

EASTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
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Eastminster Messenger

Heads, Hearts & Hands for Christ in Service & Celebration

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FROM THE



PASTOR

"Thanks Living"

The November calendar seems very odd this year, doesn't it? Thanksgiving is ordinarily on the last Thursday of the month, but not this year. This year, the fourth Thursday falls on the 22nd so next Thursday is Thanksgiving. Ordinarily, Reign of Christ (or Christ the King) Sunday coincides with Thanksgiving. Since that's not the case this year, let's put our focus on Thanksgiving on the Sunday prior to its observance.

Read Luke 17:11-19, a very familiar passage and one that we regularly associate with the lesson of the importance of giving thanks for our blessings. Let's go beyond "giving" thanks, though, and think more about "Thanks Living."

Thanksgiving Blessings,
Dennis

WHY I GIVE....

It's my obligation...Because I love God...As thanks to God...To be blessed by giving...To support my church...To help others through my church...To invest in the community...Because everything I have belongs to God...To honor those who came before us and as a legacy for the future...By giving, I grow spiritually.

Commitment Sunday

This Sunday is Commitment Sunday. This week, you will receive an envelope that will include two letters and two cards. One card and letter pertains to our Annual Stewardship Campaign. The other card and letter pertains to the Capital Campaign.

Prayerfully read both letters and then prayerfully fill out both cards and bring them with you this Sunday. At the conclusion of worship, we will have the opportunity to join together in placing our cards on the Communion Table as a sign of our commitment to the work of the church in the coming year and for many years to come.



Poinsettia orders are now being taken. The cost is \$12 each. The deadline to order a poinsettia is Friday, December 7th. Payment must accompany your order!

Yes, I would like _____ poinsettia(s)

In memory/honor of:

I will pick up my poinsettia(s) ___yes ___no

Donor's Name: _____

Phone Number: _____

PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN THANK OFFERING



The Thank Offering has long been a tradition of Presbyterian Women. It has provided and continues to provide much-needed financial assistance to numerous worthwhile programs not included in ongoing General Assembly mission support. On Sunday November 25th we will be receiving the Thank Offering. Your support is greatly needed and appreciated.

"First Harvest Homecoming"

Be sure to get your Thanksgiving Copy of "First Harvest Homecoming" this Sunday, November 18th! Join Miss Penelope, Arabella, Sebastian and Little Tall Oak as they bear witness to the first day of the famous three-day feast at Plymouth Bay. You can get your copy after the 10:30 worship service or by calling the church office.

Thanksgiving Blessings,
Roland Small, Jr.

CHEESEBALL NOTES

Pick up times for cheeseballs are :
Friday, November 16th from 1-3 and after each service on Sunday, November 18th!

Sunday, November 18, 2018

8:00 A.M. Service

Liturgist

Annie Engelbrecht

Usher

Dorothy Mans

10:30 A.M. Service

Liturgist

Annie Engelbrecht

Head Usher

Mel Ellsperman

Ushers & Greeters

Carrie Mogavero & Team
Marilyn Ellsperman, Pat & Jayne Manis

Acolyte

Addison Fritz

Eastminster Staff

Mike Cantrell - Housekeeper
Dennis R. Davenport - Pastor
Mary Fulkerson - Office Manager
Trey Fulkerson - Youth/Pastoral Assistant
Alanna Keenan - Director of Music
Marian LaChance - Housekeeper
Rachel Luttrull - Organist
Erin Tipton - Christian Ed Director

Church Office Hours

M - Th: 8:30 - 4:00 P.M.
Friday: 8:30 - Noon

Church Communication Lines

Phone#: 476-3355/Fax: 476-8755
Web: eastminsterchurch.com
Email: epc@epcevv.com
Sound Engineer: Ron Harper
Social Media Administrator: Tony McClees
Prayer Chain Captain: Leslie Webb



Stewardship - 2018

When Gary Van Zandt asked me to speak to you as part of our annual stewardship campaign, I looked at the list of possible reasons that Gary provided and thought to myself that each applied to me.

Knowing that at least two other members of our congregation would speak on the same topic, I wondered what I could possibly say that would not bore each of us to death.

While each of the reasons listed are really appropriate for me as to why I give, I have decided on the following personal story, but first listen to the lyrics from one of the children's Bible school songs. I believe they are appropriate to my story.

In the eye of a storm
you remain in control
and in the middle of a war
you guard my soul.
You are the anchor
when my sails are torn;
your love surrounds me
in the eye of a storm.
When my hopes and dreams are far from me,
when I'm running out of faith
I see the future slowly fade away;
and when the tears of pain and heartache
are falling down my face
I find my peace in Jesus name.

When I was five years old my family was visiting friends in Daylight, Indiana. While my parents were visiting in the home I wandered to the rear of the property and proceeded to remove my shoes and wade into a stagnant pond. I was not far into the pond when I stepped onto a rusty nail that was protruding about three inches through a submerged piece of lumber. The rusty nail punctured into the near middle of my right foot. I started screaming while running toward the house. I had apparently punctured an artery and blood was spurting with every heart beat.

My family rushed me to the nearest country doctor located in Elberfeld, IN. The doctor cleaned the wound, placed a pressure bandage on it, and sent me home with instructions to keep the foot elevated and not attempt to walk on it.

Fast forward a week maybe two. My parents had planned a trip to California with the neighbors and my grandmother (Mom Fritz) was going to stay with me and my two brothers while they were away. My brothers pulled me around in a wagon and all seemed to be fine.

On the sixth night following my parents' departure at around midnight I awakened from my sleep and my foot was bleeding profusely. My "Mom Fritz" had no car and did not drive, but she was able to make contact with a distant relative who lived nearby. By the time Tom Basket and "Mom Fritz" got me to the hospital, I had bled and soaked through at least a couple of bath towels.

Because "Mom Fritz" did not have with her the appropriate medical insurance information the hospital was reluctant to admit me; however, "Mom Fritz" was fortunately able to reach our family physician, Dr. Henry Faul. Dr. Faul blew his stack when he arrived at the hospital. He claimed I was nearly dead from blood loss. Transfusions were immediately administered. I was then given shots of penicillin every hour around the clock.

The time line is now fuzzy, but when I was again alert I was told the infection caused a significant hole in the middle of my foot. My "Mom Fritz" was told that surgeons were unable to tie off the artery and they would need to amputate the foot in order to save my life.

Meanwhile, the California Highway Patrol was alerted and, following my parents itinerary, were trying to locate them. The hospital would need their permission to amputate. The highway patrol was unsuccessful in locating my parents and it would be up to "Mom Fritz" to sign the necessary documents.

"Mom Fritz" was a staunch Southern Baptist—very faithful and strongly believed in the power of prayer. She prayed continually for me, the doctors, and her decision.

Ultimately, she refused permission telling the doctors she felt that I would never forgive her if she allowed my foot to be amputated.

My dad worked for Herman Dairy at the time. When Ed Herman was notified of the situation, he came to the hospital with a blank check telling hospital officials to give me whatever was needed and to fill in the check for whatever was required.

I had gone under anesthesia believing I was having an amputation. When I awoke I still had my foot.

My "Mom Fritz" believed that God would take care of me and sure enough He did!

Dad and Mom later told me they were cruising a west coast highway when out of the blue mom said, "Bill turn around something's gone wrong. We've got to go home. Dad, mom, and the neighbor couple headed home immediately, stopping only for gas and food until they returned home.

I was unable to walk on that foot for several months and as a result did not attend kindergarten with my would-be classmates.

I was in the eye of the storm but God was in control. He alone was my anchor, my sails were torn. His love surrounded me in the eye of the storm.

I could have died or my future drastically forever changed, but "Mom Fritz" and I found our peace in Jesus name.

I have always felt God's watchful eye guiding, guarding, and protecting me. I'll wager nearly all of you have a story as to how God intervened in your life at some time. So the question we ask is, "how should we respond?"

I believe it is by reaching out and supporting God's mission in the world and that means each of us supporting the church—the vehicle God has put in place to support His mission.

If you feel that you have not been truly blessed, consider the words from this poem I clipped from an Ann Landers column several decades ago:

Lord, Forgive Me When I Whine
Today, on a bus, I saw a lovely girl with golden hair, I envied her...she seemed so gay...and I wished I were as fair. When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle; She had one leg and wore a crutch; but as she passed...a smile! Oh, God forgive me when I whine, I have two legs. The world is mine!

I stopped to buy some candy. The lad who sold it had such charm. I talked with him He seemed so glad. If I were late 'twould do no harm. And as I left he said to me, "I thank you. You have been so kind. It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see," he said, "I'm blind." Oh, God, forgive me when I whine, I have two eyes. The world is mine.

Later, while walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue. He stood and watched the others play. He did not know what to do. I stopped a moment, then I said, "Why don't you join the others, dear?" He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew he could not hear. Oh, God forgive me when I whine. I have two ears. The world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'd go, with eyes to see the sunset's glow, With ears to hear what I would know...Oh, God forgive me when I whine. I'm blessed indeed. The world is mine.

Author Unknown

On Thursday evenings at YMCA's Camp Carson the evening prior to the campers leaving camp on Friday evening the campers attend a campfire ceremony. Stories are shared, friendships solidified, and campers are challenged to take home the lessons they've learned and make their corner of the world a better place to be.

As the campfire dies down each camper has found a stick or piece of wood—some large, some small, some in-between. Each child approaches the campfire and tosses in their piece of wood. By the time all have contributed their piece of wood, the fire is again large and bright. Each has given what he has to offer and together they make a significant difference. Such is the way with our gifts to the church. Some large, some small, some in-between but together we can send a bright light into the world.

Remember this: It only takes a spark to get a fire going, and soon all those who gather around can warm in its glowing. That's how it is with your gift once you have given it. See and hear, reach and touch, go and love and give not until it hurts but until it feels good.

Steve Fritz

Christian Education

Children's Worship Leader Schedule

11/11/18—Beth Bailey
11/18/18—Annie Engelbrecht
11/25/18—Sabrina Holden
12/2/18—Advent Lunch practice
12/9/18—Gordon Wiley
12/16/18—Beth Bailey
12/23/18—Sabrina Holden
12/30/18—Annie Engelbrecht

Please find a new sign up sheet for the 2019 Children's Worship Leader Schedule on the Welcome Center in the Narthex. Prayerfully consider volunteering a morning or two with our children.



Advent Lunch

Could you bring soup on December 2nd for our Advent Luncheon? If so, the Christian Education committee would be so grateful! Please let Erin Tipton or the church office know if you can contribute a crockpot of soup. Thanks so very much!! Looking forward to seeing you there for this wonderful tradition.

Thanksgiving Processional



This week! November 18, 2018

Children and youth meet Erin Tipton in the gallery at 10:15 a.m. Bring your non-perishable food item and we will provide the rest. Hope to see you there!!

This Sunday, our children will also participate in Commitment Sunday. Near the conclusion of 10:30 worship, those in Children's Worship will gather in the Narthex and at the beginning of our Hymn of Commitment, they will lead us down the center aisle (hardhats & all, representative of their Lego church construction work).

