

# the Adventist Woman

VOL. 1 NO. 4, DECEMBER 1981

A NEWSLETTER ABOUT WOMEN

## Christmas Then and Now

### A Christmas Memory

As I put down my evening paper after having seen in it pictures of the local firemen, armed with ladders and all the equipment needed, including a huge box of vari-colored light blubs with which to decorate the fire barn and surrounding area, I realized that Main Street, as well as the shopping mall would be next (no doubt before the weekend) to be adorned in complete Christmas regalia!

Come to think of it, the stores had for several days been getting a start on the little hints that the Christmas season was on its way. I checked the date of my paper again, and surely enough, it was then more than a week before Thanksgiving! Somehow the whole idea seemed to be a little bit disturbing. Maybe it was the glaring evidence of extreme commercialism in all this premature activity.

However, I soon found myself settling down in my comfortable chair to indulge in a bit of reminiscing about "wayback when" — in fact, way back to 1906 when I was five years old. There was no thought of preparation for Christmas then a week or more before Thanksgiving. Perish the thought! One thing at a time, please. Why, preserving time was but just over, and shiny, labelled jars were neatly lined up in cellar closets ready for the Holidays and the days to come until the next growing season — then, to start all over again!

Once Thanksgiving was over, then was the time to think about Christmas. "Ah yes," I mused "all those evenings of fun and industry spent around the big oval table in the dining room." There was something for each one to do — from the youngest to the oldest. Our family

consisted of Mother and Dad and six girls, whose ages were not too far apart. A bit down the street from us lived our paternal grandparents, who were always included in all the family happenings, of course. The "old oval table" came in for lots of things, which probably is one reason my mind keeps wandering back to it.

Usually the first weekend after Thanksgiving was the time to plan a walk into the woods to "spot" the



perfect tree, which in due time would occupy the place of honor in the front parlor and would be worthy of the corporate artistry that would eventually result from all those joyful evenings which we would spend around the big oval table.

After the tree was selected, we would get together for another sojourn into the woods to gather evergreens for the wreaths we would make to decorate the house. Though our home was really in the center of town, so to speak, the woods were not a half hour from our house. Now, of course, that area is known as "Fern Park" and is all cut up into home sites, trees left here and there for beauty, but none for cutting at

*continued on page 4*

### At Our House. . . .

**Editor's Note:** When we decided to do a holiday issue we thought it would be interesting to learn what other people do during the holidays to make it a special time. So, we asked some people who we know to contribute information on their holiday traditions. What follows is a delightful look at Christmas and New Years traditions past and present, including one family recipe for a very special holiday treat. We think that as you read this you may become aware of some holiday traditions your family maintains. If so, it's not too early to send them along for next year — because we think this holiday issue just might become a "tradition" for *The Adventist Woman!*

**Cynthia Northrop** told us that this year she and her parents made a number of handmade ornaments for her brother, who is a single parent. She and her mother did the sewing and her father prepared some patterns. Her family's Christmas tree has ornaments that she has collected from different places she has traveled to, including a cable car from San Francisco and a cuckoo clock from Germany. There are also ornaments that she and her brother made as children that have been "used over and over and repaired." Stringing popcorn is also a traditional part of decorating the tree, she said. Her mother keeps fresh pine cones and fresh pine boughs throughout the house. There are also "loads of cookies, santas, reindeer, snowpeople-with M&M buttons and eyes, and fruit cakes for gifts and special breads baked for neighbors."

*continued on page 6*

## On Our Own!

On November 8, The Association of Adventist Forums' Board voted to accept a plan of action presented by the present editors and staff of *The Adventist Woman*. That plan would establish a separate tax-exempt organization that would be responsible for the publishing of *The Adventist Woman*. The Forum Board established a committee of seven women whose sole responsibility to help with the many tedious tasks involved in constructing such an organization, including: preparing of bylaws and articles of incorporation, filling out tax-forms, holding elections, and setting up an executive committee and a national board. The seven-woman committee consists of: Josephine Benton, chair; Judith Nembhard, Beth Ann Wear, Betty Howard, Jan Daffern, Margaret McFarland, and Joan Angelo Adams. This committee is temporary and will disband at the first board meeting of the new organization.

In other actions taken by the Forum Board at that meeting relating to *The Adventist Woman*, the Forum Board decided to retain The Black Memorial Fund and the display that was prepared for the General Conference in 1980. The present editors made a recommendation that the Forum designate that the monies involved in the Black Memorial Fund be used for scholarships purposes. This recommendation was made because at the time the funds for this Memorial were solicited through the pages of the newsletter it was implied that the money might be used for scholarships. All questions or suggestions on either the Black Memorial Fund or the display should be directed to: Association of Adventist Forums, PO Box 4330, Takoma Park, Md. 20912.

For 1982, the editorial staff of *The Adventist Woman* plans for continued growth in subscriptions, a more regular publication schedule, sponsorship of seminars and meetings on current topics of interest.

The current staff and many of the members of the original executive committee believed that the time for an independent organization was long overdue and indeed was simply a fulfillment of the intentions of the women that originally conceived the idea of this newsletter. Those involved appreciate the help that the Association of Adventist Forums has provided.

The first edition of the new *Washington Northstar*, (November 25, 1981) quoted from the comments of Frederick Douglass which appeared on the front page of the first edition of the original *North Star* on December 3, 1837. These words seem most appropriate if you relate them to this particular situation:

"We are about to assume the management of the editorial department of a newspaper, devoted to the causes of liberty, humanity and progress. The position is one which, with the purest motive, we have long desired to occupy.

"It is scarcely necessary for us to say that our desire to occupy our present position at the head of an anti-slavery journal, has resulted from no unworthy distrust or ungrateful want of appreciation of the zeal, integrity or ability of the noble band of white laborers, in this department of our cause, but, from a sincere conviction that such a journal, if conducted with only moderate skill and ability, would do a most important and indispensable work, which it would be wholly impossible for our white friends to do for us.

"It is neither a reflection on the fidelity nor a disparagement of the ability of our friends and fellow laborers to assert what common sense affirms and only folly denies . . . that the man who has suffered the wrong is the man to demand redress . . . that the man struck is the man to cry out, and that he who has endured the crucial pangs of slavery is the man to advocate liberty.

"It is evident we much be our own representatives and advocates, not exclusively but peculiarly, not distinct from but in connection with our white friends . . ."

How appropriate that women should be given the chance to undertake our own destiny!

—Karen Ott-Worrow

## A Note from The Treasurer

At this time of year, we tend to reflect on all the good things that have happened to us and the wonderful people we have been in contact with throughout the year. We, the editorial board and staff, of the newsletter, want to thank the many folks who have shared their news, views and financial support over the past year. There are so many we would never name them all in so short a space.

As we venture into a new year, we thought you might like to know more about the financial responsibilities of running a newsletter. Also, we are now going through the process of legal incorporation.

As for the cost of putting out an issue of the newsletter, with mostly volunteer labor, we spend approximately \$850 for typesetting, paste-up, printing, labels, and bulk mailing the 1,500 copies. We have appreciated all the many contributions which have kept us stable these last two years.

Our entire staff is volunteers and we are *continually* seeking more people to help with new ideas and support.

Incorporation costs, with volunteer legal aid, will cost several hundred dollars. These costs include; submission of Articles of Incorporation to the state of Maryland, IRS fees for tax exempt status, bulk mailing permits, trade-mark copyright and other fees for a publication of the nature of *The Adventist Woman*.

As you read and enjoy your newsletter please remember it needs your input, prayers and nurturing to be of the quality and content you desire.

—Joan Angelo Adams

### THE ADVENTIST WOMAN

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The opinions expressed in *The Adventist Woman* are strictly those of the writers, and are not necessarily those of the Editors or Staff.

## IN MEMORIAM



**Betty Stirling, Ph.D.**  
1923-1981

Dr. Betty Stirling, provost for academic and administrative affairs at the University of Baltimore, died after a long illness on November 12, 1981. Betty Stirling was born in 1923. She was a writer, a teacher, researcher, sociologist, and administrator. She was married to Dr. James Stirling, an anthropologist, and was the mother of five children. Her career included teaching at the University of California at San Francisco, San Jose State College, Loma Linda University, and the University of California at Riverside. Before assuming her post at the University of Baltimore, she was the director of institutional research for the Seventh-day Adventist Board of Higher Education for North America.

Dr. Stirling was and will always remain an inspiration to everyone who met her. Fortunately, some of her words have been recorded, and as a tribute to her we are printing excerpts from a commencement address that she delivered in August 1981 at Andrews University. (The complete text of the address was reprinted in the November 5, 1981 issue of *The Andrews University Record*.)

"... Let me say at this point congratulations to you who are getting degrees. But don't let this coveted degree lull you to sleep. There may be something beyond. What are the Future exits?"

There may be postgraduate work. There might be a challenging job in a field for which you think you have not prepared and probably haven't. The Future exits are the ones that you didn't think of and probably haven't prepared for.

Let me give you a little experience of my own: Before I was married I got an associate degree and then settled down to raising a family, which was fun. But 14 years and four children later I decided to get back on the interstate and see what was beyond. So I did. I got a bachelor's degree. That proved to be interesting. I was enjoying myself. So I got back on again for a master's and Ph.D. At the end of that time I was prepared to teach sociology — so they told me, anyway. At least I enjoyed it. I hope the students did. I suspect some of my former students are here in the audience somewhere now. I enjoyed teaching sociology, but still — I'll have to use a little imagination here — I thought there must be something future. Teaching sociology was great. Do I want to do it the rest of my life or don't I? That was what I was prepared for, after all, to teach sociology.

The sociology teachers at Berkeley had no thought of anything else except research and presumably I could do that. I was doing some of it, of course. But there was still a little inkling, there must be something else. And sure enough, I got a chance to get into a little administration while I was at Loma Linda University. And that seemed kind of fun. But the big surprise was when I got a call from the General Conference because certainly nothing at Berkeley had prepared me to go to the General Conference. At first I said "I don't know anything about this." And they said, "Well, you can learn. Isn't that what an education teaches you, is how to learn? You know how to learn to do things that you didn't know before?" I said "I guess so." And so I took the job. They first screened me carefully to be sure they could take me.

After four years at the General Conference, the Future sign was still beckoning to me and I looked around and took the job at the University of Baltimore.

Remember, keep the Future in mind.

One example might be that some of you, I'm sure, are going to overseas work, either as nationals returning or missionaries, and you've been trained here at Andrews to do certain things. And behold, you get over there and they say, "Oh, it's so nice you've come here. We're going to make you president of this or that or the other thing." And you say, "What! That isn't what I learned at Andrews University." And they say, "But you got an education didn't you? What are you going to use it for?" And remember that that is the idea your teachers have been trying to get across to you for two, four, or however many years you've been here. It's not the facts. It is the ability to solve the problems or to even find out what the problems are. So when you get some place and they say we want you to do this — sure we said you were going to do this particular thing — but now we've decided to put you in this — don't just reject it out of hand. If you fail at it, you're young. You can always start out at something else. But at least try it. You may find out you're a huge success at it and that it is more fun than what you really thought you were going to do to start with.

So when you take your degree out of here today on your chosen exit, don't consider yourself finished. You're not. Commencement is a time of beginnings. Keep your mind tuned to possible Future exits and Future entrances that are going to benefit you personally, your family, your school, your church and your nation. And again, congratulations."

## People and Places

**Karen Lumb** was recently appointed as a vice president in charge of nursing at Leland Memorial Hospital.

**Janet C. Thompson** has accepted a fellowship in Pediatric Intensive Care and Anesthesiology at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, University of Pennsylvania.

**Cynthia Northrop**, legal advisor for *The Adventist Woman*, is serving as president of the Pi Chapter of Sigma Theta Tau, the national honor society of nursing this year.

The sidewalk in front of Sligo Church, Takoma Park, Md. was the scene of a demonstration by about 25 pickets on Sabbath, November 27. The demonstrators were protesting what they called the "racist and sexist" policies of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The demonstration, lead by **Sonia Johnson**, the Mormon activist excommunicated from her church because of her support of the Equal Rights Amendment, was organized on behalf of **Carole Rayburn**, a Silver Spring psychologist and a graduate of the SDA Semi-

*continued on page 6*

*continued from page 1*

Christmas time, you can just bet! The evergreens have been replaced long since with well groomed lawns. They grew as a vine which ran for several feet along the ground, and at close intervals along the vine would be fern-like tufts which we picked off and formed into little bunches of "bouquets".

Now — at this time — a few wire coat hangers would somehow disappear from our various clothes closets. Out of these we fashioned the round hoops which were the foundation for the wreaths. These we covered with the little bouquets by tying them real close to each other until the hoop was completely covered. Then it was ready for a great big red crepe paper bow with long streamers! I can visualize it now — the first one always was designated for the front door. It was so much fun to make these that we usually got carried away with wreath-making to the extent that Grandmother and some of the neighbors had front door decorations too! The spirit of Christmas, you see, had already begun!

With the tree all spotted and the evergreens gathered, we were ready to settle down to evenings of cutting out the various items for decorating the tree. There were stars, wreaths, bells, reindeer, Santa Clauses — the older ones would even attempt Wise Men. Anything which related to the season was appropriate. So the big oval table was piled down the center with layers of green, gold, and red construction paper, spools of gold and silver thread with which to hang the ornaments, scissors of all sizes and descriptions, and whatever we could find to do the job at hand.

Mother had a really pretty soprano voice, and she taught us from the very beginning all the lovely old hymns, including those of course which we always sang over and over again during the Christmas season. Also music was an important part of our school curriculum so that at an early age we had learned to harmonize, making it sound much more pleasant, and we sang much of the time when doing things together.

So like the seven dwarfs, we whistled and sang while we worked. In no time there would be piles of red, green, and gold ornaments ready for the strings of gold and silver cord with which to hang them on the ends of the branches.

There may have been cards of tinsel which one could buy in those days, but our thoughts never drifted

in that direction because with a family of eight the buying power was somewhat diminished for such extras, so popped corn and cranberries strung on cotton string saved all year from packages and wound on a spool was just fine! This meant another evening for popping corn on the big kitchen stove. We took turns at pushing the long-handled popper over the hot coals until in no time at all the big bowl was filled to overflowing and we were all seated at the big oval table once more for the task of stringing the corn — and, if I remember correctly, there was quite a bit of *eating* in *this* process. No harm done, however, for there was plenty more to pop, and tonight was the time for it. Many hands make light work, so that soon there were yards of the fluffy white kernels interspersed with plump red cranberries all ready to drape around the branches of the Christmas tree.

One thing which we did do about Christmas and it dated back many weeks before was to start saving our pennies which we managed to gather here and there and put away to be scrupulously saved. Each one of us had her own secret place for storing those precious pennies. Once there were at least a hundred pennies we were ready to think of Christmas shopping when the time came, which would start during the Christmas vacation. There would be ten on our list, including Grandmother and Grandfather — nine for each individual, so one dime was allotted for each gift, or approximately that — whatever the "ex-checker" would allow at the time. "I can't believe it." I actually stirred in my comfortable chair in which I sat musing. "I must be dreaming!" But no, I was wide awake. Then, I thought — "Well, there were no such things as *taxes* — hidden or otherwise." So many things came to mind which have changed our economy over the years. "Forget it for now," I thought. In those days one could buy really pretty glass dishes in all colors for candy or whatever, handkerchiefs with lace or embroidery, little bottles of perfume, cans of sweet-smelling talcum powder — just fine for Mother and Grandmother, handkerchiefs or bandannas for Dad and Grandfather, and for the girls things for school, such as crayons, pencils, erasers, writing paper, and so on. It is unbelievable the things which a dime would buy in those days. F. W. Woolworth's Five and Dime Stores were just that, and what fun it was to

shop there!

Two weeks after Christmas the after-school rehearsals began at the Church vestry for our part in the extensive Christmas eve programs. There were recitations to learn, music to rehearse; — it was all so exciting, and we seemed to enjoy it so much! Then, Christmas eve, when the program was all over, all who were old enough to trudge along were welcome to go carolling along with the adults on a preplanned route all over town to visit the shut-ins. How they did look forward to this and how we *loved* to do it!

Mother and Dad would hurry home to whip up a great big hot chowder and there were always two big crocks filled with cookies; molasses cookies in one, and great big sugar cookies with a raisin filling in the other. There would be home-baked bread — always — and sometimes, doughnuts such as no one whom I know could or ever has duplicated for texture and flavor. When the carolling was over we could bring our friends home to partake of Mom's luscious food all ready and waiting — once more "at the big oval table" in the dining room. We were "starved" as one would often hear above the din of excited conversation. After all, most of us had had no time for the evening meal because of the many last minute preparations for the program at the church.

This event was the most important of all other activities relating to the Christmas season, and we all understood that it must be done to perfection, because the whole theme was focused, of course, upon bringing to remembrance the real reason for celebrating Christmas and to try to help each one to re-think his values and to focus his thoughts upon God's wonderful and supreme gift of Love to us all, for our Redemption in Christ Jesus.

As for Christmas 1981, what can I say? This morning while driving my car to the grocery store, I turned on the radio to get a weather report and a commercial was just getting underway — "the greatest gift ever for the little woman" was being offered for the low-low price of only six hundred and fifty-eight dollars! Not caring to hear more, I switched to another station to find the weather report.

By now a noise outside brought my thoughts back with a jolt to the present, but not without a sense of nostalgia, which seemed to linger. I

*continued on page 5*

continued from page 4

had to really get up from my chair and move around a bit before I could get back to the here and now. Yes, the 1981 Christmas Season is indeed here and now.

Soon we'll be spotting our tree from a sidewalk market place where they will be all lined up for inspection. I wouldn't even venture a guess what the price range might be this year. Truck loads of the beautiful firs have been going through from the big woods north of here for quite a few weeks.

The Christmas Club checks have already gone out to those who have "saved their pennies" in this manner, so the merchants must vie with each other to set the stage for the Christmas scene with which to attract the recipients of those checks right to their stores. Thus is perceived a real valid reason for the hustle and bustle to have all in readiness early. Who can deny that visual aids help? Stores have, weeks ago, received the Holiday merchandise — so, the message must go out to the people.

Almost every day now the postman leaves booklets, loaded with shopping suggestions for gift giving. All sorts of store ads are tucked into the daily papers for our convenience. It is tempting, as intended, to answer the daily call to shop early and not be disappointed.

"Christmas is today," I mused, "just what we, as individuals, choose to make it." Somehow I like to think that we, as a people, are perhaps beginning to lean, if ever so little, toward getting back to the more simple ways — maybe from necessity — but for whatever reason, we could surely benefit much from a more planned, leisurely approach which would allow for more time to just pause and reflect a bit upon which way we are heading and to maybe re-assess our values!

This Christmas our attention is being called to those less fortunate than ourselves in a much more poignant manner than in the past few years. It seems that in the past, our government has assumed many of those things which we as individuals and through our churches and fraternal organizations have always planned to do. It seemed that our help was not needed. However, God's plan for those who love Him has not changed. It is the same now, as it was then — at the beginning — that we should love one another and help each one in need, and in sharing, both the giver and the receiver of the gift are richly blessed.

So, as we make our plans to celebrate the birth of our Saviour, who gave His all for us, let us not get so caught up in the "Spirit of Christmas" that we forget the deeper meaning of it all, but by our deeds rather perhaps than by our words, pass it on to those who may have been so unfortunate as to have never learned or experienced the true Christmas story.

— Florence M. Lombard

## Reader Response

The July issue was great! Betty Stirling [was] one of the most inspiring women I have ever known. It is sad that the church deprive[d] itself of her talents. I'm enclosing a small contribution. I'm planning to start private practice in personal & marriage counseling in addition to my regular job, and have decided to make it an "Investment project" for the Adventist Woman. In addition to my regular church offerings, I'm going to pay another 10 percent of what I make to support our new newsletter. Maybe, others might consider a similar plan. I hope to get started in January . . .

— Sherri Craig, Fla.

I read with considerable interest the article entitled "Circumstances and Pomp" by Jayne Doswell Darby in your July Issue of *The Adventist Woman*. What was not brought out in her article is that the course which she enjoyed so much and "created pleasurable nostalgia" was prepared by an Adventist Woman of note, Dr. Marion Hartlein, who is now in the Educational Department of the General Conference. . . .

— G. Arthur Keough, Md.

## Family Traditions

Settle comfortably for a moment and let your mind travel back to the special memories of childhood. Warm conversations in front of the fireplace, good smells of freshly baked bread, holiday preparations, visits to grandparents' homes — all were family rituals that occurred so effortlessly. The magical reasoning of childhood did not account for the thought, time and energy required to create those special occasions.

Family traditions and rituals add a great deal of meaning to the life of a family. Our days would be lacking stability if we had to do without workable routines. Not only do routines and traditions save us from a lot of confusion, they also give us reliable and secure expectations of what is to come.

Before you give a sigh and decide that you have not had the time to establish any meaningful family traditions, take a second look. Letting a child climb into mom and dad's bed in the morning for a wakeup snuggle can be a warm and happy tradition. Lumpy cream of wheat in a special breakfast bowl, along with a stack of bibs, aprons and sponges needed for coping with the spills all become a part of expected routine.

Special blankets and toys are so much a part of childhood that not even dad would try to alter the routine. And woe to the parent who tries to break the bedtime story-song-prayer-tuck in-kiss-drink of water-bathroom-final kiss-nightlight on-routine. Workable routines established by each household soon become very much a part of each family's tradition.

Adapting the rich heritage of family traditions from past generations to  
*continued on page 7*

TEAR ALONG DOTTED LINE AND MAIL

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*continued from page 3*  
 nary at Andrews University. Rayburn has been rejected for two ministerial posts which she applied for in the SDA church and in September filed suit in U. S. District Court in Baltimore against Sligo Church, the Potomac Conference, and the General Conference of SDAs. Rayburn alleges in her suit that she was not hired because she is a woman and had been an officer in a black student group at Andrews University. The suit is asking that Rayburn be hired at Sligo and receive back pay. Sligo Church has had an "associate in pastoral care"—the title the adventist church gives to women who serve as associate pastors—since 1973.

Do you have any news about someone that you know? Please send it % *The Adventist Woman*, 8552 14th Avenue, Adelphi, Md. 20783.



*continued from page 1*

A tradition which **Donna Carreno** plans to initiate this holiday season is to present a musical program with at least eight of her singing relatives at a nursing home in the Washington, D.C. area. Her cousin, Dulcie Carreno, M.D., is a well-known vocalist and cousin Rita Carreno sings with the Sligo Church choir. Donna's sister, Sonia Jarl, sings with a local chorus. A registered nurse, Donna enjoys singing and playing the guitar and looks forward to bringing holiday cheer to the elderly.

**Dr. Thesba N. Johnston** notes these "Johnston Holiday Traditions:" The tradition of "lighting the way of the Christ-child" has always intrigued us—not that He walks in person, but that He in the person of "one of the least of these" may be warmed and loved through our caring. So we have always wanted to have a candle in each window—the white candle for the Star from December 1 to the 15th, the red candle from the 15th to the 25th, and the green candle to 12th Night (the 6th of January). We make Christmas bouquets of hemlock, spruce, fir and pine with velvet poinsettas, and garlands for mirrors, bannisters and over doorways. We put up our lighted star on the top of the barn, in the open barn doors we have spotlighted Joseph, Mary and Jesus, and outside, the Wise Men bearing their gifts—with Christmas background music. We enjoy caroling up to Christmas eve in nursing homes, for elderly or shut in neighbors, or in hospitals, and leave little boxes of homemade cookies and candy for them, inviting others to swell the chorus and sing-along with the accordian for pitch and background. Right after Thanksgiving we start making home-made cookies, fudge and other candy to share. Putting up the Christmas tree, decorating and lighting it complete our Christmas traditions.

Ceramics is a hobby which has turned into a Christmas tradition for **Margaret Jarl**, a federal employee, and her daughter, **Lou Ann**, a physical education teacher, who reside in Clinton, Maryland. Each year they make hand-painted Christmas ceramics, including tree ornaments, gingerbread houses, and Christmas trees.

**Suzan Tramblye-Logan** wrote shortly after Thanksgiving that when she thinks of Christmas traditions she includes the entire month of December and thinks of favorite foods and customs that her family takes part in during the month. She said: "My husband, Doug, and I are especially fond of chocolate fondue, which we only have once or twice a year during Christmas time following a small dinner party. We have a holiday tablecloth which has poinsettas on a white background that is used only around Christmas, along with red napkins. Our Christmas tree is alive and lives in our front room all year long, in the form of a Norfolk Island Pine tree. The decorations are very special, they are either ones I have made or gifts we have received during the few years we have been married. Christmas is always spent with the extended family but we also have our own nuclear family gift opening on an earlier evening, with a big fire going in the fireplace and spiced apple juice steeping on the stove. Since the opening of gifts is the culmination of so many hours of planning, sewing, shopping and wrapping I like to make it last as long as possible and savor the opening of each gift. So, we pass out the gifts slowly and open one at a time. As our family grows, I expect we will add other traditions to this wonderful season. Just writing this down has produced so much excitement in me that I can hardly wait for December to arrive."

**Penny Shell** writes: It seems we celebrated New Year's Eve the same way for a hundred years. My sister and I spent New Year's Eve with our grandparents, playing games and eating pop corn until really "late." Then we turned on the radio to listen to the Times Square Countdown. (Since we were in the Central Time Zone, our grandparents got us to bed an hour earlier that way.) At midnight we made all the noise we could muster for about ten or fifteen minutes. Then we soothed our hoarse throats with black cows (root-beer floats) and pickled herring. Sometimes we'd sit up in our beds for awhile to write a New Year's resolution or two in our new Christmas present diaries, but eventually the unaccustomed lateness of the hour won out. We had seen the new year in just the way we were supposed to, and we slept.

**Karen Lumb** writes: "In talking about Christmas, I have always felt especially blessed because as many

*continued on page 7*

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*continued from page 6*

people grow older, the magic and wonder of Christmas disappears, and is replaced by the hustle and bustle of getting things done, cooked, wrapped, mailed, etc. While I am not immune to the frenzy of pre-Christmas excitement, I also know that after all the preparation is done, I'll be able to go back in time and celebrate Christmas the same way I have celebrated it for over thirty years. I have lived away from my small New England hometown for over fourteen years, now, but have not yet missed celebrating a single Christmas in the same house that I've been celebrating it in since I was two. There is something special in sameness and tradition. That is what keeps the magic of Christmas alive for me. Let me share with you a few examples: The tree is always in the same place, decorated with ornaments that have been saved and added to each year. Many of them tell stories of special times in our lives. The crèche from which I was taught the story of Christmas as a child, still has a special place in the corner of the living room. Stockings are still hung on the posts going down the stairs and there is as much suspense about them as ever, even though they are now filled by adults, for adults. Christmas Eve always marks a family get together at our house. The players change as new little ones are added, and older members are sorely missed, but the thread of tradition weaves on. We eat the same foods, tell the same stories, and *always* speculate on the possibilities of a Christmas snowstorm. We all end up too full, too tired, and so content, we know we'll do it again next year. Christmas day is also rich with traditions and has been the same for as long as I can remember. We even have special family dishes that we use only for cranberry relish — only during the holidays. Why? Well, because that's how they have always been used! And so it goes on. I have my own home now and have started my own traditions. Some are unique to me, some a continuation of family life back home. I know the sameness won't go on forever. But while it lasts, I intend to savor it. For I know of too many people who do not have traditions that they can cherish that point them back to who they are and where their roots are planted.

*Note: Florence Lombard who wrote A Christmas Memory is the grandmother of Karen Lumb.*

With members of both her and her husband's family living near the Takoma Park, Md. area **Margaret Wylie** said that the holidays are a busy time for entertaining, family, friends and neighbors. However, every New Years, she, her husband Ron and their young son Rodney, retreat to a lodge in a secluded place in West Virginia. Margaret, a native of Australia points out that *she* wouldn't mind going to Florida but admitted that she still loves this chance to get away with her family and just reflect. There is time for sledding, long walks, reading, and talking to each other. She notes that this year will be their sixth year and added it has never failed to snow while they are there.

Buñuelos, a crisp-fried pastry, often served with maple syrup or sprinkled with a cinnamon-sugar mixture, is a traditional dessert enjoyed once a year during the Christmas holidays by **Sonia Carreno Jarl** from Takoma Park, Maryland. Although she is uncertain as to its actual ethnic origin, she says this holiday favorite is very popular among her Bolivian relatives. A variation of the following recipe is to use yeast instead of baking powder and to add soy, wheat or rye flour resulting in a more bread-like pastry.

#### **BUÑUELOS**

4 cups all purpose flour  
1 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. baking powder  
2 tbsp. granulated sugar  
2 large eggs  
1 cup milk  
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted  
vegetable oil  
maple syrup or cinnamon-sugar mixture

Sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar. In a medium-sized bowl beat eggs thoroughly; then stir in milk. Add flour mixture, a portion at a time, to egg mixture, beating until smooth; stir in butter. Turn out dough onto a lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic. Divide dough into about 40 small balls and roll out into circles 5 to 6 inches in diameter (for variation, poke a hole in center of circle). Deep fry dough in heated oil at about 370°F. Fry until lightly browned on both sides, turning once. Lift out bunuelos with a large slotted spoon and drain on paper towels. Sprinkle immediately with cinnamon-sugar mixture or serve with syrup.



*continued from page 5*

meet present needs is also one of the special arts of homemaking. The holiday season provides an opportunity to blend these customs into present meaningful traditions. Brigitte DiMemmo, born and raised in East Germany, now living in Oolteway, Tennessee had not only kept many of the special holiday traditions from her German home but has also incorporated Italian traditions from her husband Frank's side of the family.

German traditions prevail at Christmas, says Brigitte. Baking is done early in the month of December. Nussplatzchen (Filbert Nut Cookies), Lebkuchen, and Christmas stollen are always prepared. Apple strudel, while a family favorite year round, also has to be present. Christmas dinner is sure to include Klosses (dumplings) and Rotkraut (red cabbage and apples). A bit of the Italian does creep in as Frank oversees the making of great stacks of lightly sweet Pizzele wafers.

Four Sundays before Christmas Brigitte hangs an evergreen wreath in the living room with four red candles centered at the bottom. Each Sunday evening a new candle is lit, until on the Sunday evening before Christmas all four candles glow in the evening.

Circumstances sometimes change family traditions. Marriages may be made or dissolved. New partners bring new traditions. Different members of the family may have to assume new roles when death removes major participants or younger members have to move long distances from loved ones.

Change usually brings a bit of uneasiness and sometimes a little sadness. But where there is love, caring and thoughtfulness, family traditions can serve to blend the past with the present. Effort and energy will serve to create beautiful memories that add richness and meaning to the family.

—**Elisabeth Ann Wear**

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*We welcome Dr. Elisabeth Wear to the pages of The Adventist Woman. She will be doing a column in each issue dealing with early childhood education.*

## OUR WRITERS

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