

WEEKLY NEWSLETTER – WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 2021

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

Scripture: John 20:28-35

Sermon: "A Feast to Remember"

Communion Sunday

RUMMAGE SALE

The rummage sale will be here soon and help is needed from our Church family. The stage is brimming with items for sale and those items need to be moved from the stage. We are asking that people give a little bit of their time to help move these items from the stage after the Worship service on Sunday, August 15. Since many hands will make light work, it is hoped to see you August 15.

MARK YOUR calendar for these upcoming events: (corrected dates from last week)

8/15 Help remove rummage items from the stage

8/20 Rummage Sale

8/21 Rummage Sale

8/29 Fellowship Potluck

9/12 Annual Community Fest 5:00 to 7:00

9/15 LOGOS begins

ON THE CALENDAR

8/5 Endowment Meeting 4:00pm

MESSAGE FROM PASTOR HANS

Dear Friends,

You know how they say nowadays, it's all about genetics? For instance, if your parents are slim and trim you have a good chance to be slim and trim, too, unless you are a couch potato that aspires to become a fattened calf. But often what we inherit from our parents is not that clear. On my father's side they were all ultra-catholic monarchists, while on my mom's side they were socialists. Politically, the only thing my mom's and my dad's folks agreed on was that they really hated nazis. What does that make me?

My mom did not know a stranger. This is a true story: one day my mom visited Paris, and it started raining. As is not so unusual in Europe, she took shelter in the entrance of an apartment building. A parisian lady joined her, and started a vivid conversation with ma. She responded with her complete knowledge of french which consisted of oui and non, randomly interspersing the lady's animated monologue with oui ouis and non nons. The rain stopped, the parisian hugged mother like a long lost soulmate and went on with her business. My mom never figured out what the woman actually talked about.

My father was the total opposite. When my wife to be visited in Austria she somehow ended up alone with my father. After WW II, dad had become a trusted aide of the american occupying force, so he spoke english. Language was no problem. There sat my blind bride, respectfully waiting for her father-in-law to be to start a conversation,

and sat there patiently for 20 minutes with not a single word uttered. Then mom came by and bailed her out. Dad really was like that. It did not help that he grew up in one of the worst periods of human history during the rise of fascism in Europe. If you think it was bad you have no idea. My dad started out with a slightly rascally streak of humor, but the times were not in his favor. He had joined the boy scouts during middle school, and somehow got his hand on a stink bomb. We say, boys will be boys. But at the time a serious investigation was started whether father was connected with any group of terrorists. When the Nazis came the bottom fell out of the world for a kid with a mom of jewish origins. During Highschool assembly, dad and three other kids with jewish connections were called up front, and then presented to the gathered assembly as examples of the enemy. While it was not a foregone conclusion, these stories do explain my father's darker view of the world. (But it's not like mom did not have her own set of stories.) Out of all this, dad came up with a sad conclusion. It was a quote from the first gothic king of Rome, Odoacer. "To have neighbors is the greatest punishment of God."

Just writing this down makes me teary. For father was not a happy man, and what I heard about his final days, there was no hope present in his life. He always claimed that he was a man of faith. He just did not like to go to church. He belonged to the large, and ever larger group of people who think, "I can do God all by myself. I need no church." And I suspect that, if he believed in God it was not a God to be loved, but to be feared.

Dear Friends, I wish somebody had taken the time and made the effort to talk about the God of Jesus Christ with my father. I was not the one to do it. Father got incredibly upset when I started the journey towards ministry. It was probably like God stealing his favorite son, on top of everything else.

Somehow Presbyterians everywhere have come up with the notion that we should not impose our faith on others. But there are truly lost souls out there, more than we might think, and to give them hope through the faith of love of Jesus is not an imposition, but an urgently needed ministry.

My wife tells me it is time to take out the trash, so I better be good. Remember, I am pulling for you. Please do the same for me.

Pastor Hans