

# Branch Newsletter

**“If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.” — Jesus Christ**

## Improvements Continue on Building

**OUR  
GIFTS  
AT  
WORK**



Work is now in progress to complete the audio cabinet at the front of the church sanctuary. After the initial construction, the cabinet has remained

“roughed in.”

Dwight Burford is working on the drywall to enclose the cabinet and finished the back stairwell. Doors will ultimately be placed to enclose the front of the space and finished with trim.

You will soon notice major changes in the foyer of the church and the hall ways upstairs and down as the elevator shaft is constructed. All of the permits

have been obtained for the work. David Newman is gathering the materials to begin work. He has already begun the modifications of the storage room downstairs.

The contract for the elevator has been signed. When the work on the shaft is sufficiently completed, the elevator and its mechanical parts will be ordered.

Another project that is underway involves placing an electrical conduit underground to the storage shed/garage. This will permit electrical power to be installed in the building. David Newman is working on this project also.

There may be some inconvenience during the final work. Your patience during the final work is appreciated.

## Gift to All

By Edgar Pillsbury

*The finest gift anyone can give is Christlike love and concern*

A strange request indeed! “Please, Mr. Jensen, the Christ child—give him to me for Christmas.” The toy-maker, about to give a nail a lusty hammer swat as a finishing touch to a toy piano—found this movement suddenly arrested in mid-air. His

eyes grew larger. His jaw dropped. Did he hear correctly? But, yes, he did, for even then his young patron removed all doubt. “I promise, if you will give him to me, I will share him with all people.”

The rebuttal which came to Jensen’s mind was sharp. “And you, Master Olaf Swensen, what would you know of Christ? You do not follow him. Look at you!

*(Continued on page 2)*

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The Zion's Outpost Branch Newsletter is published monthly by the Publications Department of Zion's Outpost. The editor is Gary Whiting. Various sources are used for contributions and are so noted. The Newsletter is used to inform members, friends and seekers of the events taking place in the Branch and to promote the work of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is available at no charge to those asking for a subscription. Contributions to support its publication are appreciated.

FOR A  
CHILD  
HAS BEEN  
BORN  
FOR US,  
  
A  
SON  
GIVEN  
TO US...  
ISAIAH 9:6

## Gift to All

*(Continued from page 1)*

Biggest trouble-maker in the village. Never in church—and see, even now your face is scratched. Fighting no doubt.”

But before he had chance to make this verbal assault, the boy spoke again. “You see, Sir, I am looking for the Christ child and . . . well . . . if you cannot give him to me, then no one can.” And he shrugged and looked pathetic.

Compassion filled the toy-maker’s heart. He smiled and thought, Just another boy, after all, who wants some-thing for Christmas. But he knows not what he asks.

It wasn’t Jensen’s nature to be harsh, and he was glad that he hadn’t uttered the unkind thoughts which became his first inclination when he’d heard the lad’s request. Instead he smiled and succumbed to kinder instincts. He pursed his lips as if to say, “I will think about it.” And then he gave a knowing nod which had rescued him in similar predicaments when youngsters had made impossible requests. “We shall see, Master Olaf,” he said. “We shall see.”

“And how much will the Christ child cost?” asked the boy. “I have . . . let me see. . . .” And he dumped a little bag of change on the counter, “One, two, five, twelve coppers! Do you think that will be enough?”

Jensen gently pushed the few pieces of change back across the counter. “Keep your money, my lad,” he said kindly, “for the Christ child cannot be bought. He is given freely to all who will have him.”

The matter was promptly dismissed from Jensen’s mind as soon as the lad left. “Ah, boys!” he muttered with a smile. “They ask for the strangest things. By Christmas he will want a wooden horse, or trains, or some such thing.”

On Christmas Eve Dr. Hessel, the village physician, came to the shop for his daughter’s doll. “I know she will like it,” said Jensen, holding it up for the doctor’s inspection. “Just what she wanted. Blonde

hair . . . long pigtails . . . Dutch costume. If I do say so myself, it is my best work.”

“Excellent, Jensen,” said Hessel. “It will look fine under my Christmas tree. I can hardly wait to see Gretchen’s face when she finds it there in the morning.”

“And how are the townsfolk?” Jensen asked, as he wrapped the doll in bright colored paper. “Are they all well, or are they keeping you busy?”

The doctor smiled. “They are so healthy I have given up all hope of ever getting rich, Jensen.” The two men laughed and Hessel continued. “Right now I have only one patient—Olaf Swensen.”

“Pretty sick is he?” asked Jensen.

“He will not die,” said the doctor, “but it will take time for him to recover.”

On Christmas morning Jensen thought of the lad who had hoped to have the Christ child for Christmas. “I feel sorry for him,” he muttered as he eyed the toys in his shop. And then impulsively he said, “I will take him something.” And reaching out for a big stuffed dog, he said, “I will take him this.”

The boy’s eyes brightened and seemed to reflect an inner glow which was ignited by Jensen’s gift. “Oh, thank you, Mr. Jensen,” he said weakly. “I thought . . . I would have . . . no toys for Christmas.” He breathed hard, there was a short silence, then he spoke again. “I am very sick.”

“Yes, I know.” Jensen’s tone was warm and kind. And I am sorry to hear it. If there is something I can do. . . .”

“Oh, yes !” interrupted the boy. “If you would . . . only visit me . . . just for a few moments . . . I would be very happy.”

During the succeeding weeks Jensen made a daily visit to the lad who wanted the Christ child for Christmas. Each time he brought a present—some toy or a bit of fruit—and with it he brought a smile and words of wisdom by which the boy could grow.

*(Continued on page 3)*



*Come, let us  
adore him!*

## Gift to All

(Continued from page 2)

Jensen took great pleasure in watching his young friend conquer the illness which had weakened his body.

Then one day, when the boy was nearly well, the toy-maker said, "Master Olaf, you will soon be able to go out. I want you to come to my toy shop and select anything you wish."

When that day arrived a strange thing happened, for when young Olaf entered the toy shop, he was accompanied by one of the poorest little waifs in town.

"This is Claude Tesman," he said introducing his little friend to Jensen. "The invitation to select any toy I wish . . . may I give it to Claude?"

Jensen shrugged. "Oh . . . ah . . . I suppose so," he said as if he wasn't sure he had heard correctly. "If that is what you want."

What a transformation took place in the face of the little waif! His sad expression, which seemed to bear witness of the many hurts a cruel world had inflicted on him, dissolved into a merry expression. His eyes twinkled. "Ooooh, Mr. Jensen, may I really pick I out anything?"

"Ah . . . yes." Jensen had not recovered from his initial surprise. "Go right ahead."

For a long time Claude's eyes searched the little shop. This was a once-in-a-lifetime chance.

At last he saw a small bed, a rag doll, and toy dishes. "That !" said Claude pointing to his selection. "For my sister! She has never had a doll."

But the selection was for you, not I your sister," said Jensen kindly.

"I know," said Claude, "but I would enjoy doing this for her."

"All right," said Jensen with a smile. "It is yours. Do with it as you please."

Claude picked up the doll set very

carefully so he would not damage it, and with many thanks and a bow departed, leaving Olaf and Jensen alone.

"It was a kind gesture, my lad, to give Claude your chance to pick out a toy," said Jensen. "Why did you do it?"

"Well, Mr. Jensen," replied the lad, "when you brought the Christ child to me for Christmas . . . it changed my life. Remember, I told you that if you gave him to me I would share him with others? That is why I gave Claude my chance to select a toy. That was my way of sharing Christ with him."

"Now . . . wait a moment, my lad," said Jensen, "you are confused. I did not give you the Christ child for Christmas. It was a stuffed dog that I gave you."

"But you did give him to me," Olaf insisted. "You brought the dog because Christ was in you. And that is why you visited me."

Jensen was touched and he smiled. "I have learned a great lesson from you, Master Olaf. I gave Christ to you. You gave him to Claude. And when he picked out a present for his sister instead of for himself, he was giving Christ to her. And who will she give him to? How long will the gift go on?"

Jensen smiled. He nodded and he thought, To think it was in my power to give the Christ to my fellowman and I did not know it! The thought made him feel humble indeed, and he concluded it with a vow. "Henceforth I shall give the Christ child to others every day of my life, for what was it you said, Master Olaf, when you first asked me for the Christ child? Was it not, 'If you cannot give him to me, then no one can?' How very true! If those who search for Christ cannot get him from those who profess to have found him themselves, then, indeed, to whom will they go?"

Published in *The Saints' Herald*, December 25, 1961, pages 7, 14, 15.



## Semion Kaiyea

Many of us have been following the story of the young man in Liberia who has a chronic infection in his hip. Semion has been trying for months to obtain a visa to travel to the United States for advanced medical care.

The prayers of many people have been answered. Semion was granted his visa and left Liberia on November 28. He has arrived in Springfield, MO after a long flight. His journey took him to Brussels, Chicago and Kansas City. This trip has presented Semion with his first chance to fly in an airplane.

Semion's care will be provided by some of the best doctors and other professionals. Many have agreed to donate their care of him.

He has been admitted to St John's Mercy Hospital in Springfield, MO. If you would like to

write to Semion, his address is:

Semion Kaiyea  
 % St. John's Mercy Hospital  
 1235 E. Cherokee  
 Springfield, Mo. 65804

Your prayers are still requested.

4 And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.

5 Now this took place, that all things might be fulfilled, which were spoken of the Lord, by the prophets, saying,

6 Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, (which, being interpreted, is, God with us.)

—Matthew 2:4-6

## Branch Directory

It is time to publish a new branch directory. You can help to ensure that the directory is up to date and accurate.

How can you do this? By reviewing the data in the current directory and giving any corrections that need to be made, to Gary Whiting.

Please consider including your cell phone

numbers and your e-mail addresses. The e-mail address is an especially important way to send information and keep you up to date.

If, for any reason, you do not want your information listed in the branch directory, please let Gary Whiting know this. Otherwise, your data will be included.

## Plan For These Events

December 2 6:30pm — Women's Advent Service, all adults invited — meet at the Newman home

December 9 10:30 am — Business Meeting to approve the 2008 budget

December 16 11:00 am — A Special Christmas Worship Service  
 12:00 pm — Christmas Potluck



January 2008						
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# December 2007

## Zion's Outpost Branch

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## 'Twas The Night Before Christmas

*A Christmas Poem by Pastor Jim Kamerer*

'Twas the night before Christmas and as I looked round my tent,  
I couldn't believe all the money I'd spent  
For trains and dolls, for trinkets and toys  
Some for the girls and some for the boys.  
I looked round once more to be sure things were right;  
The kids were all in bed for the night.  
I set up the track for the train I bought Ted,  
The train went round twice and the battery went dead.  
I put on my cap, my gloves, and my coat;  
I went to Ames and over to Zayre.  
You guess it my friend, no batteries there!  
As I left the store a thought came to me,  
I had one in the remote of the color TV.  
Well, I placed that remote in my wife's favorite chair  
I was ready for Christmas with hours to spare.  
When out came my wife and punched that remote  
And then said to me, "The TV's broke!"  
So on with the coat, the gloves, and the cap  
Out in the cold about ready to snap.  
I went to K-Mart and stood in that line  
From 8:35 'til a quarter past nine.  
As I came to the checkout, my heart leaped with glee --  
There was that one lonesome battery just waiting for me.  
When from my behind I seen this hand slip  
And grab that battery with a real tight grip.  
I wheeled around and what did I see?  
This giant of a man glaring down at me.  
Well, I remembered an ad I had seen on TV  
Buy a Big Mac, get your batteries free.  
So, I bought me a burger I didn't want...  
They were out of batteries, so on with hunt.  
I finally found one at Servi-Star,  
Paid for my purchase and made for my car.  
When I entered the door of my humble shack,  
My wife said, "What's this battery for I found in a sack?"  
I was out there in the press, the push, and the greed  
To buy me a battery I didn't even need.  
At last I relaxed in my easy chair,

When this still small voice came out of somewhere.  
"You're ready for Christmas with toys, tinsel, and tree  
You've got it all together, but what about me?"  
I fell on my knees and cried, "God, what have I done?"  
I got caught up in the madness and neglected your Son.  
The best gift of all you've given for free  
Your Son, Jesus Christ, for sinners like me.  
You sent Him to suffer the shame and the loss,  
To shed his life's blood for me on the cross.  
Well friend, I'll never forget ere I rest 'neath the sod,  
The greatest of gifts is given by God.



And behold, he shall be born of Mary at Jerusalem, which is the land of our forefathers, she being a virgin, a precious and chosen vessel, who shall be overshadowed, and conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring forth a son, yea, even the Son of God; (Alma 5:19)

## Zion's Outpost

6300 Tarrytown  
Park City, KS 67219

*The Branch Newsletter* is a monthly publication of Zion's Outpost. Its serves to relay news of the branch and its members to inform members and friends of events and as a means to teach the principles and doctrines of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

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Phone: 316-744-1020

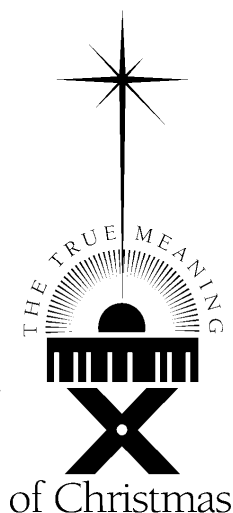
E-mail: [branch@zionsoutpost.org](mailto:branch@zionsoutpost.org)

[www.zionsoutpost.org](http://www.zionsoutpost.org)

Jesus Christ was given as a gift to the world from The Father. For all who receive the Gift by faith, comes salvation and eternal life. For of what value is a gift if it is not received.

Jesus is God's gift of love to us. Jesus is a needed gift for which we had no understanding of the need until the gift was given.

But now the gift has been given. We invite all to come and receive Jesus Christ. How? By faith and obedience to His commandments.



## Oh, By the Way . . .

The annual and garlands. A lected on November 18. Thank you for your support of this worthy project.

Hangings of the chili lunch was supplied for all the helpers.

On Sunday, November 25, 2007. After the morning service was concluded, the members of the branch decorated the church with Christmas wreaths and garlands.

Twenty one Christmas shoe boxes were donated to the cause of Operation Christmas Child this year. The boxes were col-

*Christ  
IS Born!*