



ROAD WORK

-WEEKLY NEWSLETTER-

**OLD ORCHARD BEACH UNITED
METHODIST CHURCH**

December 14, 2008

Volume 1, Issue 8

I Believe in Santa Claus

A Story for the Season

I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was a kid. I remember riding across town on my bike to visit her. On the way, my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!"

My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her "world-famous" cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. It had to be true.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me. "No Santa Claus?" she snorted "Ridiculous! Don't believe it! That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad!! Now, put on your coat, and let's go."

"Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second cinnamon bun.

"Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. "Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned

and walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their shopping. For a few moments I stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church.

I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class.

Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out to recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough; he didn't have a good coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement... I would buy Bobby Decker a coat! I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that.

"Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the cashier asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down. "Yes, ma'am," I replied shyly. "It's for Bobby."

The nice lady smiled at me, as I told her about how Bobby

really needed a good winter coat. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag, smiled again, and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) in Christmas paper and ribbons and wrote, "To Bobby, From Santa Claus" on it. Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially, one of Santa's helpers.

Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going." I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his door and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma.

Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby.

The years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby's bushes.

That night, I realized that those rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: ridiculous. Santa was alive, and we were on his team. I still have the Bible, with the coat tag tucked inside: \$19.95.

This Week:

Sunday:

~Breakfast—9:30 AM
~Worship & Sunday
School—10 AM
~ Trustees Meeting—11:30

Monday:

~Food Pantry—9 AM

Tuesday:

~Prayer Service—6 PM

Wednesday:

~Food Pantry—9 AM

Saturday:

~Gab 'n Grow—1 PM

Sunday:

~Breakfast—9:30 AM
~Worship & Sunday
School—10 AM

VERSE OF THE WEEK

"What God has done for me will never be forgotten, the God whose very name is holy, set apart from all others. His mercy flows in wave after wave on those who are in awe before him."

Luke 1:46-47

(The Message)



Christmas One-Liners

**OLD ORCHARD BEACH
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH**

Along the road less traveled...

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WE'RE ON THE WEB!
WWW.OOBUMCHURCH.ORG

Q: What's red and white and gives presents to good little fish on Christmas?

A: Sandy Claws.

Q: Why was Santa's little helper depressed?

A: Because he had low elf esteem.

Q: What do you get when you cross an archer with a gift-wraper?

A: Ribbon hood.

Q: What do you call people who are afraid of Santa Claus?

A: Claustrophobic.

Q: What do snowmen eat for breakfast?

A: Snowflakes.

Q: What do you call Santa's Helpers?

A: Subordinate Clauses.

Q: Why did the gingerbread man go to the doctor?

A: He was feeling crummy.

Q: Why is Christmas just like a day at the office ?

A: You do all the work and the fat guy with the suit gets all the credit.

Christmas: When you exchange hellos with strangers and good buys with friends.

Christmas: The time when everyone gets Santamental.

Every year, Christmas becomes less a birthday and more a Clearance Sale.

A Christmas thought: STRESSED is just DESSERTS spelled backwards...

Upcoming Events

Throughout December—Postage Free Christmas—Don't forget to check your "mailbox" each week to see if you have any Christmas cards.

December 14—3rd Sunday of Advent. The Sunday of HOPE.

December 14—Trustees Meeting directly after worship.

Friday, December 19 at 7:30 PM—The Love Came Down at Christmastime Tour—See Jars of Clay, Leeland, Sixpence None the Richer, and Sara Groves at The Coliseum in Lewiston.

December 21—4th Sunday of Advent. The Sunday of PEACE.

Sunday, December 21 at 6PM—Blue Christmas Service at Cornerstone UMC—This service is especially planned and designed for those of us who are overwhelmed or unable to find the joy of season for whatever reason. Christmas can be a time of increased depression for many. This service will attempt to speak to those of us for whom these conditions are their human conditions

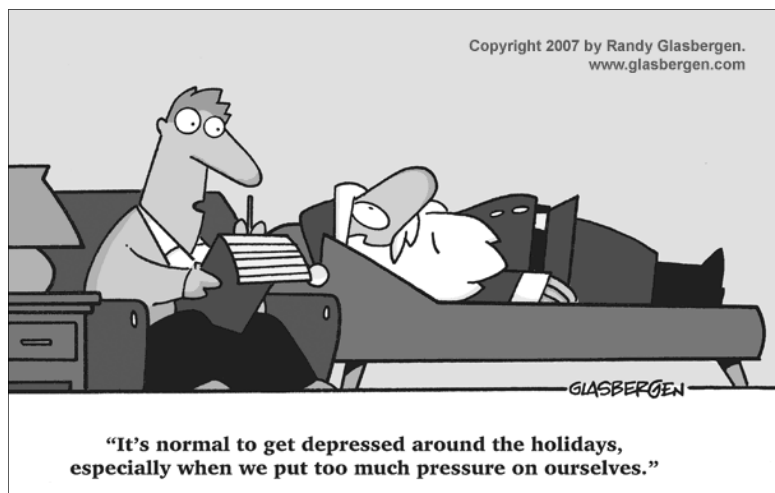
Wednesday, December 24 at 7PM—Christmas Eve Service—Join us for a special time of worship and warmth as we look celebrate the birth of our Lord.

December 28—Christmas Sunday.

January 4, 2009—Epiphany Sunday.

January 2009—Citizen Police Academy—The OOB PD is accepting applications now for the second installment of this popular program.

January 25, 2009—Pulpit Exchange



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"It's normal to get depressed around the holidays, especially when we put too much pressure on ourselves."