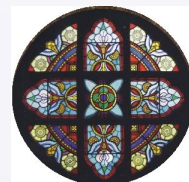


# PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, March 6, 2022 Issue No. 97

March 6, 2022 - First Sunday In Lent

My sheep hear my voice. I know them, and they follow me.  
I give them eternal life, and they will never perish.  
No one will snatch them out of my hand. (John 10:27-28).



## The Important Difference

Red Barber - Brooklyn, NY - 1950's

The work given me to do in the past 20-odd years has been in the world of muscles. The athlete must possess speed of foot, sharpness of vision, strength of limb, and he must have a nervous system that coordinates his physical faculties; yet as the years have rolled their tense athletic struggles before my microphones, I have become increasingly aware that the athlete is a man of muscles and reflexes, yes, but that he is also something else. And this something else is the dominant factor in the



successful equation. It is the quality that makes any human great or else brings him down to his knees in defeat. It is the quality that separates man from the other forms of life on this Earth. It is the fact that man is a spiritual being.

It is my observation that the great athlete is always a person of tremendous spirit. It is the spiritual part of him that controls his living, training, and working routines. How does an athlete think? What does he believe? Does he have the will power to practice and practice, until he masters the skills of his profession? Does he have the disposition to fit into the team and to work for the team's success? Does he play his best every inning of every game and hang on and keep swinging and running and sliding with all his might right down to the last out, no matter what the score? Does he have personal mastery of himself, so that he remains in fit condition? Can he withstand prosperity, or does it go to his head?

When I first came up to the major leagues in Cincinnati, I heard an old baseball scout, Bobby Wallace, talking about how he evaluated a ball player that he was interested in purchasing. In this case, he was talking about a pitcher. I've never forgotten two points that he made. He said it was easy, of course, to see what and how good was the pitcher's stuff on the mound, but that he would have to know the man's living habits off the field before he'd recommend his purchase; and second, he would not pass favorably on the pitcher until he saw him pitch when he was getting beat. In other words, the scout would need to examine the pitcher when he was losing, and then if he kept on bearing down, that was his man.

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Dr. Jack Sutherland, when he was head football coach at the University of Pittsburgh, told me that, of course, he wanted physically strong football players, but that first he had to know how those players thought. Sutherland said that if a boy didn't think right, he could do little with him or for him. Ty Cobb's flaming spirit set his body on fire and kept him amazingly competitive, year after year, record after record. Ben Hogan, in his recent golfing comeback after having his body shattered, is a tribute to his spiritual worth in that he forced himself to fight back.

I firmly believe, then, that it is the spiritual that makes the important difference. Even in the world of brawn, it is how a man thinks that matters. I believe each of us must realize that he is driven and directed by his spiritual self, and that each of us must place his reliance on things spiritual. I have found that the Christian religion is the best source of spiritual strength for me, as I puzzle and grapple in my own way with the mysteries of where we came from; who are we; what are we doing on this Earth; and where do we go when this particular race is run?



Walter Lanier "Red" Barber was a play-by-play announcer from 1933 - 1966, working for the Cincinnati Reds, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees. In retirement, he wrote seven books and appeared in weekly conversations with Bob Edwards on NPR. Barber was among the first

broadcasters honored by the Baseball Hall of Fame



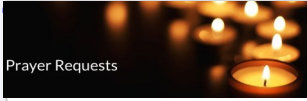
# Providence Presbyterian Church

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



## Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, March 6, 2022



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, Hayley Morris & Jean Miller**
- For **Barb & Dave Hammell, Joe Celkupa, Polly's brother Fred & his wife Caroline**
- For **Larry Fitzgerald, Cathy Murphy, Henry White, & Ginny's cousin Isabell**
- For the **People of Ukraine**

### God's comfort:

- For those who serve as caregivers
- For the Family of **Michelle Cox's Aunt Evelyn** who passed away this week
- For **Carol Shore's sister, Karen Eckert** who has begun hospice care this week
- For the **Machese family**
- For the family & friends of **Fran Kraft's Aunt Edna**
- For **Cristina & Christopher Heiser**

### For God's guidance & understanding:

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

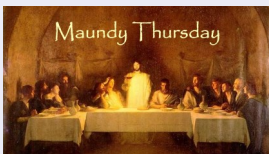
### In Thanks and Praise to God:

- For good shepherds in our pulpit
- For success for **Aaron & Ethan Olsen** at the robotics competition

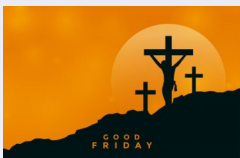
For **Marleigh**, the three year old daughter of **Jane Cheslo's** cousin, **Marleigh's** ANC Is still at zero. She is still with in the normal range of days at 0, but Please pray that **Marleigh's** numbers start to increase over the next few days, and specifically that her stem cells in her blood are in the correct range for harvesting.

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

## Lenten Services



April 14, 2022 7:00 PM



April 15, 2022 7:00 PM

**SATURDAY MARCH 26<sup>TH</sup>**

# Lasagna

**TAKE OUT DINNER**

**PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN**  
Corner of Old York & Bustleton Roads, Florence  
Prepared by the Chefs of Our Church Family

Menu		Pick UP Times
Salad		3:00
Lasagna		TO
Cheese, Meat or Vegetable		8:00
Italian Bread		
Homemade Brownie		

<b>Adult dinner</b>	<b>Kids dinner</b>
<b>\$ 12.00</b>	<b>\$ 8.00</b>

**To Pre-Order Call or Text 609-534-0833**

Online Payments by



## Burying Bud ~ Barb Hammell

*My grandparents were "snowbirds." Every winter they would join the many other snowbirds who flocked to Florida to enjoy the warm weather. As convenience would have it, my family lived in south Florida, so Grandpop and Grandmom built a small, winter home right across the street from us in rural Broward County. And this is where they lived from Thanksgiving through Easter each year.*

*Every afternoon, Gramps picked me up from school and spent time with me until Mom got home from work. One of my after-school chores was walking and feeding our black cocker spaniel, Inky; so every afternoon Gramps and I would walk the dog together. Those were great excursions. We talked about everything. Believing my grandfather was one of the oldest and wisest men alive, I asked him all sorts of questions. My favorites were:*

*How many stars are there in the universe? Why do dogs bite? How deep is the deepest part of the ocean? Why do we walk dogs and not cats? One of my grandfather's favorite answers was, "Only God knows." For a long time I thought he was just trying to avoid giving me an answer, but years later I realized his wisdom. It's true – some things only God knows!*

*One afternoon when we arrived home after school, Mom was already there. She had tears in her eyes and a tiny, blond cocker spaniel in her arms. "Mom, what's wrong? Where's Inky? Where did you get that puppy?" My rapid-fire questions exploded like firecrackers on the fourth of July. "Right after you left for school this morning, Inky died. I know you would be so sad and upset, so I stayed home from work, and Gramps and I went to the pet store to find a new dog for you," Mom explained. "His name is Bud."*

*Mom and Gramps were very wise. I did feel a twinge of grief for Inky, but Bud was so endearing that my attention immediately focused on the new puppy. The next few days were filled with the usual new-puppy chores of feeding, bathing, cleaning up messes, and trying to train Bud to walk on a leash. Then tragedy struck. Bud got loose from the house, ran out into the road, and was hit by a car. Thank God, Gramps was there. Somehow, he always seemed to be there for me – just at the right time, just when I needed him most. He and I saw the accident together. As a ten-year-old, my life was shattered that day. It was hard to comprehend that first Inky and now Bud were dead. Grief stricken, I held my dead puppy close until Gramps finally pried him out of my arms and took him away to bury him.*

*I barely slept that night. The few times I did manage to drift off, my sleep was filled with nightmares, as I relived the accident over and over again. I could not believe Bud was dead. As soon as the sun rose, I slipped out of bed and crept over to Gramps' house. I found the shovel he had used to bury Bud still propped against the side of the house. I went into Gramps' backyard and looked for where he might have buried Bud the night before.*

*When I saw a patch of loose dirt, I started digging. After a few shovelfuls of dirt, I spotted another plot of loose dirt and began digging there, and then another and another. As hard as I tried, I could not find Bud's grave. I had dug about fifteen holes in the backyard before Gramps woke up and came outside to see what I was doing.*

*"Son," he urged, "you must give up trying to find Bud. He's gone. Even if you found him, you could not bring your puppy back to life." "But Gramps," I cried, "I must find him. I never really said good-bye. And if I pray for him, maybe God will raise him up to life. You know, like those people you read to me about from my Bible." He smiled and took me into his arms. Then with a knowing look, he walked me over to a spot of freshly turned soil that I had missed. "This is the place," he said. I reached for the shovel to start digging for Bud, but he would not let me have the spade.*

*"Let him be," counseled my grandfather, Tears burned my eyes, and sobs began to erupt from my throat. "But Gramps, we didn't even give him a funeral." Then he disappeared into the house. He returned a few moments later with a Bible in his hand. Together, grandfather and grandson, we stood over Bud's grave, read a Scripture, prayed the Lord's Prayer, and said farewell to Bud. Then Gramps held me close, and we cried together.*

*Of all the meaningful times I had with my grandfather, I remember this time most. I suppose the pain a grandfather shares with you means more than the laughter or fun. As we walked into the house, I asked Gramps another one of my questions, "Gramps, are there dogs in heaven?" "Only God knows," he replied, and I knew that Gramps must be the wisest man alive*







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