

# “THE MEADOWS MESSENGER”

Ann Dietz, Publisher

March 2017, Issue



## January and February 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 = \$1,704.42. This figure is based on a total 2017 budget of \$90,334.00 which was approved by the Session.

### JANUARY

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (5 weeks)	\$8,522.08
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (5 weeks)	\$6,038.00
This results in a budget <b>shortage</b> for this month	(\$2,434.08)
Total Expenses (5 weeks) resulting in a <b>shortage</b> for the month	(\$1,553.77)

### FEBRUARY

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (3 weeks)	\$5,113.25
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (3 weeks)	\$4,815.00
This results in a budget <b>shortage</b> for this month	(\$298.25)
Total Expenses (3 weeks) resulting in an <b>overage</b> for the month	\$1,250.00

### YEAR-TO-DATE

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (8 weeks)	\$13,635.32
Actual Tithes and Offerings (8 weeks) received	\$10,853.00
This results in a budget <b>shortage</b> to this point	(\$2,782.32)
Total Expenses (8 weeks) This results in a <b>shortage</b> to expenses for the year	(\$303.27)

## Session Highlights

### Called Meeting – January 29<sup>th</sup>

A brief meeting was called following worship for the purpose of receiving Walter Ramseur back into membership by transfer of letter. The motion was unanimously approved. Walter will be moving soon from his home in Milbrae, CA to a retirement community in Portland, OR but wishes for his permanent church membership to be with us. He also said that he plans to spend several months out of the year in Morganton. The next time Walter is in town, we will officially welcome him into the congregation.

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### The Pastor's Ponderings

The season of Lent begin on March 05<sup>th</sup>. The word 'lent' comes from the Anglo Saxon word *lencten*, which means "spring." On the church calendar Lent is the forty days from Ash Wednesday through Holy Saturday and represents the time Jesus spent in the wilderness, enduring the temptations of Satan and preparing to begin his ministry. During the season of Lent we focus our attention on repentance, fasting and preparation for the death and resurrection of Jesus, through practices of self-examination and reflection.

Below is an article from the February 13<sup>th</sup> Presbyterian Outlook by Nadine Ellsworth-Moran titled "What Makes Space Sacred?" which can help us begin our Lenten reflections.

In attempts to speak about sacred space, we often run into the twin dilemmas of definition and tangibility, or perhaps, lack thereof. What makes any space sacred, set apart. holy or "other" for us? Is it the structure? Does it have to be a structure? Or is it an intersection of the concrete and inexpressible? There are certain points throughout the biblical canon that we look to and think of as sacred moments, and usually the places where those events occurred become associated with the sense of sacred though the event is long past.

Moses on Mt. Sinai, Jacob at Bethel, the Jordan River, Golgotha and the empty tomb all come

swiftly to mind – places associated most directly with the presence of God in some perceptible form like thunder, cloud, or fire – or actually incarnate in Jesus – that cause one to declare, as Jacob did: “Surely the Lord is in this place, and I did not know it! ... How awesome is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.” (Genesis 28:16-17)

Places like these are fixed “God moments” in Scripture through which we receive a special revelation or teaching; however, we remain so far removed from these events ourselves that they are placed in the category of sacred story, outside of our ability to cross the page and enter into that space ourselves.

Then there is the temple: the place where the ordinary believer could at least approach the holy of holies and be “near God” while the priests entered the inner sanctum on their behalf.... According to “The Dictionary of Biblical Imagery,” the Temple was “not only the place of sacrifice but also the art gallery, music plaza, and poetry library” for the people. Does the design and use of space then contribute directly to our interpretation of “sacred”?

Museums, for example, have carefully employed the use of light, confined or expansive spaces, sound, art and artifacts to create a particular experience for the patron. The manipulation of the cultural or religious objects has the potential to elicit a response of reverence, peace, reflection, sorrow, empathy, and perhaps a sense of the sacred. If, that is, we believe that sacred space can be something created in the first place. Gretchen Bugglen, in her article “Museum Space and the Experience of the Sacred” published in *Material Religion*, cites Tony Hiss from “In the Experience of Place” who wrote about a particular kind of strong physical reaction that humans have to hushed, vast, open space, especially when it contrasts with the hustle and bustle of life on the outside. ... It is an architectural grandeur; we feel expanded at the same time we sense a relationship to something much bigger and more powerful than ourselves.”

We come across such spaces in a variety of contexts, whether or not it was designed with the sacred in mind, where the human being becomes small in comparison with the vaulted expanse of ceiling or sky and our minds turn to questions of mortality, truth, or the “otherness” of the divine. Such spaces tend to channel the imagination toward something akin to the psalmist’s reflection: “When I look at your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars that you have established; what are human beings that you are mindful of them, mortals that you care for them?” (Psalm 8:3-4)

When I asked some congregants and friends from other denominations how they defined sacred space, the answers were (not surprisingly) varied. Several noted that sacred space held a special memory or had a personal or corporate history attached to it that was remembered each time they entered that space. Some cited spaces that encouraged a willingness to be awed or to find beauty and imagination at work in their midst. Others recalled spaces that allowed for openness to God’s presence – where one might even feel compelled to set a stone marker like the Hebrew tribes after crossing the Jordan and say, “God was here with us, right here at this spot.” Yet others equated a profound sense of safety, belonging or peace with sacred space, which might be at the bedside of a dying loved one as much as in any church. All of them are correct in their definitions because sacred space is not sacred on its own; it becomes sacred because of events that take place in it, where there is a tangible interaction between the divine and human. Therefore, sacred space defies clear definition.

What then is the role of physical space and are churches called to address this? The Book of Order speaks of created space for worship as locations arranged in such a way as to “invite and express God’s presence” while recognizing that God cannot “be confined to any one place.” Churches are now faced with competing ideas of “worship space,” and spaces that are serving as sanctuaries may look and feel like anything but the traditional church in its architecture or interior

design. With some congregations meeting in alternate, secular venues such as coffee houses, movie theaters or warehouse-style buildings with little to no traditional church reference points, are we undermining congregants' ability to attend to the sacred?

Allan Effa noted, "Humans are context-sensitive communicators; the atmosphere and symbols that surround us convey an important part of a given message." It then becomes necessary for churches and church leaders to think carefully about what their space is actually communicating and whether the structure and design of their space is helping or hindering understanding of the theological perspective of the denomination as well as creating room for reflection on what is not seen. Churches do this by providing visual cues or other auditory or touchable stimuli that direct the focus away from secular concerns to consider more deeply the work, relationship and presence of God in our lives and in our world, as well as in the immediate space. A physical space can facilitate our encounter or awareness of God by encouraging us to be drawn outside ourselves, focused on the holy and open to God's presence with us.

We are called to remember that God is always in our midst; in fact, God precedes us into every space and time. Therefore, the space where we worship and celebrate the sacraments should serve as a reminder of this and convey at least the possibility of encountering the real presence of God. Even so, there is still the uncontainable, uncontrollable, unmanufactured factors of divine encounter that belong to God alone. Only when and where our lives intersect with our living God does space become sacred, with God nearer than we hoped, perhaps even nearer than we feared.

Can we create sacred space? Not really. Because the part that makes it truly sacred is not anything we can manufacture. The sacred meets us there and abides with us in that space in a way we often cannot hold onto once we leave, but may find again and again when we return. Does that mean that God is contained somehow? Not at all, but in

those spaces, which are not the same for everyone, we are opened to receive the presence of the holy. And when we want, desire, yearn for that knowledge, to know and to be known by our God, then we may find ourselves in sacred space, where we recognize there is the thinnest of veils between our worlds and God is powerfully present. So much so, that we sometimes catch our breath lest we tear the veil by merely exhaling. These are the places where our prayers push through and are taken up so quickly that we almost feel them being extracted from our bodies from hidden places that we didn't even realize were crying out to God within us. Then we know, surely God is in this place, this sacred space. (The end of the Outlook article)

(This is your pastor talking now ...) So, what is a sacred space for you? Where do you sense God's presence in a real and powerful way? It might be in the sanctuary of our church building (and I hope that is one of your sacred places), but in keeping with my recent sermon "We Are God's Tabernacle", I believe that God goes with us wherever we go – and in fact, God goes before us to meet us when we arrive. So, sacred spaces and sacred places can be found everywhere we are – everywhere we sense God 'with us'.

Below are some photos of sacred places (other than our sanctuary) for me:



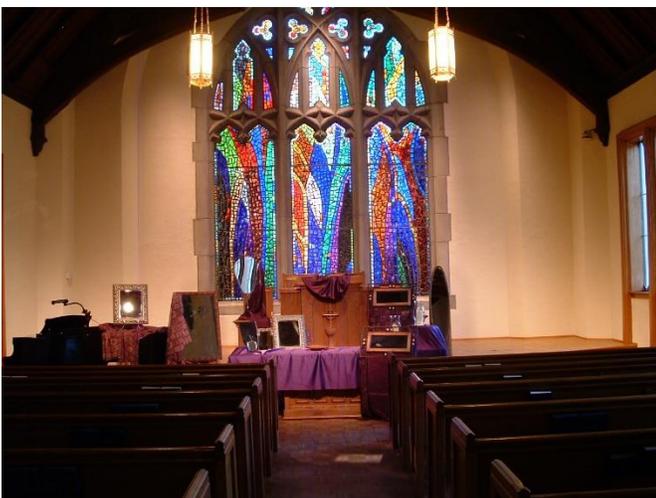
El Morro National Monument in Ramah, New Mexico (By the way, Ramah is a Hebrew word meaning "height".)



The Grand Canyon, Arizona



Amicalola Falls, near Dawsonville, Georgia



Campbell Chapel, Columbia Theological Seminary, Decatur, Georgia



The North Carolina mountains

And so, as we begin our Lenten journey his year, may you encounter God often, everywhere you go in your daily lives.

*Pastor Yvonne*

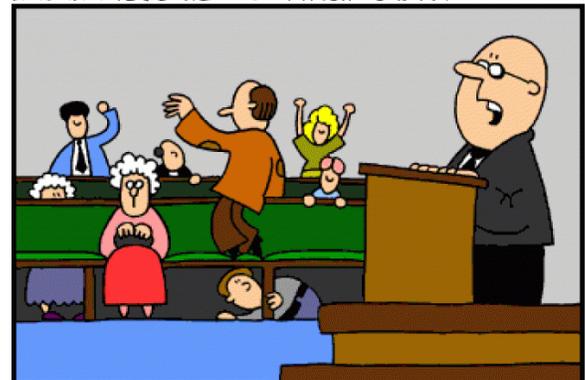
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Sometimes ....



Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, Hawaii (I visited the island of Oahu in November of 2004.)

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Thanks to John Ramsey

03-06-1998

I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK ... BUT I'M REALLY STARTING TO FEEL LIKE KEEPER OF THE ZOO

## Spring Time Poems

Since spring will begin on March 20<sup>th</sup>, I went online and found some poems for spring that I thought would be appropriate for the season. I just love spring time.

Listed below are some of the poems I found:

### “Springtime”

Springtime is garden time,  
Garden time, garden time,  
Get your spades and come outdoors,  
Springtime is here!  
Springtime is planting time,  
Planting time, planting time,  
Get your seeds and come outdoors,  
Springtime is here!  
Springtime is jumping time,  
Jumping time, jumping time,  
Get your ropes and come outdoors,  
Springtime is here!  
Springtime is singing time,  
Singing time, singing time,  
Children sing a happy song.  
Springtime is here!

### “Spring”

I love the spring.  
For every day  
There's something new  
That's come to stay.  
Another bud  
Another bird  
Another blade  
The sun has stirred.

### “Surprise”

Close your eyes  
And do not peek  
And I'll rub "spring"  
Across your cheek.  
Soft as velvet  
Smooth and sleek  
Close your eyes  
And do not peek.

### “Pussy Willow”

Tiny little pussy willow  
Softer than a baby's pillow,  
Sometimes when I stroke your fur  
I can almost hear you purr.

### “The Willow Cats”

They call them pussy willows,  
But there's no cat to see,  
Except the little furry toes  
That stick out on the trees.  
  
I think that very long ago  
When I was just born new,  
There must have been whole pussy cats  
Where just the toes stick through.  
  
And every spring it worries me,  
I cannot ever find  
Those willow cats that run away  
And left their toes behind.

### “Hello”

Spring comes hurrying  
Over the hill  
Phoning the news  
Through a daffodil.

### “A Robin”

I wonder how a robin hears.  
I never yet have seen his ears.  
But I have seen him tip his head,  
And pull a worm right out of bed.

### “What the Robin Told”

The wind told the grasses,  
And the grasses told the trees,  
The trees told the bushes,  
And the bushes told the bees,  
The bees told the robin,  
And the robin sang out clear;  
Wake up! Wake up!  
Spring is here!  
Spring is here!

## **I Spent a Minute & Hope You Will Too.**

With what is going on in the world these days, Heaven could end up a ghost town? My name is God. You hardly have time for me. I love you and will always bless you. I am always with you. I need you to spend 60 seconds of your time with me today.

Don't pray, just praise. Today, I want this message to go around the world before midnight. Will you help? And I'll help you with something you are in need; even if just some quiet time. Just dare me! A blessing is coming your way. Please drop everything and pass this on to others.

Why are prayers getting shorter, but bars and clubs are enlarging and expanding? Why is it so easy to worship a celebrity, but very difficult to walk with me? Think about it, will you offer a prayer just now, or are you going to ignore doing so, because you don't have time for me? I have said, if you deny me before your friends, I will deny you on Judgment Day. What I say, I keep! When one door closes, I open two more. If I have opened doors for you, pass this message along to others, bless them for me. Thanks!

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### **Why**

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why do supermarkets make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front?

Why do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a diet coke?

Why do banks leave vault doors open and then chain the pens to the counters?

Why do we leave cars worth thousands of dollars in our driveways and put our useless junk in the garage?

Why does the sun lighten our hair, but darken our skin?

Why can't women put on mascara with their mouth closed?

Why don't you ever see the headline "Psychic Wins Lottery"?

Why is "abbreviated" such a long word?

Why is it that doctors and attorneys call what they do "practice"?

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavoring and dish washing liquid made with real lemons?"

Why is the man who invests your money called a "broker"?

Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

Why do they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?

You know that indestructible black box that is used on airplanes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff?

Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?

Why are they called apartments when they are all stuck together?

If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?

Now that you've smiled at least once, it's your turn to spread the stupidity to someone you want to bring a smile to or (maybe even a chuckle) ... in other words, tell everyone. We all need to smile every once in a while.



## Old People Pride

I'm passing this on to you, since I don't want to be the only "Old People" receiving it. Actually, it's not a bad thing to be called, as you will see.

Old People are easy to spot at sporting events; during the playing of the National Anthem, Old People remove their caps, cover their hearts, stand at attention and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.

Old People remember World War II, Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Normandy, and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Age, the Korean War, The Cold War, the Jet Age and the Moon landing. They remember the 50 plus Peacekeeping Missions from 1945 to 2005, not to mention Vietnam.

If you bump into an Old Person on the sidewalk he will apologize. If you pass Old People on the street, he will nod or tip his cap to a lady. Old People trust strangers, are polite to women and treat them with great respect. Old People hold the door for the next person and always, when walking, make certain the lady is on the inside for protection.

Old People get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like any filth or dirty language on TV or in movies. Old People have moral courage and personal integrity. They seldom brag unless it's about their children, grandchildren or their animals.

It's the Old People who know our great country is protected, not by politicians, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country. This country needs Old People with their work ethic, sense of responsibility, pride in their country, and decent values. We need them now more than ever.

Thank God for Old People!!!

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## Seniors under Attack

This is happening right here in our own country! We must stop this immediately! Have you noticed

that stairs are getting steeper, groceries are heavier, and everything is farther away.

Yesterday I walked to the corner and I was dumbfounded to discover how long our street had become! And, you know, people are less considerate now, especially the young ones. They speak in whispers all the time! If you ask them to speak up they just keep repeating themselves, endlessly mouthing the same silent message until they're red in the face! What do they think I am, a lip reader?

I also think they are much younger than I was at the same age. On the other hand, people my own age are so much older than I am. I ran into an old friend the other day and she has aged so much that she didn't even recognize me.

I got to thinking about the poor dear while I was combing my hair this morning, and in doing so, I glanced at my own reflection well, REALLY NOW – even mirrors are not made the way they used to be!

Another thing, everyone drives so fast these days! You're risking life and limb if you happen to pull onto the freeway in front of them. All I can say is, their brakes must wear out awfully fast, the way I see them screech and swerve in my rear view mirror.

Clothing manufacturers are less civilized these days. Why else would they suddenly start labeling a size 21 waist pant as 40? Do they think no one notices? The people who make bathroom scales are pulling the same prank. Do they think I actually "believe" the number I see on that dial? Ha! I would never let myself weigh that much! Just who do these people think they're fooling? I'd like to call up someone in authority to report what's going on-but the telephone company is in on the conspiracy too: they've printed the phone books in such small type that no one could ever find a number in there! All I can do is pass along this warning: We are under attack!

Unless something drastic happens, pretty soon everyone will have to suffer these awful

indignities. Oh!! And don't forget, God gave you toes as a device for finding furniture in the dark and ... if God wanted us to pop out of bed in the morning, he would have had us sleep in toasters.

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### **Did You Know?**

Glass takes one million years to decompose, which means it never wears out and can be recycled an infinite amount of times!

Gold is the only metal that doesn't rust, even if it's buried in the ground for thousands of years.

Your tongue is the only muscle in your body that is attached at only one end.

If you stop getting thirsty: you need to drink more water. When a human body is dehydrated, its thirst mechanism shuts off.

Zero is the only number that cannot be represented by Roman Numerals.

Kites were used in the American Civil War to deliver letters and newspapers.

The Song Auld Lang Syne is sung at the stroke of midnight in almost every English-speaking country in the world to bring in the New Year.

Drinking water after eating reduces the acid in your mouth by 61%. Drinking a glass of water before you eat may help digestion and curb appetite.

Peanut oil is used for cooking in submarines because it doesn't smoke unless it's heated above 450F.

Nine out of every ten living things live in the ocean.

The Banana cannot produce itself. It can be propagated only by the hand of man.

Airports at higher altitudes require a longer airstrip due to lower air density.

The University of Alaska spans four time zones.

The Tooth is the only part of the human body that cannot heal itself.

In ancient Greece, tossing an apple to a girl was a traditional proposal of marriage. Catching it meant she accepted.

Warner Communications paid 28 million for the copyright to the song "Happy Birthday", which was written in 1935!!

Intelligent people have more zinc and copper in their hair.

A comet's tail always points away from the sun.

The Swine Flu vaccine in 1976 caused more death and illness than the disease it was intended to prevent.

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### **Wonderful**

Long ago and far away, in a land that time forgot, before the days of Dylan, or the dawn of Camelot. There lived a race of Innocents, and they were you and me.

For Ike was in the White House in that land where we were born, where navels were for oranges, and Peyton Place was porn. We longed for love and romance, and waited for our Prince, Eddie Fisher married Liz, and no one's seen him since.

We danced to "Little Darlin'" and sang to "Stagger Lee" and cried for Buddy Holly in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

Only girls wore earrings then, and three was one too many, and only boys wore flat-top cuts, except for Jean McKinney. And only in our wildest dreams did we expect to see, a Boy named George with lipstick, in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

We fell for Frankie Avalon, Annette was oh, so nice, and when they made a movie, they never made it twice. We didn't have a Star Trek Five, or Psycho Two and Three, or Rocky-Rambo Twenty in the Land that Made me, me. Miss Kitty had a heart of gold, and Chester had a limp, and Reagan was Democrat whose co-star was a chimp. We

had a Mr. Wizard, but not a Mr. T, and Oprah couldn't talk yet, in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

We had our share of heroes, we never thought they'd go, at least not Bobby Darin, or Marilyn Monroe. For youth was still eternal, and life was yet to be, and Elvis was forever in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

We'd never seen the rock band that was Grateful to be Dead, and airplanes weren't named Jefferson, and Zeppelins were not Led. And Beatles lived in gardens then, and Monkees lived in trees, Madonna was Mary in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

We'd never heard of microwaves or telephones in cars, and babies might be bottle-fed, but they were not grown in jars. Pumping iron got wrinkles out, and "gay" meant fancy-free, and dorms were never co-Ed in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

We hadn't seen enough of jets to talk about the lag, and microchips were what was left at the bottom of the bag. And hardware was a box of nails, and bytes came from a flea. And rocket ships were fiction in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

T-Birds came with portholes, and side shows came with freaks, and bathing suits came big enough to cover both your cheeks. And Coke came just in bottles, and skirts below the knee, and Castro came to power near "The Land That Made Me, Me".

We had no Crest with fluoride, we had no Hill Street Blues, we had no patterned pantyhose or Lipton herbal tea, or prime-time ads for dysfunctions in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

There were no golden arches, no Perrier to chill, and fish was not called Wanda, and cats were not called Bill. And middle-aged was 35 and old was 43, and ancient were our parents in "The Land That Made Me, Me".

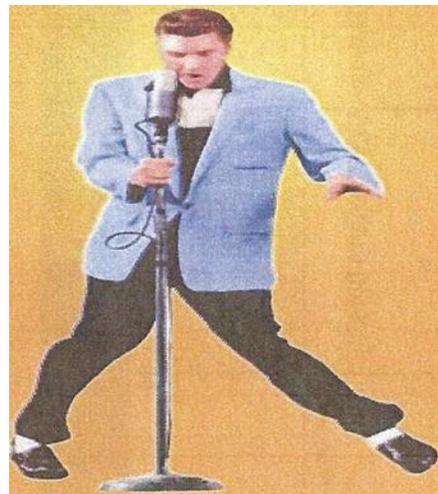
But all things have a season, or so we've heard them say, and now instead of Maybelline we

swear by Retin-A. They send us invitations to join AARP, we've come a long way, baby, from "The Land That Made Me, Me".

So now we face a brave new world in slightly larger jeans, and wonder why they're using smaller print in magazines. And we tell our children's children of the way it used to be, long ago and far away in "The Land that Made Me, Me".

If you didn't grow up in the fifties, you missed the greatest time in history. Hope you enjoyed this read as much as I did.

Author Unknown



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A Young man saved a millionaire's daughter from drowning. The father was insistent that he accept an award, so the young man reluctantly said, "Well, if you insist. Just get me a golf club."

A week later he received a telegram: "Have bought for you the Weekend Golfer's Club, and am now negotiating for the Sunnyside Links."

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A city slicker asked a farmer, "Is it correct to say, a hen lays eggs or a hen lies eggs"?

"Around here," the farmer replied, "we usually just lift her up to see."

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If you live in a house with teenagers, don't ask for whom the bell tolls. It's not for you.

A teacher asked his class, "If I laid four eggs over here, and four eggs over there, how many eggs would have? One student responded, "I don't think you can do it sir. But we'll count with you!"

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### **What's Happening at QMPC in March**

#### Elders on Call

- Feb 16-Mar 4 – Judy Galey
- Mar 05-11 – James Sanford
- Mar 12-18 – Riddle Smith
- Mar 19-25 – Doris Whisnant
- Mar 26-Apr 01 – Lelia Bruder

#### Ministry with the Children

- Mar 05 – Ruth Pershing (sermon), Gladys Ross (downstairs)
- Mar 12 – Heather Kramer (sermon), Betty Williams (downstairs)
- Mar 19 – Ruth Pershing (sermon), Christine Rose (downstairs if no visitation to a shut-in)
- Mar 26 – Darleen Caputo (sermon), Lelia Bruder (downstairs)

#### Bible Study at Manse@ 12:30 pm

- Mar 02<sup>nd</sup>
- Mar 09<sup>th</sup>
- Mar 16<sup>th</sup>
- Mar 23<sup>rd</sup>

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Two shoppers parked at the mall, got out of their car, and realized they'd locked it with the keys inside. "We'll have to break a window to get them out," one said to the other.

"No", the other replied. "Maybe we can get a wire hanger and use it to unlock the door."

"That never works."

"Well, we'd better think of something, it's starting to rain, and the top is down."

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A building contractor agreed to let his nephew work for him over the summer. One day, they drove to a lumber yard. The contractor sent his

nephew in to make the purchase while he waited in the truck.

Reading from his uncle's list, the young man said, "I need 200 2X4's; 120 1X8's and 240 2X6's."

The clerk waited a few seconds for him to continue, then asked, "How long do you want them?"

The nephew thought for a few seconds before replying, confidently, "Forever. We're building a house."

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After a first date, with both parties splitting the cost of dinner and a movie, the young man was rebuffed at the door by his date. "Since we've gone Dutch on everything else," the young girl said, "you can just kiss yourself goodnight."