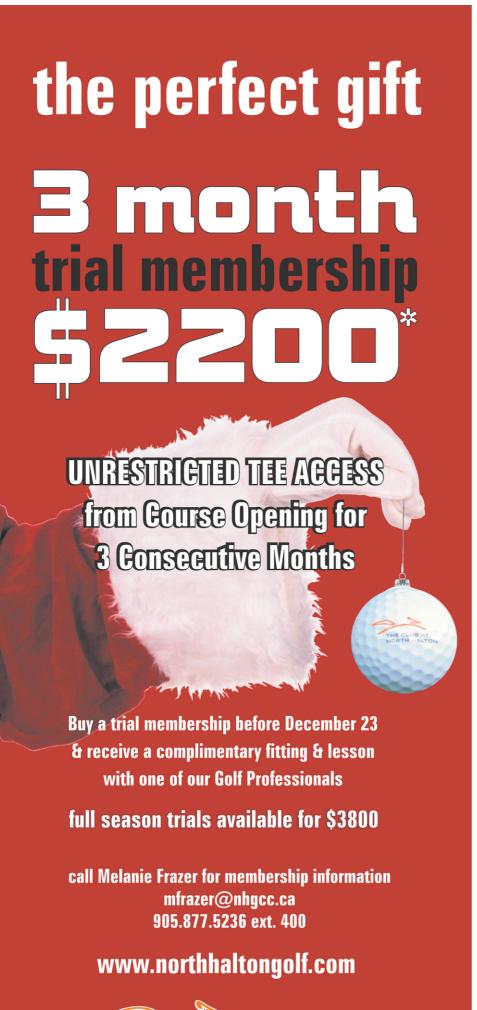
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THE CLUB AT

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COMMENT

One of those MOWs

By Ted Brown tedbit@hotmail.com

We all have those moments, ('moments of weakness' or MOWs, I call them) when we allow one of those warm fuzzy little memories from our past to re-emerge, and attach itself to our brain— in spite of our better judgment.

Let me give you an example.

Go back, waaaay back to the early spring of this year.

The members of our church, Limehouse Presbyterian Church, gathered together to do some brainstorming. We were trying to find ways to put a bit of 'spunk' into the church.

We held a SWOT workshop, (which stands for Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities and Threats.) As others around the table threw out some really great ideas for the coming year, one of those warm fuzzy memories from my childhood past jumped out and hit me between the eyes.

"We could hold a Live Nativity," I blurted. Before I knew it, my brain was feeding my mouth, which was pouring out all sorts of ideas, envisioning a Nativity scene set up in the shed beside the church, with all the trimmings— animals in the 'stable' a manger with Mary Joseph and Baby Jesus, shepherds, three kings and more... the ideas were only limited by one's imagination.

It was a full-fledged MOW on my part for

As a dozen pair of eyes looked in my direction, every brain around that table was infected with the idea. I should have been proud of myself, but once the 'warm fuzzies' fade away, months later the logistics emerge.

We had to find some animals.

I had a pretty good line on some sheep, and knew of a donkey. Someone called about a calf, but the one available was a beef steer, about 800 pounds— not gonna happen on my watch.

The Sidekick called around and borrowed



A Ted Bit

some great costumes, from a previous Nativ-

My brother-in-law and I mentally designed a 'stable' (the set) in our brains, and our minister, Reverend Steve Boose, put together the script. Some volunteered to be Mary and Joseph, shepherds, an angel, the three kings, while others volunteered to work behind the scenes, making treats to serve those who came to visit the event.

I received a last minute call—the donkey was not available— her owner discovered she had another commitment that night.

Okay, not a huge problem— my vision of Joseph leading the donkey with Mary on her back suddenly had to be re-written, moving the scene up to where Joseph has 'parked' the donkey and they walk to the stable.

It was coming together. I received the title 'chief shepherd' for obvious reasons- I thought I outta be close to the sheep in the pen just in case one decided to make a run for it across the fields of 'Bethlehem'.

After that meeting back in the spring, a number of hard working volunteers have pulled it together, and Limehouse Presbyterian Church, located on the Sixth Line at 22 Sideroad, will be hosting the Live Nativity, this Saturday night, (Dec. 13) from 6:30 to 8

The event will recreate the magic that took place in the quiet little stable, more than two thousand years ago.

Is it going to be prefect? Not likely.

Is it going to have glitches? I'm sure it will.

But I'll guarantee one thing- it will be beautiful, and all who drop by will be bombarded by one of those warm fuzzy moments, just like those who witnessed that first Christmas, so many years ago.

And though it was an MOW for me, I'll admit something.

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

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