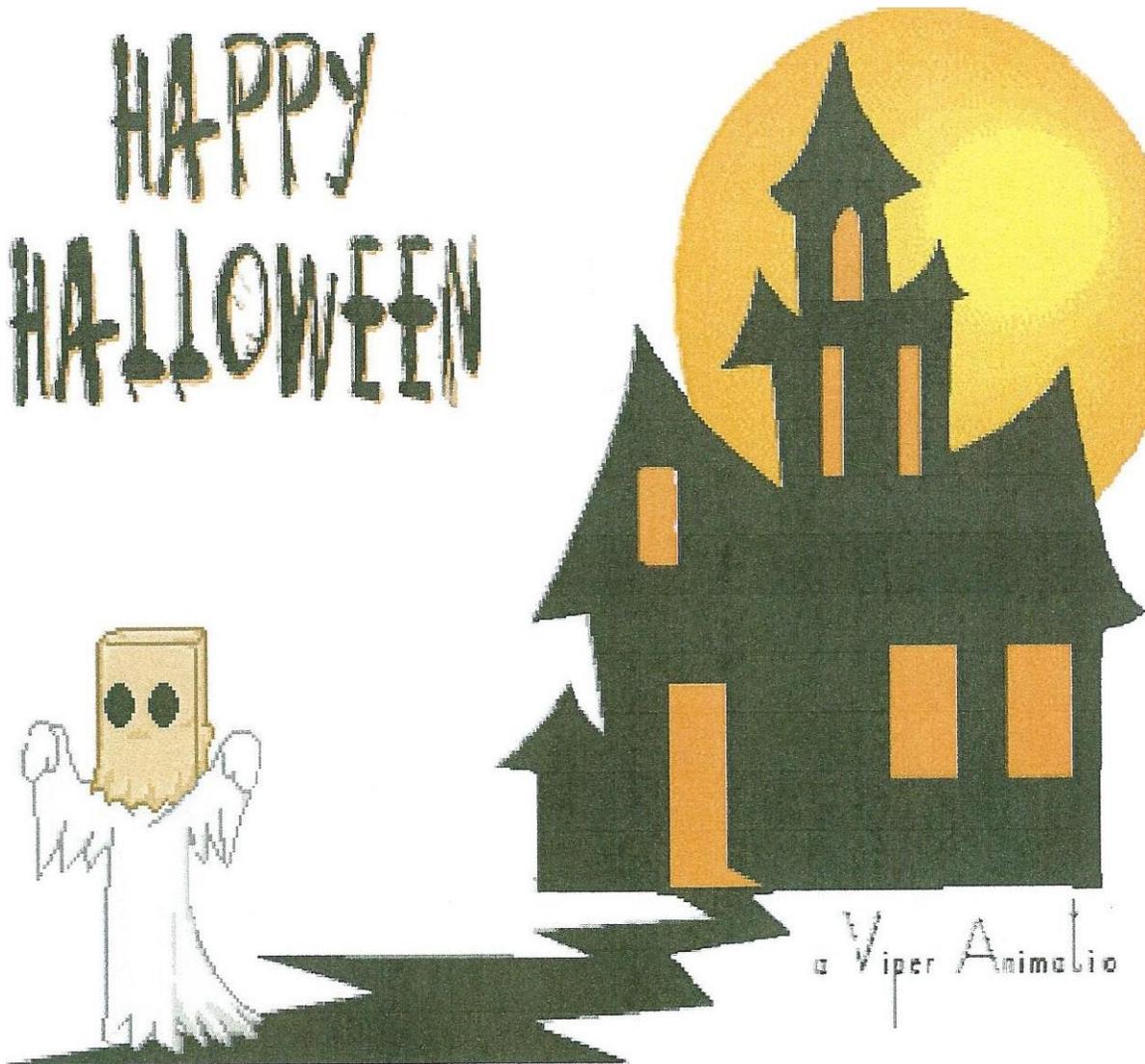


“THE MEADOWS MESSENGER”

Ann Dietz, Publisher

October 2016, Issue



August and September Financial Reports

We hope that you find this information helpful as you pray for this congregation and evaluate your giving and participation in the worship, work and mission of this part of the Body of Christ. Sincerely, the Session and Pastor

Tithes and Offerings needed for each week of this year = \$1,702.00. This figure is based on a total 2016 budget of \$88,504.00 which was approved by the Session on December 27, 2015.

AUGUST

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (4 weeks)	\$6,808.00
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (4 weeks)	\$6,029.00
This results in a budget shortage for this month	(\$779.00)
Total Expenses (4 weeks) resulting in a shortage for the month	\$6,088.34 (\$59.34)

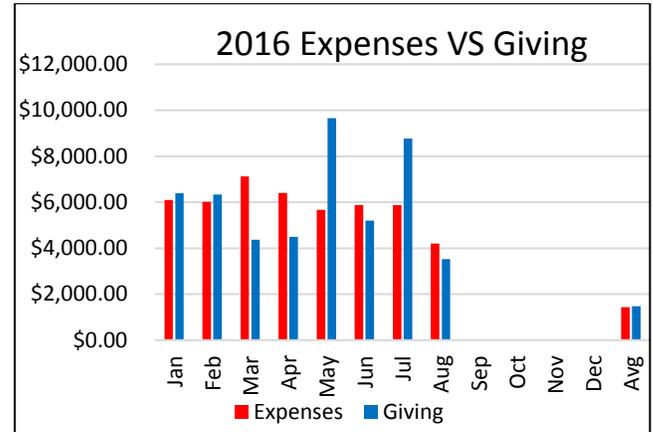
SEPTEMBER

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (3 of 4 weeks)	\$5,106.00
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (3 of 4 weeks)	\$2,785.00
This results in a budget shortage for this month	(\$2,321.00)
Total Expenses (3 of 4 weeks) resulting in a shortage for the month	\$6,596.40 (\$3,811.40)

YEAR-TO-DATE

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (38 weeks)	\$64,676.00
Actual Tithes and Offerings (38 weeks) received	\$53,960.00
This results in a budget shortage to this point	(\$10,716.00)
Total Expenses (38 weeks) This results in a shortage to expenses for the year	\$55,732.33 (\$1,772.33)

For those of you who understand a chart better than a bunch of numbers, below is the 'picture' of our YTD finances for September 2016 (through week 3):



Session Highlights

The Session has not met nor has taken any actions since the last newsletter.

The Pastor's Ponderings

Most Mondays, I receive two emails from groups whose mission is to provide information to pastors and church leaders for support of local congregations. Sometimes, those articles and resources are especially interesting and relevant to the situations we find ourselves facing in this congregation. The following article is a good one to help us regain our perspective on opportunities God's people might have as we wonder about the future of this country and struggle to make wise decision about who we will elect to lead this country, this state and this church for the next years.

When the Walls Come Tumbling Down by David Brubaker*

Trust in our institutions – and in institutional leaders – is crumbling. Put simply, our society and our world are changing much too rapidly for our institutions to keep pace. As a result, many view our great institutions of the 20th century as incompetent at best and corrupt at worst. Religious institutions are no exception.

In 1964, more than three-quarters of Americans (77%) said they could trust the federal government “just about always or most of the time.” But in 2015, less than a fifth (19%) expressed the same level of trust, with only 6% saying they trusted Congress. Corporations haven’t fared any better. While small businesses tend to be more trusted, only 18% of Americans told Gallup, this June, that they trust “big business” a “great deal” or “quite a lot.”

Since the sexual abuse scandals of the 1990s, religious institutions have also seen a dramatic decline in trust levels, with less than half (41%) of Americans now professing trust in “organized religion.” Of all institutions, the one most distant from the great majority of Americans continues to hold the highest trust levels – 73% of Americans report a “great deal” or “quite a lot of trust” in the military.

A 2012 article by Ron Fournier and Sophie Quinton in *The Atlantic Monthly*, “How America Lost Trust in our Greatest Institutions,” summarizes the current institutional crisis: Government, politics, corporations, the media, organized religion, organized labor, banks, businesses, and other mainstays of a healthy society are failing. It’s not just that the institutions are corrupt or broken; those clichés oversimplify an existential problem: With few notable exceptions, the nation’s onetime social pillars are ill-equipped for the 21st century. Most critically, they are failing to adapt quickly enough for a population buffeted by wrenching economic, technological, and demographic change.

The primary consequence for leaders of this pervasive loss of trust in institutions is that institutional leaders are seldom given any benefit of the doubt. Leaders today are much more likely to be perceived as acting in “bad faith” than they were even 30 years ago when I began to consult with organizations. Ignoring Ronald Reagan’s dictum of the 1980s, “Trust, but verify,” some organizational members today take a very different approach to leaders: “Distrust, then distance.”

The toll of this dramatic cultural shift on congregational leaders has been profound. Although only one percent of pastors leave the pulpit each year for reasons other than death or retirement, 54% of pastors find their role “frequently overwhelming.” Leadership in an age of declining institutions is a very rocky road.

There is a bright side to this implosion of trust in institutions. “We have lost our gods,” says Laura Hansen, an Assistant Professor of Sociology at Western New England University in Massachusetts. Institutions, it turns out, are deeply fallible human constructions. We were mistaken to ever put our trust in them. As a colleague responded when I confessed to having become completely disillusioned with a particular religious organization, “What gave you the right to be illusioned [trusting] in the first place?”

As the walls come tumbling down around our institutional infrastructures, the local congregation may emerge as the ideal locale to build genuine community rather than institutional structures. Local congregations offer two critical [resources] no national institution can match: face-to-face connections and local decision-making.

The combination of interpersonal relationships and individual agency equips congregations to stand in stark contrast to large institutions, which tend to be both impersonal and disempowering. Along with a third function of religious communities – meaning-making – congregations meet three of the most fundamental human needs (affiliation, autonomy, and meaning). Of course, in order to live up to their promise, local congregations need to organize themselves to support these core strengths.

Interpersonal relationships can be enhanced through opportunities for “coffee fellowship,” shared meals, and religious education for all ages. Individual agency is enhanced when congregational members are encouraged to speak into decision-making processes and invited to serve on task forces and teams that welcome their

participation. Meaning-making occurs through the rituals, artifacts, and stories that are core to every religious tradition.

The walls are indeed tumbling down on the institutional era of religious life. Our national religious bodies are in steep decline and our regional structures [presbyteries and synods] are struggling just to survive. But the local congregation, with its unique ability to bring people together, allow them to shape their community life, and provide meaning, remains a beacon of hope for the future of religious life in this country.

So, readers of this newsletter, in what ways do we as God's people in the world help to build a sense of community with others, help people learn to make wise decisions and provide foundational meaning for the lives of those we know and love? OR, to ask the question in a more theological way: in what ways do we as believers in God, help others find care and belonging, guidance and direction, and value and purpose for their lives so that they will find a 'sure foundation' as the walls of our various institutions (governmental, financial, social and religious) crumble and fall?

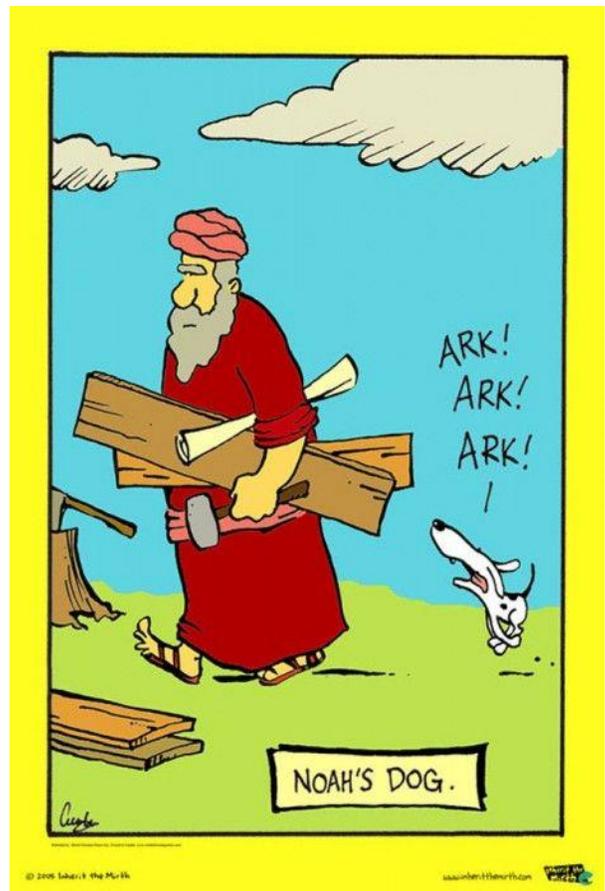
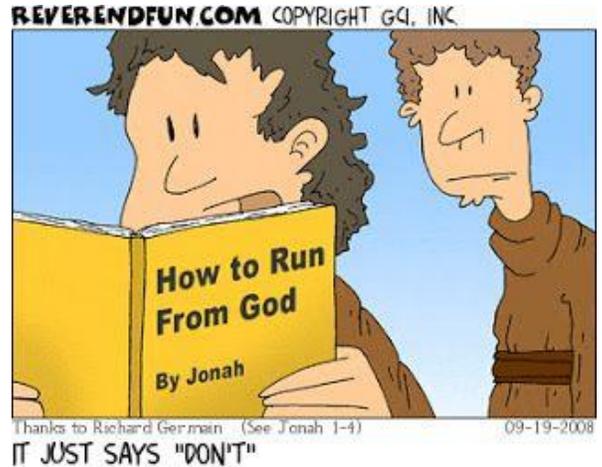
Our answers to this question just might help us understand how God is calling us to engage the communities in which we live.

Pastor Yvonne

*David Brubaker is a consultant on organizational development and conflict transformation in the U.S. and in a dozen other countries. He is the author of Promise and Peril, an Alban book on managing change and conflict in congregations. David holds a PhD from the University of Arizona and an MBA from Eastern University, and teaches organizational studies as an associate professor at Eastern Mennonite University, in Harrisonburg, VA.

The article was copied from:
<http://www.congregationalconsulting.org/walls-come-tumbling/>

And now, for a few laughs (or smiles) ...



“Shopping In Heaven”

If you cheat others, you end up cheating yourself. Take time to read the very last sentence! Enjoy!

As I was walking down life's highway many years ago; I came upon a sign that read, “Heaven's Grocery Store”. When I got a little closer, the

doors swung open wide; and when I came to myself, I was standing inside.

I saw a host of angels. They were standing everywhere. One handed me a basket and said, "My child, shop with care."

Everything a human needed was in that grocery store; and what you couldn't carry, you could come back for later. First I got some patience, love was in that same row; further down was understanding. You need that everywhere you go. I got a box or two of wisdom and faith a bag or two; and charity of course, I would need some of that too. I couldn't miss the Holy Ghost, it was all over the place. And then some strength and courage to help me run this race. My basket was getting full, but I remembered, I needed grace. And then I chose salvation; for salvation was for free; I tried to get enough of that to do for you and me.

Then I started to the counter to pay my grocery bill; for now I thought I had everything to do the Master's will. As I went up the aisle, I saw prayer and put that in; for I knew when I stepped outside, I would soon run into sin.

Peace and joy were plentiful, the last things on the shelf; songs and praise were hanging near, so I just helped myself. Then I said to the angel, "Now how much do I owe?"

He smiled and said, "Just take them everywhere you go."

Again I asked, "Really now, how much do I owe?"

"My child" he said, "Jesus paid your bill a long, long time ago." Amen.



"The Pink Dress"

There was this little girl sitting by herself in the park. Everyone passed by her and never stopped to see why she looked so sad. Dressed in a worn pink dress, barefoot, and dirty, the girl just sat and watched the people go by. She never tried to speak. She never said a word. Many people passed by her, but no one would stop.

The next day I decided to go back to the park in curiosity to see if the little girl would still be there. Yes, she was there, right in the very spot where she was yesterday, and still with the same sad look in her eyes. Today I was to make my own move and walk over to the little girl. For as we all know, a park full of strange people is not a place for young children to play alone.

As I got closer, I could see the back of the little girl's dress. It was grotesquely shaped. I figured that was the reason people just passed by and made no effort to speak to her.

Deformities are a low blow to our society and, heaven forbid if you make a step toward assisting someone who is different. When I got closer, the little girl lowered her eyes slightly to avoid my intent stare. As I approached her, I could see the shape of her back more clearly. She was grotesquely shaped in a humped over form. I smiled to let her know it was ok; I was there to help, to talk.

I sat down beside her and opened with a simple, "Hello". The little girl acted shocked, and stammered a "Hi". After a long stare into my eyes. I smiled and she shyly smiled back. We talked until darkness fell and the park was completely empty. I asked the girl why she was so sad.

The little girl looked at me with a sad face said, "Because, I'm different."

I immediately said, "That you are!" and smiled.

The little girl acted even sadder and said, "I know."

“Little girl,” I said, “You remind me of an angel, sweet and innocent.”

She looked at me and smiled, then slowly she got to her feet and said, “Really?”

“Yes, you're like a little Guardian Angel sent to watch over all the people walking by.”

She nodded her head yes, and smiled. With that she opened the back of her pink dress and allowed her wings to spread, then she said, “I am.” “Actually, I'm your Guardian Angel.”

I was speechless, sure I was seeing things. She said, “For once you thought of someone other than yourself. My job here is done.”

I got to my feet and said, “Wait, why did no one stop to help an Angel?”

She looked at me, smiled, and said, “You are the only one that could see me,” and she was gone. And with that, my life was changed dramatically.

So, when you think you are all you have, remember, your angel is always watching over you. Like the story says, we all need someone ... and, every one of your friends are Angels in their own way. The value of a friend is measured in the heart.

Author Unknown

“Burns”

A young man sprinkling his lawn and bushes with pesticides wanted to check the contents of the barrel to see how much pesticide remained in it. He raised the cover and lit his lighter; the vapors ignited and engulfed him. He jumped from his truck, screaming.

His neighbor came out of her house with a dozen eggs and a bowl yelling; “Bring me some more eggs!” She broke them, separating the whites from the yolks. The neighbor woman helped her apply the whites onto the young man's face. When the ambulance arrived and the EMTs saw the young man, they asked who had done this. Everyone pointed to the lady in charge. They

congratulated her and said: “You have saved his face.”

At the end of summer, the young man brought the lady a bouquet of roses to thank her. His face was like a baby's skin.

A healing miracle for Burns: Keep in mind this treatment of burns is being included in teaching beginner fireman. First Aid consists of first spraying cold water on the affected area until the heat is reduced which stops the continued burning of all layers of the skin. Then spread the egg whites onto the affected area.

One woman burned a large part of her hand with boiling water. In spite of the pain, she ran cold faucet water on her hand, separated 2 egg whites from the yolks, beat them slightly and dipped her hand in the solution, the whites then dried and formed a protective layer. She continued doing this for at least one hour to apply layer upon layer of beaten egg whites. By afternoon she no longer felt any pain and the next day there was hardly a trace of the burn. Ten days later, no trace was left at all and her skin had regained its normal color.

She later learned that the egg white is a natural collagen. The burned area was totally regenerated, thanks to the collagen in the egg whites, a placenta full of vitamins.

Since this information could be helpful to everyone: Won't you please pass it on?

“The Silent Treatment”

A man and his wife were having some problems at home and were giving each other the silent treatment. Suddenly, the man realized that the next day, he would need his wife to wake him at 5:00 a.m. for an early morning business flight. Not wanting to be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper, “Please wake me at 5:00 a.m.” He left it where he knew she would find it.

The next morning, the man woke up, only to discover it was 9:00 a.m. and he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to go and see why

his wife hadn't awakened him, when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed. The paper said, "It is 5:00 a.m. Wake up."

Men are not equipped for these kinds of contests.

God may have created man before woman, but there is always a rough draft before the masterpiece.

Relationships are a lot like algebra. Have you ever looked at your X and wondered Y?

"An Eagle Kiss – Amazing Story"

This is the kind of story you need when it seems like the world is spiraling out of control. Not many people get a picture of this proud bird snuggled up next to them!

Freedom and I have been together eleven years this summer. When she came in as a baby in 1998 she could not stand and broken wings were broken. Her left wing doesn't open all the way even after surgery. It was broken in 4 places. She was emaciated and covered in lice. We made the decision to give her a chance at life, so I took her to the vet's office.

From then on, I was always around her. We had her in a huge dog carrier with the top off, and it was loaded up with shredded newspaper for her to lie in. I used to sit and talk to her, urging her to live, to fight; and she would lay there looking at me with those big brown eyes. We also had to tube feed her. This went on for 4-6 weeks, and even then she still couldn't stand. It got to the point when the decision was made to euthanize her if she couldn't stand in a week. You know you don't want to cross that line between torture and rehab, and it looked like death was winning.

She was going to be put down that Friday, and I was supposed to come in on that Thursday afternoon. I didn't want to go to the center that Thursday, because I couldn't bear the thought of her being euthanized; but I went anyway, and when I walked in everyone was grinning from ear

to ear. I went immediately back to her cage; and there she was standing on her own, a big beautiful eagle. She was ready to live. I was just about in tears by then.

That was a very good day. We knew she could never fly, so the director asked me to glove train her. I got her used to the glove, and then to jesses, and we started doing education programs for schools in Western Washington. We wound up in the newspapers, radio (believe it or not) and some TV spots. Miracle Pets even did a show about us.

In spring of 2000, I was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. It was stage three, which is not good (one major organ plus everywhere) so, I wound up doing eight months of chemo. I lost my hair – the whole bit – and missed a lot of work. When I felt good enough, I would go to Sarvey and take Freedom out for walks. She would also come to me in my dreams and help me fight the cancer. This happened time and time again.

Fast forward to November 2000. The day after Thanksgiving, I went in for my last checkup. I was told that if the cancer was not all gone after eight rounds of chemo, then my last option was a stem cell transplant. Anyway, they did the tests; and I had to come back Monday for the results. I went in Monday, and was told that all the cancer was gone.

So the first thing I did was get up to Sarvey and take the big girl out for a walk. It was misty and cold. I went to her flight and jessed her up, and we went out front to top of the hill. I hadn't said a word to Freedom, but somehow she knew. She looked at me and wrapped both her wings around me to where I could feel them pressing in on my back (I was engulfed in eagle wings). Then she touched my nose with her beak and stared into my eyes. We just stood there like that for I don't know how long.

It was a magic moment. We have been soul mates ever since she came in. This is a very special bird.

On a side note: I have had people who were sick come up to us when we are out, and Freedom has

some kind of hold on them. I once had a guy who was terminally ill come up to us and I let him hold her. His knees just about buckled and he swore he could feel her power course through his body. I have so many stories like that.

I never forget the honor I have of being so close to such the magnificent spirit as Freedom!! Hope you have enjoyed this!



“Old Pecan Tree”

On the outskirts of a small town, there was a big, old pecan tree just inside the cemetery fence. One day, two boys filled up a bucket with nuts and sat down by the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts. “One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me,” said one boy. Several dropped and rolled down toward the fence.

Another boy came riding along the road on his bicycle. As he passed, he thought he heard voices from inside the cemetery. He slowed down to investigate. Sure enough, he heard, “One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me”

He just knew what it was. He jumped back on his bike and rode off. Just around the bend he met an old man with a cane, hobbling along.

“Come here quick,” said the boy, “you won't believe what I heard! Satan and the Lord are down at the cemetery dividing up the souls!”

The man said, “Beat it kid. Can't you see it's hard for me to walk.”

When the boy insisted though, the man hobbled slowly to the cemetery. Standing by the fence they

heard, “One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me.”

The old man whispered, “Boy, you've been tellin' me the truth. Let's see if we can see the Lord.”

Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, but were still unable to see anything. The old man and the boy gripped the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of the Lord.

At last they heard, “One for you, one for me. That's all. Now let's go get those nuts by the fence and we'll be done.”

They say the old man was ahead for a good half-mile before the kid on the bike passed him.



“A Retiree's Last Trip to Costco”

Yesterday, I was at Costco buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for my loyal pet, Necco, the Wonder Dog, which weighs 191 lbs. I was in the check-out line when a woman behind me asked if I had a dog. What did she think I had, an elephant?

So because I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her no, I didn't have a dog, I was starting the Purina Diet again. I added that I probably shouldn't, because I ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IV's in both arms.

I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is, to load your jacket pockets with Purina Nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry. The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was

going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in line now enthralled with my story.)

Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care, because the dog food poisoned me. I told her, "No, I stopped to use the bathroom on a fire hydrant and a car hit me."

I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard.

Costco won't let me shop there anymore. Better watch what you ask retired people. They have all the time in the world to think of crazy things to say.



"Why Seniors Still Need Newspapers"

I was visiting my daughter last night and asked if I could borrow a newspaper. "This is the 21st Century", she said. "We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, use my iPad."

I tell you this, that darn fly never knew what hit him.

"Wedding Ceremony"

At a wedding ceremony, the pastor asked if anyone had anything to say concerning the union of the bride and groom, it was their time to stand up and talk, or forever hold their peace. The moment of utter silence was broken by a young beautiful woman carrying a child. She started walking toward the pastor slowly, everything quickly turned to chaos. The bride slapped the groom, the groom's mother fainted. The groomsmen started giving each other looks and wondering how best to help save the situation.

The pastor asked the woman, "Can you tell us why you came forward? What do you have to say?" The woman replied, "We can't hear in the back."



Two Norman soldiers were relaxing after the Battle of Hastings in 1066. "What a battle! What a victory!" one exclaimed. "Think of it, someday, children at their lessons will read about this as one of the turning points in history. And we were there."

"Perhaps," the other replied. "But I think they will be shielded from most of the details."

"Why?" the first soldier asked. "They need to know what happened here."

The other shook his head and replied, "Too much Saxon violence."

A departing hotel guest paying his bill yelled to the bellboy, "Quick, run upstairs and see if I left my briefcase and overcoat. I've got to catch my train. Hurry!" Four minutes later, the bellboy was back, out of breath. "Yes, sir," he reported, "they're up there."

"Meat Pita Pockets"

- 1) 1 1/2 lbs ground beef, browned and drained
- 2) 1 can chicken gumbo soup, undiluted
- 3) 1/3 cup chili sauce
- 4) 6 pita pockets

Mix first three ingredients together and simmer for 5 to 10 minutes. Spoon filling into pita pockets. Serve.

What's Happening at QMPC

Elders on Call Schedule

October 02-08 – James Sanford
 October 09-15 – Riddle Smith
 October 16-22 – Doris Whisnant
 October 23-29 – Rich Bruder

Children's Sermons & Downstairs Workers

October 02 – Ruth Pershing & Betty Williams
 October 09 – Darleen Caputo & Gladys Ross
 October 16 – Heather Kramer (visiting shut-ins)
 October 23 – Ruth Pershing & ?
 October 30 – Darleen Caputo & Leila Bruder

Other Happenings at QMPC

October 01 – Chicken Pie & Ham Supper 4:00-7:00 pm
 October 05 – Bible Study, New Fellowship Building @ 6:00 pm
 October 06 – Bible Study, Manse @ 12:30 pm
 October 09 – Pastor Appreciation Luncheon, following worship
 October 10 – Circle #1, meeting, Ruth Preston's House @ 10:00 am
 October 12 – Bible Study, New Fellowship Building @ 6:00 pm
 October 13 – Bible Study, Manse @ 12:30 pm
 October 19 – Bible Study, New Fellowship Building @ 6:00 pm
 October 20 – Bible Study, Manse @ 12:30 pm
 October 24 – Circle #2 Meeting, Downstairs Fellowship Hall @ 6:00 pm
 October 26 – Bible Study, New Fellowship Building @ 6:00 pm
 October 27 – Bible Study, Manse @ 12:30 pm

“Creamy Dill Dip”

- 1) 1 cup miracle whip
- 2) 2 tbs onion, finely chopped
- 3) 1 tps milk
- 4) 1 tps dill

Mix all ingredients and chill. Serve with fresh veggies.

“Coconut Pie”

- 1) 3 eggs
- 2) 1/4 cup buttermilk
- 3) 2/3 cup butter, melted
- 4) 2 cups (7ozs) flaked coconut

Mix all ingredients and pour into pie shell. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

Looking confused, a boy asked his father, “Daddy, are you still growing?”

“I don't believe so,” the father replied. “Why?”

“Because the top of your head is poking up through your hair.”
