

... it's just lipstick!



Tam's Front Porch Ponderings
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Several random thoughts are running through my head today, first Mom had surgery on her knee yesterday and I'm just zonked. I haven't slept well; you know how I don't like traveling in Lexington which is where Mom had the surgery and no...I

haven't put up my Christmas tree yet! Let's see, the gifts aren't wrapped, matter of fact the gifts aren't even purchased, I've been nominated to hostess the Christmas dinner for Corky's family and did I mention...Mom had surgery on her knee?! While Beth and I were waiting for Mom to come out of surgery, we discussed several things that's been bothering us both for some time now. Who is the person that decides 10 and 1/2 inches of paper towel is all that is needed to dry your hands in a hospital bathroom? We both wondered, who has that job? What are the job requirements to be hired for that position? And where can we apply? Next we discussed the placement of the furniture in the waiting room and the temperature that the

thermostat was setting on. The furniture wasn't placed where we could conduct a pleasant conversation with those who had come to be of encouragement while we waited, so we moved it! Why aren't there enough chairs in the 'holding' room? That's where me and Beth and our preacher and his wife AND the nurse, were stationed for two, yes 2, hours before pre-op. I think next time we have to schedule something like this, I'll just bring one of those chairs in a bag. Like the one I carry to the kids soccer games, that way no matter where they send me (or Beth) in the hospital, we'll have a chair. It can't be any heavier than packing around my purse, mom's purse, her cane, her coat, her bag full of clothes and my tote bag with my planner, glasses

and a big ol' bottle of contact lens solution in it. I'm sure you're wondering why we just didn't take that stuff to the car and it's because Beth had to park on the top floor of a four story parking garage with an elevator that was slower than me walking down four flights of steps.

Several things were quite hysterical about the whole day of Surgical Adventure though. We're driving along, Beth as the driver, Mom as co-pilot and me as the back seat driver, when Beth looks over at Mother and says, "Mom? You weren't supposed to wear any makeup today!"

"I don't have on any makeup!", she replied

"Yes you do! You have on lipstick!" Beth advised her.

"Oh, that's not makeup, that's just lipstick!" she comes back.

"Makes no difference, it's still makeup", I informed her.

"No, No it isn't! This is lipstick, NOT makeup!" she laughed

We figured there was no use in arguing, there were certain things you just did not do. Momma had always taught us never wear white or carry straw from Labor Day to Easter Sunday; makes no difference how much of a good time you are, you don't write your name or number on a bathroom stall and that you never, EVER, leave the house without your hair and makeup done. Although she wasn't wearing foundation, blush, eye shadow and mascara, she DID have on the lipstick AND...her hair was perfect! Forget about leaving the hairspray off, she'd sooner die than leave home without Tresemme!

When Beth and I left

Mom last night, in the capable hands of the hospital nursing staff, we both looked like we could haunt a house! We'd wallowed in every chair, in every waiting room, from the first floor to the sixth, we'd packed blankets and canes, we got lost on the way to the hospital cafeteria and ate food that really didn't sit well with us. We drove home singing Rod Stewart at the top of our lungs with no truer words ever spoken still ringing in our ears, if we heard it once, we heard it a dozen times before we left Mother sleeping soundly in her bed, "Your Mom's hair looks soooo good! I can't believe she's just had surgery!"

See? Never, EVER, leave home without your hair and makeup done. And remember, lipstick is NOT makeup, it's just...lipstick!

What Makes the "Miracle of Christmas?"

What makes the "Miracle of Christmas?" Is it a wreath that adorns a door: Is it the Christmas presents we buy in the store? Is it that single, lighted tree we came to love so much? Is it that candle that burns so brightly for us? Or is it that dear letter we send to Dear Ole Saint Nick?

What makes up a miracle Christmas in a child's eye . . . a light of you, a sign of hope, a baby face that's all aglow when it sees that first fresh snow? Is it a long ago story, most-ever told, of a Saviour born in Bethlehem, lying in a manger? They all follow the shining star on that special night.

We take this day once a year to celebrate that Christmas miracle. The star they followed that long-ago night was a sign of our Saviour's everlasting love and hope. The night they lay him in a manger . . . our Saviour was born.

The children's eyes are aglow, even when the smaller ones sing, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on Earth, good will toward all men. The miracle of Christmas doesn't just come in a box with a ribbon or bow, it comes from the child-like heart. The bells will be ringing in the church-yard; fresh flakes of fresh, white snow, little faces all aglow.

We used to go to the woods to cut a pretty Christmas tree; take it home and decorate it with all homemade ornaments. We trimmed it with all home-made ornaments. We trimmed it with a star, paper chains, tinsel and popcorn. It was so beautiful, when I reflect on Christmases passed; the love we had for each other, our neighbors, family and friends, gathering around to enjoy the holidays. That's a Christmas miracle, memories that last forever.

Christmas of long ago, I think of cold, frosty nights, stars so bright, family trimming trees, lighted candles, Christmas feasts, fireplaces, singing Christmas carols, going back home in memory and mind; thinking of Grandpa and Grandma of long ago; brothers, sisters, moms and dads, snow sleighing over the hills and valleys.

I look up on the old home place, the fields covered with fresh, white snow; the old barn, cows in the fields, oil lamps in the windows of our neighbor's house. We loved them so dearly. I think of Christmas services and Christmas plays. We are all in church, praying for everyone, giving thanks for all our blessings.

What makes up a miracle Christmas . . . this and so much more. Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new born king, God and sinners reconciled.

I think of Christmas as being the most beautiful time of the year . . . frost on the meadows, Christmas trees lighted up in all the stores. Take to heart the simple things in life. Most of all, believe in God, cherish the moment, be grateful, give thanks. Let's all have a blessed Christmas; have a child-like heart, loving one another. Let every day be like Christmas. Give gifts of love, peace and joy.

"Merry Christ, God bless everyone!" What makes the miracle Christmas? It is God's gift of love that comes from your heart.

By Frieda Holliman

Out on a Limb



by Gary Kopervas

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 MISTLETONY

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