

WEEKLY NEWSLETTER – WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 2021

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Scripture: Mark 8:27-38

Sermon: “A Cross for Satan”

NOTE: This week will be Jazz Sunday
Family Fest

RUMMAGE SALE – This weekend

The PW Rummage Sale will be Friday, 9/10 from 8am to 2pm and Saturday, 9/11 from 8am to 12pm. Help is needed and appreciated!

ANNUAL COMMUNITY FAMILY FEST

This Sunday!!!! September 12th from 5:00 to 7:00pm. Thank you to everyone who has signed up to make this event happen! Help is still needed for the following:

1. Food prep – grilling hamburgers and hot dogs, assembling the burgers and dogs on buns and wrapping them in foil, packing coolers, setting everything out to sell. Food prep should begin at 4:00.
2. We have one game opening for the 5:00 – 6:00 shift and five game openings for the 6:00 to 7:00 shift.
3. Spread the word – invite your family, friends, and neighbors.
4. Pray!!!!!!

LOGOS

Our LOGOS program begins Wednesday, September 15. LOGOS is open to all children in K-6th grade. We meet each Wednesday from 5:00 to 7:00pm. Parents – don't forget to let me know if you children will be joining us and don't forget to return your registration forms.

WOMEN OF WESTMINSTER

The women of Westminster are gathering for a salad luncheon on September 23 at 11:30. Bring a salad to share. We hope to be able to get together and enjoy delicious salads. Be sure to watch for updates

ON THE CALENDAR

- 9/12 Jazz Worship Service 10:00am
- 9/12 Annual Community Family Fest 5:00-7:00pm
- 9/15 LOGOS 5:00pm
- 9/15 Choir Practice 7:00pm
- 9/16 Trustee Meeting 10:00am

MESSAGE FROM PASTOR HANS

Dear Friends,

I looked over some of my past newsletter articles, and I start thinking, you guys know way too much about me. But, to quote a famous person (God) I am who I am. So, what is there about me that you ought to know that I have not talked about? The next question would be: how do I come up with such a booger of a question, but I am not going to go there.

According to John Calvin and my wife, I am fallible. I feel I have talked a lot about that, so if you have not figured that one out by now, I do not think I can help you. But I am, or to be more precise, I try to be a positive person, you know, positive outlook, optimistic, affirming, encouraging, hopeful, all those good things. Why am I like that? May be, it is because I was born 6 weeks early. Mom told me, she was waiting for a subway when her water broke, but I reckon I was not willing to wait any longer. For a while, it was touch and go whether I was going to make it. It is hard to believe when you look at me now, 6'1" and weighing in at 320 lbs, but my birthweight was barely 1/3 of a pound. When I finally came home an old aunt exclaimed, "Good Lord, what a little chick. But so small, you really don't want it!" At the doctors' recommendation I received the Cadillac version of being babied. Obviously it worked, and my first experience of the world was marked by intense and tender love and care. I reckon you could say I was nothing but trouble from the get go.

When I was 1 year old I went with my family to a public pool, and played with a baby girl who was about 2/3 of my size. My parents got to talk with the parents of the girl, and figured out she was actually 4 months older than me. So at that point it was determined that I was no longer in need of special attention, and the gravy train stopped. The world is just a tough place sometimes. I ended up becoming the middle child, and things went straight downhill from there. Just when I thought things could not get worse I reached school age. But I already talked about that.

The other reason why I might have such a positive attitude is that I always had a really good relationship with authority. First my parents, as I said. I was a really nice toddler. Mom should have been warned by the circumstances of my birth that I had a quite entrepreneurial spirit, but she was not, so I ended up getting lost a lot. I knew no strangers and met people really easily. Particularly police man interested me because of their fancy looking uniforms, and they also gave me chocolate which might not have been the best way to discourage me from running away. I ended up being notorious at the local police station as the "little run away". Ever since I brighten up when I see a police man, even when they give me a speeding ticket.

As all this falls into the general category of predestination I need to give to God credit for having, all things considered, a nice childhood. But being a nice person in itself can be pretty shallow. If only good things happen to you, and all the people you encounter treat you well, there is no merit in being nice. But guess what? Not all people are nice, and in the end there are always the calamities of life that catch up with us. The one person I met who was nice, and everybody liked and nothing contrary happened to

confided to me once: "Pastor, my life was so easy and nice. I am constantly scared silly that God will find me out." Whoa. This does not happen to me very often, but I really had nothing I could say.

For me personally, it was a part of growing up and maturing to learn that the Viennese humorist was right who said: "I always assume the worst of people, and I am rarely disappointed." If we put our faith in people - including ourselves - we will be eventually disappointed. Now I am a nice person because I believe in God and embrace the teaching of Jesus Christ. And guess what, they never change. Love God, love neighbor. And as a rule of thumb, do unto others as you want to have done to yourself. There is a recipe how to be a nice guy for real. Forever. Wow. Who would have thunk?

Remember, I am pulling for you, for better for worse.

Pastor Hans