

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

And when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. St. Matthew 2:10.

Take Time To Be Glad

The stores were busy this last week before Christmas and harried clerks were attempting to help last-minute shoppers who had not yet made up their minds about what to buy friends on their gift list.

"I wish Christmas would hurry, and get here", the clerk said, more to herself than those around her. "Because I'll be glad when it's over."

How many of us share her frustration? So much to do, so little time. That gift list still is long. How can you buy clothes and gifts for people you don't see but once a year? All those Christmas cards to address and mail. Not enough days left to do all that needs to be done and still there's the grocery shopping and the cakes to bake. Now, if I didn't have to work this busy season...etc. and etc.

Relax, people, the ministers tell us from the pulpit. Be still and know what you're about and re-read again that Christmas Story from the second chapter of St. Luke.

In those days a decree was issued by the Emperor Augustus for a general registration throughout the Roman world. This was the first registration of its kind; it took place when Quarinus was governor of Syria. For this purpose everyone made his way to his own town; and so Joseph went up to Judaea from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to be registered at the city of David, called Bethlehem, because he was of the house of David, by descent; and with him went Mary who was betrothed to him. She was pregnant, and while they were where the time came for her child to be born, and she gave birth to a son, her first-born. She wrapped him in a manger, because there was no room for them to lodge in the house.

Now in this same district there were shepherds out in the fields, keeping watch through the night over their flock, and when suddenly there stood before them an angel of the Lord, and the splendour of the Lord shone round them. They were terror-struck but the angel said, "Do not be afraid: I have good news for you; there is great joy coming to the whole people. Today in the city of David a deliverer has been born to you - the Messiah, the Lord. And this is your sign; you will find the baby lying all wrapped up, in a manger."

All at once there was with the angel a great company of the heavenly hosts, praising the praises of God:

"Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth his peace for men on whom his favor rests."

Be glad. More than anything you do doing this of self-imposed pressure, be glad.

Take time to remind yourselves why you are trying to do so much for so many.

Ten Commandments Of Christmas

Some years ago The Herald published "For Christmas - The Ten Commandments" at the beginning of the Christmas season as an assist in preparation for this great festival.

Dr. Herbert Spagh wrote these "Ten Commandments" and The Herald includes it again this year in this Christmas edition.

"Thou shalt not leave Christ out of Christmas, making it Xmas, for this is the sign that thou art lazy-minded and spiritually listless. To most minds "X" stands not for Christ but for the algebraic unknown.

"Thou shalt not value thy gifts by their cost for verily many shall signify love that is more blessed and beautiful than silver and gold.

"Thou shalt give thyself with thy gifts. Thy love, thy personality and thy service shall increase the value of thy gift a hundred fold and he that receiveth it shall treasure it forever.

"Thou shalt not let Santa Claus take the place of Christ. In many homes Santa Claus supersedes the Christ child and Christmas becomes a fairy tale rather than a subline reality in the spiritual realm.

"Thou shalt not burden thy servant. The shop girl and mail carrier and the merchant should have thy consideration.

"Thou shalt not neglect the church. It's Christmas services are planned to help spiritualize the Christmas season for thee, thy child and thy household. Remember the church is a symbol of what we are fighting for in this war.

"Thou shalt not neglect the needy. Let thy bountiful blessings be shared with the many who will go hungry and shiver with cold unless thou are generous in their time of want.

"Thou shalt be as a little child. Christmas is the day of the Christ Child. Not until thou has become in spirit even as a little child are thou ready to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Thou shalt prepare thy soul for Christmas. For verily most of us spend much time and money getting gifts ready for few seconds in preparing our souls.

"Thou shalt give thy heart to Christ. Let thy Christmas list have Christ at the top and thy heart as the gift. For in so doing thou are as the Wise Men of old and verily thou shalt find thyself born again on Christmas Day."

Both Were Textile Leaders

In the last several weeks the community has lost two of its most well-known and prominent textile industrialists, each of whom was identified in the business community as a leader in the old Margrace or Neisler Mill when the industry was a giant in the textile industry in the Piedmont.

The Herald joins with others in the community in expressing sympathy to the families of Charlie Moss and Harry E. Page.

Christmas Is Special

Letters to Santa have never been my "thing", I leave that to my brother, Gary, my co-worker, friend all our lives and his traditional letter appears in his column in this Christmas edition.

This season I had the shock of my life when I asked a couple young friends at our church, Dixon Presbyterian, what they had asked from Santa Claus. They hadn't decided yet. And, I had a bigger shock when I read the hundreds of letters that came over my desk from local school children about who, not what, they wanted to find in their Christmas stocking on Christmas morning. I decided at that point that times had changed!

There was never any doubt in my mind, of juvenile years, for dreams were cheap. I merely wanted the moon and several stars round about. The problem was/is gearing my dreams to Santa's budget.

However, never in my wildest imagination did I long to find a movie star, Superman, Hulk, etc. in my Christmas stocking. In the first place, Santa never would never have got down the chimney with those characters. Most of the times the five children in our family poured over catalogs months before Christmas but usually wound up with what Santa's budget would allow: clothes for school, a few toys, essentials. And most of the time we made our own Christmas decorations and never owned a store-bought tree. But we always had love in our home and joy in our hearts as we grow older we sometimes forget at this busiest season of the year what Christmas is all about.

That solemn, yet splendid, celebration of the birth of Jesus, the carpenter's son who is the Messiah to Christians, transcends the lights and Christmas wrappings. That birth, long ago, is reason enough to get us through the holidays in better spirits than we might have otherwise known, under any current circumstances.

It usually takes me to just after midnight on Christmas Eve to discover that mystical time of Christmas and it's usually enroute home from the Christmas Eve service at First Presbyterian Church. There are usually no trains rumbling through town, no automobiles screeching and only the traffic lights going but in the stillness of an early Christmas morning is that time to realize again that Christmas is special. Nothing can shut out images of plain that some feel more than others at this season and nothing can shut out the good images either; the smile on the face of the elderly woman being surprised in the nursing home by a friend; the wonderment of a child's eyes on Christmas Eve; the experience of a candlelight church service; the appreciation of people being helped by the many Santas in Kings Mountain who have given to the needy. We feel the pain of the suffering, the happiness for friends and loved ones. But we couldn't stop the world and get off even if we wanted to. And usually at this special time of the year we wouldn't want to, anyway. There's nothing like Christmas!

The staff of The Herald join me in wishing you and yours a happy holiday season. Let us pray as we experience the true meaning of Christmas that New Year 1986 will be the best ever for all of Kings Mountain, at your house and mine.

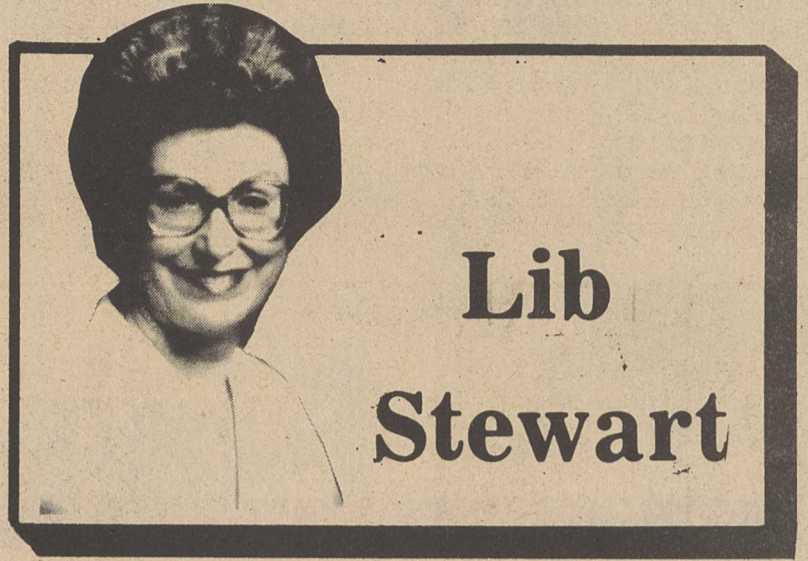
Western Wedding

When Karen Hall and Knox Adams became Mr. and Mrs. on Saturday, Dec. 14th, they chose the setting where they met 18 months ago.

Possum Hollow in York, S.C. was the setting for the western country nuptials and Magistrate Donnie Gregory heard the exchange of vows at 9 p.m. during a break in the dancing festivities.

Since Karen and Knox are both country western fans, they asked their attendants to don blue jeans and western shirts and background for the ceremony were red lanterns arranged with satin ribbon and bales of hay.

The bride wore a navy blue dotted swiss dress and white Larry Mahan leather boots and carried a bouquet of wheat, baby's breath and navy silk ribbon. The bridegroom was dressed in western attire and all the attendants wore western attire.



Kim Ledford was her mother's honor attendant and bridesmaids were Linda Robbins, Nora Ashe, Debbie Peterson and Kathy Mobley. Ken Riley was best man. P.J. Perkins, son of the bride, carried the rings on a miniature and leather saddle and Heather Melton was flower girl. Groomsman were Shane Absher, son of the bride, Jeff Adams, Bill Adams, and Dwayne Adams, sons of the bridegroom.

Two hundred wedding guests enjoyed refreshments after the ceremony and the bride and bridegroom cut a three-tiered western style cake which was topped with miniature decorated horses and adorned with fence trime in beige and white.

The newlyweds, who are at home on Lake Wylie, have postponed their wedding trip until later in the year when they plan to attend the Grand Ole Opey in Nashville, Tennessee.

Mrs. Adams is the daughter of Mrs. Nellie Hovis of Kings Mountain and is employed in the offices of Dr. James Mason.

Mr. Adams is employed by Duke Power Company.

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40th Celebration

A fire in 1945 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Arnold Kiser started what has become a tradition in Kings Mountain for city firemen, city police, and members of the Cleveland County Sheriff's Department and area Highway Patrol.

After that fire, the late Mr. Kiser and the late Dr. J.E. Anthony go the idea to honor the firemen at an appreciation dinner during the Christmas season. In later years, the late Mayor Glee A. Bridges joined the group and the guest list was increased to include the Kings Mountain Police Department.

In 1948 when Senator J. Ollie Harris joined the group members of the Sheriff's Department and Highway Patrol serving the Kings Mountain area were included on the guest list. Former Rep. W.K. Mauney, Jr. joined the group as a co-host in recent years and at the death of their father, Glee E. Bridges and J.C. Bridges joined the host group.

The Christmas season get-together has been a highlight of the holiday activities for local and area law enforcement officers and city firemen.

Tuesday evening, the 40th annual Christmas celebration was held at Depot Center and it was a nostalgic evening as each of the four hosts recounted some of the early parties and how it all got started, each taking the occasion to thank local firemen and law enforcement personnel for the tremendous job they do for Kings Mountain area people.

A favorite food for the traditional parties has always been oyster casserole and heaping portions were served by Mrs. W. Lawrence Logan and Depot Center staff along with turkey with all the trimmings.

Tables were decorated in the holiday motif and a ceiling high tree and the mantel over the fireplace were decorated in Christmas red and green.

Give Thought To Feelings

[The following incident happened this season. The names have been changed.]

There were 14 seconds left in the game. The coach walked down the bench and suddenly yelled, "Jones!...Jones!"

Butch Jones sat on the bench and did not acknowledge hearing his name. An assistant coach took up the head coach's demand, "Butch!"

But still Jones had not moved, as the head coach walked toward him.

"Did you hear me, Jones?" Jones nodded.

"Get in for Jenkins."

"There's only 14 seconds left, Coach," Jones said, motioning toward the clock.

"I don't give a --- if there's NO time left. If I tell you to go in, you go in, ya hear?"

Jones nodded, but he didn't get up.


"Do you want to be a member of this team, Jones?"

Jones nodded again, and the coach turned away. He couldn't wait for the seconds to tick off the clock so he could give the team a piece of his mind--in private, where no fans were listening to the exchange.

In the lockerroom, despite the big win, there were no high-fives, no congratulations being passed back and forth. The coach was boiling, and everyone knew it. His talk, I'm told, went something like this:

Do you guys know who's coaching this team?...Is there anyone who doesn't like it?...If any of you don't, you're welcome to walk out that door right now, 'cause I won't have this again...When I tell a player to go in a game, he goes in...Got that?...Is there anyone here who thinks he knows more basketball than me? Huh? Is there? Cause I'm the guy who makes the decisions around here.

Then the coach turned directly to Jones. Who the --- do you think you are? You said you want to be on this team, right? Do you also want to decide who plays and how long?...Do you also want to start paying for your own education? If you do, just let me know, cause I sure as --- don't need this anymore...The next time I put you in a game--IF I decide to--you have a decision to make. Either you jump up and go in,



ACC INSIDE STUFF
Dick DeVenzio

AND PRETEND YOU LIKE IT, or it's gonna be better for everyone if you just turn in your gear right now. Do we understand each other?

The expletives were more freely used. The words may have been slightly different. But that was the gist of it. A coach furious about insubordination, and a player deeply wounded by being called upon in a lopsided game only for the final 14 seconds.

Maybe you think a player should do whatever a coach says, and he probably should--in the pros where players are getting paid. But 14 seconds just isn't enough for a former high school star, heavily recruited, who always thought he was going to be a star.

I don't see how a coach can ask a kid to play the final 14 seconds if he hadn't put him in earlier. I don't think coaches give enough thought to players' feelings. After all, according to the NCAA, aren't these kids supposed to be AMATEURS, playing for FUN?

It isn't fun playing for 14 seconds. Coaches ought to know that.

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