

THE LAMP NEWSLETTER

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psalm 119:105 KJV).

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MY CHRISTMAS TREE STORY

The Lesson I Learned





**Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside,
Founder and Publisher**



**My Pine Branch
Christmas Tree**

Dear Readers,

This Christmas, come and go back with me to 1958, when I was eight years old. Rodger, my brother, was seven years old and Regina, our baby sister, was only five years old. We loved all of the traditions of Christmastime like, baking cookies and special cakes, decorating windows with big red bells with bows and doors with wreaths, writing Christmas cards, and listening to Christmas carols at home in our big house with our loving parents. We had a wonderful time even if we had lots and lots of snow. It might be cold and snowy outside, but we were warm with love, caring and sharing in our hearts. *(The home below looks so very much like our house. It's amazing!)*



Now, there was another great Christmastime tradition that we truly loved so much...and that was...having a tall and wide fresh pine tree...A CHRISTMAS TREE! Oh, when pine aroma filled our house, it was officially Christmas! It was especially fun to go and shop for the perfect Christmas tree that was full of thick dark green pine needles.



Our family usually put our tree up, around the early days in December. This was an exciting time! Our Daddy was the one to go pick and purchase our tree. We always looked out of the living room window when he drove away to go get it. We stayed looking out until he drove back home with the tree hanging out of the trunk of the car or tied to the top. We screamed and danced around the living room then we ran to the kitchen door to wait for him to carry it in the side door. It was a glorious time seeing how

big our Christmas tree was for that Christmas. If Daddy had to struggle trying to get the tree through the door, we were so happy. We clapped our hands and jumped up and down.

“WOW! DADDY!” We yelled. *“You got us a really big Christmas tree!”*

Mama always said, *“Honey! That tree looks too big!”* Daddy would look up at her with a big smile and say, *“Sweetie, “It’s just the right size for the children...”* And that’s when we screamed with cheer as loudly as we could. Then our parents laughed until our house filled with a joyful feeling.

OUR TRIP to BUY a CHRISTMAS TREE



However, in 1958, we all went with Daddy to purchase our Christmas tree. This was an exciting time because most of the time Daddy went alone to get it. But, after dinner that evening, we packed in the car dressed in our warmest winter clothes. We rode around the city of Detroit looking for a lot or place that looked like they had pretty trees. Sometimes Daddy went to the YMCA, Frank's Nursery, and large lots near markets.

We rode around and around until we saw a lot that was full of all sizes and kinds of pine trees. *"Let's go there!"* said Daddy driving much slower and pointing over to the Christmas tree lot that was well lit and full of rows and rows of trees. He then drove over to the lot, parked our car and we got out.

"Okay," Mama said. *"Wanda and Rodger, stay together...and keep up with your father."*

"Give me your hands," said Daddy to Rodger and me. *"Don't run through the lot! Stay with me."* I looked around and Regina was in Mama's arms. They were behind us.

There were all kinds and sizes of trees. It smelled Christmassy! We walked up and down one row after another looking for the prettiest, biggest and tallest tree for us, our family. We looked at this tree and that tree. None looked right for us. We kept looking and looking. Rodger stopped walking with me and went ahead to pick a tree with Dad. Mama was telling Dad to look over there and look over here for a tree. They were walking faster...but...I...started looking down at the branches on the ground. There were so many of them. We were walking on top of them and around the piles of branches lying on the ground. Then, I said to myself...*'They're so pretty...WOW...they look too pretty to just be on the ground.'*



Suddenly, I had a thought! I'll get me one to take home. I will make my own Christmas tree. Then I thought about Rodger and Regina...I will make a Christmas tree for us. We can have this branch fixed up with decorations in my bedroom for Regina and Rodger because it will be fun to have it upstairs with us!

Well, I remembered reading a storybook with a picture of little children with their own tree. We can do it, too! That's when I heard my Daddy and Mama calling me to come on because they found a Christmas tree.



"Wanda! Put that branch down!," Daddy said.

"How do you like this tree?"

"I like it...it's so pretty!" I said. *"Can we buy it?"*

"Well, we all like it! Good," Daddy said carrying the big tree. Rodger was trying to help him by holding the top branch of the tree.

"Wanda, why do you have that big branch?" asked Mama.

"I want it," I said with a smile on my face.

"Wanda, put it down. I'm paying for our tree and we are going home," said Daddy.

"Daddy, please let me keep it! I want to have a little tree for us, Rodger, Regina and me," I cried.

"How are you going to do that?" he asked.

"I will make it a beautiful Christmas tree," I said to him. He looked at me for a long time, but he did not say anything. Then he said, *"Come on...I'm too tired to fuss with you."*

I skipped along and held Regina's hand along with the branch in my other hand. She said, *"Our tree, too?"*

"YES, REGINA!" I said. We giggled. Regina liked the branch, too.

Daddy paid for our tree and we followed behind him to the car then we got in. I still had the branch in my hand. Dad turned the heat on in the car. Soon the car smelled like Christmas because of my pine branch. *"That smells good,"* Mama said turning around looking at me from the front seat. *"Mmm,"* she said. Now I felt confident that everything would be alright for me to make a small Christmas tree in my bedroom for us. No problems now, I thought. I was so happy.

My Christmas Tree

When we got home, Daddy and Rodger put our large tree in our house. I kept holding tightly to the pine branch that I had. I came in our house, took off my coat, scarf and red boots. *"Help Regina to take off her coat, scarf and boots, too,"* said Mama removing her things. She then hung up our clothing and put away our boots next to hers.

"Mama, can you give me a bottle, jar or vase for my Christmas branch?" I asked. *"I need water in it too."* I stood at the kitchen sink waiting for her to give me one of those containers for my big branch.

Mama went into the room next to our kitchen to look for a container. She came back in the kitchen. *"Here, Wanda...you have to be careful with this... let me help you,"* she said. Regina stood next to me looking at Mama and me putting the branch in the tall glass vase. Mama ran water from the sink run into the vase. She filled it to the top.

"Oooh...wooo," said Regina.

"Mama, can Daddy give me some of that Christmas tree stuff he uses in the tree's water for my branch?" I asked. Mama put the vase with my branch on the kitchen table.

"NO...oh...no! I believe that's poison...children are not to handle it," she explained.

Daddy yelled up to me from the basement, *"NO, WANDA!"* He heard me talking to Mama about the preserver for the Christmas tree.

Soon Daddy and Rodger came upstairs to the kitchen. Mama asked Daddy to take my branch upstairs to the bedroom that Regina and I slept in. *"Honey...I don't know...this seems to be a bad idea to me.... Now, Wanda..."* he said.

"Oh, please...please Daddy," I begged. He said nothing, but he carried it to our room and I followed him upstairs and so did the whole family. When he brought it to our room, I pointed to a place on the floor where I wanted it to stand. Daddy put it down there.

"It can't be by the heat vents. That hot air will dry this branch out," he said. *"Then the needles will fall off."*

"Oh, yes...that's right...and then your branch will dry out and these smaller branches will break and fall off," Mama said. *"It will be a mess on the floor. Anyway, you children must get ready for bed. Come on now,"* she said.

When I got into bed, after saying my prayers, I said, *“I will water it, take care of it and make sure none of those needles fall off.”*

My parents looked at each other and then said good-night to Regina, Rodger and me.

THE NEXT DAY



Since it was Christmas vacation, I wanted to decorate my Christmas tree branch. But, Mama said to wait until after our family decorated the real Christmas tree downstairs in the hallway by the stairway near the living room. So, that evening we worked and worked on that tree. We added garland or roping, large glass colorful light bulbs, lots of ornaments and then many layers of silvery icicles. Our tree looked so beautiful! Then, Daddy added a star to the top of the tree because he was so tall.

He plugged in the lights of our tree. We stood and looked at it. Then, Mama made some hot chocolate for us to drink. She even gave us a few of the Christmas cookies that we had baked earlier that day. It was wonderful to look at our beautiful tree.

Now, this made me excited to get to work decorating my branch in our room. *“Mama and Daddy, can I use some of these Christmas decorating things to decorate our branch too?”* I asked, as I went into the boxes of decorations.

“These things are too big for our branch tree,” said Rodger. *“It won’t work!”*

Regina said, *“I can help Wanda. We can make it pretty, too!”* Then she looked into some of the boxes. *“I like these,”* she said picking up a few in her little hands. *“See! See!”*



“Well, you must be careful...but pick a few...and we’ll see...” Mama said.

So, Regina and I picked as many as we could carry in our hands, then Daddy said that we needed a bag so we won’t drop and break them.

“Help us, Rodger,” Regina said.

“Here take these.” Rodger said he didn’t feel like helping us because he was tired from working with our real tall tree in the hallway by the stairway. He just sat and looked at us decorate our tiny tree.



DAYS LATER....

I was very proud of our OWN Christmas tree. However, I stayed so busy everyday doing Christmas projects that I did not pay as much attention to our branch tree. I played outside in the snow with Rodger, Regina and our friends nearly everyday. I forgot to water the branch on those days.

Twice that week, I helped Mama bake oatmeal cookies, sugar cookies and other cookies. We had a special project of giving cookies away to my grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, neighbors and other friends. Oh, I was too busy with the cookies and packing them up that I was too tired to water the branch.

Day after day I wanted to help with other Christmas projects like wrapping small gifts, putting Christmas cards in envelopes after Mama and Daddy signed them, and so much more. I stayed busy doing one thing and then another. I didn't take care of the branch like I should. It got drier and drier everyday. I did give it some water a few times.

Then, needles and branches broke off and fell to the floor. Mama warned me to be careful about this happening. I asked her if I could use a broom to clean up the mess. The broom stayed in our bedroom, because everyday I was sweeping up the needles and broken branches. I had to remove several decorations so they wouldn't break.



THE LESSON I LEARNED

“Wanda, I am not going to get any gifts under YOUR TREE because it is falling apart!” Said Rodger. *“Look at it! A bike or wagon won’t fit under YOUR TREE! FORGET IT!”*

Regina felt sorry for me and said, *“Maybe one of my new dolls can sit next to your tree...but...I won’t get enough gifts to fit under your tree.”* She and Rodger walked away. I could hear them calling Mama and telling her that they don’t want my Christmas tree branch anymore.

I wanted to cry. I sadly sat on my bed looking at the dried up branch. Then my parents ,along with Rodger and Regina, came into our bedroom. My parents told me that there is a lesson I need to learn in the Bible. *“It will help you in life,”* Mama said.

“Yes, Wanda. You know we can’t do NOTHING WITHOUT JESUS! We won’t make it. We cannot live on our own!” Daddy said. *“The Bible tells us that Jesus is the True Vine or Tree. We must stay connected to Him. We are the branches. We can’t live without Him!”*

“I have a branch. I wanted to make it into a Christmas tree of my own, but it couldn’t live,” I said. *“It got all dried up and fell apart.”*

“Yes, you are right,” Mama said. *“The branch did not get the water that it needed. The water feeds the tree. No matter how, you decorated your branch, it was too weak to hold onto the things you put on it. It was too weak...it broke from the weight of everything.”*

“WOW! WE WILL FALL APART WITHOUT JESUS!” I said. *“We better stay with Him!”*

“That’s right,” said Daddy, raising his hands to the Lord.

“AMEN!” shouted Rodger and Regina. We all laughed.

Mama hugged us and said, *“Jesus came so that we can have life. We must stay connected to Him...forever.”*

As I grew older through the years, I have heard many sermons on this lesson. Readers, stay connected to Jesus! If you don’t, you will fall apart! Your whole life will be nothing! You can do all you want to be on your own without Him, but you won’t make it! We need Him in our lives! **THIS CHRISTMAS, COME TO JESUS and LIVE!**

The Vine and the Branches

John 15:1-8 NIV

15 “I am the true vine, and my Father is the gardener.

2 He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit, while every branch that does bear fruit he prunes so that it will be even more fruitful.

3 You are already clean because of the word I have spoken to you.

4 Remain in me, as I also remain in you. No branch can bear fruit by itself; it must remain in the vine. Neither can you bear fruit unless you remain in me.

5 “I am the vine; you are the branches. If you remain in me and I in you, you will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do nothing.

6 If you do not remain in me, you are like a branch that is thrown away and withers; such branches are picked up, thrown into the fire and burned.

7 If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be done for you.

8 This is to my Father’s glory, that you bear much fruit, showing yourselves to be my disciples.”

JESUS, THE TRUE TREE



5 “I am the vine; you are the branches. If you remain in me and I in you, you will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do nothing.”

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE of LOVE

By Ramelle T. Lee



**What can you receive this year
that will bring you pure joy, peace and hope?
Is there anything that is priceless
and can't be canceled, exchanged or returned?**

**Can you purchase this gift with money,
Bottle this gift or package it under a Christmas tree?
What on earth can this mystery gift be?**



**Oh, this gift is something of value
and money can't buy.
This gift is guaranteed to never fade away
And never evaporate in the sky.
This gift will always be with you
everywhere you go.**

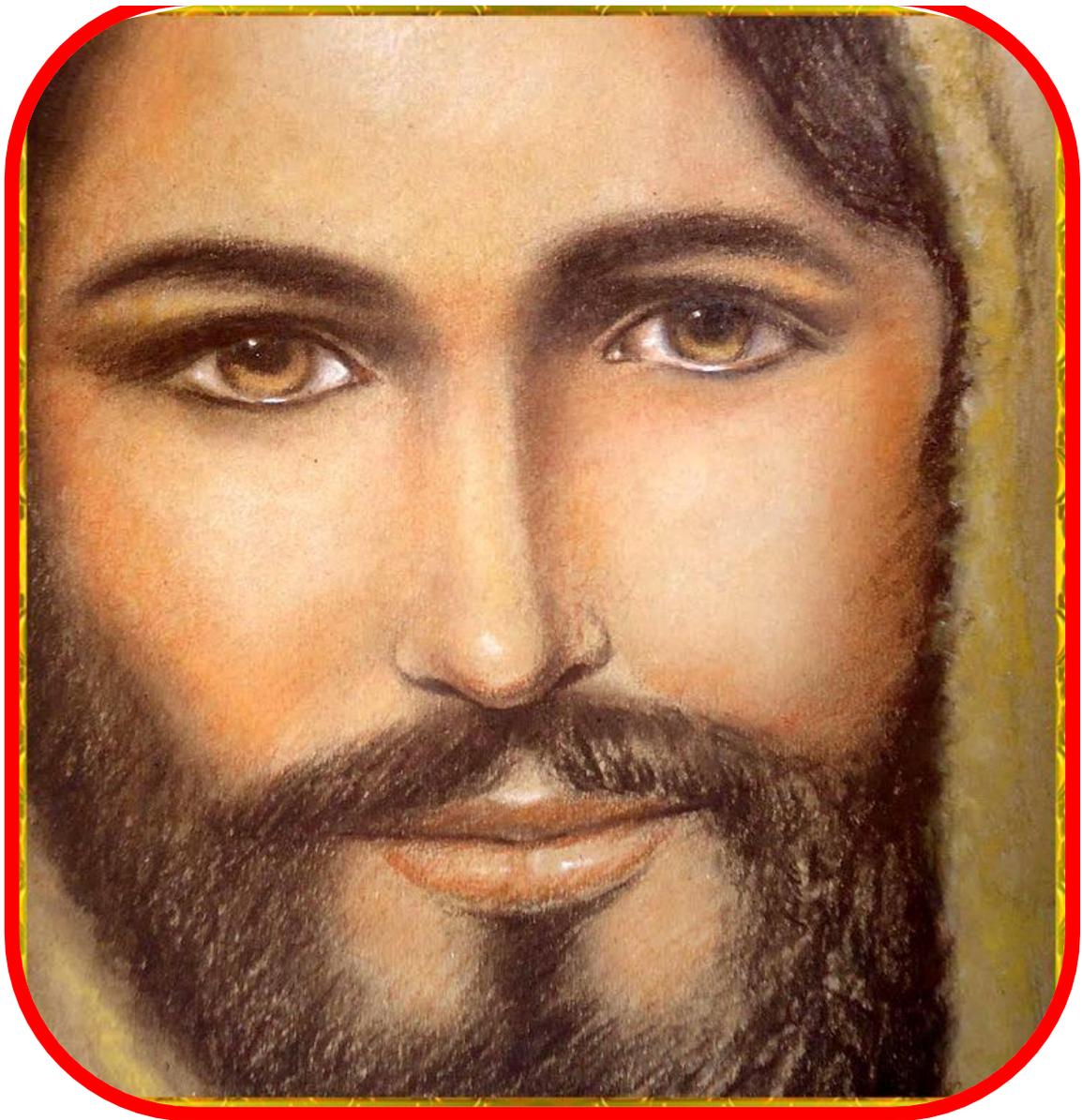
**You have access to this beautiful gift
Every second, minute and hour of the day.
No one can take this gift away from you!**

**You can't destroy or transfer
this gift to anyone else.
Are you curious yet?**



**Are you ready to find out
what is the "Big Reveal?"**

This gift is...
**God's only begotten Son,
JESUS CHRIST!**



**You received this gift the moment
You accepted Jesus into your heart!
The gift of Salvation was given to you.**



**The angels in heaven rejoiced!
You were given hope everlasting
and love forever.
Praise God for this special gift from on high!**

*At Christmastime,
Let us blow the trumpet of praise!
Give God the glory
for giving His Son, Jesus Christ
to save the world from sin.*



Happy Birthday, Jesus!

“For God so loved the world that gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved

(John 3:16-17 KJV)

Merry Christmas

GOD BLESS YOU

From



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Doris Homan



The Nativity

The Christmas Characters

After centuries of recorded writings in the Old Testament, teachings, rebukes, signs and wonders, promises.....God the Son puts on humanity, breaks through and enters our world. A deeper look at the characters in the Christmas account surrounding Jesus' birth can give us much more insight. Each also a representation of people in our world today.

The Angel - the heavenly messenger doing God's bidding. Leaving the glories of heaven, being feared by humans, faithfully gives out God's message to Mary, Joseph (in a dream), Zechariah, the Shepherds. Angels are used by God to prepare the way, to tell others, to point to God.

Mary - young, scared but full of faith; though not understanding everything in God's plan, by faith obedient and willing to be used in the story He wants to write. She submits to however God wants to use her. Courageously accepting, she conceived out of wedlock and dealt with the social consequences.

Joseph - a good and just man trying to do what is right; not trying to shame Mary, he wanted to end their engagement quietly when he learned she was with child. The angel appeared to him in a dream, telling him to take Mary as his wife and the child is of the Holy Spirit. Joseph obeys. In a tough situation, Joseph does not give into social pressure or fear of his future.

Zechariah - faithfully serving and fulfilling his duties as priest in the temple. When the angel appeared to him and announced that his barren wife, Elizabeth would be with

child, he doubted and asked for a sign....proof. Because of his doubting the messenger of God, Zechariah was made mute till after his child was born. There are consequences when we disbelieve.

Elizabeth - a loving cousin to Mary; they spent three months together. What a time of encouragement that must have been for both of them. Perhaps giving Mary the courage to return to her situation, to face the ridicule and social pressure of being an unwed mother, not quite married yet to Joseph.

John (the Baptist) - a forerunner to the Messiah; faithful servant, dedicated to preparing the way for Jesus to enter the earthly scene. He faithfully proclaimed and baptized; exhorting his people, Israel to turn from their sin and turn to the living God. Though feeling utterly unworthy, John obediently baptized Jesus in order to fulfill what was written. He later was martyred for his stand against evil as he proclaimed God's message of repentance.

The Wisemen - seekers, respectfully looking for the King; coming with gifts to honor Him.

Inn keeper - all rooms are full; has no room for Jesus.

The Shepherds - simple, hardworking, unnamed people busy about their daily responsibilities. They were blessed by God's wonder to be included in this momentous occasion; God put on an amazing show in the skies that night; angels rejoicing in the heavens, announcing the birth of the King that is to bring "peace on earth". Though unnamed yet important enough to be informed of the coming of the Messiah. No one is disregarded in God's economy.

King Herod - corrupt, wicked, selfishly desiring to stay in power, not desiring to seek the truth but to destroy it. He deceives the Wisemen; he gives out the order to murder all the male Hebrew children in order to destroy baby Jesus. This baby was a threat to his kingdom and agenda. Herod is hard at work keeping others from finding Jesus.

Jesus - Saving the best for last, this perfect love in the form of a humble baby, God the Son (second person of the Trinity), puts on humanity, leaves the glories of heaven and enters our world. He enters as a lowly baby; He came selflessly for our salvation — to redeem us (buy us back) from our bondage to sin. Where we could not save ourselves, Jesus came to our rescue.

Where do you find yourself among the Christmas characters? A seeker, a disbeliever, an obedient follower doing the hard stuff God is asking of you? Which character do you most identify with?

*Doris has a passion for discipleship. She is a Bible teacher, speaker, blogger and author of The Christian Journey, Part I & II. Doris' mission is to help Christians know the Word and apply it so they are better able to navigate both the calm waters and the storms of life. She is on the leadership team of Reasons for Hope*Jesus and Greater Impact Ministries, in the capacity of ecourse mentor, content development, editing and distribution. A graduate of the University of Cincinnati, she and her husband John now reside in Florida, USA. Myjoyandcrown.com and www.facebook.com/theChristianJourney2017*



Mrs. Penny Goldman



BABY JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD and SAVIOR

TIME TO REMEMBER

*It is December!
Time to remember,
The Prince of Peace that came.
He was born in a stable:
No bed or table...
Jesus is his name.*

*He came to teach us how to live,
How to love, serve, and how to give
Who will remember
That babe this December?
Jesus is his name.*

The time to remember is Now!

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A Christmas

*encouragement by
Australian Ministry Leader &
Staff Writer Ms. Sandra Hickman*



~ As Christmas approaches, everything is buzzing like a busy bumble bee. We are making lists and checking them twice, or if you're like me, ten times... I have lots of grandchildren!

2019 has been a busy year with an even busier ending in sight. This year has had its challenges. Maybe you've had health problems or family issues. Maybe it's the car, the mounting bills, the job which is balancing on the line, or who's stacking the dishwasher? Then of course, the kids are always in the mix. Life can become a messy quandary of thoughts and feelings which crept in, in the frail moments.

You wish you'd been more prepared or looked after yourself a bit more, maybe a lot more! You've made mistakes. We all have. Have you ever lost your cool and regretted it afterwards? Oh, I have.

Some of us have things which should be dealt with by now. There are things which have made a mess in our lives. Things we wish we'd never done, seen, or said. Instead of letting them go, we allowed them to linger longer than they should, creating a mess which has been hard to clean up. They are: physical, emotional and spiritual messes.

We pick at the scabs of the past whilst God wants to heal them. From the tiniest things to the biggest things, Jesus is the seer of our mess-ups. He watches, He knows and He intercedes to the Father on our behalf. God wants us to let Him fight our battles and clean up the messes.



We have to let go because the alternative is costly. The cost of holding onto old putrid stuff can break your spiritual bank. We tie our "things"

to a branch on the tree of discontentment and leave it flapping in the wind.

I think it's time to change our messy thinking. I would love to share with you this little bit of inspiration which I wrote in 2016, entitled: **"A Complicated Beautiful Mess"** ~ Think of it as Christmas present from me to you! I hope it makes you smile...

A COMPLICATED BEAUTIFUL MESS...

- God loves you even in your complicated mess, whether big or small. He even thinks you're beautiful in it! He did with me!

And He still does....

When I mess up, smudging my robes with spots and blemishes, God does the laundry. He washes my garments, straightens my crown, picks me up, dusts me off and stands me back on my feet. With a pat on the back and a loving push forward, He resets my sights on the goal and the call of the cross.

Oh...AND, He forgives.

So take heart! Beloved, God has already dealt with many of His complicated-beautiful-messes long before you ever arrived with your tear-stained diary of guilt-ridden things you wish you'd never done! Surprisingly enough.... He's not surprised!

You may be a complicated mess....but you're God's complicated mess,
and you're still beautiful! You are HIS.

He whispers sweet-nothings which become huge-some things in your life! He loves and cherishes you just as you are. Remember, it is He who does the washing, straightening,





dusting and holding-upright when you fall. When He looks at you with stardust and love in His eyes,

He sees this cherished complicated
Beautiful mess...

and, He holds a solution in His hands -

"And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are

called according to His purpose" Romans 8:28 NKJV... © 2016 SLH

~ The **cradle of Christmas cradles the promises of God!**

Jesus who was born for us, who lived and died for us, also came to clean us up! There is no mess or delinquent dilemma that is beyond the reach of His cross. The Holy Spirit of the Christ Child is always within reach of your needs. After all, the Comforter lives within you.

Remember, you are the temple of the Holy Spirit and it was Jesus Himself who said that He must leave so the Comforter could come. This was the CHRISTmas present He gave to the faithful Twelve! We must receive God's CHRISTmas presents if we desire freedom from all our worries.

"*The battle belongs to Me says the Lord!*" What's He really saying? In addition to the fresh battles you're facing, He also wants you to let Him clean up the stale messes of the past with Christ at the helm. All you have to do is give it to God. Be willing to be lead by His Spirit and the rest will follow. Leave behind the mess and let go of the mistakes. Perhaps even ask God to help you to forgive yourself. **He will, because He loves you! xo**



For unto us a child is born, just a baby, just a boy. The King of kings who brought us joy! ~ Isaiah 9:6 NKJVJ.

Merry Christmas!

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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE
from Simmie Lee Burnside, Jr.
The Manager and Husband of
Wanda J. Burnside, the founder of The Lamp Newsletter



***This is a season of giving
and sharing.***

Remember, this is a time of caring.

Jesus Christ gave His gift...

HIS OWN LIFE

to Save Souls!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Greetings from More Staff Members of The Lamp Newsletter



Along with being a Ministry Leader and Staff Writer for the newsletter, Christine is our Website Manager. She is so very dedicated working with me and my staff on building our website. We praise the Lord for the amazing job that she is doing. She has compiled a great network for the world to see and read about what we are doing for the glory of the Lord.

THANK YOU, CHRISTINE!

Mrs. Christine V. Mitchell of the UK – London



Mrs. Michele Gardner Barnes
Staff Writer



Dr. Mary D. Edwards
Editor

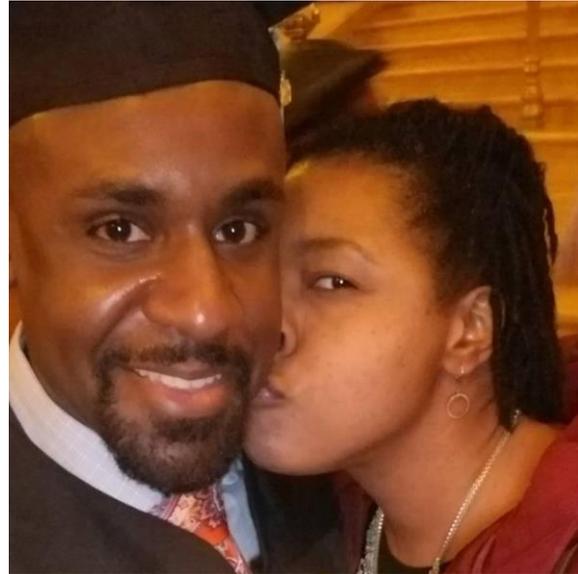


Mrs. Kizzy Staten Gray
Staff Writer

TO GOD BE THE GLORY!



The Graduate, Julian Rodger Palm



Julian kissed and congratulated by his proud wife, Dr. Kai Bowers Palm

CONGRATULATIONS

to our dear nephew...

JULIAN RODGER PALM!

We are so proud of Julian graduating from Wayne State University of Detroit, Michigan on Tuesday, December 10, 2019. Julian received a master degree as a professional fitness trainer and coach. The graduation was held at the historic Fox Theater on Woodward Ave. in downtown Detroit.

His wife, Dr. Palm stated on Facebook, "Celebrating @julianrpalm today for finishing what he started. Such a great example to us all of dedication and perseverance. He is the most knowledgeable trainer/ Coach you will ever meet...this degree is part of the master plan! 🎓🎓 Call and sign up for evaluation and training @poa_fitnessllc."

Julian is a graduate of Cass Technical High School in Detroit, MI. He graduated from there over 20 years ago. He is now married to Kai and they are the parents of Justus and Naomi Palm.

Julian's parents are the late Elder Rodger Palm and Mrs. Josefa Elaine Palm. His dearly loved Dad, Elder Rodger Palm, went Home to be with the Lord on October 31, 2019. Julian said that He will never forget his Dad for all of his years of encouragement, prayers and love that he gave to him. Julian also said that he knows that he is truly blessed by his caring and loving mother, too. He truly credits his grandparents, Elder Minor Palm, Jr., Evangelist Willie Lee Palm and Mrs. Henrietta Barney, for their prayers, positive words and true concerns for him.

Mr. Jason Minor Palm and Ms. Jolayna Lea Palm are his siblings. Julian expressed they mean a lot to him because they are very supportive of all of his endeavors. He is thankful for his aunts and uncles who care about him. Julian is blessed by his mother-in-law, Mrs. June Bowers, who is dear to his heart.

However, most of all Julian thanks the Lord for all that He has done in his life.





Teirraney Bledsoe shares a beautiful story about her precious granddaughter, Laylah Allen, who is 2 years old.

Through the eyes of a child...



I am such a stickler about making memories, especially with my grandchildren. My two-year-old granddaughter, Laylah Allen, came to spend a week with me. She lives in Arkansas with her parents Frederick and Page Allen along with her one-year-old baby sister.

Our theme was "Shake 'n Bake!" We got our dance time in and definitely made room for a special dessert every day. We both were excited for this time together. I looked forward to introducing her to fun pre-cooking skills.

Every day Laylah woke up talking about the day's featured meal or dessert. As we baked, we shared laughs. She even had her own little way of doing things. I noticed that each time she was filled with so much joy. She never feared the outcome of our baking project. She just dove into the process.



We cut, poured, measured and discussed each ingredient. She never questioned the dessert, although she didn't see the finished product. She trusted that she would have something very good each time. She waited for things to cook and other things to bake. She could smell the aroma that something good was happening inside that stove.

You may feel discouraged, but let this be your reminder to keep smiling, work through the process and know that something good is happening in you. Wait on God and know that whenever life throws you dough... you can always make cookies.

Teirany Bledsoe is CEO of Blessed So Communities. She is a licensed evangelist, promoter and booking agent. She uses her gifts to inspire others. She is also a public speaker.

Teirany enjoys nurturing the gifts of others; especially gospel artists and entrepreneurs. She has one beautiful daughter, and two darling granddaughters. **Teirany** is a member of the Called and Ready Writers. You can contact her at blessedso.promo@gmail.com

FB Teirany L Bledsoe or Blessed So Kingdom Communities via messen

This Christmas,

make memories that will last a lifetime!

*Don't allow past hurts, disappointments, and misunderstanding
stand in the way of coming together with your family and friends.*

Ask God to come into your heart, life and home to take over!

*You need Him to bring you through everything
that you are confronted with in life.*

*Holding on to bitter words and bitter thoughts only makes you
a very bitter person.*

It is said that hurting people hurt people.

*You cannot point your finger at others
and criticize them for things
without looking at your four fingers pointing back at you.*

Examine YOU! Do self-examination! Check yourself out!

Ask God to open your eyes to see yourself.

Then, ask Him to show you how to have inner healing.

Trust Him to be your help and strength to release bitterness within you.

Ask Him to restore joy and peace within your heart.

Watch Him Change You!

Lovingly, Wanda J. Burnside



In Memory of...

My Sweet Baby Sister Regina Morna Palm (1953-2017)

My Precious Brother, Elder Rodger Minor Palm (1951-2019)

My Loving Parents...

Mama, Evangelist Willie Lee Palm (1929-2002)

Daddy, Elder Minor Palm, Jr. (1926-2010)

You are NEVER FORGOTTEN!

I miss them with all of my heart...I am now alone....

Wanda J. Palm Burnside

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