

NEWS & VIEWS

April 3, 2022

Volume 21 No.4

Doylestown Mennonite Church

PASTOR'S PEN—

Spring time is my second favorite season of the year. I enjoy seeing little signs of life that declare winter is losing its grip. I know it will not be long before nature will be transformed into lush green and budding plants. The blooming of the forsythia is often one of the first signs of this transformation. As nature goes through this transformation, Spring is also the time of year when we celebrate Easter.

Having waited for God to appear during this season of Lent, I now want to focus our attention on the resurrection. Beyond the great joy and hope the resurrection provides, the resurrection transforms our perspective. I invite us to consider this transformation as declared by the Apostle Paul in 2 Corinthians.

“For the love of Christ urges us on, because we are convinced that one has died for all; therefore all have died. ¹⁵ And he died for all, so that those who live might live no longer for themselves, but for him who died and was raised for them. ¹⁶ From now on, therefore, we regard no one from a human point of view; even though we once knew Christ from a human point of view, we know him no longer in that way.”

We are invited to view all people through the lens of Jesus' death and resurrection. According to this teaching, Jesus died for all; therefore all have died. We so easily look at outer appearance and such things as skin color, age, beauty, clothing, piercings, and so on. Because of the resurrection, we are invited to look at people that Jesus loved enough to die for them. The resurrection declares that every person is worthy. To act or suggest differently is to live as though Jesus remains in the tomb.

I look forward to the full arrival of spring. I anticipate celebrating the resurrection on Easter morning. I pray for the grace and courage to be transformed to see all people through the lens of Jesus' death and resurrection.

-Pastor Randy (2019)



COMING UP....SOME SPECIAL DATES

Birthdays

Louise Beyer	4/2
Mark Reiff	4/9
Sandra Maldonado	4/29
Cesar Garrido	4/29
Cindy Strauch	5/3
Sam Reiff	5/4

KAREN'S PLACE COFFEEHOUSE

*Open the first and third Saturdays of each month,
7:00-10:00pm*

April 2 was the Annual Comedy night, with Tony Parlante and friends. This event benefited Battle 4 Children Charities as they work to prevent child sexual abuse.

(No coffee shop on April 16 as we prepare for Easter)

CARE TEAM REPORT

Randy Heacock, Robin Miller, Kendrick Garrido and Freida Myers met as a care team on March 14 (Sandy Landes is on sabbatical). Randy read Galatians 5:13-27, which lists proper conduct and the fruit of the Spirit. We need love and joy as well as the other fruit of the Spirit in our lives and interactions. Randy led in an opening prayer.

We shared some thoughts from a book called A Time to Heal, by J. R. Briggs. The author talks about leaders and healing. He says that if you build trust, bear pain and give hope, you are a leader. We are called to be present, not relevant, spectacular or powerful. Leaders need wisdom, courage and compassion. We should not minimize pain in others. We need to let go of the outcome.

We expressed our appreciation to Kendrick for sharing his perspectives and caring in our meetings and blessed him as he takes on duties as treasurer and member of the Ministry Leadership Team.

We talked about the Compassion Fund and how we might offer help to a family with serious health issues. We listed some persons who have particular needs or cannot attend regularly. We shared in prayer and tentatively set Monday, April 11 as our next meeting date.

-Freida Myers for the Care Team



FROM THE CHURCH LIBRARY

Five new books were added to the library in March. There are also many other delightful books!

Katie Funk Wiebe is an author whose writings I have read over the years. In her memoir The Storekeeper's Daughter, Katie tells about her life and the stories she heard from her parents. Her parents emigrated to Canada from Ukraine, so the story is timely now. Her father quit school after third grade because he was severely punished for using his left hand. Yet, he is the one who walked for days to seek and find his mother's starving family. He reported that one man offered him some bread for the journey as he tried to follow his wife's directions to the home area from which she had come. He weeps with a widow who goes to the church at the end of a village where she prays and cries. This touched him, as he saw all the signs of poverty and hardship. He went to another village and asked if anyone knew of the Franz Janzens. Usually no one knew.

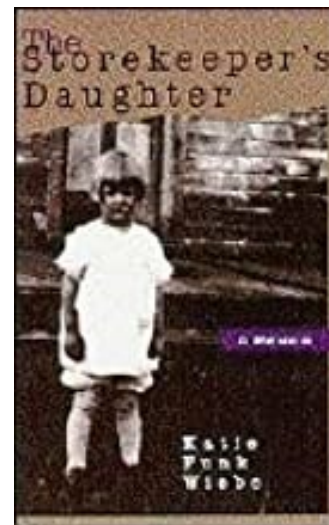
He got to Proghnow with rows of thatched mud-daubed huts, struggling flower beds, and fenced-in yards. No inn or public place to ask. Then, he saw a young girl about ten or eleven with red braids flying to dart between buildings at the end of the street. He knocked at the door and called out in Low German, "Is your name Janzen?" The woman at the door looked at him. He said, "I am looking for the Franz Janzens who used to live at Trubetskoye many years ago. I am the husband of your daughter Anna." He took out a photo of his wife. After looking at the photo in unbelief she asked, "Is my daughter still alive?" They were able to serve a meager meal, but he knew they would die of starvation if they stayed there. Katie continues his story of the rescue of the family, which was very difficult without money and conveyance for two parents and six children. He had risked his life but was able to get them back to Sgradowka. Sometimes Katie had been embarrassed about her father but she was also proud of him when she heard some of his stories.

Katie tells about a morning recess at school where the girls discussed their nationalities. One said she was Russian, another Scottish, a few more said they were Russians, one was Ukrainian, and one French. Katie hesitated. Were we Funks? Her mother and father spoke German and Russian. Her dad spoke Ukrainian and some Polish but his English was not good. Then one girl singsonged loudly, "Katie is a Mennonite!" She was confused. She went to a Mennonite church like another girl went to a Catholic church but that girl was French, not Catholic. Katie was afraid that

Mennonite was something terrible and catching, or fatal like diphtheria, scarlet fever or tuberculosis. Her father's English was not good but he was able to be naturalized along with the rest of the family. The judge said he was born in Russia so he was Russian. So now, legally they were Canadian citizens, and Russians but also Mennonites.

Today we hear about Ukraine, war and refugees. Katie's father was an immigrant who told many stories dealing with experiences of his past—war, revolution, death, famine, migration, lack of education, a sense of inferiority, and a church in flux. Some of these issues continue today. Katie saw three black children from the circus one day along Main Street, where a street preacher said, "only Jesus could change a black heart to white. Only Jesus could save." Jack, a young African-American boy stood up and said he wanted to be white. The speaker stumbled, trying to explain that he was talking about "hearts, not skin." Read on page 89 and 90 how that story continued and was resolved after the preacher read Isaiah 1:18.

-Freida Myers, Librarian



THOUGHTS ON FAITH TRAINING CAMP

During Faith Training Camp a few weeks ago, one of the questions asked about our cloud of witness and how these people have shaped your faith. For me it's not a simple answer and has changed over time. When I was born, I was baptized in a Lutheran Church in Philadelphia, as per the tradition in my mothers' family. I don't really have any recollection of this church except for some pictures where I remember a red door, which is the hallmark of many Lutheran churches. Upon moving to the suburbs we switched to an Episcopalian Church and it was there where my faith was initially shaped. This shaping consisted of dressing up in our Sunday best and attending services that were very ritualistic in nature. During these services we recited the Apostles Creed, The Lord's Prayer, confessed our sins, had communion, sang various old-time hymns that were clearly marked on the wall as a pipe organ roared out the notes. The service began and ended with a procession of people that seemed to be very important and dressed in robes. We stood and knelt a lot and of course we had to be very quiet the entire service until the Reverend got to the back of the church and with one final blessing declared that we were free to go.

We would then rush to the car to continue on to the week ahead and not give church any more thought until the following Sunday. My upbringing never really spoke about Bible verses or how and when to pray. Despite not having those discussions, I always felt God was in my presence daily, especially while walking through nature seeing flowers blooming, birds singing, babies being born and things of the sort. I guess you can say from my experience I surmised that you were to pray as a group in church or to yourself.

When I first started coming to DMC and attending small group as well, I never felt comfortable praying out loud for others to hear my deepest concerns and needs. This is kind of odd, as I am very comfortable with being very transparent and wearing my heart on my sleeve. I was really only taught to pray in a group of people or of course to myself. Although I did witness other people and the way they prayed, for example my Catholic neighbor who had rosary beads and knew how to say particular prayers in order to wash away her sins. There was a time in my twenties when I decided to try to meditate on a daily basis. I even went so far as to buy a set of Mala beads to try and meditate and pray to. I think my point is that I was always trying to check some kind of box where I needed to follow a set of rules in order to be a good Christian or a good pray-er.

Since I obviously needed to throw off what was hindering me and entangling me, I decided to try something new awhile back. My own way to pray, during the week no less. I began praying over some of the medicines that I was making for my patients. I got the idea when my good friend of ten years was diagnosed with colon cancer and wanted me to make her chemo. She traveled further than she had to for treatment but was emphatic that I needed to make her meds. When she came for her first treatment I told her I was putting extra love and prayers into her bag. Yes, I know how to make these meds, but I knew I would need to enlist some extra help for her, so I prayed. This started my "habit" of praying or putting love into the meds, just the same as I do if I bake a batch of cookies, since they definitely turn out better if prepared with my special ingredient.

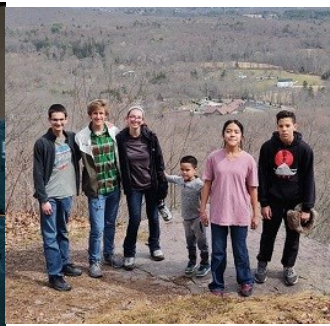
Most people don't know that I pray into their meds but the other day I had a really great experience with a patient. The other morning when I asked a patient that had been coming to us how she was doing, she told me she was scared, as she was starting a new chemotherapy that she never had before. I reminded her that I would be making her meds and that I was going to put some extra love in her bag and it was going to do great. She expressed gratitude and said that I gave her a new perspective on her treatment. After I mixed the medicine and prayed, I decided to draw a big heart in red marker on the bag so she knew I did what I said I was going to do and added extra love to her bag. This particular patient likes to keep moving with her I.V. pole during treatment, as she feels it helps move the medicines through her body more effectively. While sitting at my desk I heard the familiar sound of the I.V. pump as she rounded the hall, and she stopped at my door to tell me she loved the heart I added to the label and was proud to tell me she shouted it out to all her breast cancer peeps in her support group. It was a little moment of prayer and love that felt so awesome to me!

I do appreciate the early lessons I got about church but the community of faith that I have come to know at DMC has really taught me to loosen up and showed me a whole new way of faith. I will enjoy continuing to expand on that in the years to come.

-Aimee Gourley

SPRING GETAWAY at Spruce Lake

This year participation in the DMC Spring Getaway involved nearly 40 persons for a delightful time together on March 25-27! No formal activities were planned, except for a disc golf game, Spruce Mountain hike, an evening campfire and of course, those bountiful Spruce Lake meals which none of us had to cook. There was plenty of time for games, walks to the Wilderness Camp Area and around retreat center, or merely sitting together to visit with our church family. The pictures tell it better:



A little note from Susie Churchmouse:

Last year there was no Easter breakfast. I was thrilled to hear we have one this year! It gets dull around her and I really miss seeing everybody (and maybe the crumbs).

PARTING THOUGHT:

All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful, the Lord God made them all.
God gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty, who has made all things well.

-Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

Deadline for submitting items to the
May News & Views— **April 26th**

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