



## **Emmanuel United Methodist Church**

26 West Washington Street, Fleetwood, PA 19522

Sunday Worship 10 AM; Sunday School 9:15 AM

Web Site: [www.FleetwoodUMC.org](http://www.FleetwoodUMC.org)

**CELEBRATING 150 YEARS THIS MONTH**  
**1866 – 2016**



**This Sunday October 2** – Pianist and vocalist, Scot Stetka, and his brother guitarist Curtis Stetka, who both grew up in our congregation, will provide special music. We will have a cookies and punch reception following worship.

**Sunday, October 9**  
**Our 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration Day**  
**Everyone Welcome!**  
**Please Be There and Bring a Friend!**

Dave Stahl will play the trumpet during worship and we will have a covered dish luncheon with Anniversary Cake afterwards. There is a sign up form in our church lobby, please fill in your participation if you have not already done so. There is always enough food to share so everyone is welcome to join us for lunch!

**Saturday, October 22 – Clean-up date for the church.** All are invited to help for a few hours starting at 9 AM.

**Harvest Home** During whole the month of Oct., we will be observing Harvest Home to benefit The Fleetwood Food Bank. You may bring in non-perishable food items, or if you wish you may make a cash donation as the food bank is able to purchase items in bulk.

**Sunday, November 6 - is pulled pork dinner hosted by the Trustee's.** The cost is \$8.00 per dinner. Please sign up on the Bulletin Board in the lobby.

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## **Pastor's Corner**

### **Is Bible Study Important?**

The Bible is the one book in this world that teaches us what God requires that we must do to be saved and go to Heaven. We are "to receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls" (James 1:21). There is no excuse for man's ignorance of God's word today. "Therefore do not be unwise, but understand what the will of the Lord is" (Ephesians 5:17). A person is unwise not to study the Bible. The only way we can understand the will of the Lord is through Bible study. Those who do not study God's word are not able "to discern both good and evil" (Hebrews 5:14). Those who do not study God's word are "Having their understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God because of the ignorance that is in them" (Ephesians 4:18). Because those who could care less what God says, "And even as they refused to have God in their knowledge, God gave them up to a reprobate mind" (Romans 1:28).

People will be eternally lost if they don't know what the Bible says, so they can obey God. To keep from being destroyed in the eternal torments of Hell, we must "desire the pure milk of the word, that you may grow thereby" (1 Peter 2:2). Those in the church who have not studied God's will are being shamed, "For though by this time you ought to be teachers, you need someone to teach you again the first principles of the oracles of God" (Hebrews 5:12). The only way we can receive God's word is to "dust off our Bibles" and

study them both privately and in Bible classes and hearing God's word preached. We should take advantage every opportunity we have to know God's word.

God Bless,

*Pastor Mark*

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### October Birthdays

October 4 – Nancy Kiesling

October 9 – Christine Whitefield

October 12 – Elwood Rothenberger

October 12 – Cheryl Barr

October 19 – Troy Werley

### October Anniversaries

October 5 – Pastor Mark and Annette Dricker

October 10 – Nancy and Don Kiesling

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## **Dr. Zimmerman Prayer Letter**

*We recently received the following letter from our Covenant Missionary Dr. Zimmerman*

*Fear not, little flock;  
It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.  
Luke 12:32*

Dear Friends,

Every four years or so, our family embarks on 'home assignment.' Our terms of service in Nepal are bookended by these 4-month periods, during which we leave our actual home, usual work, and school, fly to the U.S. and Ireland, and drive around to church meetings scattered across both countries. Each furlough is distinct, but they're all preceded by a tension over logistics: What sort of house will we find as a 'base camp?' Should we rent, lease, buy, or borrow a car for the thousands of miles of driving? Will the interim school be a good experience for the boys? Will time allow for all the church visits, family and friends, medical check-ups, as well as some relaxation time?

On the afternoon of March 28, we landed at Philadelphia airport and drove south to the town of Elkton, Maryland, a place we'd never been before. At the end of several miles of winding, forested road, we pulled into a church parking lot and parked in front of the adjoining house nestled in the trees. A man of about 35 wearing jeans with hair to his shoulders jumped out of a dusty pick-up truck and ambled over, smiling broadly.

"Pastor Tim, I presume," I said, reaching out my hand.

"You're right about that one. Welcome to Wesley United Methodist, Dr. Mark!" he responded in a southern twang. Two years earlier, the church had made a decision to open their parsonage to returning missionaries, and had now agreed for us to stay there during April and May. Tim ushered us into the one-story ranch-style house. One level of anxiety began to recede as we peeked into rooms that appeared homey and well-furnished.

"I hope y'all are ready to eat. Ruthann's got a turkey dinner cooked up and she'll bring it over just as soon as you give the green light." Before long, Ruthann and her husband Boots, both in their 80s, turned up laden with casserole

dishes and pots. Soon our table bore all the requisite dishes, down to the cranberry sauce, and the room was redolent of Thanksgiving. We prayed with these new friends and dug into the feast.

Towards the end of the meal, Tim added, "Of course, this was great, but wait until you see me do a turkey in my deep fryer out on the church lawn. Take me just 20 minutes to cook a whole bird. That'll have to wait for another day, but I promise you you'll like that too."

We are often amazed by the Lord's unexpected blessings when we 'come home,' but the folks in Elkton outdid themselves. They arranged for Benjamin to realize his lifelong dream of joining a real Little League baseball team – our whole family got caught up in the excitement of his successful rookie season. The church had members who gave both boys piano lessons and Zach art lessons. They found someone in town to fix the 'whine' in my mom's 2001 Subaru, the car on which all our subsequent U.S. touring depended. The church house was big enough for my mom to travel east and stay with us for a month. The boys attended the local school and managed to make some new friends. And during our last week in Elkton, Pastor Tim confirmed Zachary, Benjamin, and three other young people at a riverside ceremony that we and most of the church attended.

In June we travelled to our next basecamp in Syracuse, NY, the city where decades ago I trained to become an internist under my friend Don Blair. Don and Nancy's abode on Peck Hill Road is a genuine home-away-from-home where we're always treated like family. From there, we launched out into New England. All told, we would put 16,000 miles on the car, speak to 50 churches, and sleep in 35 different beds – most of them more comfortable than our beds back in Nepal.

We touched base with old friends. Gary Rosenthal and I shared a checkered fraternity history at Johns Hopkins in the 1970s. This summer, we introduced our families to each other in Iowa City, where he is a Professor of Medicine, and the decades melted away over a couple of nights of conversation. Two weeks later, we sat down at a Dublin restaurant with Sinead and Roberta, Deirdre's college friends. For the last twenty years, I'd heard about their group, but after that evening I finally felt I knew them. Our journey led us to visit the homes of five families who'd each settled their kids back from overseas to their home countries for their education, a transition that looms in our boys' future. In Minnesota, Zachary and Benjamin each met their old 'best friends' from Nepal.

Churches heard our stories. Though friends sometimes groan to hear how much we travel, for us it's a privilege to have people follow your life and work, pray for you, and look forward to your occasional visits. In general, United Methodist Churches (UMC) in the U.S. face the problem of declining numbers and aging congregations, and this is the case for many of our support churches. Nevertheless, we were inspired to hear of their faithful mission. The basement of the Lehman UMC was turned over to a food pantry for the poor, and of the Centenary UMC to a goodwill clothing store. Finley UMC, situated in its own needy area, was still maintaining four overseas mission projects. Zachary and Benjamin spoke at most churches we visited and were often the stars of the presentations. Our lads seemed delighted to interpret their 'home Nepal' to Americans and when it was over vied with each other to field questions from the audience.

We took the situations of church friends into our hearts and prayers. Pastor Bob had lost his son to suicide three years back. Robb was being transferred away from a beloved congregation. Andy is separated from his four kids. Tom and Leah Mae each week travel into the next state to support their daughter, a single parent struggling with two kids.

Alicia pastors University United Methodist Church in Syracuse, NY, which we visited on a Sunday morning in June. Towards the end of the service, I watched from the front pew as a line of people formed to serve communion. They included several immigrants from Africa, two folks who bore the ragged look of street people, and one older woman who cradled a plastic baby doll under her arm as she held out the plate with bread. It made me wonder if this was what communion will look like in heaven.

We had too many delicious meals to count or name. There were all the potluck church dinners, with folks uncovering their best recipes of lasagna, chicken-broccoli bake, and cherry pie. Nights on the road, Deirdre preferred old fashioned American diners, preferably ones with shiny aluminum sidings. For me, it's hard to think of anything better than the grilled cheeseburgers and corn-on-the-cob out back on the porch of the Blair's house. But then, there were also the ribs at Dinosaur Barbecue, my sister Jill's special meatballs, John's homemade Maine pizza, and, of course, the roasts and casseroles my mother-in-law Judith whipped up for us in Dublin.

We love to swim and are always looking to pull off the road to dive into some body of water. One morning driving west out of Minneapolis, we made an impromptu decision to change into suits and swim across the Mississippi River. A week later on that same road trip, we ended a day diving into crystalline Lake Jenny under the gaze of the Grand Tetons in Wyoming. Over the course of one week in Ireland, we swam off Kerry in the southwest, Portstewart in the north, and south of Dublin in the east.

On the last day of our home assignment we went hiking up a craggy mountain with Deirdre's folks Trevor and Judith and then headed to the beach at Greystones for a picnic lunch and swim. After a sandwich, I napped on the warm sand. The others emerged from swimming, each comparing the cold of the Irish Sea to other swims we'd recently done.

As I ambled down to the surf, a seal appeared about 100 feet off shore, intermittently rearing its head and diving. People along the beach gathered to gawk. Against Judith's advice that 'it could nip someone,' I began to swim out from the shore towards the seal. When I'd covered half the distance, it slipped under, disappearing like a mirage.

Then suddenly the seal's pointed gray head broke through the surface just ten feet in front of me. We were eye-to-eye, each of us perhaps wondering what the other's intent was. I excitedly began to talk to the thing, partly to settle my anxiety. It stared resolutely, whiskers dripping. Its head was gray and eyes jet black. Without any warning, it again ducked under the surface. I treaded the cold, deep water, wondering what the seal might do if it came up under me. Had it mistaken me for another sea creature?

A few moments later its head appeared to my left, snorting mist from its nose and mouth. We stared for another 10-20 seconds. Using an essential skill learned in childhood, I began to playfully squirt long streams of water from my hands towards the seal. One jet splattered off its glistening head and it disappeared with a sudden, almost violent, splash. I thought I'd scared it away for good. But then it popped up again, resurfacing now wherever I swam. The seal was about 5 feet long, blacker in the body than in the head. When it edged closer, eyeing me curiously, I treaded backwards to maintain appropriate social space. I'd guess that it came up beside me some 15 times. It was like swimming with one's dog. Finally, cold to the bone, I had to force myself back to the beach. I watched the seal surface twice more just out from where I'd landed and then disappear.

Then we gathered ourselves to walk down the beach, where we ate soft ice cream, the final course of a sumptuous spring and summer feast. Forty eight hours later, we arrived back home safely in Nepal.

May you too know the Lord's many unexpected blessings this season of your life.

Love,

Mark, Deirdre, Zachary and Benjamin



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## Pray 31 Initiative

### During the month of October and into November...

thousands of churches will be praying for our country. Through an historic initiative called **Pray31**, congregations from coast to coast will experience the power of intensive, purposeful prayer. It's part of a nationwide movement with the ultimate goal of one million people praying for one month for this one nation under God.



## A Simple Plan, A Unique Resource

**Pray31** is based on a simple plan: *31 days of focused prayer for America.*

We will be giving you a guide. The guide for this 31-day journey is a unique resource, available at the following link **Pray31 U.S. Prayer Atlas**. Church members use the **Atlas** for just a few minutes every day, praying for that day's requests. By the end of the 31 days, they will have prayed across America. In the process, their own lives will be spiritually enriched and energized.

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*SMILES for October*

**Many folks want to serve God,  
But only as advisers.**

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**It is easier to preach ten sermons  
Than it is to live one.**

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**The good Lord didn't create anything without a purpose,  
But mosquitoes come close.**

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**When you get to your wit's end,  
You'll find God lives there.**

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**People are funny; they want the front of the bus,  
Middle of the road,  
And back of the church.**

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**Opportunity may knock once,  
But temptation bangs on the front door forever.**

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**Quit griping about your church;  
If it was perfect, you couldn't belong.**

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**If a church wants a better pastor,  
It only needs to pray for the one it has.**

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**We're called to be witnesses, not lawyers or judges.**

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**God Himself doesn't propose to judge a man until  
he is dead. So why should you?**

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**Some minds are like concrete  
Thoroughly mixed up and permanently set.**

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**Peace starts with a smile.**

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**I don't know why some people change churches;  
What difference does it make which one you stay home  
from?**

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**Be ye fishers of men. You catch 'em - He'll clean 'em.**

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**Coincidence is when God chooses to remain  
anonymous.**

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**Reminder - Newsletter Deadline—** If you have **articles for October's** Newsletter be sure to email them to Dick Tracy at [dtracy@ptd.net](mailto:dtracy@ptd.net) or call him at 610-207-2016 **not later than Wednesday October 26<sup>th</sup>**. **I am always looking for articles to share so please feel free to email me with anything you feel appropriate to share!**