

# The Vine

## Windsor United Methodist Church

9500 Windsor Lake Boulevard, Columbia, SC  
803-788-1858 [www.windsorumc.org](http://www.windsorumc.org) [Windsorumc@bellsouth.net](mailto:Windsorumc@bellsouth.net)

January 2021

*Our Mission: To connect Christ and community and to demonstrate the love of God to all through Jesus Christ as empowered by the Holy Spirit.*

<sup>4</sup>Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. <sup>5</sup>It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. <sup>6</sup>Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. <sup>7</sup>It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. <sup>8</sup>Love never fails.

1 Corinthians 13:4-8a.

## Perspectives and Reflections

As we begin a brand-new year, we must keep our eyes and our hearts open to all that 2021 can be for each of us. Last year had its share of ups and downs, but God was, and still is, good. In our hearts, we must make a vow to reflect upon our former year to appreciate our new year with all its uncertainties and unknowns. I believe we must make a declaration or determination to look with expectation for a better year. As we reflect, it would be therapeutic to process our feelings about 2020.

First, think about how we feel about the pandemic and how it has altered our lives. Some of us are living in isolation most of the time. Others are dealing with our loved ones near and far who have challenges that greatly concern us. There is so much disappointment around us; we feel consumed some days. Other times we do not know or even feel God's presence with us.

Others deal with the grim reality of learning how divided and unequal our society is. We are wrestling with the political toxins, racial tensions and troublesome protests in our communities, and concerns over climate issues and wildfires burning

out of control. Let us remember that before all of these worries appeared in our society, our denomination was to consider proposals to split the United Methodist Church over the denomination's bans on same-sex marriage and LGBTQ clergy.

Processing our feelings means considering all that is happening in our world – over most of which we have no control.

Second, if 2020 revealed so much negative, what can we do to make this world better? We can trust God for the good, the bad, and all others. If we choose to make a declaration for 2021 to be better, there is only one way to determine the better: to look to the one in control.

God, who allowed all these concerns to happen, is still in control. God's love for us and all humanity helps us remember our job is to love, to forgive, and to seek to be better people. Let us not forget that scripture tells us the greatest of these is to love one another. So, to start 2021 off well, let us keep all things in perspective. God first, God last, and God amid all things.

God's best to each of you!

Happy New Year!

*Pastor Leatha Brown*



# Windsor Families Helping Families

By the Outreach Team

Thank you for helping to make this Christmas much brighter for the eight (yes! eight) families in need, especially during this pandemic, when the need is even greater. The families, which were selected by Ms. Nelly Jolley, outreach worker for Richland School District 2, have all faced hardships this year – among them job losses, hospitalizations and COVID-19. One mom commented that she had not been able to buy anything for her children this Christmas.

Thank you, Windsor, for your generous donations and sponsorship of this year's Windsor Families Helping Families, as we worked together, along with our two Scout Troops, 900 and 2870, to provide clothing, shoes, toys and family items for 28 people. We began by helping six families, but with all of the generous donations and support, Windsor was able to help an additional seventh family! Then, on the day we handed out the gifts, we learned Troop 900 would be able to help an eighth family!

Tuesday, December 15, was our gift distribution day. While cold, the sun was out as six of the seven moms came to pick up their family's gifts. Everyone wore masks and socially distanced as the beautifully wrapped gifts were loaded up. Ms. Nelly Jolley, along with her son, delivered the gifts to the seventh family that morning. And on December 23, just in time for Christmas morning, they delivered the gifts to the eighth family! The moms were very grateful for the blessings received through this Windsor ministry.

Our thanks to the many who made this ministry project possible: Kara and Gene Lewis, Kathy and Ivey Hart, Michelle Nicholson, Janice Negus, Donna Benson, Libby and Mac Horton, Suzanne and Robert Frierson, Nancy and Mel Wolff and Nancy's daughter, Debbie Ogburn, Becky and Franklin Buie, Betsy and Doug Meade, Debbo and Dan Lackore, Norma and Calvin Edwards, Dottie Myers, Jean Robinson, Monya Havekost, Peggy Hill, John Mullikin, Marilyn Summers, Mitzi and Charles Shipman, Joyce and Isaac Byrd, Becky McMillion, Lisa McAlpine, Vera Creque, Becky and Fred Leonard, and BSA Troop 900 and Troop 2870. This was the fifth year Troop 900 participated and the second year for our new Troop 2870. We thank them for their tremendous support.

Thank you all, for the love shown to these families in need. You helped to make their Christmas special knowing that others care about them.



Photos by Becky Leonard and Nelly Jolley

Thank you from Ms. Nelly Jolley,  
Richland School District 2

*Dear WUMC family, Boy Scout Troop 900 and Boy Scout Troop 2870,  
Our heartfelt gratitude for bringing so much light, hope and love during this dark time of pandemic. Every year, WUMC and Boy Scout Troops 900 and 2870 stand up and work so hard to make our families feel, through your actions, the love of God in times of great challenges for them.  
All of the children and families that you blessed with your precious gifts are single moms, widows who lost their jobs or have income reduction during these months which has a tremendous impact to meet their monthly basic needs or even dream of buying Christmas gifts for their children. Please know that this Christmas day, dozens of our children and their families will be happily eating a holiday meal and opening those gifts that you wrap with so much love. On behalf of all of us, THANKS!  
May God continue blessing your lives and your families with His most beautiful gifts, this Christmas and the new 2021.  
Love and more love,  
Nelly*



## UMW Sarah Circle

By Janice Negus

Sarah Circle will meet on Tuesday, January 12 at 10:30 a.m. in Harbor Hall. Following a short meeting to elect officers and plan for 2021, we will go out to lunch. The mission for January is paper products or diaper wipes for Children's Garden.



## Thank You from Secret Sisters

By Suzanne Frierson



Secret Sisters send many thanks to the LRE team for delivering our gifts and best wishes for a Merry and Healthy Christmas to all at Windsor!



## Big Shoebox Thank You!

By Kara Lewis

Many, many thanks to everyone who participated in Operation Christmas Child Shoeboxes. Between boxes you personally prepared, and others ordered online, Windsor UMC provided 30 shoeboxes!

They have been delivered to the local collection site and will soon go to children around the world. Remember to pray for the children who receive these boxes. Thank you for your generosity.



## WINDSOR SOUP KITCHEN AT WASHINGTON STREET UMC

By Becky Leonard

Windsor will not serve in January and it is doubtful that we will be able to serve in February. Volunteer activities are on hold at Washington Street UMC until it is safer for outside churches to participate in the servings. Please check the weekly *Leaf* for updates, as should this change, we will indicate it in *The Leaf*. You also may contact Becky Leonard at 803-466-4222 or [fleonardz@hotmail.com](mailto:fleonardz@hotmail.com).

In the meantime, a dedicated team of Washington Street and Soup Cellar staff has continued to feed the hungry since April, when COVID-19 concerns necessitated changes in the noon meal serving. Meals now consist of a bagged lunch including a cup of soup and a sandwich, along with a piece of fruit, dessert treat and bottle of water. Guests come in one at a time to pick up the bagged meal and then depart so that the next guest can get their meal. Masks are provided for any guest who doesn't have one. They average more than 100 guests per serving. The Soup Cellar manager also added a full meal, such as meat loaf, roasted potatoes, green beans, dessert and soda, once or twice a month to give the guests a little something extra.

While we haven't been able to participate with our presence, Windsor has been able to help by sending a financial donation to the Soup Cellar. The donation was made possible through this year's sale of Sarah Smith's strawberry jam at the Vendor's Fair. We thank Sarah for her generosity in making the jam and the Windsor congregation for its support of this fundraiser!



November food delivery  
Photo by Kara Lewis

## Windsor Elementary School Food Drive Update

By Becky Leonard

Windsor Elementary School is grateful for our help in providing food for their students in need and their families. We have continued to collect food and monetary donations through December and plan to make a third delivery to the school in January. Using the monetary donations, Windsor UMC purchased more than 400 food items and included them in the November food delivery.

Since beginning this drive, we have made two large food deliveries totaling 1400 items and weighing close to 1265 pounds to the school to help restock their school pantry.

Thank you to our many donors who have made this possible!

# TROOP 900/TROOP 2870 NEWS



BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA | COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

## Troop 2870 Events and Activities *By Ed Gatzke, Troop 2870 Scoutmaster*

Troop 2870 continues to meet weekly at the WUMC outdoor pavilion on Sunday afternoons. Our Fall campouts included Camp Kinard, Wateree State Park, and Poinsett State Park. In December, the troop backpacked into the Bluff campground at Congaree National Park. We had great weather for this trip, with a low of 50 degrees. We backpacked one mile into the campground and took a six-mile day hike around the swamp.

Some of our older scouts are planning to spend time at the Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico this coming summer of 2021. Spring activities will include both backpacking trips and hiking trips to prepare for this adventure. The troop has also registered for a 2022 summer outing at Sea Base where eight scouts and leaders will live one week aboard a 40' sailboat in the Florida Keys.



*Photos from Congaree National Park trip, courtesy of Ed Gatzke*



*Snake spotted along the hike.*



## 2020 Trunk 'N Treat Drive-Thru!

On Saturday, October 31, Windsor held the 2020 Trunk 'N Treat as a drive-thru event featuring the Wisemen and Abraham the Camel. Cars entered our front parking lot near the traffic light and exited near the Annex. Along the way the Trunk 'N Treaters received Burger King gift cards and goodie bags of candy and other treats. A unique site was at the end of the route—the Wisemen and Abraham the Camel—with many getting out of their cars to take a picture with Abraham. During the evening, 63 cars carrying close to 240 people attended Windsor's 2020 Drive-thru Trunk 'N Treat!

Thank you to those who helped that night—John Mullikin, Dave Christiansen, Becky Leonard, Charles Shipman, Barb Hamilton and Bill Gray, Michelle Nicholson, Kathy Robinson, Ferrie Ward, Janice Negus, Calvin Edwards, Suzanne and Robert Frierson, and Betsy and Doug Meade.



*Photos by Becky Leonard*



## Progressive Storytelling Project

By Kathy Hart



Pour a cup of coffee and snuggle up for an original story written by Susan Finley, Kathy Hart, and Charmaine Ruppe. This is the third story from Windsor's Progressive Storytelling Project. Due to the great response from the writers and readers, we are planning another round of story-writing. If you are interested in participating, we are recruiting now. Please contact Kathy Hart at [kathyivey@sc.rr.com](mailto:kathyivey@sc.rr.com). We need your voice.

### The Missing Family Bible

By Susan Finley, Kathy Hart, and Charmaine Ruppe

#### Characters:

- Katie Sue Giles, age thirteen
- Stevie Giles, age ten
- Jane Giles, wife of Harry, mother to Katie Sue, Stevie, Hayley and Becky
- Harry Giles, husband of Jane, father to Katie Sue, Stevie, Hayley and Becky
- Becky Giles, five-year-old daughter of Jane and Harry
- Hayley Giles, four-year-old daughter of Jane and Harry
- Aunt Ida Giles, Harry's oldest sister from Flat Rock
- Aunt Nan, Jane's aunt

It is a summer night in South Carolina in 1965.

The screeching sound of the feet of the metal folding chair being dragged across the concrete floor wakes me from a deep sleep. Through the dim light I see my younger sisters, Becky and Hayley, asleep in a heap on the floor of the Pineneedle Community Center. My ten-year-old brother, Stevie, lies sleeping inside the card table fort he built earlier fixed in front of the big box fan. I hear the mumbling and laughing of my Dad and his friends as they sit smoking cigarettes and predicting the outcome of the upcoming Gamecock football season.

"It's hard to be too hopeful when they only won two ACC matches last season."

"Yeah, but they beat Clemson!"

"That was just luck."

"If we don't do better this year, it's time for Coach Bass to go. We need to get someone who can win some games."

The hands on the big wall clock strike midnight. I hear *Let's Hang On* by the Four Seasons playing on my transistor radio, perched on the old upright piano at the end of the room. My mom is quietly working on a needlepoint picture of Charleston's famous Rainbow Row. The window fan blows a constant breeze, but the night air is hot and sticky.

So far election night in the small rural town of Pineneedle, South Carolina is bringing no big surprises.

The WPND radio announcer says two precincts are still counting their paper ballots. The race for school board is tight with incumbent, Frank McClam, moving ahead.

With a disappointed look, Dad says to Mom, "What do think, Jane? Should we get the kids home to their own beds?"

"I suppose so." Mom turns to me. "Katie Sue, please help me clean up the supper trash while your Dad gets your sisters and brother in the car."

Without moving, I moan, "I'm so sleepy."

"We all are. Get up and get moving."

Being the oldest, I am always elected to be the helper, the babysitter, and "the good example." It seems like a lot of responsibility for a thirteen-year-old, but I'm too tired to complain.

At home, my bed beckons me like a moth to the outside light.

Morning comes too fast. My siblings wiggle impatiently in their chairs at the kitchen table as I pour four bowls of Rice Krispies with milk. They giggle when they hear the snap, crackle and pop of their cereal and then eagerly start spooning their cereal like it is their last meal. The wall phone rings.

Mom answers in her sweet phone voice, "Hello... No, I'm not sitting down."

Mom listens intently as she collapses into her chair. "You are teasing me. Be serious. I thought Frank McClam was winning. Oh, my gosh. I don't believe this!"

Mom stands, and shouts to my Dad in the next room. "Harry, I won! Can you believe it? I Won!"

Breathlessly, she says, "I'm the first woman to ever be voted on to the Pineneedle School District School Board." Dad gives Mom a great big hug and the whole family is laughing and cheering. My little sisters are waving their spoons and jumping up and down in their chairs—a huge no-no on a normal day, but this is not a normal day.

The radio announcer delivers the news, "In a surprising upset, Mrs. Jane Giles, wife of Harry Giles and mother of four, will be the newest member of the Pineneedle School District School Board, beating incumbent member, Frank McClam."

As we settle down again to eat breakfast, the phone begins ringing non-stop with friends and neighbors calling with their congratulations. Mom grabs a pad of paper and pencil to jot down each caller's ideas about necessary improvements to the schools. And then Miss Frances calls. I hear Mom say, "That is a good idea, Miss Frances. I will have to look for it." Mom hangs up with a huge sigh.

"What?" Dad asks.

“Miss Frances from church suggested that I use the family Bible for the swearing-in ceremony. I’m trying to remember where it is.”

“I don’t remember.” Dad says, “I’m sure it will be fine to use your study Bible.”

“I think it would be nice to use the family Bible. Don’t you?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. I’m going to work. See you at 5:30.” He whispers, “You did good” as he gives Mom a kiss on the cheek and then quick hugs for each of us kids before he makes his way out the back door.

After breakfast, Mom begins her search for the family Bible. Stevie and I head out on our bikes to go swimming at the Moose Lodge.

“Mom, we’re home.” I yell out as I open the backdoor. There’s no answer.

“Mom, where are you?” Stevie yells. We search the downstairs.

Wondering where she is, we climb the stairs to the second floor. “Mom?” I yell.

“I’m up here.” Hearing her faint voice from the attic, we climb the pull-down attic stairs. Sitting in a massive amount of dusty old books, Mom explains, “I’m searching for the family Bible with no luck. Hang up your wet bathing suits. OK?”

Stevie impatiently says, “What about lunch? I’m starving.”

“Katie Sue, can you make him a peanut butter and banana sandwich?” Mom gives me that motherly look that reads, “Please help out. You are the oldest, you know.” My less than enthusiastic reply is, “OK.”

As we finish eating supper, Dad makes an announcement. “Your mother and I decided that next week, we are going on a family vacation.” This is exciting news for all of us. Hayley asks, “Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. What’s a cation?”

I ask, “Can we go to the World’s Fair?”

“No. I’m afraid that is not in the cards this summer. We are going to visit some of our relatives so we can find the family Bible.”

“Can we go camping?” Stevie inquires.

“Yes. As a matter of fact, I am designing a large wooden box to put on top of the car for you and Katie Sue to sleep in.”

“Cool! Where are you going to sleep?”

“Your Mom and I and Hayley and Becky will sleep in our tent.” “Cool!” Stevie repeats.

A week later, we are ready to go. The big box is strapped tightly to the top of our green Ford Country Squire station wagon. Mom checks her list one last time to make sure we didn’t forget anything. Once Dad finishes memorizing the route, he carefully folds up his map and places it and his secret stash of Necco Wafers and Peppermint Patties in the side pocket on the car door. I know he eats them when we are sleeping, but he should

have no worries about me eating them, because I think they taste nasty. Hayley and Becky are clutching their favorite stuffed animals and blankets as they climb into the middle seat. Stevie and I claim the back-cargo area, so we can roll down the window and wave at the people behind us.

While Stevie and I enjoy waving at the people as they speed by us, we hear Mom tell Dad, “At the rate we are going, we won’t get there until Christmas.”

I yell to the front seat, “What is that loud whooshing sound? It sounds like there is an airplane right above our heads.”

“Cool! Let me see.” Stevie exclaims as he sticks his head out the back window.

Mom yells, “Stevie, get your head inside! Do you want to lose your head?” We all listen to the whooshing sound as our station wagon barely goes the minimum speed limit down the highway.

Becky whines, “Mommy, it hurts my ears.”

The whooshing sound is getting louder and louder.

“Harry, I think we should pull over and make sure the box is OK.”

“Jane, if we stop, it will just make us later. We need to get to Flat Rock before 6 p.m.”

All of a sudden, the roof of the car starts caving in. Mom yells, emphatically.

“Harry, pull over right now! The roof is caving in on us!”

Dad pulls to the side of the road, and we all scramble out of the car in fear that the roof will fall in on us. I can tell Mom is fit to be tied, because she is using her forced calm voice as she instructs me, “Katie Sue, spread this blanket for everyone to sit on, and I do not want to hear a peep out of any of you while your Dad and I figure out what to do.”

We can hear mumbling between Mom and Dad as they survey the box and the sinking roof. Finally, they come and sit down on the blanket with us.

Dad speaks calmly, “It appears that the box is too heavy for the roof of the car, so we need to remove everything from the box and find a place for it in the car. Then, we are going back home so I can build a smaller box.” Mom forces a smile.

After Dad and Stevie and I find a place for every sleeping bag, suitcase, Coleman stove, pots and pans, paper plates, box of canned goods, ice chest, tent, etc. on the floor inside the car, we climb back into the packed car. We hardly have a place to sit.

Wiping his brow, Dad says, “Let’s go to McDonald’s for lunch.” Mom frowns, but we began singing, “We’re going to McDonald’s. We’re going to McDonald’s.”

The phone is ringing as mom unlocks the front door. She rushes to answer it. “Hello.”

She shushes Becky and Hayley as they bump their Barbie suitcases up the front steps and across the floor. Dad is in a hurry to unload the car, so he calls upon Stevie and me to help.

“No dear, no one is sick. No, Hayley didn’t get car sick this time. We are all fine. Yes, I think he knows the garage closes at noon on Saturdays. It is just a little glitch with the big box he built for the top of the car. I’ll give you a call tomorrow. Bye now.”

Mom says to me, “Bless Mrs. Briggs’ heart. She is sending Mr. John over to help your Dad. She means well.”

We all stand there with suitcases in hand not knowing what to do with them. “Children, put your suitcases in the living room, get out your toothbrushes and leave the rest packed.”

Dad comes in for a glass of water, changes his clothes and goes back out just as Mr. Briggs arrives to help. Stevie stands by, not wanting to miss any of the action as Mr. Briggs and Dad remove the big box from the car roof. He immediately begins to rebuild it.

My sisters and brother settle quickly in their beds, wearing their second-best PJs. I find my library book, *A Wrinkle in Time* by Madeleine L’Engle, and cozy up in my bed ready to read. Soon, I can’t keep my eyes open. After my short prayer, I remember Mom’s promise of waffles for breakfast. I smile just thinking about it. Dad gave Mom a waffle iron last Christmas. Although she smiled at the time, I truly believe we kids were more pleased by her gift than she was. I’ve heard her say more than once, “Don’t give me a gift with a cord and a plug.” I don’t think Dad thinks she is serious.

One day later, with our bellies filled with waffles, we are finally on our way again. The new and improved, smaller and lighter box means a tighter fit, but Dad is a genius at packing. It all fits.

From the cargo back seat, the always curious Stevie yells, “Which way are we going, Daddy?”

Peering in the rear-view mirror at Stevie, he replies, “We are heading for Flat Rock, North Carolina to visit your Aunt Ida. She and your Uncle Bill moved there ten years ago after Uncle Bill retired from the railroad. Jane, can you get the map out of the glove compartment. No. I forgot. I have the map here.” He passes the folded map back. “See if you can find it on the map. It is in the mountains near Asheville, North Carolina. Stevie unfolds the map until it takes up every inch of space in the cargo back seat.

Sometimes, it is a pain to have a younger brother. “Stevie, you are taking up all the room. I can’t read my book.”

“I have to find Flat Rock on this map. Help me. The wind is blowing the map.”

I roll up the window and help Stevie find Flat Rock on the map. We fold it up and send it back to Dad.

“The plan is that we are going to help Aunt Ida pack up some of Uncle Bill’s things for Goodwill and look through her attic in hopes of finding the missing family Bible. Remember, we are in search of the family Bible.”

Stevie marvels, “It’s like a treasure hunt. Maybe a pirate took the Bible.” Mom smiles, “Stevie, you have a wild imagination.” As she looks out the window, she says, “I wonder if Aunt Ida’s rose garden is still in bloom. Harry, do you remember the yellow roses she cut for Uncle Bill’s funeral. They were beautiful.”

Not knowing what to say next, we sit quietly, feeling the breeze coming through the open windows.

Dad, always the tour guide and storyteller, softly breaks the silence. “Kids, we will have to ask Aunt Ida how the town came to be named Flat Rock. I imagine it should be a good story.”

Leaning forward into the front seat, Becky says, “I want to see the flat rock.” “Me too……flat rock,” Haley adds.

After a stop at the service station for a bathroom break, a quick phone call to Aunt Ida from the payphone and our choice of cold drink from the Coca Cola vending machine, we were again on our way.

Highway 176 is a narrow road with one curve after another. Stevie is becoming a nuisance.

“Stop bumping me so hard.”

“Can’t help it. The roads are too curvy.”

“Put your feet back on your side.”

“I’m on my side.”

“No, you are not!”

“Am too. Am too!”

“Harry, dear, I think we should stop for lunch soon.”

Dad soon finds a pullover with a picnic table. There was a stream nearby with lots of good climbing rocks.

“Katie Sue, help me get the tablecloth on the picnic table.” Dad carries the picnic basket and cooler from the car. He peeks inside the basket. “What’s for lunch?”

“Fried chicken, deviled eggs and sweet pickles. Harry, I can’t see the bottle opener. We might have one in the glove compartment. Oh, never mind, I found it.” We ate quickly and then headed for the stream.

“Katie Sue, please hold the girls’ hands. The rocks are slippery and the water can be swift.”

Becky turns to Dad, “Is the flat rock here?”

Hayley joins in. “Where, Daddy, where is the flat rock?”

“Girls, Flat Rock is the name of the town where Aunt Ida lives.”

After a quick splash in the stream we pack up and, with tummies full, we ride quietly to Flat Rock. The girls fall asleep. Dad whispers to Mom, “Jane, we will make it by dinner. Knowing Ida, she will have one of her delicious

pot roasts ready, and her famous coconut cake.” Mom smiles.

As we pull into Aunt Ida’s gravel driveway, Becky wakes up, “Are we there yet?”

“Yes. There’s Aunt Ida’s house.”

After our long drive, seeing Aunt Ida’s white house with the sky-blue shutters, yellow front door and full front porch is a welcome sight. I eye the big porch swing.

Dad immediately recruits us to help with the bags while Mom and Aunt Ida greet each other. When we finish, I make a dash for the big swing. I am enjoying the cool breeze and some peace, when Aunt Ida returns to the porch and heads for me. “There you are. Stand up. Let me get a look at you.” Giving me a big hug, she says, “You’ve got those Giles’ eyes for sure.” I hug her back.

It’s funny how people in a family look alike. Aunt Ida reminds me of my Mimi with the same blue eyes, white hair and glasses.

“Come inside. We are ready to eat. I’ve got pot roast, and coconut cake.” I smile, thinking how happy my Dad will be.

Following dinner, Stevie and I try to catch fireflies in the front yard. Before bedtime, Aunt Ida places a tea cake and glass of milk on the back porch for each of us. Stevie and I climb into the twin beds in one guest bedroom while, Becky and Hayley are on the floor in Mom and Dad’s room. Aunt Ida describes my sisters’ special bed as a “pallet.” She tells them the “Princess and the Pea” story. They giggle and jump in. Personally, it looks like a pile of blankets with a quilt on top.

At breakfast the next morning, Aunt Ida announces, “Harry, it is time for you and Stevie to get the old trunk down from the attic.”

Dad pulls the stairway down and Stevie heads up first. “Daddy, it’s hot and dusty up here.”

Dad climbs the stairs, “Do you see the pull cord for the light?”

“I think I see the trunk.”

From down below we hear the scraping of something very heavy across the attic floor. Dad pushes it to the stair entrance, “Ida, is this it?”

“Yes, be careful. I know it’s heavy. It has been up there since we moved into the house.”

It takes the whole family to get the trunk down. Aunt Ida uses her feather duster to clean off the years of dust.

Becky says with curiosity, “Is there treasure inside?”

“I want treasure, treasure.” Hayley repeats.

Dad slowly opens the lid as we hold our breaths and lean in to see the contents. At first glance, we see old photo albums, a faded patchwork quilt that smells like mothballs, two pairs of wire-rimmed glasses, a handful of handmade dresser scarves and some old newspapers. Aunt Ida continues to unpack the trunk.

Ida blurts out, “Look! Look! Do you see what I see? This is exciting! Look, Harry.”

Mom’s eyes are expecting to see the family Bible. “Is it the Bible?”

“No, it’s Grandpa’s old pipe and cans. I thought they were lost forever.”

Mom tries smiling, but she is obviously disappointed. No Bible.

Aunt Ida notices Mom’s disappointment and grabs Mom’s hands, “Sweetheart, Bible or not, I’m just so happy to have all of you here. Please stay another night. Tomorrow, we can go look around Flat Rock.”

“Can we see the Flat Rock, Daddy?”

From under the table came two voices so loud that it scares Aunt Ida’s cat, Sweet Pea, who runs to the front room. “Flat Rock! Flat Rock!”

We spend that night at Aunt Ida’s house and after a hearty breakfast, we begin our travel to Aunt Nan’s house in Waterson, South Carolina. Waterson is a small town near the North Carolina/South Carolina state line. Aunt Nan lives in a large house on a farm with many farm animals. She is our Mom’s aunt. I guess that makes her our great-aunt.

Hayley and Becky talk the entire way there. Questions like, “Can I ride a horse?” and “Can I feed the chickens?” abound. Stevie sighs a lot and I just listen.

After stopping for a picnic lunch, we travel a few more hours and finally arrive at Aunt Nan’s house. What a great place to be! The old farmhouse is huge and has porches all around it. Aunt Nan greets us with open arms. She invites us in and we run up and down the stairs, over and over again.

Aunt Nan feeds us a snack of sugar cookies and lemonade. Mom and Dad explain about finding the family Bible. Aunt Nan thinks she may have it. We all get excited.

I whisper to Mom, “Where is the bathroom?” Mom says, “It’s outside.” “Outside,” I say. “Why is it outside?” Mom says, “Because Aunt Nan has no indoor plumbing.”

I am so confused but I really have to go to the bathroom. Mom asks Dad and Aunt Nan to wait for her while she takes me to the bathroom. Stevie, Hayley, and Becky also announce that they have to go.

As soon as we walk out the back door, we see a small wooden structure with a door a short distance away. Mom says, “That’s where you go to the bathroom.” My brother and sisters say, “Katie Sue! You go first!”

I begin to walk slowly toward the “bathroom” when all of a sudden I hear a loud sound coming from behind the fence to my right. I look over and see the biggest animal I have ever seen in person running toward the fence. I scream and run back to Mom. Dad runs out of the house when he hears me scream.

“What in the world is happening out here?” Dad says. As he looks around he sees what is happening and begins to laugh. He says, “Katie Sue, that’s a cow. She won’t hurt you. Go ahead and walk to the bathroom.”



Well, I am terrified of the cow and absolutely refuse to walk by that huge, loud, scary animal. My brother and sisters are intently watching, and I can't tell if they are scared or not.

But Stevie says, "Come on Big Sis! Don't be a scaredy-cat. It's just a cow."

"Then you go, Stevie," I say. "You're the boy!"

This situation goes on for a while, and soon I get desperate. Dad says, "If you don't go, you'll have an accident and you'll have to take a bath."

Suddenly I had a thought. If I have to go to the bathroom outside, where in the world will I take a bath? So, I run in a semicircle to the left and go into the bathroom. Oh, my goodness! I sit and take care of my needs anticipating the pleasure I'm going to get when my siblings need to visit the bathroom.

I'm still shaking from my encounter with the biggest cow I've ever seen, and my strangest bathroom experience ever, when Mom and I follow Aunt Nan down the rickety stairs to the cellar. A single light bulb provides a spooky lighting effect over the crates, barrels and trunks. Aunt Nan says, "If I have the family Bible, it will be in this trunk." We wrestle the heavy trunk to the floor. Aunt Nan fiddles with a ring of keys until she finds one that works the lock. Inside is a ton of papers and photos, but no family Bible. Mom is looking very disappointed. All I could think is, "All this way and for what? No Bible." I hate seeing my Mom this upset.

"Aunt Nan, what's in these barrels?" I ask, trying to change the mood in the cellar.

"You know, it's hard for me to remember exactly. I hope they have a label on the outside."

"This one says, COSTUMES. Can we open this?"

"Sure. Maybe we can have a costume party for supper tonight. Would you like that?"

Nodding yes, I run to get Dad, Stevie, and the girls to tell them about the costume party. Within thirty minutes of popping the top on the barrel, we are decked out in crazy costumes. Dad is a pirate with a patch across one eye. Mom chooses an old-timey wool bathing suit, or that is what she tells me it is. It's like no bathing suit I've ever seen. Stevie looks like a farmer with a straw hat. The girls each pick long dresses that they trip over because they are way too big for them and huge hats. I pick a purple court jester costume made from felt with pointy shoes and bells on the hat.

Aunt Nan laughs when we come to supper wearing our costumes. We are a sight. Even Mom laughs when Aunt Nan says that we are the oddest bunch of supper guests she's ever had.

The girls decide to sleep in their dresses.

It is sad to say good-bye the next day. Aunt Nan gives me a big hug and whispers in my ear. "You come back to visit, sweetie, anytime."

The trip home was full of reminiscing about our adventures. We were trying to cheer up Mom since we didn't locate the

family Bible. She even smiled a little when we retold the story about me and the big cow. I can laugh now. It wasn't funny at the time.

It was dark when we arrived home. Mom jumped out to turn on the lights. Stevie and I helped Dad unload the car while Mom helped my sisters settle into their beds. Stevie and I were sitting at the kitchen table when Dad plopped the map and the last of the Necco Wafer candies on the table.

"Stevie, let's see if you can figure out how many miles we traveled." After about three minutes of checking the path we took on the map, and the distances, he added everything and blurted out, "350 miles!"

Dad smiled and remarked, "That's about right. Did you add the first trip?" "Oh, I forgot about that." Two minutes later he says, "458 miles!"

As Mom enters the kitchen she says, "Hush. You will wake the girls up. Who wants some milk and some vanilla wafers?"

"Sounds good."

"Let's clean off the table. If you are finished with the map, Katie Sue, please take it out to the car and put it in the glove compartment where it belongs."

I open the passenger side door of the car and push the button to the glove compartment. It falls open wide. As I get ready to toss the map inside, I notice that deep inside the glove compartment is a book. On the cover it reads...HOLY BIBLE! I get the Bible out and run inside, hiding it behind my back and shouting, "Mom!"

"Katie Sue, hush, hush, hush."

"Guess what I found."

"I'm too tired for guessing games."

Just then, I pull the Bible from behind my back. Mom jumps up and grabs it from me and lays it on the table. "This is it. Where did you find it?"

"In the glove compartment." Our laughter began like a ripple and escalated until our sides ached. Stevie says, "We traveled 458 miles, and it was hiding in the car the whole time."

At the swearing-in ceremony for the Pineneedle School Board, Dad holds the family Bible steady while Mom places her right hand on it. We all stand around her with big smiles. I even giggle a little.

The end



## Financial Summary through November 30, 2020

	Income through November 30, 2020	Expenses through November 30, 2020	2020 Budget	Percent of Total
Regular Income (offering, Sunday school, fees, other)	\$ 229,109.94		\$ 284,788.00	80%
Administration (buildings, staff, & staff expenses)		\$ 177,858.40	\$ 249,954.00	71%
Apportionments		33,577.00	33,577.00	100%
Nurture (worship, communications, education, family ministries, music ministry & youth)		11,799.39	17,910.00	66%
Outreach		2,223.70	5,050.00	44%
Witness (evangelism & LRE)		1,999.70	4,923.00	41%
<b>Total Regular Income &amp; Expenses</b>	<b>\$ 229,109.94</b>	<b>\$ 227,458.19</b>	<b>\$ 311,414.00</b>	<b>73%</b>
Estimate of Giving for 2020			\$ 311,414.00	



**God Bless  
America!**

### PRAY FOR OUR MILITARY FRIENDS AND FAMILY SERVING OUR COUNTRY

*Call the church office with the names of  
those you wish added to this list.*

**All Troops from Fort Jackson  
deployed to  
Iraq and Afghanistan**

**All Troops overseas and  
away from their homes**

**All Windsor families facing activation,  
deployment and homecoming**

### Average Attendance

#### 10 a.m. Worship Service—Sanctuary

November 1 to November 30, 2020	40
December 1 to December 31, 2020	36

**All in-person worship services were held with  
COVID-19 protocols in place.**

#### Sunday School

November 1 to November 30, 2020	33
December 1 to December 31, 2020	34

**Sunday School figures reflect those participating in  
Zoom, GoToMeeting and conference call classes.**



### Saturday, November 14 Saturday Blessings Vendors' Fair and UMM BBQ Pick-Up



Photos by  
Becky Leonard



## Our Windsor Family

### WINDSOR'S DEEPEST SYMPATHY TO...

- † Joy Stone and family on the passing of her great-aunt, Ginger King, on November 17.
- † Daloni Clark and family on the passing of his grandmother, Bishop Maude L. Albert, on November 25.
- † Rev. Dr. Norma Edwards and family on the passing of her brother, Charles Jennings, on December 20.

*If you have a "Windsor Family" item that you would like to  
share with our church family, please notify the church  
office at windsorunc@bellsouth.net or 788-1858.*



### UNITED METHODIST MEN BREAKFAST MEETING

All men are invited to join Windsor's United Methodist Men the first Sunday of the month at Lizard's Thicket on Two Notch Road near I-20. We meet at **7:15 a.m.** Please join us for food and fellowship at our next meeting on **Sunday, January 3.**

# Calendar January 2021

**Friday, January 1**  
OFFICE CLOSED



**Saturday, January 2**

8:30 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

**Sunday, January 3**

7:15 AM UMM Breakfast - Lizard's Thicket @I-20

9:00 AM Uncommon Men SS

**10:00 AM Worship Service - Sanctuary**

3:00 PM BSA Troop 2870 Meeting - Pavilion

**Wednesday, January 6**

9:45 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

7:00 PM Praise Team Rehearsal - Sanctuary

**Thursday, January 7**

6:30 PM BSA Troop 900 Meeting - Pavilion

**Saturday, January 9**

8:30 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

**Sunday, January 10**

9:00 AM Uncommon Men SS

**10:00 AM Worship Service - Sanctuary**

3:00 PM BSA Troop 2870 Meeting - Pavilion

**Tuesday, January 12**

10:30 AM UMW Sarah Circle - HH

**Wednesday, January 13**

9:45 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

7:00 PM Praise Team Rehearsal - Sanctuary

**Thursday, January 14**

6:30 PM BSA Troop 900 Meeting - Pavilion

**Saturday, January 16**

7:00 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

**Sunday, January 17**

9:00 AM Uncommon Men SS

**10:00 AM Worship Service - Sanctuary**

3:00 PM BSA Troop 2870 Meeting - Pavilion

**Wednesday, January 20**

9:45 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

7:00 PM Praise Team Rehearsal - Sanctuary

**Thursday, January 21**

6:30 PM BSA Troop 900 Meeting - Pavilion

**Saturday, January 23**

8:30 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

**Sunday, January 24**

9:00 AM Uncommon Men SS

**10:00 AM Worship Service - Sanctuary**

3:00 PM BSA Troop 2870 Meeting - Pavilion

**Wednesday, January 27**

9:45 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

7:00 PM Praise Team Rehearsal - Sanctuary

**Thursday, January 28**

6:30 PM BSA Troop 900 Meeting - Pavilion

**Saturday, January 30**

8:30 AM Prayer Group (Conference call)

**Sunday, January 31**

9:00 AM Uncommon Men SS

**10:00 AM Worship Service - Sanctuary**

3:00 PM BSA Troop 2870 Meeting - Pavilion

**THIS CALENDAR IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT PRIOR NOTICE**

**If you have any additions, changes and/or corrections to the calendar, please notify Julie in the office (803-788-1858).**

**Thank You.**

# Calendar February 2021

Due to the coronavirus, a meaningful February calendar cannot be created. The weekly *Leaf* and additional email announcements will continue to provide updates to re-opening and building usage.



<b>Bradley Meade</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Tina Hathaway</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Barbara Catoe</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Sonya Hunter</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Jayne Varnes</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Charles Shipman</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Joyce Byrd</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Janice Negus</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Diana Stout</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Shah Hussain</b>	<b>31</b>

<b>Nancy Wolff</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Brianna Hinson</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Rev. Franklin Buie</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Ed Brockinton</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Ben Catoe</b>	<b>13</b>



Photos by  
Becky Leonard



Open hearts. Open minds. Open doors.

**The people of The United Methodist Church™**

### *THE VINE*

Published by Windsor United Methodist Church

9500 Windsor Lake Boulevard

Columbia, SC 29223-2022

Rev. Leatha Brown, Pastor

[www.windsorumc.org](http://www.windsorumc.org) [windsorumc@bellsouth.net](mailto:windsorumc@bellsouth.net)

Julie Milhouse, Administrative Assistant

Julie Milhouse, Publisher

Send articles by the 20<sup>th</sup> of the month by email to Julie at [windsorumc@bellsouth.net](mailto:windsorumc@bellsouth.net) or place articles in *The Vine* mailbox in Room 10.