

December 2012

Volume 4, Issue 4



The City Temple Times

City Temple's

Christmas memories

A Brown Family Christmas

After the children were up and the first pictures and videos were taken, the mothers would call their sisters to relay the kids' reactions. The children would then tell their aunts and compare with their cousins the gifts they received. This would happen on one call via three-way calling. There would be four or five families on the call.

We would leave for Mama's after playing and eating. Mama would have gifts for everyone. She shopped all year for Christmas and would find just what each child, grandchild, and great-grandchild would love. The kids would vie over opening the gifts because they knew that their gift would be similar to the cousin of the same age. Mama would always buy in duplicate or triplicate.

Oh and the noise...the joyful noise that ran throughout the day! People were coming and going from other grandparent and relatives' homes.

Everyone would bring gifts and a specialty food.

We loved watching Mama open her gifts and hearing about the events of the homes we visited that day. We just have a Blessed Day!

My Magic Christmas

Submitted by Mary Viola Williams

Growing up in Montgomery County, MD, Christmas seemed to be magic. As my daddy stoked the fire, you could hear the fire dancing in that old pot belly stove. The smell of pine scented the house. Yes, Christmas was in the atmosphere.

As my brothers and I went about, we were careful not to pout. So we did what we were told making sure we didn't misbehave because no one wanted a stocking full of coal.

When we finished our chores, we sat and read Christmas stories and listened to Mahalia Jackson sing, Go Tell It on the Mountain that Jesus Christ is Born.

While mother busied herself in the kitchen, we would one by one search for our gifts. There was not a gift in sight. You see, our parents had a way of hiding things.

When night fell, Mother gave us some warm eggnog. I often wondered if the eggnog was magic because as soon as we drank it, we were asleep. While we slept, Santa's elves would sneak in and leave lots of gifts along with the biggest Christmas tree you could ever imagine.

The Lord Himself would blanket the earth with snow and decorate our houses and trees with icicles. And just like that—it was Christmas morning. Toys everywhere. Clothes, shoes...you name it, and it was there.

We ran through the house shouting, "Merry Christmas, Everyone!" Yes, Christmas is magic.

Most Memorable Christmas Ever

Submitted by Delores Allen

WW Payne Outreach Center In Partnership
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Sponsors

FREE GED Preparation Classes

Initial Meetings –

1/14/13 for morning classes; 9:00 a.m.

1/29/13 for evening classes; 5:30 p.m.

City Temple of Baltimore (Baptist)

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Morning Classes are from 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon

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For registration and more information
contact:

Pat Payne 410-292-7864

Between 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. Mondays-Fridays

Together We Can Make A Difference

continued from **PI**

My most memorable Christmas was the Christmas of 2010. We had a family reunion that started on Thursday and ended on Sunday.

This was the first time in a long time that my son Joseph and my nephew Andre had been in the United States at the same time. Joseph had lived in Iraq and Andre had lived in Amsterdam.

My brother Joe had this idea for me to make a quilt for our Mother; but not just any quilt. The entire family sent a personal piece of clothing for the quilt.

Each panel in the quilt told the story of that person including their name. For instance, my nephew Wiley, worked with tools, so his panel had different types of tools.

My sister Phyllis loves to clean and cook, so her panel had a vacuum cleaner, pots and pans, etc.

My niece April, loves Michael Jackson, so her panel consisted of Michael stuff.

The center panel has a picture of my Mom and Dad.

By the time I finished the quilt, it was the size of a queen-size mattress.

We presented this quilt to Mom on Christmas Day. To see the expression on Mom's face was priceless.

My family was in awe at the work I put into the quilt. They thought it would just be the plain panels, but I went a step further to make each panel personal to the person.

So, the family was in awe too. It was the BEST CHRISTMAS EVER!

The Mystery of Christmas

Submitted by Minister Patricia A. Yeargin

When asked to think of Christmas memories, what comes most to mind is that it is a time of year when we all pause to remember the value of spending time with family and

friends. Christmas was filled with so much mystery because Santa Claus was coming to our house.

So, for the time leading up to Christmas it was important to be "good for goodness sake" for Santa only left toys for the "good" little boys and girls. It seemed as if I had to be good for an eternity.

As children, we did not have any money but we were busy as beavers making Christmas cards and gifts for family and neighbors. Needless to say, some of our neighbors received quite a few homemade Christmas cards and gifts, which we hand delivered with pride. My mom would clean and decorate the house, waxing



*Christmas
memories*

those hardwood floors to a perfect shine. Everything seemed to sparkle and smell so clean and that too was part of the mystery of Christmas. Believe it or not, we did not have a big Christmas tree, but I marveled at the twinkling lights, the tinsel and colorful balls which all seemed to outweigh the tree.

Finally, Christmas Eve came and the excitement grew; for this was the one night of the year when Santa came to my house. I prayed for snow because Santa and all the reindeer had to be able to move that big old sleigh. We were willing to go to bed early on Christmas Eve because

Santa could not come until you were sound asleep. I must confess it was sometimes hard to go to sleep because I was too excited. Sometimes I tried to stay awake hoping to get a glimpse of Santa but I always lost that battle. The excitement of wondering what Santa would leave me under the tree, the smell of waxed hardwood floors, making gifts for family and friends, going to bed early so that Santa could come, all of these things were part of the mystery of Christmas.

And then, the long awaited Christmas morning arrived. It always seemed that we awakened before my dad, but we were not allowed to get out of bed until my mom gave us permission. In order to lessen our time of waiting, we talked or sang Christmas songs in the hopes that my dad would wake up so that we could go downstairs. My mom was usually already in the kitchen cooking breakfast. The house smelled so good on Christmas morning. Waking up to the smell of a turkey in the oven, coffee brewing, homemade fried apples, bacon and eggs, that too was part of the mystery of Christmas. There was one tradition in our household that we always honored. Even if my mom allowed us to get up and come downstairs, we did not open our Christmas gifts until my dad came down and sat in his chair. We were never up too long before he came down and then my mom would direct each one of us to the small pile of our individual gifts. There were usually some common gifts, which we all received: a Christmas stocking with candy and fruit, socks, gloves and underwear, but there was also that one special gift which was different and specific to each one of us. One year, I received a metal doll house with a bag full of plastic furniture and people. I was so excited and felt as if I was the

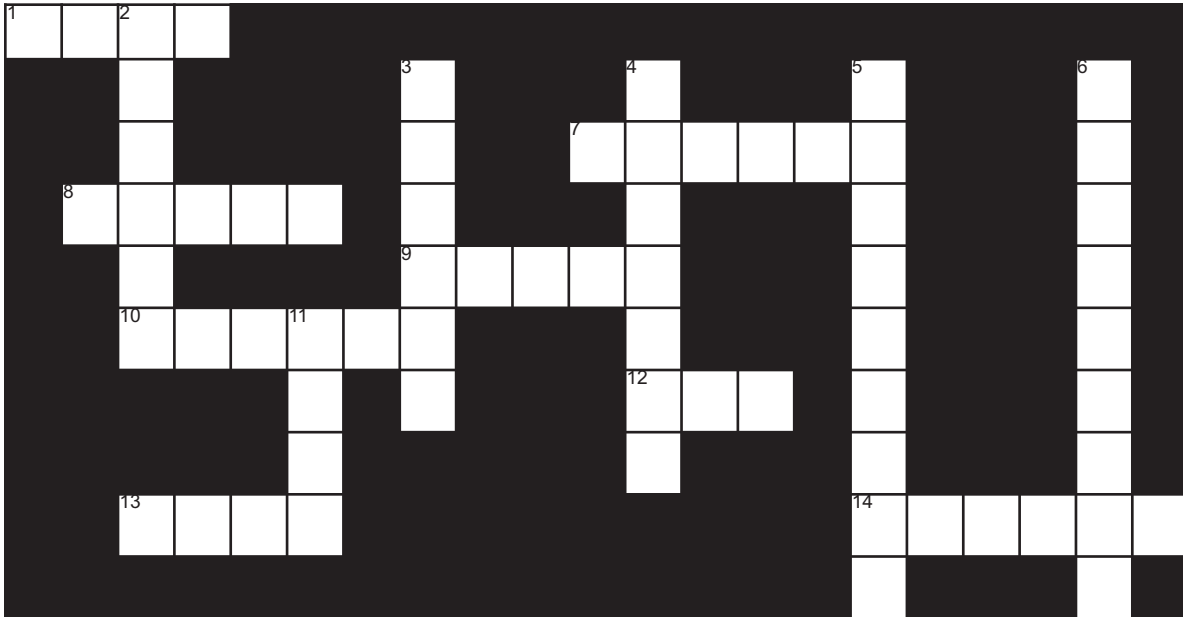
continued on **P8**

kid's fun page

games, puzzles & trivia

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(Words used are listed below the puzzle.)



ACROSS

1. It led the wise men to Jesus
7. Earthly father of Jesus
8. He saves people from their sin
9. The wise men brought these to Jesus
10. A place where animals sleep
12. There was no room there for Jesus
13. The mother of Jesus
14. Animal that Mary rode to Bethlehem

DOWN

2. Announced Jesus' birth to the shepherds
3. Where the baby Jesus was laid
4. The reason the wise men wanted to find Jesus
5. Watched their flocks
6. City where Jesus was born
11. An infant

Mary	stable	inn	angels
Joseph	donkey	Jesus	gifts
manger	worship	Bethlehem	
star	shepherds	baby	





X U R S C T X B O J I W W I Y
 S O W X H O Q T O C N F F I Q
 L W K T I Y M T Q O A S F D Q
 R F F B M S E Q A I U C Y Z B
 V E K Y N S R S R H S O H L K
 K Y I V E X L I U L G Q Q C C
 T H C N Y U E E L U G I S K I
 M D C E D S K E D X H E E Z N
 J O L L Y E B U G C V E O L T
 F U O J D H E H P L O D U R S
 Z E U C G T D R E N K O W X Q
 W F I I G Q J Z G E H W C M D
 D X E L O Y P J H I W K X Z Y
 N L N O R T H P O L E O S L Z
 S T Y R V U D M Q A W K U Z A

Chimney
 Elves
 Fairies
 Jolly
 North Pole
 Reindeer

Rudolph
 Sled
 Sleigh
 Sleigh Bells
 St. Nick
 Toys





JESUS

is the reason

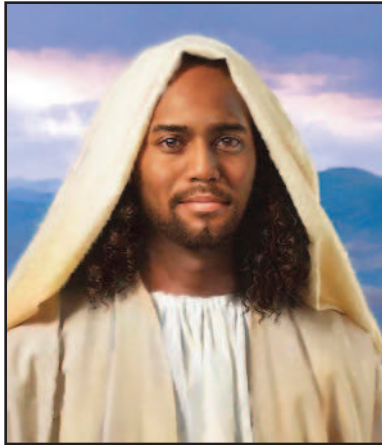
for the season

One of my favorite Christmas activities that reminds me that Jesus is the reason for the season is the Christmas Basket giveaway. We come to the church to prepare the baskets of food to give to the neighborhood. It is hard work, but it is a wonderful thing to do for the neighborhood. Then "Boss Man" (Gary Hamiel) lets us know when to show up to give the food and toys to the recipients.

The day of the giveaway is very organized. While we do get a few people who try to be dishonest, "Boss Man" takes care of it.

Ms. Maxine Boyd, while we prepare the baskets, fries up her good old chicken and cooks string beans for

our lunch. We eat after we have finished giving out the baskets and toys.



We always get a couple of people to come after closing. By this time we are very tired from all of the lift-

ing and carrying. The people seem to always come when we are eating. Gary always stops and give them what is available and tells us to keep eating.

I really enjoy this activity that our church does. Most of the people are grateful. Some people are picky and choosy about the toys, but for the most part, most of them receive the toys with a grateful heart.

We always have the positive with the negative which makes light and power.

Amen,

Have a Blessed Christmas!

Brenda McDougal

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IT'S HIS

Birthday

Submitted by:
Bernadette Lewis



It's His Birthday,
Regardless of what the historians may say,
Be it truth or be it myth,
December 25th—
Is the day that all of Christendom,
Takes pause to come—
As one,
In joyous celebration,
Praising and thanking God,
For this abundant manifestation,
Of His wondrous love--

A symbolic peace-bearing

dove--

This angelic babe, lying in the manger,
Brings hope to a world in mortal danger,
Delivering a message of hope, peace and love,
Sent from Heaven above.

This is His great oblation,
These gifts—His blessed donation,
When He arrived, as God-Made-Man,
Preaching salvation for all this land.

for all those born before

1945

Submitted by Young At Heart

We are survivors!!! Consider the changes we have witnessed. We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, XEROX, plastic, contact lenses, Frisbees and the PILL. We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ball point pens, before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes, and before man walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together (how quaint can you be?) In our time, closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of." Bunnies were small rabbits and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer Jeans were scheming girls named Jean or Jeanie, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along well with our cousins. We were before house-husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers and commuter

marriages.

We were before day-care centers, group therapy and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings. For us, time-sharing meant togetherness—not computers or condominiums, a "Chip" meant a piece of wood, hardware meant hardware, and software wasn't even a word. In 1940, "Made In Japan" meant JUNK and the term "Making Out" referred to how you did on your exams. Pizzas, McDonalds, and instant coffee were unheard of.

We hit the scene when there were 5 and 10 cent stores, and where you bought things for five and 10 cents. Saunders or Wilson sold ice cream cones for a nickel or a dime. For one nickel you could ride a street car, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or enough stamps to mail one letter

AND two postcards. A cocktail was a quarter and a beer was a dime at the Drift-On-Inn Roadhouse on the way to Playland Amusement Park on Old 99. You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600, but who could afford one. A pity too, because gas was 11 cents a gallon!

In our day, cigarette smoking was fashionable, GRASS was mowed, COKE was a cold drink and POT was something you cooked in and Rock Music was a grandma's lullaby. We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before the sex change, we made do with what we had! And we were the last generation that was so dumb to think you needed a husband to have a baby!

No wonder we are so confused and there is such a generation gap today! But we survived!!! What better reason to Celebrate?

CITY TEMPLE *Spotlight*



Peabody Scholarship recipients Erin and Iman Williams.

As a result of Joshua's outstanding academic achievements and demonstrated leadership potential, he was chosen to attend the 2013 Junior National Young Leaders Conference to

be held in Washington, D.C.

Joshua's teacher, Ms. Shadi Nourbakhsh, nominated Joshua, recognizing him as an outstanding individual who has achieved academic excellence and possesses strong leadership potential.

This experience will allow Joshua to meet students from all over the nation who have a commitment to excellence and a drive to succeed.

Erin and Iman Williams, two-thirds of Crystal Williams triplets, were awarded scholarships to study at

Peabody for the fall and spring semesters. They will each take four classes each week – concert band, musicianship, theory of music, and sectionals.

Erin will also get private saxophone lessons.

These are outstanding opportunities and honors our youth have received. Joshua, Erin, and Iman, your City Temple Family could not be more proud of you.

City Temple Youth, keep raising the bar!

continued from P3

most blessed child in the world. I remember watching the expression of surprise on my mom and dad's faces when we showed them what Santa had left for us. The mystery of Christmas is that as a child I never knew what it took for my parents to give us those special Christmas celebrations; how many hours they may have stayed up to put things together, how they had to budget to make sure that each of us had a special gift under the tree. I later learned that my mom was a master with budgeting. She made use of S&H green stamps, free offers on the back of cereal boxes and she shopped at John's Bargains, which is

like a modern day Wal-Mart but just a little cheaper.

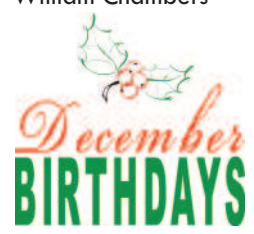
We ate Christmas dinner at home and then went to visit relatives. Visits with my grandmother were also a part of the mystery of Christmas. It was never about receiving a gift from her; it was all about spending time sitting at her feet as she told us stories and blew circles with her pipe smoke. She always smelled like Johnson's baby powder and I loved hearing her laugh and tell those stories. I still have fond memories of her today whenever I smell baby powder.

Our last stop of the day was visiting with my aunt Sis. The houses on her block were decorated with lights

and it looked like a Christmas village. My aunt Sis was like a second mother. Despite the fact that we were many in number, Aunt Sis always had an envelope with a monetary gift for each of us and lots of food and desert.

We always had a second Christmas dinner at Aunt Sis' house. But more than the money was the joy of spending time with her, watching the adults laugh and relax. The mystery of Christmas always has been and continues to remain for me a time of sharing with family and friends. Even now when I think of the Christmas of my childhood, I still get a warm and fuzzy feeling inside which I call the mystery of Christmas.

<i>December</i>	Vanessa Moore Walter Dean Irene Brown Tyray Livingston Jazmine Brown	Joseph A. Bradford Joyce Baylor-Thompson Kimberly Goggins Kobe Thomas Lea Simmons Levi English Linder Davis Lori Ford Majenta Thomas Maxine Bigby Cunningham Ollie Rather Phyllis L. Woods Samantha O'Briant Shantae Truitt Shantell Truitt Stanley Smith Willie Lacy	<i>February</i>	Linda Alexander Lucinda Crummedy Marlene R. Thompson Michael Young Myeshshia Thompson Naifeese Clark Sha-ron Rice Sonia Queen Tanae Brown Tequiala Bradley Toinette Woodson William Chambers
Anthony Hargrove Antoine McClary Betty O'Briant Catherine R. Neely-Hurst Darien Allen Derek Jackson Edward B. Holden Ian Simmons Jabriah Mins Jasmen Rice Jawan Hall Kenisha Clark Maelena Holman Marcia Friend Mary Matthews Patricia Payne Patricia Bailey	<i>January</i> Annie Dora Hardee Annette Davis-Edwards Avis Anderson Bernadette Lewis Charlotte Richards Deja Smothers Diamonique Hunter Ellen V. Harvey Grant Thomas Irma Riddick Jameela Smith Jeanette McDaniel		Barbara M. Anderson Bernice Tucker Carlous Palmer Carolyn E. Bailey Cassandra Reeves Cherita Young Cheryl Bass David Griffin Deanna Miles-Brown Deborah Bates Dorothy M. Cross-Nunn Harriett E. Williams Isabella A. Dowery Jerry Bethea Joanne Kent Joseph Martin Josephine Morton	



PUBLICATION DEADLINES

Articles for The Times are due no later than the 3rd Sunday before the month the issue is published. The next Times will be published on Mar. 3, 2013.

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