



## **Emmanuel United Methodist Church**

26 West Washington Street, Fleetwood, PA 19522

Sunday Worship 10 AM; Sunday School 10 AM

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

### **January 2017**

#### **This month's Schedule at Emmanuel**

**Sunday, January 1** – New Year's Day Worship

**Sunday, January 8** - 4 pm "Little Christmas Gift Swop Pot Luck" All invited

**Wednesday Jan. 11** - Trustees Meeting 7 pm

**Tuesday, January 17** - Administrative Council Meeting 7 pm

**Thursday, January 19** – Youth Group attends Winter Jam Concert at the Santander Center in Reading.  
We go to the Jam Nation Preshow at 4:30.

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#### **A couple of Photos from our wonderful Christmas Eve Service**



**Our Sanctuary all decorated**



**Choral Call To Worship with Bryn Werley accompanist**



**Bryn Werley performing Hallelujah Chorus on flute**

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## **Little (after) Christmas Gift Swop Pot Luck**

**We will be holding our " Little Christmas Gift Swop and Pot Luck" on Sunday January 8 starting at 4 pm. Everyone is invited for fun and fellowship – bring a wrapped gift valued approximately \$5- 10.00 for each person who would like to participate in the swap. You need not bring a gift to enjoy our Christmas Pot luck fellowship. This event is sponsored by our Youth Fellowship.**

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# Pastor's Corner

## Why Believe In God?

The evidence of God is all around us. Romans 1:20 says, "For since the creation of the world His invisible *attributes* are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, *even* His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse." How could mankind and everything else in this world just have accidentally happened as the atheists try to claim? It couldn't. All one has to do is to look at all of God's handiwork.

One has no excuse to not believe in God. Psalms 14:1 says, "The fool has said in his heart, 'There is no God'". One is a fool to not believe in God. Why don't people believe in God? Jesus says concerning some of those who will be lost in Hell that, "the devil comes and takes the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved" (Luke 8:12). The devil doesn't want us to believe in God and be saved. The devil is very successful with many people in convincing them to not believe in God. Hebrews 11:6 says, "But without faith *it is* impossible to please *Him*, for he who comes to God must believe that He is, and *that* He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him." The only way we can be saved is to believe in God. If we don't believe in God we will not diligently seek to please God by obeying Him. If one does not believe in God and Christ, one will not do what They say. If one does not do what the Lord says he will die in his sins and be eternally lost in Hell. Jesus says, "For if you do not believe that I am He, you will die in your sins" (John 8:24).

But what happens if we die in our sins? 2 Thessalonians 1:7-9 says at the end of time, "and to *give* you who are troubled rest with us when the Lord Jesus is revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on those who do not know God, and on those who do not obey the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. These shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power".

What does it mean to be eternally lost in Hell? God's word says in Revelation 20:10, 15, "The devil, who deceived them, was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone where the beast and the false prophet *are*. And they will be tormented day and night forever and ever...And anyone not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." Many people don't believe in Hell, but one day they will. If one is eternally lost in Hell, because he doesn't believe in God, he will only have himself to blame. All those who are lost in Hell will then believe that there is a God, but it will be too late then. One is a fool to not believe in God.

God Bless,

*Pastor Mark*

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# Youth Activities

January 2017

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**Sunday, January 8 - 4 pm “Little Christmas Gift Swop Pot Luck” All invited**

**Thursday, January 19 – Youth Group Attends Winter Jam Concert at the Santander Center in Reading. We go to the Jam Nation Preshow at 4:30.**

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## January Birthdays

January 28 – Bob Fluharty

## January Anniversaries

January 21 – Bob and Ruth Fluharty

January 30 – Raymond and Pat Everhart

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## Church Leadership for 2017

### Administrative Council

Pastor	Mark Dricker
Lay Leader	Ron Frey
Lay Member to Annual Conference	Brad Hamilton
Chairperson Administrative Council	Brad Hamilton
Chairperson Trustees	Scott McCulloch & Glenn Sanders
Chairperson Finance	Troy Werley
Chairperson Staff Parrish Relations Committee	Julie Knabb
Chairperson Nominations & Personnel	Deanne Hamilton
Chairperson Trustees Relations Committee	Julie Knabb
Chairperson, Nominations and Personnel	Deanne Hamilton
Chairperson, Education	Bran Hamilton & Kristin McCulloch

Treasurer	Roger Barr
Historian	Betty Homan (looking for replacement)
Financial Secretary	Cheryl Barr

**Work Area Chairpersons**

Evangelism	Kathy Stetka
Adult & Family Ministries	Sue Werley
Worship	Deanne Hamilton & Kathy Stetka
Missions	Julie Knabb
Membership Secretary	Cheryl Barr
Director of Music	Donna Knarr
Music Chairperson	Bob Fluharty
Parish Nursing	Jamie Evans & Julie Knabb
Welcoming Committee	Brad Hamilton & Worship Committee
Nursery Coordinator	Kim Maderia
Youth	Annette Dricker
Flowers	Kim Maderia

**Other**

Prayer Advocate	Deanne Hamilton
Members at large	Ruby Lewis
Memorial	Betty Homan
Co-Chairperson Memorial	Nancy Kiesling
Web Master	Colleen Stamm
Newsletter	Dick Tracy
Sound Technicians	Herman deHaan & Dave Lang

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## **A letter from the Zachary Zimmerman son of our covenant missionary in Nepal -**

*Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you always, to the end of the age.”* Matthew 28:19-20

**Dear Friends**, About a month ago, I had the wonderful opportunity to be part of a student-led mission trip to Besi Sahar, Lamjung, located about 100 miles to the west of Kathmandu. The students at KISC (the mission school I attend) have long reflected on the inadequacy of claiming to be doing mission simply because our parents are here. This mindset is completely incorrect if you think about it for even a moment or two. With this in mind a tradition of having a mission trip to serve an underprivileged community, led entirely by the students during our autumn break, has formed. This year in particular, as we planned and prepared for the trip, God really reminded us of his total control over everything.

The leaders of the group were starting the last level of examinations (A levels) that occur at KISC and the work load had hit them very hard. On top of which, we had a rather demanding school musical to put on, all of the leaders in lead rolls. This left planning for the trip until barely a month before the autumn break (the time when the trip occurs) and when they got to planning, nothing seemed to be working out. First, we couldn't get enough chaperones to come; once that was solved, we were running short of funds; when we raised enough money, we weren't sure that we would be allowed to rent a van, and so on. At one point, to our great disappointment, the trip looked like it would have to be called off. However, by God's grace, at 6:15 am on Sunday the 8th of October, 12 students and 3 chaperones assembled at KISC, too tired to express their enormous excitement for the upcoming trip.

We arrived in Besi Sahar and after a short devotion led by another student and me (focusing on Psalm 119:105) and a rather meager meal of daal bhaat (rice, lentils & vegetable curry), we weary travelers all collapsed into bed. As the sun rose over the picturesque valley which housed this trekking city (our home for the next 6 days), the team slowly trickled into the dining room and we had morning devotions over bowls of muesli or porridge and toast. We soon discovered that the plan was to head out to a school a few miles out of town and paint two murals, designed by a classmate and me. We drove to a small quiet village with a run-down concrete school that served the poorer parts of the community (the wealthier children attended a slightly less-basic private school in Besi Sahar). We got to painting right away and before we knew it lunch time had come and, as per usual in Nepal, we went to the smallest restaurant we could find (more like the dining room of the owner's house) but it turned out to have by far the best dal bhaat.

Tuesday, we went back to the school having finished the paintings but with the idea in mind to round up a few local kids and play with them using supplies brought from either the US or Kathmandu. By midday, we were starting to be overwhelmed by the number of children flocking to the school and as we went away for lunch, we decided that we would make a comprehensive plan before returning for the afternoon. By the time we returned, there were double the numbers of children, but we were confident that we could handle them. Soon, we had split them into younger and older groups and I

took the young ones to color and read story books, along with another classmate and a less sporty chaperone.

We had a great time, due to the fact that the three of us loved toddlers and they seemed to love us back. The simplest of games would entertain them for hours, as even something as simple as bubbles and balloons were a novelty or at least a rarity for them. Meanwhile, the older group, which was the majority, had multitudes of races, tag and numerous other games. Out of all the of the games we played with them, football (or soccer if you're American) was by far the most popular although if it hadn't been for Nahum, it wouldn't have even been played. Nahum was one of our team leaders and during our planning time over lunch, he had had the foresight to suggest buying and bringing a football. He had remembered that Nepalis love football but communities like this often didn't have a ball or if they did, it would be punctured or barely usable. So, we bought one and the kids barely did anything else the rest of the afternoon. At the end of the day, the team wholeheartedly agreed that the ball would be left with Raul, who had been with us since the early morning and had effectively been our guide, to act as a steward over the ball to be shared with the rest of the community. By the time we left more than 100 kids had participated and with heavy hearts, our van drove away to chants of 'Come back tomorrow!' We were all sad that we couldn't fulfill their requests, as our schedule was quite tight.

These boys and girls had shown such gentleness and respect, that we had truly learned something about how to act and how to emulate God better. As we reflected that night, we had come to give, and in doing so we had also been given to. The rest of the week passed in the blink of an eye. The next two days we did some more painting at a school in the city, and organized some activities for the resident children at the local park/open area. Friday, we volunteered at the hospital, some of the braver members of our team donating blood, some just visiting patients. I didn't think that this would be my strong point and at first it wasn't, but soon I found ways to spread God's love through quiet, simple methods, like just having a short conversation with patients about themselves and their lives. Here I realized how privileged I was to have a reasonable grip on Nepali language so I could communicate effectively.

Our hospital visit perfectly reflected that night's devotion about all the different talents God gives us and how to use these in a team setting. As well as the work there was definitely play, including going on walks visiting a stunning waterfall and just hanging out and spending quality time with one another. This down time meant that the group bonded and came together, and a feeling of family grew between all of us, making our work more productive. Saturday came before we knew it and after a 6-hour drive, we arrived back safe and sound, our hearts full of a treasure that was precious beyond words.

In other news, Benjamin is avidly watching as the NBA season gets into full swing, my mom is waist-deep in trainings with her office, and my dad has never enjoyed medical work as much as he is at Patan Hospital. I am preparing for both mock examinations and an inter-school Model United Nations assembly. Also, the whole family is looking forward to our upcoming trip to Vietnam after Christmas, planned meticulously by my dad. Please continue to pray for the country of Nepal as it approaches a new year and the Nepali church as they celebrate their savior's birth. Lastly, our family asks for your prayer as we strive to do God's work here. Merry Christmas!

**Zachary, Benjamin, Mark and Deirdre**



*Thoughts and Smiles for December*

Senior version of Jesus Loves Me

While watching a little TV on Sunday instead of going to church, I watched a church in Atlanta honoring one of its senior pastors who had been retired many years. He was 92 at that time and I wondered why the church even bothered to ask the old gentleman to preach at that age. After a warm welcome, introduction of this speaker, and as the applause quieted down, he rose from his high back chair and walked slowly, with great effort and a sliding gait to the podium. Without a note or written paper of any kind he placed both hands on the pulpit to steady himself and then quietly and slowly he began to speak....

"When I was asked to come here today and talk to you, your pastor asked me to tell you what was the greatest lesson ever learned in my 50-odd years of preaching. I thought about it for a few days and boiled it down to just one thing that made the most difference in my life and sustained me through all my trials. The one thing that I could always rely on when tears and heartbreak and pain and fear and sorrow paralyzed me. The only thing that would comfort was this verse"

"Jesus loves me this I know.  
For the Bible tells me so.  
Little ones to Him belong,  
We are weak but He is strong.  
Yes, Jesus loves me.  
The Bible tells me so."

The old pastor stated, "I always noticed that it was the adults who chose the children's hymn 'Jesus Loves Me' (for the children of course) during a hymn sing, and it was the adults who sang the loudest because I could see they knew it the best."

"Here for you now is a Senior version of Jesus Loves Me":

**JESUS LOVES ME**

**Jesus loves me, this I know,  
Though my hair is white as snow  
Though my sight is growing dim,  
Still He bids me trust in Him.**

**(CHORUS)**

**YES, JESUS LOVES ME. YES, JESUS LOVES ME.  
YES, JESUS LOVES ME, FOR THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO.**

**Though my steps are oh, so slow,  
With my hand in His I'll go  
On through life, let come what may,  
He'll be there to lead the way.**

**(CHORUS)**



When the nights are dark and long,  
In my heart He puts a song..  
Telling me in words so clear,  
"Have no fear, for I am near."  
(CHORUS)

When my work on earth is done,  
And life's victories have been won.  
He will take me home above,  
Then I'll understand His love.  
(CHORUS)

I love Jesus, does He know?  
Have I ever told Him so?  
Jesus loves to hear me say,  
That I love Him every day.  
(CHORUS)

God Bless Us All!!!

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# Honesty

Yup, some people can't handle the truth!



## My Favorite Animal

Our teacher asked what my favorite animal was, and I said, "Fried chicken."

She said I wasn't funny; but she couldn't have been right, because everyone else laughed.

My parents told me to always tell the truth. I did. Fried chicken is my favorite animal. I told my dad what happened, and he said my teacher was probably a member of PETA.

He said they love animals very much.  
I do, too. Especially chicken, pork and beef.  
Anyway, my teacher sent me to the  
principal's office.  
I told him what happened, and he laughed,  
too. Then he told me not to do it again.  
The next day in class my teacher asked me  
what live animal was my favorite.  
I told her it was chicken. She asked me  
why; so I told her it was because you could  
make them into fried chicken.  
She sent me back to the principal's office.  
He laughed and told me not to do it again.  
I don't understand. My parents taught me  
to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it  
when I am.  
Today, my teacher asked me to tell her  
what famous military person I admired  
most.  
I told her, "Colonel Sanders."

Guess where I am now...!

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**Reminder - Newsletter Deadline**– If you have **articles for February'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 January 25<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!**

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