hebrews 1:1-4

12/28: Isaiah 63:7-9

Hebrews 2:10-18

Matthew 2:13-23

In Memoriam

Gregg Painter died October 31 after a long struggle with Lewy body Dementia. Gregg and Emily joined First Presbyterian Church in 1981 and Gregg served four terms as trustee. Please keep Emily, Elizabeth and Anna and their families in your prayers as they deal with their grief.

News of the Family

Ruth Montgomery was one of the many donors to the Slick and Easy Annual Benefit who were thanked in a full-page public ad.

Marion Roberts was the subject of a lengthy article in the *Gazette*. The focus of the article was on the autobiography Marion has completed and given to proofreaders concerning her transformation from an addicted smoker to sharing her joy in life through yoga and her ever-present bubbles.

The late Louis "Shorty" Schoenfeld was mentioned in the "Page from the Past" column. In the 50 years ago section, it said, "The Galena Aluminum Brass Foundry on Council Hill Road is enlarging its present building. The new addition, according to owners, Louis Schoenfeld and Carl Hanson, will house the brass melting room."

As usual the *Gazette* published a special edition in honor of Veterans' Day. Included in that edition were photos and/or mentions of the following American Legion Auxiliary officers: Helen Carroll, secretary/treasurer; Pat Halstead, Chaplain; Kimberly Howard, president and Bev Mellskog, sergeant of arms. Also featured were two photos of Jerry Howard, American Legion president. Among the individual photos of veterans published were those of Jerry Howard, Marty Rosenthal, Wes

Mellskog, the late Jim Lander and the late Shorty Schoenfeld.

Communion Servers

One of the great privileges of being a Christian is the ability to regularly experience the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the direct spiritual presence of Jesus. It is a ritual designed to bring us closer to our Lord and master, although — sadly and ironically — differing interpretations of what happens during communion have tended to create separations between denominations.

One of the few requirements in the Presbyterian Church (USA) is that it be served by ordained pastors, elders or deacons. If you were ever ordained to one of those offices in any Presbyterian church and would like to serve communion some time, please tell the pastor or Gwen.

Christmas Day in the Morning

Rob is an old man now, but he still wakes up every morning at 4 a.m. It is a habit he formed when he was a kid on the farm and had to get up to help with the milking. [...] This morning was Christmas. It reminded him of a Christmas morning long ago when he was 15 years old.

Just a few days before Christmas he had overheard his parents talking. His father said: "Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He is growing so fast and he needs his sleep. I wish I could manage alone." His mother had responded, "Well, you can't, Adam. Besides he isn't a child anymore and it's time he took his turn." "Yes," his father said, "But I sure do hate to wake him."

When Rob heard those words something awoke in him. He realized "his father loved him!" He had never thought of it before, just kind of taken it for granted. Neither his father nor his mother talked about loving their children — they had no time for such things. There was always so much to do on the farm.

Now that he knew his father loved him he wished he had bought him something better for Christmas. None of them had much money and he had bought a tie at the 10 Cent Store, but now it didn't seem enough. On the night before Christmas he kept wishing he could give his dad a better gift. Finally the thought struck him. [...] He could get up early — earlier than 4 o'clock and creep to the barn and get all the milking done. He would do it all alone. Milk and clean up. Then when his father went to start the milking he'd see it all done and he would know who had done it.

He must have awakened 20 times during the night, scratching a match each time to look at his watch. Finally, at a quarter to three he got up and put on his clothes and crept downstairs careful of the creaky boards and then let himself out. He had never milked alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He kept thinking about his father's surprise. Rob finished his task just in time to slip back in bed only seconds before his father got up. "Rob," his father called, "We have to get up, son. Even if it is Christmas, the cows have to be milked." "Alright." Rob replied sleepily. His father said, "I'll go out and get things started."

Rob lay in bed laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His heart was pounding with excitement. Finally he heard his father's footsteps and the bedroom door opened. His dad said, "Rob, you crazy kid." His dad was laughing in a queer sobbing sort of laugh as he stood beside his bed in the dark, feeling for him and pulling away the covers. "It's for Christmas, Dad." He found his father and clutched him in a great big hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was so dark in the room they couldn't see each others faces, but Rob felt something wet on his father's cheeks. "Thank you, son." He said, "Nobody ever did a nicer thing."

"Oh, Dad, I wanted you to know how much I love you." Rob said.

By this time everybody had heard them and was up. Rob's dad proudly told his wife and the other kids what Rob had done. He told Rob, "It's the best Christmas gift I ever had. I'll remember it, son, every year on Christmas morning as long as I live." They had both

remembered it, and now that his father was dead Rob remember it alone. He remembered that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn he had made his first gift of true love.

Pearl S. Buck

Praise God for Christ

Praise him for the Incarnation, for the Word made flesh. I will not sing of shepherds watching flocks on frosty nights, or angel choristers. I will not sing of a stable bare in Bethlehem, or lowing oxen, wise men trailing star with gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Today I will sing praise to the Father who stood on heaven's threshold and said farewell to his Son as he stepped across the stars to Bethlehem and Jerusalem. And I will sing praise to the infinite, eternal Son, who became most finite, a baby who would one day be executed for my crime. Praise him in the heavens, praise him in the stable, praise him in my heart!

Laying there in that makeshift baby's bed lay our salvation. That precious little body would one day be pierced for our sins. Beaten for our transgressions. And one day that body would be laid in a tomb after an execution so horrible that one could only say that Jesus went to hell on our behalf. But that body of that little one who was so great, was raised with power. And today, as we do every first day of the week, we celebrate his coming, his sacrifice, and his resurrection!

Praise be to God! Our sins are forgiven! Our hope is everlasting! Let the angels rejoice. Let us eat of him. Drink of him and enjoy one another!

Joseph Bayly

Christian Persecution in Nigeria — Voice of the Martyrs

Overview

Nigeria is almost evenly divided between Muslims, who dominate in the north, and Christians, who dominate in the south. There are more than 80 million professing Christians in Africa's most populous nation, the fruit of both pioneer mission work and freed slaves who returned to the continent from Europe with the gospel following the 1833 abolition of slavery in England. Foreign missionary activity in the north has declined significantly since 2008 as a result of the emergence of the Islamic militant group Boko Haram. Based in the north, Boko Haram is affiliated with al-Qaida and has also aligned itself with the self-proclaimed Islamic State (ISIS). Although Boko Haram has weakened somewhat in the northeast, it still carries out devastating attacks in the Christian communities and on army units in the region. Boko Haram is also reportedly backing ongoing attacks on Christian villages by militant Fulani Muslims, who have concentrated their attacks in the central region of Nigeria.

Terrorist groups and other Muslims in the north want to drive Christians out of the region and continue their push to create a separate nation governed by Islamic law.

Major Religions

51 percent of Nigerians are Christians. The nation is divided between Christians and Sunni Muslims, with most Christians in the south and most Muslims in the north.

Persecutor

The Boko Haram Islamic extremist group and militant Fulani Muslims both attack Christians throughout northern Nigeria.

What It Means to Follow Christ in Nigeria

Nearly all Christians in northeastern Nigeria have lost family members or friends in attacks by Boko Haram or militant Fulani Muslims. Entire congregations have been displaced, and many pastors have been forced to leave the region. Being active in church looks much different than it did at the beginning of the 21st century. It now takes great courage and faith to openly worship and serve Christ. Thousands of Christians remain in camps designated for internally displaced people. With few schools able to function because of the violence, families are concerned about their children's education. Life is a constant struggle, and in some places it is difficult for Christians to find food. Famine threatens farms in the north as a result of ongoing Islamist violence, and militant Fulani Muslims kill farmers when they attempt to return to their farms. In addition, many villages and farmlands have been taken over by the Islamist militias.

Access To Bibles

While Bibles are plentiful in the south, there is a great need for them in the north. Many Bibles have been lost in attacks and as people have been displaced. Most Christians in the north do not own a

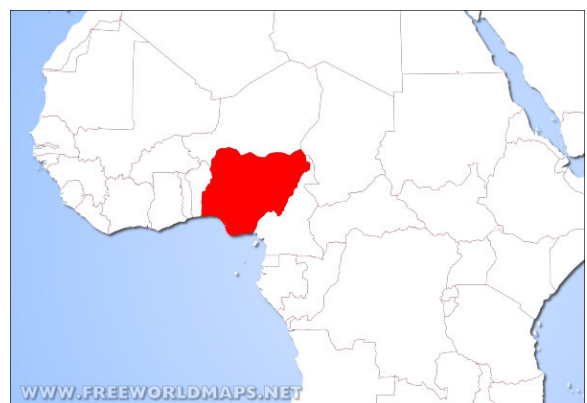
Bible, and even if they were available, few in the north could afford them.

VOM Work

VOM supports widows who have lost their husbands in Islamist attacks, and trains and equips pastors in the north. We also provide study Bibles, New Testaments and Christian discipleship literature to believers. Give to VOM's Global Ministry

Prayer Requests

- Pray for Sade and her children, who were driven from their home by militant Fulani Muslims.
- Pray for the boldness of front-line workers in areas where Islamist violence is common.
- Pray that displaced congregations in northeastern Nigeria will experience God's provision.
- Pray that members of Boko Haram and other Islamic terrorist groups will repent and place their faith in Christ.
- Pray that Christians, through God's grace, will be able to forgive their persecutors, some of whom are their neighbors.
- Pray that widows and orphans will experience God's comfort, presence and provision in their loss.



A fun test of your Christmas story knowledge

(The answers may all be found in Matthew 1 & 2 and Luke 2, but also on page 7 of this newsletter.)

- 1) Who told Mary and Joseph to go to Bethlehem?
 - a. An angel
 - b. A dream
 - c. Caesar Augustus
 - d. Simon Cowell
- 2) When did the Magi begin following the star?
 - a. When they left Herod.
 - b. When they saw it in the East.
 - c. When they saw it in the West.
 - d. About 2:30 Greenwich Mean Time
3. What did the Innkeeper say to Mary and Joseph?
 - a. We have no room in the inn.
 - b. You can stay in our stable.
 - c. I'm told the Greyhound Inn is quite nice.
 - d. a and b.
 - e. Who knows?
4. Where did the Magi find the child Jesus?
 - a. In a stable.
 - b. In a house.
 - c. In the Greyhound Inn, which was quite nice.
 - d. In a cave.
 - e. Who knows?
5. Where did the shepherds find the child Jesus?
 - a. In a stable.
 - b. In a house.
 - c. In the Greyhound Inn, which was quite nice.
 - d. In a cave.
 - e. Who knows?
6. What animals were around the manger?
 - a. Dogs, goats, and camels.
 - b. Babe, Willy, and Flipper.

- c. Who knows?
 - d. Oxen, asses, and sheep.
7. How did Mary and Joseph get to Bethlehem?
 - a. They walked (she waddled).
 - b. He walked, she rode a donkey.
 - c. Midland Mainline.
 - d. Who knows?
8. What were the "Magi?"
 - a. Wise Men.
 - b. Kings.
 - c. Astrologers/Astronomers
 - d. University professors on sabbatical
 - e. Who knows, but if they had been women they would have asked for directions, been there weeks earlier and brought some useful presents.
9. How many Magi were there?
 - a. 4
 - b. 3
 - c. 12
 - d. Who knows?
10. What did the angels sing to the shepherds?
 - a. "Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace for those he favours."
 - b. "Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace to men of good will."
 - c. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and God's favour towards men."
 - d. The Greek is difficult: all of the above are acceptable translations.
 - e. None of the above.
11. Where did the Magi first see the star?
 - a. While they were in the East.
 - b. In an Easterly position in the sky.
 - c. In a vision.
 - d. a. & b.

12. Mary and Joseph were married when Jesus was born?
 - a. True
 - b. False

Rib Ticklers

This being the season of Christmas Carols, it's a good time to delight in the wonderfully inventive and creative minds of small children. When in the company of mumbling adults, children fill in the blanks from their fertile imaginations. The results delight and sometimes inspire us all. The term is "mondegeen" — misheard lyrics. Such as "Olive, the other reindeer..." which carries on to the big finish of the song; "You'll go down in Listerine!" Here's some more. You figure out what the originals were.

We three kinds of porridge and tar...

On the first day of Christmas, my tulip gave to me...

With the jelly toast proclaim...

Noel, Noel, Barney's the king of Israel...

He's making a list, of chicken and rice...

Later on, we'll perspire, as we dream by the fire...

Sleep in heavenly peas...

You'll tell Carol, "Be a skunk I require...(You may need help with that one... "Yuletide carols being sung by a choir...")

O come foggy faithful

Good tidings we bring, to you and your kid...

O come froggy faithful...

Oh, what fun it is to ride with one horse, soap and hay...

In the meadow we can build a snowman, and pretend that he is sparse and brown...

It only proves that some of the best things happen when we learn to enjoy our mistakes.

Ralph Minton

The Dime

Bobby was getting cold sitting out in his back yard in the snow. Bobby didn't wear boots; he didn't like them and anyway he didn't own any. The thin sneakers he wore had a few holes in them and they did a poor job of keeping out the cold. Bobby had been in his backyard for about an hour already. And, try as he might, he could not come up with an idea for his mother's Christmas gift. He shook his head as he thought, "This is useless, even if I do come up with an idea, I don't have any money to spend."

Ever since his father had passed away three years ago, the family of five had struggled. It wasn't because his mother didn't care, or try, there just never seemed to be enough. She worked nights at the hospital, but the small wage that she was earning could only be stretched so far. What the family lacked in money and material things, they more than made up for in love and family unity. Bobby had two older and one younger sister, who ran the house hold in their mother's absence. All three of his sisters had already made beautiful gifts for their mother. Somehow it just wasn't fair. Here it was Christmas Eve already, and he had nothing.

Wiping a tear from his eye, Bobby kicked the snow and started to walk down to the street where the shops and stores were. It wasn't easy being six without a father, especially when he needed a man to talk to. Bobby walked from shop to shop, looking into each decorated window. Everything seemed so beautiful and so out of reach.

It was starting to get dark and Bobby reluctantly turned to walk home when suddenly his eyes caught

the glimmer of the setting sun's rays reflecting off of something along the curb. He reached down and discovered a shiny dime. Never before has anyone felt so wealthy as Bobby felt at that moment.

As he held his new found treasure, a warmth spread throughout his entire body and he walked into the first store he saw. His excitement quickly turned cold when the salesperson told him that he couldn't buy anything with only a dime. He saw a flower shop and went inside to wait in line. When the shop owner asked if he could help him, Bobby presented the dime and asked if he could buy one flower for his mother's Christmas gift. The shop owner looked at Bobby and his ten cent offering. Then he put his hand on Bobby's shoulder and said to him, "You just wait here and I'll see what I can do for you."

As Bobby waited he looked at the beautiful flowers and even though he was a boy, he could see why mothers and girls liked flowers.

The sound of the door closing as the last customer left, jolted Bobby back to reality. All alone in the shop, Bobby began to feel alone and afraid.

Suddenly the shop owner came out and moved to the counter. There, before Bobby's eyes, lay twelve long stem, red roses, with leaves of green and tiny white flowers all tied together with a big silver bow. Bobby's heart sank as the owner picked them up and placed them gently into a long white box.

"That will be ten cents young man," the shop owner said reaching out his hand for the dime. Slowly, Bobby moved his hand to give the man his dime. Could this be true? No one else would give him a thing for

his dime! Sensing the boy's reluctance, the shop owner added, "I just happened to have some roses on sale for ten cents a dozen. Would you like them?" This time Bobby did not hesitate, and when the man placed the long box into his hands, he knew it was true. Walking out the door that the owner was holding for Bobby, he heard the shop keeper say, "Merry Christmas, son."

As he returned inside, the shop keeper's wife walked out. "Who were you talking to back there and where are the roses you were fixing?" Staring out the window, and blinking the tears from his own eyes, he replied, "A strange thing happened to me this morning. While I was setting up things to open the shop, I thought I heard a voice telling me to set aside a dozen of my best roses for a special gift. I wasn't sure at the time whether I had lost my mind or what, but I set them aside anyway. Then just a few minutes ago, a little boy came into the shop and wanted to buy a flower for his mother with one small dime.

"When I looked at him, I saw myself, many years ago. I too, was a poor boy with nothing to buy my mother a Christmas gift. A bearded man, whom I never knew, stopped me on the street and told me that he wanted to give me ten dollars.

"When I saw that little boy tonight, I knew who that voice was, and I put together a dozen of my very best roses." The shop owner and his wife hugged each other tightly, and as they stepped out into the bitter cold air, they somehow didn't feel cold at all.

May this story instill the spirit of CHRISTmas in you enough to pass this act along

The Rev. David E. Sprang

Answers to the Christmas Trivia Quiz — no cheating!

1. The answer is c. Luke 2:1
2. The answer is a. Mt. 2:1-12
3. The answer is e. There is no innkeeper in the Gospel story. Lk. 2:6-7
4. Answer is b. Mt. 2:9-11
5. Answer is e. Lk. 2:7;12 Luke talks about the child lying in a manger and nothing else.
6. The answer is c. Lk. 2:7,12 Since there is no mention of a stable in Luke, there is certainly no mention of animals. (Bother! they're so cute in the Nativity)
7. Answer d. Luke 2:4
8. Answer c. Mt. 2:1 'Magi' seems to mean 'astrologer' more than 'wise man,' as it is translated in some versions of the Bible.
9. Answer d. Mt. 2:11. They presented 3 gifts so many people assume 3, but it ain't necessarily so.
10. Answer e. Lk. 2:13-14. They didn't sing: they said. A 'host' usually refers to an army and is never used of a choir. Give yourself ½ a point for d.
11. Answer d. (probably.) Mt 2:1&2. They certainly came from the East, therefore saw his star while they were in the East. The translation of verse 2 lends itself to say that they saw it rising in the Eastern sky.
12. Answer a. or b. Matthew says yes (Mt. 1:24) but Luke says no (Lk. 2:5-6).

How did you do?

- 10 to 12 right: New Testament Scholar. Would you like to preach at Christmas?
- 6 to 9 right: Pretty good, but room for improvement (haven't we

all?) see you in Church this Christmas!

- 2 to 5 right: You remember some of your Sunday School lessons. Come to church this Christmas for a refresher!
- 1 right: Hmm... Well you couldn't get number 12 wrong! Come to church this Christmas and find out what you're missing!

Christmas Here and Now

If I had been around that first Christmas I am convinced that I would have seen and heard nothing. I would have been so busy cleaning the living room, or worrying about deductions and how not to pay the capital gains tax, or feeling guilty that I couldn't hammer out a 1-2-3 solution to what really are, right now, insoluble problems, that I would not even have looked up to see any stars, let alone that special one that suddenly was there where no star had ever been before.

I would have been so uneasy about the state of the world and what infinitely significant contribution I might make to its salvation, so anxious about where I was going to live and what I was going to do tomorrow, so frightened by a sense of chaos and a nagging suspicion that life means nothing at all, that I would not even have heard a whole massed group of choirs and orchestras play and singing fortissimo ("Glory to God in the highest and, on earth, Peace, good will to men"), let alone one solitary angel voice saying quietly and firmly: "Do not be afraid."

I'd have been so rooted to the spot, so surrounded by habit, so fixed in what I knew that I knew, I could not even have run down from the

nearly hills, let alone embarked upon a long and dangerous journey across miles and miles of trackless desert, in order to arrive at that run-down, manure-strewn, stinking little stable where all there was to see (I'd have been sure) was just another squalling little baby like any other new-born squalling little baby whose mother and father were nobodies from a nothing little town somewhere out across the hills.

Yes, if I'd been around and been me on that first Christmas, the whole thing would have gone right past me, I'm positive. So lucky for me that, being me, I'm here now. Because, even if it took 1,972 years (more or less), plus 1,972 groups of shepherds, plus 1,972 trios of kings, plus 1,972 singing troupes of angels, plus 1,972 simple angel voices (telling me I really don't have to be afraid), plus 1,972 young mothers bearing a child without an anesthetic, plus 1,972 puzzled, silent carpenter husbands standing by in spite of jealous perplexity, plus 1,972 red-aced squalling babies lying in the straw:

Because, even if it took all that, I do believe it may be finally happening to me. I do believe that, finally, I may be on the verge of seeing; and hearing it all myself.

O, I hope so. I do hope so. Because, from what I hear from others who have seen and heard, I know I wouldn't want to miss it for the world.

Elizabeth Berryhill



You are invited to a
Presbyterian Women
Synod of Lincoln Trails



Fall Gathering

Tuesday, Dec 2, 2025

Virtual on ZOOM

**6:30pm Central
Standard Time**

Hear from Rev. Dr.
Shannan Vance-Ocampo
who writes the Bible
Study helps which appear
monthly in Horizons
magazine to accompany
the 2025-2026
PW/Horizons Bible Study
"Finding Resilience, Joy,
and Our Identity in Jesus
Christ." Rev. Dr. Vance-
Ocampo will bring us
insights on this theme that
apply whether you are
using this Study or not!

To Register, scan the QR code, or
email jhopkins4616@sbcglobal.net



We will also have
updates from PW's
Executive Director
Susan Jackson Dowd
and a PW Board report
from Synod of Lincoln
Trails' representative
Beth Snyder.



Internet access is needed for Zoom. There
is no cost and you do not need to belong
to a formal PW at your church to attend!
See you there!



Youth

“Youth is not a time of life — it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of emotions! It is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

“It means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over love of ease.

“Nobody grows old by merely living a number; people grow old by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle

the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-destruct, fear and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. “Whether seventy, or sixteen, there is in every being’s heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what’s next, and the joy at the game of life.

“You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as

your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

“In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power, so long you are young.

“When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed.”

General Douglas MacArthur