

“THE MEADOWS MESSENGER”
A Communication of Quaker Meadows Presbyterian Church
October 2018, Issue



Table Rock, NC in the fall

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 2018 = \$1,744.48. This figure is based on a total 2018 budget of \$90,713.00 which was approved by the Session.

AUGUST

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (4 weeks)	\$6,977.92
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (4 weeks)	\$7,349.00
This results in a budget overage for this month	\$371.08
Total Expenses (4 weeks) resulting in an overage for the month	\$1,021.13

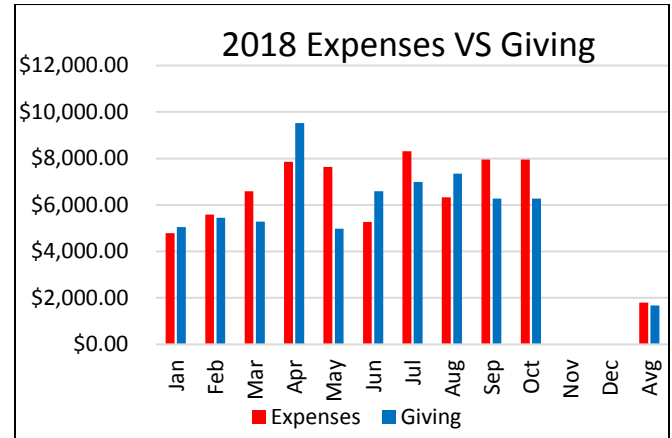
SEPTEMBER

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (4 weeks)	\$6,977.92
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (4 weeks)	\$5,292.00
This results in a budget shortage for this month	(\$1,685.92)
Total Expenses (4 weeks) resulting in a shortage for the month	(\$1,680.20)

YEAR TO DATE

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (38 weeks)	\$66,290.27
Actual Tithes and Offerings (38 weeks) received	\$56,507.75
This results in a budget shortage to this point	(\$9,782.52)
Total Expenses (38 weeks)	\$60,285.44
This results in a shortage to expenses for the year	(\$3,777.69)

For those of you who understand a chart better than a bunch of numbers, below is the 'picture' of our YTD finances for September 2018 (through week 4 of 5):



Session Highlights

Stated Meeting – August 19th

The Session:

- Reviewed and approved the financial report for July.
- Heard a report regarding the successful Vacation Bible school and fun day at Steele Creek on August 15th.
- Reviewed the financial report from Circle # 2.
- Heard a report from Lelia Bruder on the presbytery meeting at Lees McRae College on July 31st.



Update on collecting funds for some new carpet: We need approximately \$5,000.00 to buy and install it. We currently have \$700.00. That means we still need \$4,300.00 to complete this project.

Some Bible Trivia

1. What widowed prophetess was 84 years old when she saw the young Jesus in the Temple?
2. What scheming princess of Tyre married and manipulated the weak King Ahab and imposed her pagan religion on Israel?
3. What Jewish girl married a Persian emperor and helped save her exiled people from extermination?
4. What prophetess was the sister of two great leaders and was once afflicted with leprosy for being rebellious?
5. What dancer so enchanted Herod that he offered her anything she wanted?

The Pastor's Ponderings

This month I offer you an article by Annie Dillard. She spent a year living alone on Tinker Creek in Virginia's Roanoke Valley, reading lots of books, taking hikes and simply observing. Her book, Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, wrestles with faith in a loving God as she encounters the harshness of nature. In the following selections the author addresses the importance of seeing the world around us, unimpeded by our inner distractions.

As the season changes from summer to fall, we will be able to observe some beautiful transformations in the nature around us. But will we actually pay any attention to those changes? Will we allow ourselves to 'see clearly' the beauty and blessings God has given us in the world around us, and by extension, in our daily lives?

These excerpts from Pilgrim at Tinker Creek are taken from Devotional Classics, edited by Richard J. Foster and James Bryan Smith. Since these excerpts are from different chapters in Annie Dillard's book, you will have to 'read between the lines' a little to keep the flow. Also, Dillard's writing style is a little like poetry. Her sentences are sometimes choppy and awkward, but if you read them like poetry, then they begin to make sense. I hope you enjoy this unusual way

of seeing the world and maybe it will inspire you to 'blur your vision' also and call upon God to help you really see, so that you can experience things in a different and magical way.

Seeing Clearly

1. Two Ways of Seeing

Seeing is of course very much a matter of verbalization. Unless I call my attention to what passes before my eyes, I simply won't see it. It is, as Ruskin says, "not merely unnoticed, but in the full, clear sense of the word, unseen." My eyes alone can't solve analogy tests using figures, the ones which show, with increasing elaborations, a big square, then a small square in a big square, then a big triangle, and expect me to find a small triangle in a big triangle. I have to say the words, describe what I'm seeing.

When I see this way I analyze and pry: I hurl over logs and roll away stones; I study the bank a square foot at a time, probing and tilting my head. Some days when a mist covers the mountains, when the muskrats won't show and the microscope's mirror shatters, I want to climb up the blank blue dome as a man would storm the inside of a circus tent, wildly, dangling, and with a steel knife claw a rent in the top, peep, and, if I must, fall.

But there is another kind of seeing that involves a letting go. When I see this way I sway transfixed and emptied. The difference between the two ways of seeing is the difference between walking with and without a camera. When I walk with a camera I walk from shot to shot, reading the light on a calibrated meter. When I walk without a camera, my own shutter opens, and the moment's light prints on my own silver gut. When I see this second way I am above all an unscrupulous observer.

2. Seeing a New World

It was sunny one evening last summer at Tinker Creek; the sun was low in the sky, upstream, I was sitting on the sycamore log bridge with the

sunset at my back, watching the shiners the size of minnows who were feeding over the muddy sand in skittery schools. Again and again, one fish, then another, turned for a split second across the current and flash! the sun shot out from its silver side. I couldn't watch for it. It was always just happening somewhere else, and it drew my vision just as it disappeared: flash, like a sudden dazzle of the thinnest blade, a sparking over a dun and olive ground at chance intervals from every direction. Then I noticed white specks, some sort of pale petals, small, floating from under my feet on the creek's surface, very slow and steady.

So I blurred my eyes and gazed towards the brim of my hat and saw a new world. I saw the pale white circles roll up, roll up, like the world's turning, mute and perfect, and I saw the linear flashes, gleaming silver, like stars being born at random down a rolling scroll of time. Something broke and something opened. I filled up like a new wineskin. I breathed an air like light; I saw a light like water. I was the lip of a fountain the creek filled forever; I was ether, the leaf in the zephyr; I was flesh-flake, feather, bone.

3. The Realm of the Real

When I see this way I see truly. As Thoreau says, I return to my senses. I am the man who watches the baseball game in silence in an empty stadium. I see the game purely; I'm abstracted and dazed. When it's all over and the white-suited players lope off the green field to their shadowed dugouts, I leap to my feet; I cheer and cheer.

But I can't go out and try to see this way. I'll fail, I'll go mad. All I can do is try to gag the commentator, to hush the noise of the useless interior babble that keeps me from seeing just as surely as a newspaper dangles before my eyes. The effort is really a discipline requiring a lifetime of dedicated struggle; it marks the literature of saints and monks of every order East and West, under every rule and no rule, [with and without shoes].

The world's spiritual geniuses seem to discover universally that the mind's muddy river, this ceaseless flow of trivia and trash cannot be dammed, and trying to dam it is a waste of effort that might lead to madness. Instead you must allow the muddy river to flow unheeded in the dim channels of consciousness; you raise your sights; you look along it, mildly, acknowledging its presence without interest and gazing beyond it into the realm of the real where subjects and objects act and rest purely without utterance. "Launch into the deep," says Jacques Ellul, "and you shall see."

4. The Secret of Seeing

The secret of seeing is, then, the pearl of great price. If I thought he could teach me to find it and keep it forever I would stagger barefoot across a hundred deserts after any lunatic at all. But although the pearl may be found, it may not be sought. The literature of illumination reveals this above all: although it comes to those who wait for it, it is always, even to the most practiced and adept, a gift and a total surprise. I return from one walk knowing where the killdeer nests in the field by the creek and the hour the laurel blooms.

I return from the same walk a day later scarcely knowing my own name. Litanies hum in my ears; my tongue flaps in my mouth ... alleluia! I cannot cause light; the most I can do is try to put myself in the path of its beam. It is possible, in deep space, to sail on solar wind. Light, be it particle or wave, has force: you rig a giant sail and go. The secret of seeing is to sail on solar wind. Hone and spread your spirit till you yourself are a sail, whetted, translucent, broadside to the merest puff

5. The Tree With the Lights in It

When her doctor took her bandages off and led her into the garden, the girl who was no longer blind saw "the tree with the lights in it." It was for this tree I searched through the peach orchards of summer, in the forests of fall and down winter and spring for years. Then one day I was walking along Tinker Creek thinking of nothing at all and

I saw the tree with the lights in it. I saw the backyard cedar where the mourning doves roost charged and transfigured, each cell buzzing with flame. I stood on the grass with the lights in it, grass that was wholly fire, utterly focused and utterly dreamed.

It was less like seeing than like being for the first time seen, knocked breathless by a powerful glance. The flood of fire abated, but I'm still spending the power. Gradually the lights went out in the cedar, the colors died, the cells unflamed and disappeared. I was still ringing. I had been my whole life a bell, and never knew it until at that moment I was lifted and struck. I have since only very rarely seen the tree with the lights in it. The vision comes and goes, mostly goes, but I live for it, for the moment when the mountains open and a new light roars in spate through the crack, and the mountains slam. (End of article)

Jesus spend some of his time with people helping them to see more clearly God's will and work in the world. Below are a three scripture passages which illustrate that point. Use them for your further meditation.

Mark 8:22-26 – *“They came to Bethsaida. Some people brought a blind man to him and begged him to touch him. He took the blind man by the hand and led him out of the village; and when he had put saliva on his eyes and laid his hands on him, he asked him, ‘Can you see anything?’ And the man looked up and said, ‘I can see people, but they look like trees, walking.’ Then Jesus laid his hands on his eyes again; and he looked intently and his sight was restored, and he saw everything clearly. Then he sent him away to his home, saying, ‘Do not even go into the village.’”*

Matthew 5:21- 26 – *“You have heard that it was said to those of ancient times, ‘You shall not murder’; and ‘whoever murders shall be liable to judgment.’ But I say to you that if you are angry with a brother or sister, you will be liable to judgment; and if you insult a brother or sister, you will be liable to the council; and if you*

say, ‘You fool,’ you will be liable to the hell of fire. So when you are offering your gift at the altar, if you remember that your brother or sister has something against you,²⁴ leave your gift there before the altar and go; first be reconciled to your brother or sister, and then come and offer your gift. Come to terms quickly with your accuser while you are on the way to court with him, or your accuser may hand you over to the judge, and the judge to the guard, and you will be thrown into prison. Truly I tell you, you will never get out until you have paid the last penny.”

Matthew 5:43-48 – *“You have heard that it was said, ‘You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.’ But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, so that you may be children of your Father in heaven; for he makes his sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the righteous and on the unrighteous. For if you love those who love you, what reward do you have? Do not even the tax collectors do the same? And if you greet only your brothers and sisters, what more are you doing than others? Do not even the Gentiles do the same? Be perfect, therefore, as your heavenly Father is perfect.”*

Pastor Yvonne

The Wondrous WD-40

Before you read to the end, do you know what the main ingredient of WD-40 is? There is a story about a person (I will call him Jim) who had a neighbor (I will call him Tom) who bought a new pickup. Very early one Sunday morning Jim noticed that someone had spray painted red all around the sides of Tom's beige truck (for some unknown reason). Jim went over, woke Tom up, and told him the bad news. Tom was very upset and was trying to figure out what to do, probably nothing until Monday morning, since no stores were open. Another neighbor came out and told Tom to get his WD-40 and clean it off. It removed the unwanted paint beautifully and did not harm

the original paint that was on the truck. Tom was relieved and impressed!

WD-40 who knew? The official name of the product is: 'Water Displacement #40'. It was developed from a search for a rust preventative solvent and degreaser to protect missile parts. WD-40 was created in 1953 by three technicians at the San Diego Rocket Chemical Company. Its name comes from the project that was to find a 'water displacement' compound. They were successful with the fortieth formulation, thus WD-40. The Convair Company bought it in bulk to protect their atlas missile parts.

Ken East (one of the original developers) says there is nothing in WD-40 that would hurt you. You will be amazed at all the uses for this product:

1. Protects silver from tarnishing.
2. Removes road tar and grime from cars.
3. Cleans and lubricates guitar strings.
4. Gives floors that 'just-waxed' sheen without making them slippery.
5. Keeps flies off cows.
6. Restores and cleans chalkboards.
7. Removes lipstick stains.
8. Loosens stubborn zippers.
9. Untangles jewelry chains.
10. Removes stains from stainless steel sinks.
11. Removes dirt and grime from the barbecue grill.
12. Keeps ceramic/terra cotta garden pots from oxidizing.
13. Removes tomato stains from clothing.
14. Keeps glass shower doors free of water spots.
15. Camouflages scratches in ceramic and marble floors.
16. Keeps scissors working smoothly.
17. Lubricates noisy door hinges on vehicles and doors in homes.
18. It removes black scuff marks from the kitchen floor! It doesn't seem to harm the finish and you won't have to scrub nearly as hard to get them off. Just remember to open some windows if you have a lot of marks.
19. Bug guts will eat away the finish on your car if not removed quickly! Use WD-40!
20. Gives a children's playground gym slide a shine for a super-fast slide.
21. Lubricates gear shift and mower deck lever for ease of handling on riding mowers.
22. Rids rocking chairs and swings of squeaky noises.
23. Lubricates tracks in sticking home windows and makes them easier to open.
24. Spraying an umbrella stem makes it easier to open and close.
25. Restores and cleans padded leather dashboards in vehicles, as well as vinyl bumpers.
26. Restores and cleans roof racks on vehicles.
27. Lubricates and stops squeaks in electric fans.
28. Lubricates wheel sprockets on tricycles, wagons, and bicycles for easy handling.
29. Lubricates fan belts on washers and dryers and keeps them running smoothly.
30. Keeps rust from forming on saws and saw blades, and other tools.
31. Removes splattered grease on stove.
32. Keeps bathroom mirror from fogging.
33. Lubricates prosthetic limbs.
34. Keeps pigeons off the balcony (they hate the smell).
35. Removes all traces of duct tape.
36. Folks even spray it on their arms, hands, and knees to relieve arthritis pain.
37. Florida's favorite use is: 'cleans and removes love bugs from grills and bumpers.'
38. The favorite use in the state of New York, WD-40 protects the Statue of Liberty from the elements.
39. WD-40 attracts fish. Spray a little on live bait or lures and you will be catching the big one in no time. Also, it's a lot cheaper than the chemical attractants that are made for just that purpose. (Keep in mind though, using some chemical laced baits or lures for fishing are not allowed in some states.)
40. Use it for fire ant bites. It takes the sting away immediately and stops the itch.

41. WD-40 is great for removing crayon from walls. Spray on the mark and wipe with a clean rag.
42. Also, if you've discovered that your teenage daughter has washed and dried a tube of lipstick with a load of laundry, saturate the lipstick spots with WD-40 and rewash. Presto! The lipstick is gone!
43. If you sprayed WD-40 on the distributor cap, it would displace the moisture and allow the car to start.

P. S. The basic ingredient is **fish oil**.

Some Bible Trivia Answers

1. Anna – Luke 2:36-38
2. Jezebel – I Kings chapters 16-19
3. Esther
4. Miriam – Exodus 15 and Numbers 12
5. The daughter of Herodias, Though her name does not appear in the Bible, she is known to us from the writings of the historian Josephus as Salome – Matthew 14:1-11

Doings at Quaker Meadows Presbyterian Church

Elders on Call

September 30th – October 06th – James Sanford
 October 07th – 13th – Anita Woods
 October 14th – 20th – Judy Galey
 October 21st – 27th – Riddle Smith

Ministry with the Children

October 07th – a communion lesson, Gladys Ross or Anita Woods (downstairs)
 October 14th – Ruth Pershing (sermon), Betty Williams (downstairs)
 October 18th – Gladys Ross or Anita Woods (sermon), Christine Rose (downstairs)
 October 28th – Heather Kramer (sermon), Lelia Bruder (downstairs)

Upcoming Events

Thursday, October 04th – Birthday Lunch, El Portal Mexican Grill @ 11:30 am Everyone is welcome; be prepared to pay for your own lunch.

Sunday, October 14th – Pastor's Appreciation Covered Dish lunch following worship

Saturday, October 27th – presbytery meeting, First Presbyterian of Hickory from 9:00 am – 3:00 pm

Birthdays

Carol Maxine Benton – Oct. 01st

Greg Kramer – Oct. 03rd

Ronnie Whisnant – Oct. 04th

Darleen Caputo – Oct. 06th

Judy Galey – Oct. 08th

Bill Schoenen – Oct. 10th

Donna Harney – Oct. 12th

Lelia Bruder – Oct. 15th

Reid Withrow – Oct. 15th

Dorothy Paschall – Oct. 15th

Priscilla Schoenen – Oct. 16th

Naomi Kramer – Oct. 22nd

Austin Staton – Oct. 24th

Kids Say the Darndest Things

A four-year-old child, whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman and who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there.

When his mother asked him what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy just said, "Nothing, I just helped him cry."

Teacher Debbie Moon's first graders were discussing a picture of a family. One little boy in the picture had a different hair color than the other members. One of her students suggested that he was adopted.

A little girl said, "I know all about adoption, I was adopted."

“What does it mean to be adopted?” asked another child.

“It means”, said the girl, “that you grew in your mommy’s heart instead of her tummy!”

On my way home one day, I stopped to watch a Little League baseball game that was being played in a park near my home. As I sat down behind the bench on the first-base line, I asked one of the boys what the score was.

“We’re behind 14 to nothing,” he answered with a smile.

“Really,” I said. “I have to say you don’t look very discouraged.”

“Discouraged?” the boy asked with a puzzled look on his face.

“Why should we be discouraged? We haven’t been up to bat yet.”

Whenever I’m disappointed with my spot in life, I stop and think about little Jamie Scott.

Jamie was trying out for a part in the school play. His mother told me that he’d set his heart on being in it, though she feared he would not be chosen.

On the day the parts were awarded, I went with her to collect him after school. Jamie rushed up to her, eyes shining with pride and excitement. “Guess what, Mom,” he shouted, and then said those words that will remain a lesson to me. “I’ve been chosen to clap and cheer.”

An eye witness account from New York City, on a cold day in December, some years ago: A little boy, about 10-years-old, was standing before a shoe store on the roadway, barefooted, peering through the window, and shivering with cold!

A lady approached the young boy and said, “My, but you’re in such deep thought staring in that window!”

“I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes,” was the boy’s reply.

The lady took him by the hand, went into the store, and asked the clerk to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could give her a basin of water and a towel. He quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his little feet, and dried them with the towel.

By this time, the clerk had returned with the socks. The woman placed a pair upon the boy’s feet, then she purchased him a pair of shoes.

She tied up the remaining pairs of socks and gave them to him. She patted him on the head and said, “No doubt, you will be more comfortable now.”

As she turned to go, the astonished kid caught her by the hand, and looking up into her face, with tears in his eyes, asked her: “Are you God’s wife?”

Cover Image: <https://www.pinterest.com/btaam/>



Have a safe and happy Halloween.