



The executive meeting of the Beta Delta Chapter of Delta Kappa Gamma was held on December 5, 2016, at the First United Methodist Church, in Newark, Ohio.

President Edna Ridenbaugh welcomed all the members to our December meeting. **Members held a moment of silence, for the recent passing of member, Edee Kolb. We also recognized the passing of other members throughout this year.**

They are: Thelma Shriner, Nadyne Meldahl, member Marlene Myers' husband, Joe Myers, and Victoria Peterson, who is Diane Ganz's daughter.

Debbie Jones gave the treasurer's report. We have \$8,400.03 in our Saving's Account; CD Account is \$5,058.36; and our checking has \$669.09.

Invitations were sent out to our new teacher grant winners, but no one was able to come. This is a very busy time for teachers, so we can extend our invitation again for our April meeting.

Members enjoyed delicious Christmas-themed cookies and catching up with each other. Member Cara Noyes led us in many wonderful Christmas holiday songs. She also shared the history of some of the songs we sang.

We had a fun, wonderful game for our gift exchange! We also wished everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! We look forward to seeing everyone at our February meeting, at Johnny Clem School, where member, Jodi Gwin, will present her program, Tundra Polar Bears.

Respectfully submitted by,
Debbie Weber

Come to our February 21st meeting to learn about polar bears!



Christmas is for love

Christmas is for love. It is for joy, for giving and sharing, for laughter, for reuniting with family and friends, for tinsel and brightly decorated packages. But mostly, Christmas is for love. I had not believed this until a small elf-like student with wide-eyed innocent eyes and soft rosy cheeks gave me a wondrous gift one Christmas.

Mark was an 11 year old orphan who lived with his aunt, a bitter middle aged woman greatly annoyed with the burden of caring for her dead sister's son. She never failed to remind young Mark, if it hadn't been for her generosity, he would be a vagrant, homeless waif. Still, with all the scolding and chilliness at home, he was a sweet and gentle child.

I had not noticed Mark particularly until he began staying after class each day (at the risk of arousing his aunt's anger, I later found) to help me straighten up the room. We did this quietly and comfortably, not speaking much, but enjoying the solitude of that hour of the day. When we did talk, Mark spoke mostly of his mother. Though he was quite small

when she died, he remembered a kind, gentle, loving woman, who always spent much time with him.

As Christmas drew near however, Mark failed to stay after school each day. I looked forward to his coming, and when the days passed and he continued to scamper hurriedly from the room after class, I stopped him one afternoon and asked why he no longer helped me in the room. I told him how I had missed him, and his large gray eyes lit up eagerly as he replied, "Did you really miss me?"

I explained how he had been my best helper. "I was making you a surprise," he whispered confidentially. "It's for Christmas." With that, he became embarrassed and dashed from the room. He didn't stay after school any more after that.

Finally came the last school day before Christmas. Mark crept slowly into the room late that afternoon with his hands concealing something behind his back. "I have your present," he said timidly when I looked up. "I hope you like it." He held out his hands, and there lying in his small palms was a tiny wooden box.

"It's beautiful, Mark. Is there something in it?" I asked

opening the top to look inside."

"Oh you can't see what's in it," He replied, "and you can't touch it, or taste it or feel it, but mother always said it makes you feel good all the time, warm on cold nights, and safe when you're all alone."

I gazed into the empty box. "What is it Mark," I asked gently, "that will make me feel so good?" "It's love," he whispered softly, "and mother always said it's best when you give it away." And he turned and quietly left the room.

So now I keep a small box crudely made of scraps of wood on the piano in my living room and only smile as inquiring friends raise quizzical eyebrows when I explain to them that there is love in it.

Yes, Christmas is for gaiety, mirth and song, for good and wondrous gifts. But mostly, Christmas is for love.

Author unknown



Every time a hand reaches out
To help another....that is Christmas
Every time someone puts anger aside
And strives for understanding
That is Christmas
Every time people forget their
differences
And realize their love for each other
That is Christmas
May this Christmas bring us
Closer to the spirit of human
understanding
Closer to the blessing of peace!

Meeting Dates

February 21, 2017

Tuesday 7:00 PM

John Clem Elementary

Program: Jodi Gwin: Tundra Polar
Bears

water Committee

Special Collection: The Y.E.S. Club

March 21, 2017

Meeting 6:00 PM

Arlington Care Center

Snacks by Leadership

Development Committee

Spring Crafts by Educational

Excellence Committee

Special Collection: Baskets of Life

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