



PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON

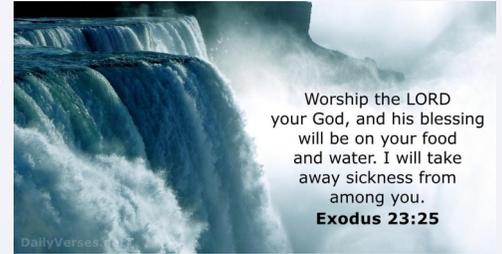


Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, January 9, 2022 Issue No. 90

January 16, 2022 - Second Sunday In The Epiphany

In the face of the latest Covid Wave and for the health & safety of everyone, today is a Virtual Service Sunday which will be streamed on our YouTube Channel. Other than those producing the service, no one will be admitted to the sanctuary. Thank you for understanding. We hope to go back to a live service next Sunday.



I Have A Dream

Martin Luther King Jr. - Washington, DC - August 28, 1963

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.



But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. And so we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

But 100 years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself in exile in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition. In a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check.

We have also come to his hallowed spot to remind America of the

fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism.

When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men — yes, Black men as well as white men — would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quick sands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked insufficient funds.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. 1963 is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.

There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

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Providence Presbyterian COVID Update

As mentioned on Page One, we are having a virtual service this week. While cases in the County appear to be turning downward, there have been several cases in the past few weeks in our congregation, including at present, myself. So out of an abundance of caution with an eye toward getting past this wave with as few people affected as possible we are going virtual this week.

After last week’s mask required announcement was made, our in person attendance was 16. If we return back to in person service next week, the mask requirement will still be in force. Even if you have been vaccinated and boosted, you still can catch the new variant, and you can carry to others who may not be as well protected.

If you need COVID Testing, you can receive a free test from the State of New Jersey. The link for that is: [Vault Health](#) or if you need speedier results you can make an appointment for a drive-thru test via <https://www.virtua.org/services/community-covid-19-testing>

If you are not already fully vaccinated and boosted, please do so to reduce your chances of getting sick and to alleviate the severity of the virus if you do become ill.

Stay Safe — Stay Healthy

The New York Times



U.S.A.



World



Health

Tracking Coronavirus in Burlington County, N.J.

Updated Jan. 14, 2022

Cases have increased recently and are extremely high. The numbers of hospitalized Covid patients and deaths in the Burlington County area have also risen. The test positivity rate in Burlington County is very high, suggesting that cases are being significantly undercounted.

New reported cases by day

DAILY AVG. ON JAN. 13 1,303 14-DAY CHANGE +88%





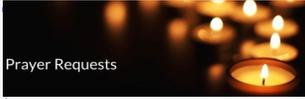
Providence Presbyterian Church

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



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Prayer Requests

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, Polly Grobelny, & Jean Miller**
For **Barb & Dave Hammell, and Marvin Wainwright,**
For **Jack Harkins** who was hospitalized with pneumonia after a bout of Covid.
For **Chris Vitale & Family,** who have all battled Covid recently
For **Jane & Rick Cheslo,** who are dealing with Covid this week
For **Carol Shore's sister Karen Eckert**
For **Elizabeth Caron, 10** who requires sensitive care, understanding & especially prayer in her life

God's comfort:

For those who serve as caregivers
For **Gayle's daughter, Jamie,** whose husband passed during the holidays
For **Jerrie Glass**

For God's guidance & understanding:

For family members in need of God's presence and fellowship

In Thanks and Praise to God:

For good shepherds in our pulpit
For **Joseph Celkupa** who is home and feeling fine.
For **Michelle Cox** who is just getting over Covid
For **Anonymous Angels** amongst us

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



This year marks the 3rd annual "Coats for kids" collection.

So I am reaching out to those who may have the ability to provide a basic necessity to children in our community that aren't as fortunate as we are.

The Sisterhood ministry is in need of new or gently used winter coats for kids. All sizes are welcomed, either for a boy or girl, as the demand is great. They could also use gloves, scarves or hats.

Coats will be collected through the end of January. Drop off can be made either in church or I can pick them up. Just email me at: yorkie0401@gmail.com.

Thank you.
Barbara York



I Have A Dream continued from page 1...



But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.

We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny.

And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone. And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back.

There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, when will you be satisfied? We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities.

We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating: for whites only.

We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote.

No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our Northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

So even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today.

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Providence Presbyterian Church

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



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I Have A Dream continued from page 4...

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, one day right down in Alabama little Black boys and Black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning: My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true. And so let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania. Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado. Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California. But not only that, let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia. Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee. Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, and when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, Black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual: Free at last. Free at last. Thank God almighty, we are free at last.

