



PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, October 17, 2021 Issue No. 76

Greetings! Today is Sunday, October 17, 2021

The Twenty First Sunday After Pentecost

Jesus' coming is the final and unanswerable proof that God cares. - William Barclay

As many have learned and later taught, you don't realize Jesus is all you need until Jesus is all you have. - Tim Keller



Jazz Is The Sound Of God Laughing

Colleen Shaddox - Hamden, CT - June 13, 2005



Jazz is the sound of God laughing. And I believe in it.

I came to know jazz as a child, stretched out beneath my uncle's baby grand. I would lie there for hours drawing while Uncle Charlie practiced. I could feel the vibrations go right through me, filling me up with jazz. I felt happier in that room than anywhere on the planet. A lot of that

had to do with being admitted to the inner sanctum of my favorite grown-up. But in retrospect, I realize it was also about the music.

I believe in the fundamental optimism of jazz. Consider the first four notes of "Rhapsody in Blue." Can you hear it? It's saying, "Something monumental is going to happen. Something that's never happened before. And you are alive to witness it."

Jazz is always like that. Even the songs that take you to despair lift you. That's because the music remembers where it came from, from people kidnapped and enslaved. It came from a humanity that was attacked a thousand different ways every day, but never defeated. It's the People's Music.

I remember my uncle's hands on the piano. His fingers always had tiny burns on them, a hazard of his job as a welder. He spent his days at the Brooklyn Navy Yard building the ships that won the Second World War. He spent his nights playing piano and sax for couples who glided and gyrated across the city's polished floors.

In jazz, anybody can sit in. It's dogma-free, which allows the music to take more than its share of detours. This forces you to have faith. Faith that if you keep moving forward, you'll get there.

As an adult, cancer tested my faith. I was not afraid of dying — after all, that's only a key change — but I was terrified of leaving my baby without a mother. Walking in the woods with my son, who by no coincidence bears my uncle's name, I was fighting back tears. Charlie noticed some honeybees and started imitating their sound. All of a sudden, he sang "Buzz, buzz buzz buzz. Buzz." Those are the opening notes of "Green Dolphin Street," a jazz standard that I'd wager few 3-year-olds know.

Thankfully, I lived. But even if I hadn't, I learned that day that I could never leave my Charlie, any more than Uncle Charlie had ever left me. The three of us shared a treasure passed through generations. My baby knew jazz, which is the same as knowing that the universe carries us all toward joyful reunions.

There are some ugly noises in the universe today. At any given moment, I can turn on my television and watch people trampling over each other to gain the moral high ground. Sometimes, I despair. But on good days, I turn off the television and put on some Oscar Peterson. And I whisper a prayer for America to remember that we are "Green Onions," "String of Pearls," "A Sunday Kind of Love" and "The Dirty Boogie." We are the people of Louis, George, Miles and Wynton. We are the jazz people.

We'll get there. I believe it.

Colleen Shaddox says she is living proof that you can be tone deaf and still love music.

She is a writer, editor and owner of a public relations firm that serves health-care companies and non-profit organizations. Shaddox lives in her native Connecticut with her husband, son and dog.





Providence Presbyterian Church

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



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, October 17, 2021



Prayer Requests will be added each week by your requests, and will run for two weeks unless a request to continue is received.



God's healing presence:

For continued prayers for **Wendy Kasper, Barney Barnes, & Eleanor Hathaway**
For **Fritz Wainwright, Joseph Celkupa, Jean Miller & Marge's son Lee**
For **Jack Harkins** who is home from the hospital and regaining his strength as he recovers from his surgeries.
For **Carol Shore's sister, Karen Eckert** and her nephew, **Mike Troy**
For **Dave Hamel** who injured his knee in a fall

God's comfort:

For those who serve as caregivers
For **Alyson Keegan** and her Mom as they provide care for her Dad
For the family of **Charles Hathaway** who passed away this week.

For God's guidance & understanding:

For family members in need of God's presence and fellowship
For **Ginny Heal** in need of medication that is caught up in supply chain issues

In Thanks and Praise to God:

For good shepherds in our pulpit
For **Jim and Fran Kraft** who safely returned home this week after being quarantined in Rome.

For continued prayers for the PNC as they carry on their mission.

GOOD NEWS!



On Royce and Frankie King's wedding day, there wasn't any time for a fancy gown or formal photographs — it was Sept. 16, 1944, and Royce was on a two-day leave from the Air Force, preparing to fly overseas to fight in World War II. This September, to mark the couple's 77th anniversary, the staff at St. Croix Hospice decided it was time they had a do-over, and planned a ceremony that involved a vintage wedding dress and a dedicated

photographer. The event was held in the Kings' backyard in Olwein, Iowa. Frankie, 97, carried a bouquet

and donned a wedding dress from the 1940s, while Royce, 98, wore his Air Force uniform. The Kings' music therapist played the saxophone and guitar, and another hospice staffer snapped pictures. The couple's daughter, Sue Bilodeau, told *The Washington Post* she is making her parents an album filled with photos of the celebration, which was "definitely one of the most special things ever."





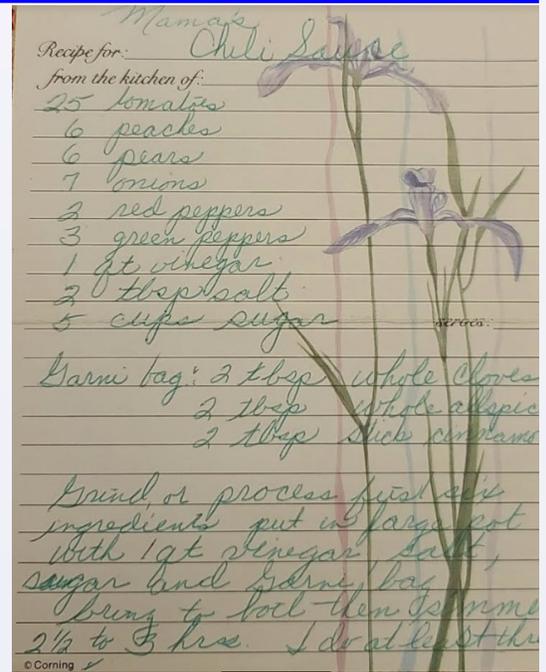
Recipes

Call For New Recipes!

Recipes are coming in by the fistful. Thank you to all who have provided their favorites! There is still a need for more to complete a top notch Bustleton's Best Cookbook, so send yours in today.

The recipe you see on the right is my Grandmother's Chili Sauce recipe written in my Mother's hand. As her only grandson, and spoiled favorite there was little she prepared in her kitchen that didn't become my own personal favorite food. This chili sauce goes with anything from chips to sausages. If you try it, I hope it will become a family favorite of yours as well!

Bon Appetit!



Operation Christmas Child

Shoeboxes are available in the rear of the church. Filled boxes must be returned to the church by Thursday, November 18th.

Thank you for your generous support!

Birthdays!

- 10/15 - Carol Shore
- 10/20 - Marie Celkupa



SLEEPERS IN SEPTEMBER



NEWBORNS IN NEED
One heart one mission

Newborns In Need

Carol Shore and Marie Celkupa are collecting sleepers through

the month of **October**. **Sizes Newborn to Six Months** are needed.





Providence Presbyterian Church

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



Sunday, October 17, 2021

