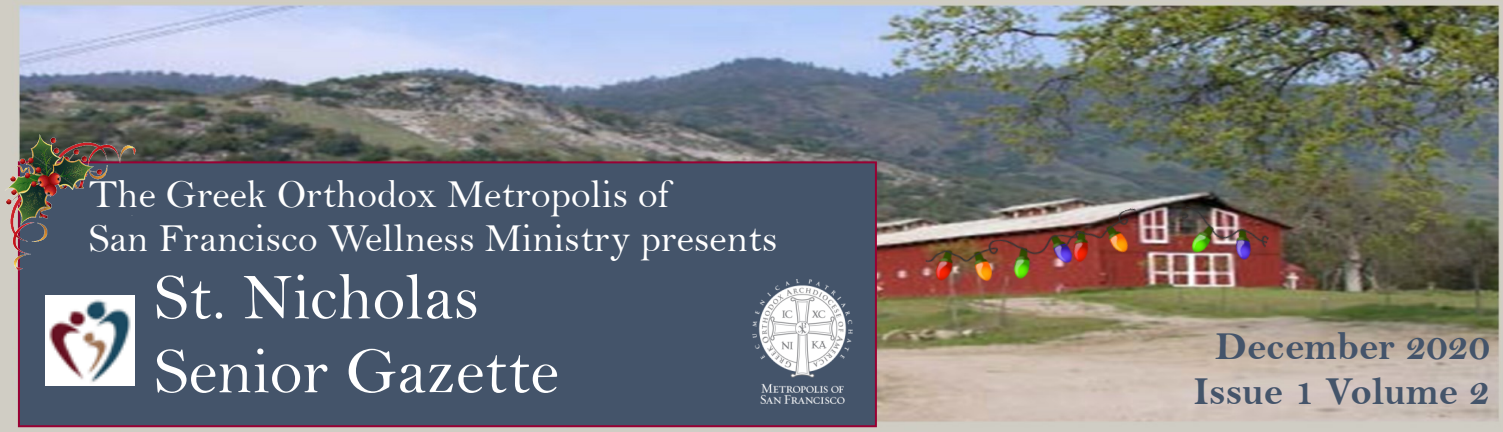

The Greek Orthodox Metropolis of San Francisco Wellness Ministry presents

St. Nicholas Senior Gazette

Metropolis of San Francisco

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On the Lighter Side

Entering Heaven

Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the pearly gates.

"In honor of this holy season," Saint Peter said, "You must each possess something that symbolizes Christmas to get into heaven."

The first man fumbled through his pockets and pulled out a lighter. He flicked it on. "It represents a candle," he said. "You may pass through the pearly gates," Saint Peter said.

The second man reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He shook them and said, "They're bells." Saint Peter said, "You may pass through the pearly gates."

The third man started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of women's glasses.

St. Peter looked at the man with a raised eyebrow and asked, "And just what do those symbolize?"

The man replied, "They're Carol's."

Unto Us A Child Is Born

(Matthew 1: 18– 25) His mother Mary was pledged to be married to Joseph, but before they came together, she was found to be pregnant through the Holy Spirit. Because Joseph her husband was faithful to the law, and yet did not want to expose her to public disgrace, he had in mind to divorce her quietly. But after he had considered this, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream and said, "Joseph son of David, do not be afraid to take Mary home as your wife, because what is conceived in her is from the Holy Spirit. She will give birth to a son, and you are to give him the name Jesus, because he will save his people from their sins." All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had said through the prophet: "The virgin will conceive and give birth to a son, and they will call him Immanuel" (which means "God with us"). When Joseph woke up, he did what the angel of the Lord had commanded him and took Mary home as his wife. But he did not consummate their marriage until she gave birth to a son. And he gave him the name Jesus.

(Luke 2: 1– 20) And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

8 Holiday Health Tips for Seniors

The holiday season is kicking into full-swing, which means time spent with family and friends, giving back, and great food. It can also be a season of over-indulgence and busy travel schedules, which ultimately could leave your waistline and health at risk. Don't miss this essential list of holiday health tips for seniors:

Keep Moving

Whether you're crashing on the couch after Thanksgiving dinner to enjoy some football or watching your favorite Christmas movie with the grandkids, it's easy to find yourself frequently sitting down during the holiday season. You want to burn all the extra energy (calories) you are consuming, make sure to keep moving! That might mean taking a walk after a big dinner, taking stairs instead of elevators, and finding active things to do with family and friends, i.e. go to the local holiday parade and walk around instead of watching it on TV.

Prevent Infection

There are a handful of ways to fortify your immune system against infection during cold and flu season. These include getting appropriate vaccines in a timely manner (for influenza, pneumonia, etc.), as well as practicing above-and-beyond hygiene like washing hands frequently, disinfecting commonly-used surfaces like doorknobs, and taking hand sanitizer and tissues with you on the go.

Avoid Excess

It's not just rich food and countless sweets that can pack on the pounds this holiday season, alcohol can also be a major culprit. You can still enjoy your favorite beverages, just be mindful of how alcohol consumption affects your body - it can dehydrate you, it puts added strain on your liver and kidneys, and it adds hundreds of unnecessary calories to your diet. Practice moderation, keep up with water intake while imbibing, and avoid high-calorie beers and drinks mixed with sugar-laden additives.

Plan for Exercise

It's easy to let your workout routine get sidelined by holiday travel. Whether you're visiting one of your children at their home or staying in a hotel, plan ahead to keep up with some form of physical activity (at least 30 minutes a day for 5 days a week) by scheduling daily walks, packing resistance bands to use at your destination, or taking advantage of the indoor hotel pool. Don't forget to pack the aids which support healthy pain-free exercise too like a brace to manage knee swelling or compression stockings to promote good circulation.

Hydrate Often

Between alcohol consumption at holiday dinners and the cool, dry air outside pulling moisture out of your skin, this season can be a quick ticket to becoming dehydrated. Make sure you are drinking plenty of water throughout each day with smart tips like consuming a full glass of water each time you use the restroom, eating lots of water-rich foods like stews and soups, and carrying a reusable water bottle with you when you leave the house.

Prevent Falls

Getting out and about more during the holidays combined with inclement weather conditions like snow, ice, and sleet can spell disaster for seniors who are at a higher risk of falling. No matter where your holiday fun takes you, make sure you are guarding yourself against falls by utilizing mobility aids recommended by your doctor, asking for assistance when walking over ice or snow, and employing helpful transfer tools when getting in and out of the car (like swivel seats and car caddies).

Stick with Your Sleep Schedule

While it is fun to stay up late catching up with old friends or family, getting off of your regular sleep schedule can be dangerous. Not only has it been shown that even as little as a few nights of sleep deprivation can impair cognitive functioning, but lack of sleep has also been linked to dehydration, high blood pressure, and insulin resistance. As much as possible, stick with your routine bed and wake times and aim to get 7 to 9 hours of quality sleep a night.

Make Healthy Cooking Choices

Salty, sweet, buttery, crispy . . . the descriptions of holiday food, while enticing, also reveal some of the problems they can cause. Over-consumption of salty, sugary, fried, processed and fatty foods can exacerbate existing health conditions, amplify joint inflammation, and lead to unwanted weight gain. Make healthy cooking choices this holiday season by substituting saturated fats (like butter) for unsaturated fats (like olive oil), replacing salt with flavorful spices in savory dishes, and using sugar-free sweeteners like Stevia in your baked good.

Published online at: https://seniordirectory.com/articles/info/8-holiday-health-tips-for-seniors

Holiday Craft Ideas- Snowman Hat Centerpiece

The supplies you will need are:

1. Round container (Empty coffee can or any other large can)
2. Black spray paint or black paint and paint brush
3. Round flat circle (You can use a cardboard cake circle or cut a circle out of a cardboard box)
4. Glue gun
5. Ribbon of your choice
6. Greenery or embellishment of your choice

Supplies for a smaller option:

1. Empty can (the size used for vegetables or soup)
2. Paper plate
3. Black spray paint or black paint and paint brush
4. Glue gun
5. Ribbon of your choice
6. Greenery or embellishment of your choice

Instructions:

- Paint your container black (which will be the top piece of the hat)
- Paint the cardboard or paper plate black (which will be the bottom piece of the hat). Make sure to paint both sides of the circle.
- Once both of the pieces dry completely, glue them together with a hot glue gun.
- Cut ribbon and glue onto the hat.
- Once the ribbon is glued in place, take you hot glue gun and glue the greenery or other embellishments to the front of your hat.

Melted Snowman Cookies

Ingredients:

- 1 dozen baked sugar cookies
- 6 marshmallows, halved at an angle
- White cookie icing, for decorating
- Black cookie icing or melted chocolate, for decorating
- 12 orange jimmies, for noses
- 24 mini M&M's, for buttons
- Chocolate jimmies, for arms

Directions:

1. Spread white cookie icing on sugar cookies to create melted blobs.
2. Decorate marshmallows with black cookie icing to make dots for eyes and a smile (or smirk).
3. Insert an orange jimmy into the marshmallow for a nose.
4. Place marshmallow on cookie icing and add more cookie icing around the neck to secure it.
5. Decorate buttons and arms: Place mini M&M's on cookie icing for buttons and add chocolate jimmies for arms.

Recipe found online at *Delish.com*

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS AS WE GROW OLDER [1851] by Charles Dickens

Time was, with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all so soon, when our thoughts overleaped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fulness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers—drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters-in-law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes? Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honour to our late rival, present in the company, then and there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death? Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know, now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honoured and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that *that* Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable mile-stone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear Reader, on Christmas Day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for, who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness! Before this boy, there stretches out a Future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honour and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first-love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home fairly written. Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms,

ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children, not yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, everything! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas Day we do forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day we shut out Nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas Day, we will shut out from our fireside, Nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast City where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favourite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor misshapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore we commit his body to the deep," and so consigned him to the lonely ocean and sailed on. Or there was another, who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent City. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise for ever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out Nothing!

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the Sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapelessly-diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth. In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the Household Gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances; and of the history that re-united even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

Published/found online at: http://www.gutenberg.org
Written by Charles Dickens in 1851

At Grandma's by Tab Nettleton

Two young boys were spending the night at their grandparents. At bedtime, the two boys knelt beside their beds to say their prayers when the youngest one began praying at the top of his lungs.
"I PRAY FOR A NEW BICYCLE...
I PRAY FOR A NEW NINTENDO...
I PRAY FOR A NEW VCR..."
His older brother leaned over and nudged the younger brother and said, "Why are you shouting your prayers? God isn't deaf." To which the little brother replied, "No, but Gramma is!"

Published online at: Joke-Of-The-Day.com

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS by George Gianopulos

We had finally completed our working days, wrapped up everything and shut down. After some 40 years in Southern California, we were heading north. Following careful consideration, we had settled on Fresno, CA. It was not new to us, Fresno wasn't. Dorothea was born and grew up there. I had gotten acquainted with Fresno after some 3 years of college. So now, upon retirement, we were headed for Fresno.

That was in those early months in 1992. It took a good part of that year to settle in, get integrated with the community. As it turned out, it was a slower process than either of us expected. But hey, let's face it, we were strangers despite those remote connections. I once declared that anyone, upon leaving one community and moving to another, should expect that it would take some ten years to become an integrated, accepted member of that community. Our move to Fresno, despite our respective histories, were still strangers.

It was getting close to the holidays a couple of years after the move. Winter was upon us. Christmas was just around the corner. It would be a close Christmas, nothing too big, nothing too extravagant – something simple.

It was late one afternoon! Getting dark outside. Did I hear this correctly? Voices singing? At some distant, but nevertheless, music, voices, harmony. Listen closely George, is that Christmas Caroling? What? Dorothea heard! Yes, that's what it was. Christmas caroling. Somewhere in our neighborhood.

When we did a bit of searching, what did we find.
Here was a group of Carolers right there at our front yard! Fr. Jim Pappas, a fairly new priest here in Fresno, had assembled this group right there at just beyond our front door. In fact, they had been going from parishioner homes, one after another. And here they were, right here at our house. And they were harmonizing away, one carol after another. My goodness, what do we do now?

Well, Dorothea is a musician, a piano teacher most of her life. It was natural for her to invite these visitors into our home. In here, fortified with some warm refreshments, the group found seats in the living room, some in chairs, some on the carpeted floor, around Dort's seven-foot Grand Steinway piano. With Dorothea at the keyboard playing Christmas carols, the group simply began singing. Yes, even in four-part harmony.

Now back in our Southern California days, Dorothea's piano class would periodically gather for a recital. In this, all of her piano students would perform before an audience of parents. Refreshments always followed. Near Christmas time, the recital took on the singing of carols.
On one occasion, Dorothea had me recite the poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas" with an accompaniment from her keyboard. This concluded the recital.

But now, how long was this unrehearsed musical event? It is not recorded. But it was not trivial. And guess what? Dorothea began playing the accompaniment to "Twas the night Before Christmas"! Well. That brought me forward for my recital. We did it! What then followed was a reasonable visitation in Christmassing. And then it was time to go. The singing carolers had penetrated this household. The group had thrown out a welcome pennant to these newly arrived members of the community.
If I'm not mistaken, my formula of 'ten years for community integration and acceptance' was adjusted. It took our Christmas encounter with the youngsters of the Greek Orthodox Community of Fresno to achieve this adjustment. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!!!!

George is a retired Engineer for NASA (JPL-Jet Propulsion Laboratories) who helped engineer our first man into space. He has faithfully served parishes in Pasadena and Fresno, CA.

Christmas Food and Festivities

The Kalanda

On Christmas Eve Day in Greece, young people, carrying triangles, small drums, and harmonicas, go in groups from house to house, singing the *kalanda* (carols) about the birth of Christ. (See "Kalanda Christouyennon" below) Before singing the children ask the traditional question, "*Na ta poume*?" ("May we sing it for you?"). (The question is asked so that songs will not be sung at a house in mourning.) Some children carry small ships of cardboard, wood, or tin in honor of St. Basil who came to Greece by sea from his home in Caesarea to bring presents to the children. Decorated with the Greek flag and the word "Ellas," the ships hold the sweets and money given to each caroler at the end of the *kalanda*. Sometimes the children are welcomed into the house for treats. In America, this is a popular activity for Greek school students.

Sweets

The more traditional Christmas cookies are the white, powdery *kourabiethes* an the rich *melomakarona*. The cloves in the *kourabiethes* represents the spice of the wise men.

Christmas Bread (Christopsomo)

Christmas bread (Christopsomo) or kouloura tou Christou (round bread of Christ) graces the Christmas table. It is usually a round loaf often made with the same ingredients as Easter bread. Nuts and dried fruits may be added. Some families attend church on Christmas Eve and return home for a meal that begins with the cutting of the Christopsomo by the head of the household. Others wait until a main meal on Christmas Day. The head of the house makes the sign of the cross on the bread with a knife while saying, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," an then cuts a piece for each person with a wish of "*Kala Christouyena*" (Good Christmas") or "*Hronia Polla*" ("Many years"). (Recipe on next column.)

In Cyprus, special bread and pastries covered with sesame seeds and a cross on top are prepared. For blessings on the house, one will be hung from the beam of a ceiling or maybe in front of the home *ikonostasi* through Christmas or New Years Day.

Excerpt from the book: *A Guide to Greek Traditions and Customs in America, Second Edition;* Written by Marilyn Rouvelas; Publish by Attica Press, Bethesda, Maryland 1993/2002

Christopsomo or Kouloura Tou Christou Recipe

Ingredients:

1 package beer yeast or regular yeast
3-4 cups hot water
5 ½ pounds flour used for bread
3 cups plus 1 tsp sugar
1 cup extra virgin olive oil
1 cup fresh orange juice
1 tbsp ground cinnamon
1 tbsp ground coriander
1 tbsp ground fennel seeds
1 large egg, slightly beaten with 2 tbsp water
1/4 cup toasted pine nuts
3/4 cup chopped walnuts or blanched almonds
1 cup golden raisins
1/2 chopped dried apricots (Soak dries fruit is water for 1 hour)

1. Make the starter: In a large bowl dissolve the yeast in 1 cup hot water and add 1 cup flour. Mix well, cover the bowl, allowing the yeast to rise for an hour. Add 1 cup sugar, ½ cup oil, the orange juice and 1 cup flour. Mix with a wooden spoon, add more flour if necessary in order to make a soft dough. Knead until smooth. Let sit covered in a warm place until doubled in bulk, approx. 2 hours.

2. In another bowl, large enough to fit all the remaining ingredients, mix the rest of the flour, 2 cups sugar and spices. Create a well in the middle and place the starter there. Start kneading working progressively and adding the rest of the water in doses until you get a firm, yet smooth dough. Continue kneading, either by hand on a floured surface, or in a mixer with a dough hook (you might need to divide the dough mass to fit inside the mixing bowl). Knead until smooth, about 10-12 minutes. Add flour as needed to achieve the desired silky, non-sticky texture. Place the dough in an oiled bowl, cover with plastic wrap and leave to rise, about 2 hours, until doubled in bulk. You can also divide the dough and knead two or four pieces separately, leaving them, if desired in the same oiled bowl or in separate ones.

3. Once the dough has risen, punch it down again gently. Fold nuts and dried fruit into the dough (drain the dried fruit before incorporating). Depending on whether you have kept one big piece or four smaller ones, divide so that there are eight equal balls altogether. Shape these into ropes about 8 inches long. Take two per loaf and shape into a cross, pressing to secure in the middle. Let rest in oiled pans, covered with a kitchen towel, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour or so. Bake in a preheated oven at 390 degrees Fahrenheit. Brush with an egg wash. Bake until golden, about 40 minutes. Cool on a wire rack and serve. Wrapped well in cling film, the breads will last for about a week. Or, wrap well and freeze.

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St. Nicholas Senior Gazette

Family Wellness Ministry

"Connecting individuals, couples, families and clergy through the heart toward healthy Christ-centered relationships."
~Family Wellness Ministry Mission Statement

We have been created by God to connect with others face-to-face and heart-to-heart. We are called by our Lord to love, to listen, to care for and comfort. The Family Wellness Ministry of the Metropolis of San Francisco is established to bring families and loved ones together, to connect through the heart for deeper Christ-centered relationships.

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