



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

2nd Sunday of Easter - April 19, 2020

Today is mine. Tomorrow is none of my business. If I peer anxiously into the fog of the future, I will strain my spiritual eyes so that I will not see clearly what is required of me now ...

— Elisabeth Elliot, Keep a Quiet Heart



Strength for Today and Bright Hope for Tomorrow

Rev. James Kraft

The hymn, Great Is Thy Faithfulness, is the favorite of many. The refrain is well known: "Great is Thy faithfulness, Morning by morning new mercies I see, and all I have needed Thy hand hath provided." What many people do not realize is that the basis of the hymn is a passage from Lamentations, a long poem written by the prophet Jeremiah just after 587 BC when his beloved city, Jerusalem was plundered, Solomon's Temple was destroyed, and the city was razed to the ground. This is what he wrote in: Lamentations 3:17, "My soul is bereft of peace; I have forgotten what happiness is." Anyone who has experienced any kind of personal tragedy can understand that sentiment.

Then Jeremiah writes this: "But this I call to mind, and therefore I have hope: The steadfast love of the LORD never ceases, his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness. 'The LORD is my portion,' says my soul, 'therefore I will hope in him.'" In spite of the greatest tragedy to hit his beloved country, a tragedy as severe as can hit any country, knowing the faithfulness of God, his faith and the hope that faith brings, breaks through his lament.

It is my prayer and trust that those of us who know the faithfulness of God and have seen it in the face of Jesus Christ, our faithful Lord, will be as trusting and as hope-filled through our current crisis as Jeremiah was in his day. May we be able to conclude with the hymn writer of Great is Thy Faithfulness with this declaration, "Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide. Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow, blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside."

I'm Still Here

Randy York

I usually wake up each morning about 5AM and begin a walk through my neighborhood shortly thereafter. As the sun begins to rise, I'm treated to a chorus of bird songs. I wonder if the calls are their way of declaring, "I'm still here!" to the new day.

That same thought applies to our relationship with our heavenly Father. Turn to Lamentations 3:23 and you will find, "Great is His faithfulness; His mercies begin afresh each morning."

If we take the time to be still and listen, in whatever place we find ourselves, God calls out each morning to remind us, "I'm still here!"

And as we move on secure in that knowledge, remember to reach back to someone in our church family or to someone in need and remind them, "I'm still here for you."

HAVE FAITH & SMILE



A storm descends on a small town, and the downpour soon turns into a flood. As the waters rise, the local preacher kneels in prayer on the church porch, surrounded by water. By and by, one of the townsfolk comes up the street in a canoe.

"Better get in, Preacher. The waters are rising fast."

"No," says the preacher. "I have faith in the Lord. He will save me."

Still the waters rise. Now the preacher is up on the balcony, wringing his hands in supplication, when another guy zips up in a motorboat.

"Come on, Preacher. We need to get you out of here. The levee's gonna break any minute."

Once again, the preacher is unmoved. "I shall remain. The Lord will see me through."

After a while the levee breaks, and the flood rushes over the church until only the steeple remains above water. The preacher is up there, clinging to the cross, when a helicopter descends out of the clouds, and a state trooper calls down to him through a megaphone.

"Grab the ladder, Preacher. This is your last chance."

Once again, the preacher insists the Lord will deliver him.

And, predictably, he drowns.

A pious man, the preacher goes to heaven. After a while he gets an interview with God, and he asks the Almighty, "Lord, I had unwavering faith in you. Why didn't you deliver me from that flood?"

God shakes his head. "What did you want from me? I sent you two boats and a helicopter."

Who am I? Who are you?

Rev. Richard Herman

I heard a good word this morning. It first came in a message shared by a pastor-friend who posed the question "Who am I?" at the beginning of her sermon

She began by telling her own story about how, as a young person, others told her who she was in how they treated her and what they said to her and about her. The culture in which she grew up also told her, in messages subtle and not so subtle, who she was and who she was not.

As a child and teenager, she believed what she was told. "This is who you are. Nothing more and nothing else."

Then, she came to realize it was all a lie. That happened when she met Jesus, the One who tells us the Truth of who we are. "In Christ, this is who you are," God says.

You are God's masterpiece ~ For we are God's masterpiece. He has created us anew in Christ Jesus, so we can do the good things he planned for us long ago (Eph. 2:10 ~ NLT).

You are God's child. ~ But to all who believed him and accepted him, he gave the right to become children of God (John 1:12 NLT).

You are God's friend. ~ So now we can rejoice in our wonderful new relationship with God because our Lord Jesus Christ has made us friends of God (Rom. 5:11 NLT).

You are a saint. ~ So then you are no longer strangers and aliens, but you are citizens with the saints and also members of the household of God ... (Eph. 2:19 NRSV).

You are a member of God's household. ~ So then you are no longer strangers and aliens, but you are citizens with the saints and also members of the household of God ... (Eph. 2:19 NRSV).

You are born of God. ~ But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God, who were born, not of blood or of the will of the flesh or of the will of man, but of God. ... Everyone who believes that Jesus is the Christ has been born of God, and everyone who loves the parent loves the child. (John 1:12-13; 1 John 5:1 NRSV).

You are chosen by God. ~ For we know, brothers and sisters beloved by God, that he has chosen you ... for you are a chosen people. (1 Thess. 1:14, 1 Peter 2:9 NRSV).

You are forgiven. ~ I am writing to you who are God's children because your sins have been forgiven through Jesus (1 John 2:12 NLT).

You are free. ~ [Jesus said] You are truly my disciples if you remain faithful to my teachings. And you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free ... if the Son sets you free, you are truly free (John 8:31-32, 36 NLT).

You are made complete. ~ May you experience the love of Christ, though it is too great to understand fully. Then you will be made complete with all the fullness of life and power that comes from God. ... So you also are complete through your union with Christ, who is the head over every ruler and authority (Eph. 3:19; Col. 2:10 NLT)

You are loved. ~ For this is how God loved the world: He gave his one and only Son, so that everyone who believes in him will not perish but have eternal life. ... I have loved you even as the Father has loved me. Remain in my love (John 3:16; 15:9 NLT).

Even before he made the world, God loved us and chose us in Christ to be holy and without fault in his eyes (Eph. 1:4 NLT).

You are loved unconditionally. In fact, it's God's unconditional love that enables us to discover who really are, to hear our heavenly Father call our names and call us His very own – His son, His daughter, His special child.

I was blessed in that reminder of who I am—a beloved child of the Father.

However, God knows I need to hear things more than once for them to sink in. Repetitio mater studiorum est. "Repetition is the mother of all learning." Or as Robert Collier reminds us, it's constant repetition that carries conviction.

So, God said it again. Same tune—different verse.

It came on the way home from worship as I turned in the car radio and instantly heard a song sung by Lauren Daigle called "You Say." Here are the lyrics:

I keep fighting voices in my mind that say I'm not enough Every single lie that tells me I will never measure up Am I more than just the sum of every high and every low? Remind me once again just who I am, because I need to know.

You say I am loved when I can't feel a thing You say I am strong when I think I am weak You say I am held when I am falling short When I don't belong, oh You say that I am Yours And I believe, oh I believe What You say of me I believe

The only thing that matters now is everything You think of me

In You I find my worth, in You I find my identity, You say I am loved when I can't feel a thing You say I am strong when I think I am weak And You say I am held when I am falling short When I don't belong, oh You say that I am Yours And I believe, oh I believe What You say of me Oh, I believe

Taking all I have and now I'm laying it at Your feet You have every failure God, and You'll have every victory,

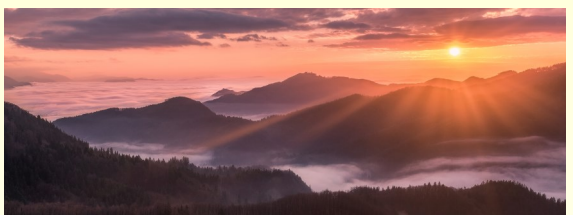
You say I am loved when I can't feel a thing You say I am strong when I think I am weak You say I am held when I am falling short When I don't belong, oh You say that I am Yours And I believe, oh I believe What You say of me I believe

Oh I believe, yes I believe What You say of me Oh I believe

Songwriters: Paul Mabury, Lauren Daigle, Jason Ingram

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What I need to do is to remember to listen to the right voice—the voice of Jesus who says to me that, in Christ, I am a beloved child of The Father.





Providence Presbyterian Church

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord



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In Memoriam

Doris Krygier
1914 - 2020

Doris Krygier left us this week to live in glory with her Lord and Savior. Doris passed peacefully in her sleep at 106 years. She would have been 107 in July. A Memorial Service will be planned for a later date when it is safe to do so. Please remember her, her family and dear friends in your prayers.

PRAYER REQUESTS

Carol Shore — For her sister, **Karen** and the nursing center where she lives in Pennsylvania. She says there has been a reported incidence of the virus. Please raise up Karen and all concerned for God's protection and presence.

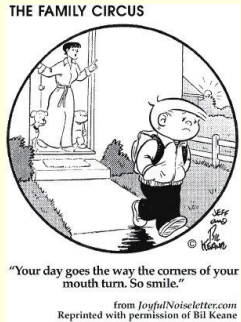
Randy York — For **Dominic Zulla**, Head of the Burlington Food Pantry for God's healing and protection. Dominic is dealing with underlying health issues while trying to be careful regarding the virus.

From All of Us — For **Ginny Heal & Carol Shore & Others** who are making homemade masks for Healthcare Workers. Together they have made hundreds of masks to help keep others safe. **Ginny also advises that she will make masks for anyone who asks who reaches out to her.**

Annette Slaney — For her Mom, **Ann Colijn** for peace during a rough week.

Becky Jensen — For continued prayers for the **PNC** as they carry on their mission.

Easter Flower Reprise! Because It Has Been Cold & Damp



Reminder - Save a Stamp!

Come to the Drive - Thru Offering from 8:30 am to 9:00 AM and 11:00 to 11:30 AM each Sunday morning.

We average 12 to 14 cars each week. Come join the parade and Say Hey to Jack! Also don't forget to Honk on your way out!



Thank You!

To Everyone who has contributed content, behind the scenes support, feedback, and last but not least, you the reader who are friends, neighbors and fellow believers. This Newsletter is dedicated to all of you who support the Providence Presbyterian Church, and this edition is in memory of Doris Krygier. May perpetual light shine upon her and may God's blessing be upon you all.