

Adel-gram...too!

CHRISTmas 1993

Dear Loved Ones,

Many of you (mainly my friends and family) are probably wondering what an Adel-gram is. Well, every year Damon's mother sends out a Christmas letter, which she cleverly christened the Adel-gram. Damon, for the past two and a half years of our marriage, has been gently coaxing me to begin that tradition in our family also. This year he finally told me that if I didn't write it, he would. So, here I am fulfilling my duty as wife-writer. Little does he know that he must fill the traditional male role of stamp-licker.

Some of you have probably realized that I am also fulfilling another tradition. It is December 22, and I am just starting to write this letter. It is rumored that faithfully, every year loved ones everywhere open their Adel-grams slightly after Christmas has come and gone. This year, however, my mother-in-love shocked us all and wrote her Adel-gram the day after Thanksgiving. Being the traditionalist that I am, I decided to pick up her torch and send mine late so that none of you regular Adel-gram receivers would feel disappointed. Now you may look for your Adel-gram...too! in your mailbox on your way to throw out your tinsel!

This has certainly been a very busy year for Damon and me with both of us being in school, Damon working, church and being youth group leaders. We barely saw one another because on nights that he had classes, I didn't and vice-versa. We were able to hold hands in church now and then or share a burrito or two at Taco Bell, and that was about it.

Damon is excelling in school. He took a class in American government over the summer at Charleston Southern University, which he earned an "A," and this semester he took three courses at Trident Technical College: speech, computers and English. He really applied himself and has probably chalked up some more excellent grades. Right now he is thinking of going into counseling and getting his degree in psychology, but this is subject to change. Damon, just in the past year, has wanted to be everything from a highway patrolman to organic farmer to college professor. I have learned through all of this just to give it to the Lord and pray for His direction and hand on our lives.

Damon is still working at the Naval Reserve Readiness Center where he processes orders for reservists to go on their annual training. Although the paperwork is heavy, he enjoys his job and looks forward to being there for another year.

As for myself, I just completed my last official semester of classes. During the spring, I will be student teaching and then graduating in May. I was assigned to Stratford High School, teaching 11th grade English. Stratford is an excellent school, but 11th grade is scary! Considering I still get asked for my hall pass and if I am a new student, I was hoping for the younger 9th graders. Damon suggests that I wear my hair in a bun and purchase a pair of reading glasses for the end of my nose, but I am going to opt for prayer. I prayed about my assignment and know the Lord has me there for a purpose.

Damon and I are very excited about what the Lord is doing in the Apple Core, our youth group. Last year at this time, we barely got any responses at our Bible studies. Now they are praying for one another, visibly praising the Lord and wanting to start an evangelism program. We are still small in numbers, but now we are big in Spirit!

Speaking of Spirit, both Damon and I are having a very different Christmas. I guess it started out like all Christmases...worrying about money, fighting traffic, trying to decide what to buy that extra picky person, Christmas parties and play practice. However, during these past several days, some things have changed. We have both been convicted of becoming worldly Christmasites and are wanting to focus more on the real meaning of Christmas: our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Last Sunday night was our Christmas cantata at church. Everyone was under a lot of pressure, and I thought a couple of their choir members were actually going to duke it out to vent their frustrations. During the actual program we got off to a bad start: the choir messed up in a couple of songs, Joseph said his lines in the wrong place, and my voice cracked during my solo. At one point, however, I glanced over at the manger scene. The baby Jesus was softly crying in a young woman's arms and the meaning of the words I was singing finally sank in. "Jesus Christ is born! Sing noel! The light of the world has come. The gift of God's only Son Jesus Christ is born! Sing noel!" Well, by now I could not audibly sing, because I was weeping at the beauty of God's salvation package, but I sang in my heart...and I am still singing!

I encourage all of you to take time this holiday season that is filled with candy canes, Santas and pine trees to say happy birthday to the King of Kings. Give Him the only gift he wants or needs: your love, your life, your devotion. Have a blessed Christmas and New Year!

In His Love,

Damon & Kellie