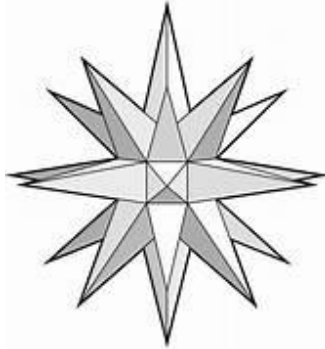


The Bethania Gazette



Bethania Moravian Church

Serving God and Serving You Since 1759

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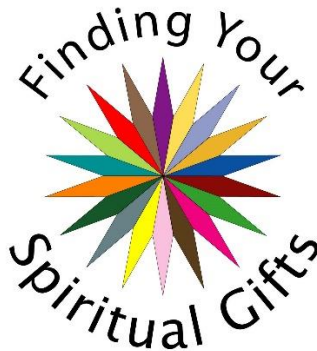
Warming the Heart



A Stewardship thought:

Romans 12 6-8

Since our gifts vary depending on the grace poured out on each of us, it is important that we exercise the gifts we have been given. If prophecy is your gift, then speak as a prophet according to your proportion of faith. If service is your gift, then serve well. If teaching is your gift then teach well. If you have been given a voice of encouragement, then use it often. If giving is your gift, then be generous. If leading, then be eager to get started. If sharing God's mercy, then be cheerful in sharing it.



A Meditation on a Hymn



*In the bulb there is a flower; in the seed, an apple tree;
In cocoons, a hidden promise: butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.*

*There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody;
There's a dawn in every darkness bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future; what it holds, a mystery,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.*

*In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity;
In our doubt there is believing; in our life, eternity.
In our death, a resurrection; at the last, a victory,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.*

Touching Base!

Women's Fellowship



Another pie day in the books! Take a moment to think of just how many chicken pies you've made, and how many happy family meals you've helped to make. Bethania Sisters: Feeding a community.

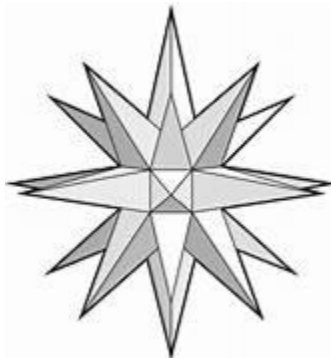
Music

Did you know....

Star edition!

The composer of our beloved Christmas hymn, "Morning Star", served as pastor here at Bethania from 1844-1851? Take a stroll down the hall of pastors and find the picture of Pastor Francis F. Hagen! He even LOOKS like a composer!

The star that is atop the cupola on our sanctuary was made by John Butner, Sr. out of a brass horn! Next time you're on the grounds, look up and see how your gifts to the church will bring joy for years to come.



VISITATION COMMITTEE

Thank you so much congregation for the cards! They were so enjoyed by our shut in friends more than the goodie bags.

Also, a big thank you to the Women's Fellowship for donating delicious chicken pie suppers. Those in assisted homes really enjoy our pies, of course the BEST!

The Visitation Committee will be meeting May 23rd at 10:00. We welcome new members and suggestions for how to share and care more with our friends.

I would like to thank Alma, Ann, Edie, Jerry, and Wilma for continuing to serve.

- E.J Oehman



Special

Time With Sr. Janet Styers



Sr. Janet was born in Iredell County in 1939. She actually lived in Yadkin County, but since there was no birthing clinic there, her parents had to drive to Iredell County. Her dad said he lost three days of tobacco waiting for her to be born.

Her dad was a civil worker. Growing up, she lived in New Bern, Fayetteville, and Winston-Salem. She lived in the Southside area of Winston on Peachtree Street. Her family attended Immanuel Moravian Church because they did not own a car and could walk there.

Janet loved dancing and began taking lessons at Ms. Dorminy's Dance Studio when she was seven years old. She later taught all types of ballroom dancing when she was only seventeen.

Janet's parents loved to square dance, so they often went dancing at different places around town. Tom happened to walk in at one of the dances and that is where the two of them met.

Janet graduated from Gray High School in 1957. She attended Sullins College for Women in Bristol, Virginia, for two years. When she met Tom that put an end to her college days.

Janet and Tom were married in 1960 at Immanuel Moravian Church. They lived in Durham while Tom attended Duke University and UNC Chapel Hill. While living there, Janet approached the Parks and Recreation Department about offering dance classes at some of their Recreation facilities. They agreed and she taught at several locations. She was surprised to learn that one of her students was the Head of the Law Department at Duke University.

Their two daughters, Michelle and Tonya, were born while they were living in Durham. They moved to Winston-Salem when Michelle was three years old, and Tonya was one month old. Tom picked out their first house by himself because Janet was busy caring for a month old baby. The house was located in Stanleyville.

After moving to Stanleyville, Tom opened a dental practice in the Ogburn Station area. Janet went to work in the office there when the girls started school. She only worked until time for the girls to get off the school bus each day.

Janet wanted to find a Moravian church nearby. Her aunt, Mildred Sunderlin, attended Bethania so they visited there first. Ken Robinson was the minister at that time. She said everyone was so friendly they never visited any other churches.

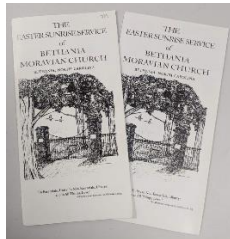
Janet was very active at Bethania as long as her health permitted. She was a diener and was on the committee to renovate the church. She served as the director of the Pre-school program at Bethania for seventeen years. She was on the Christian Education committee and took care of the scrapbooks of church activities for several years.

Janet and Tom enjoyed traveling and had travelled across the U.S. four times. They also travelled through Canada and Europe. They always enjoyed spending time with their family at their beach house.

Janet said that her faith is what has always kept her going.

In the Spotlight

EASTER SUNRISE IN BETHANIA: A PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNEY





MAY BIRTHDAYS



May 2nd- Sally Sloan

May 3rd- Idalia Canter

May 6th- Wilma Jackson

May 9th- Lawana Yarbrough

May 9th- Joe Moore

May 14th- Donna Wall

May 16th- Jackie Buchanan

May 17th- Betty Moorefield

May 21st- Cindy Flippin

May 22nd- Tom Yarbrough

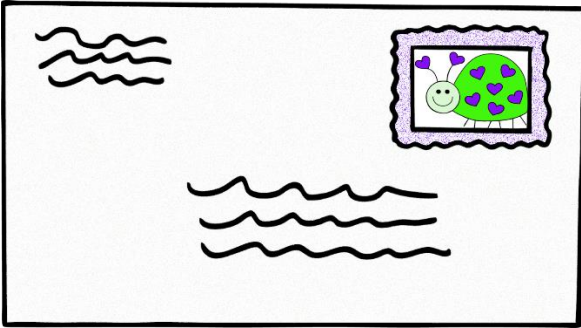
May 22nd- Marie Isaacs

May 24th- Harol Ferrington

May 30th- Lucy Sherrill

With Your presence, Lord, our Head and Savior, bless them all, we humbly pray; our dear heavenly Father's love and favor be their comfort every day. May God's Spirit now in each proceeding favor them with His most gracious leading; thus, shall they be truly blessed both in labor and in rest. Amen.

Warming the Heart



A 4 Year Old's Letter to God

Taken from "The Southerner" Newspaper

There is a kind soul working in the dead letter office of the U.S. Postal Service somewhere...

Our 14 year old dog, Abbey, died last month. After she died, my 4-year-old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey. She asked if we could write a letter to God, so that when Abbey got to heaven, God would recognize her. I told her that I thought we could, so she dictated these words:

Dear God,

Will you please take care of my dog? She died yesterday and is with you in heaven. I miss her very much. I am happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got

sick. I hope you will play with her. She likes to play with balls and to swim. I am sending a picture of her so when you see her you will know that she is my dog. I really miss her.

Love, Meredith

We put the letter in the envelope with a picture of Abbey and Meredith and addressed it to: God in Heaven. We put our return address on it. Then Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven.

That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office. A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. I told her that I thought he had. Yesterday there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, "To Meredith" in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers titled, "When a Pet Does". Taped to the inside cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope. On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey and Meredith and this note:

Dear Meredith,

Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help. I recognized Abbey right away. Abbey isn't

sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart. Abbey loved being your dog. Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in, so I am sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by.

Thank you for your beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and send it to me. What a wonderful mother you have, I picked her especially for you. I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much.

By the way, I am wherever there is love.

"Love, God"

