



# PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, March 13, 2022 Issue No. 98

March 13, 2022 - Second Sunday In Lent

“Jesus spoke to the people once more and said, “I am the light of the world. If you follow me, you won’t have to walk in darkness, because you will have the light that leads to life.”

(John 8:12)



## Ah! The Glory of God

Randy York - Florence, NJ - March 13, 2022

“Just stop,” Benji said, “Can’t you see we’re dying here?” “People are slowly dying everywhere,” the Stranger replied, “They are also continuously living. Every moment they draw breath, they can find the glory I put here on earth, if they look for it.”

From *The Stranger in the Lifeboat*, by Mitch Albom

I’m a flora and fauna kind of guy. Take me to a garden center or nursery and Barbara will tell you, I get lost. I’m captivated by the forms and textures, the colors and hues, the possibilities for all the flowers and plants I see.



We were visiting Zion National Park some years back at the end of wildflower season. I was looking forward to seeing and taking pictures of the Indian Paintbrush plant. It consists of vivid scarlet flowers clustered on an upright stem. Try as I might, I could not find any as we hiked the

park. I had pretty much put it in the back of my mind and then on our last day there as we walked Angels Landing Trail, there it was. We stepped off the trail for a rest, and as I looked back, there in a rocky crevice was a small yet perfect Indian Paintbrush, accentuated by the Navajo sandstone framing it. It was beautiful, but I could have easily missed it since it was in an unexpected place.

I’ve seen the glory of God, have you? Now, I certainly don’t count myself among the spiritual greats and I can’t boast of having any heavenly visions. No, I’m merely a prodigal son thankful for a Father’s grace, and the glory I’ve seen has not been from a burning bush or walls tumbling down. Most times the Lord shouts out His glory to me in simple moments. Like coming to church and seeing Joseph Celkupa making an arduous journey from his car into the church because he expects to meet God. Like seeing Polly and Judy dealing with burdens of health or family, yet week in and week out present and ready to praise the God who owns their hearts and their trust. Like reading the Scripture stating,

“Lord when did we see you hungry and feed you or needing clothes and clothe you?” and seeing the answer come from the compassionate hearts of faithful folks in our church collecting cereal and gathering up coats. Like watching Jack Harkins accepting the weakness of his body because it has led him to a well of strength found in his God, or Jerrie Glass reaching out in thoughtfulness and compassion despite the pain of loss. Simple moments of simple faith. Seeing the glory of God.

Seem to be missing out on that glory? Thinking that the issue may be the lack of a pastor, the current state of our church, or issues with a Christian brother or sister? Why not seek out your Abba Father and ask Him to get involved and change things. But first keep an open mind and heart, because He just might change you. There’s a story of a 65 year old man whose wife was 60. The Lord showed up and appeared to him one day and said, “Ask me for whatever you want.” The man said, “I want a wife who is 30 years younger than me.” So God made him 90.

Change me Lord so that I, in turn, may change things. That’s what love does. Love first goes to God and asks, “What’s wrong with me?” Once that remodeling project happens, God can work His special ‘arithmetical that states God plus me equals whatever is necessary to make the difference. Then as you come to worship, His glory will be evident. You will know that anything may happen because we serve a God of possibility.

I hit a rough patch in my spiritual walk recently and found my relationship with God at an impasse. I blamed the issue on something that was kept from me. My parents split up when I was young and I never really had a “father” as I grew up, so relating to a “Father God” became a wall I could not seem to climb.



*Continued on Page 4...*

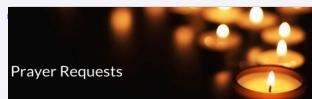


## Providence Presbyterian Church

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



### Providence Presbyterian Bustling's



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.

Sunday, March 13, 2022



#### 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 **Cathy Murphy, Henry White, & Ginny's cousin Isabell**  
For **Margo Mattis** who is having foot surgery on Monday  
For the People of Ukraine

#### God's comfort:

For those who serve as caregivers  
For the **Eckert Family and Carol Shore** on the passing of her sister, **Karen Eckert** this week  
For **Cristina & Christopher Heiser**  
For **Patrick** coping with cancer

#### For God's guidance & understanding:

For family members in need of God's presence and fellowship  
That this season of Lent will be a time for renewal in our church

#### In Thanks and Praise to God:

For good shepherds in our pulpit

For **Marleigh**, the three year old daughter of Jane Cheslo's cousin. Great News for **Marleigh** this week. Her vital numbers they were tracking rebounded sufficiently enough that there were able to be harvesting her stem cells. The harvest was also a huge success. So much so that they finished one hour early. She began her second round of chemo on Thursday, and she has great numbers. Please continue to pray for her that her side effects are minimal and that she has no complication during this cycle. The family thanks everyone for all their love and support and most of all for their prayers.

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



**April 14, 2022 7:00 PM**



**April 15, 2022 7:00 PM**



**Special Congregational Meeting**

**Sunday, March 27th**

**Immediately After Service**

**To Vote On Adding A Member To**

**Fill An Opening On The**

**Pastor Nominating Committee**



## Grandma's Wisdom ~ Barb Hammell

*Each Christmas my grandparents came from Tennessee to celebrate the holidays with us. No one could cook like Grandmother. I loved sitting in the kitchen and talking with her as she baked all of her favorite holiday recipes – especially the Christmas cookies. If I was really good, she'd let me stir the cookie dough and lick the spoon. I will never forget the wonderful aromas and wisdom-filled talks we shared.*

*When I was old enough to go to school, I met new friends who seemed to know things far beyond anything ever revealed by my parents. One boy told me where babies came from, but his story sounded a little fishy. Why would storks go to all that trouble? A girl revealed to me why boys and girls were different: She secretly whispered that we were different so that girls could wear dresses – but boys had to wear pants. Gosh, I never wanted to wear a dress anyway!*

*But the most disturbing revelation of all came from my best friend, Buddy - Buddy never lied to me. Buddy told me that there was no such person as Santa Claus. I couldn't believe it. Every year Santa had come faithfully to our house on Christmas Eve, leaving me great presents and eating the cookies and drinking the milk I left by the tree.*

*But Buddy told me that Santa was really my parents. I was shaken to the core. What a terrible Christmas it would be if Santa were really Mom and Dad! So one day after school, as I sat in the kitchen helping Grandmom bake cookies, I got up the nerve to ask her. I knew she wouldn't lie, and she seemed so old and wise that surely she knew everything – especially about Santa Claus.*

*"Grandmom, will you tell me the truth if I ask you something?" I ventured. "If I know the answer, I will," she replied as she handed me a spoon filled with sugar cookie dough to lick clean.'*

*"Well, my friend Buddy told me that there is no real Santa Clause. He said Santa is just Mom and Dad. Is that true?" I asked, holding my breath for the answer.*

*"Hmmm." She paused as she wiped her flour-covered hands on her handmade apron, which was brightly decorated with Christmas trees, stars, presents, and bears – she loved teddy bears. "I can't answer for sure. I'm really not an expert on Santa Claus. But I suggest that we just wait and see what happens this year. Watch your parents closely; never let them out of your sight. And if presents do appear under the tree and you don't see your parents put them there, then Santa must be real for you." Her eyes seemed to have an unusually bright twinkle in them as she turned back toward the oven to take out the next batch of cookies.*



*Her plan made perfect sense. I plotted to stay up all night on Christmas Eve and watch the tree from the crack under my bedroom door. I had a direct line of vision from my room, and I knew how I could make myself stay awake. – I would drink lots of Coke.*

*Every Christmas Eve our family went to a candlelight service at church that ended at midnight. My grandparents never went with us because it was too late for them; they always retired around 10:00 each evening. As usual, the service was beautiful, but all I could think about was staying awake. I had hidden a few bottles of Coke under my bed to help me. I prayed really hard that God would help me too.*

*That Christmas I was hoping to get a new bike. I knew my chances were slim, but I still held out hope. Since I had been good, I felt that just maybe Santa would grant my request.*





## Providence Presbyterian Church

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



### Ah The Glory of God continued...

I sought out a brother in Christ for advice and he gave me perspective. Forget the climb, be available to God. Place yourself in His presence and let God be God, and He will show you a Father. Not for just 20 or 30 minutes, not just for some time of prayer, not for an hour on Sunday, but in a constant, actual relationship. Seeking His heart, seeking His presence. That simple change opened my door and God's glory walked in.

This season of Lent is a time for renewal. A time for change. A time to open our eyes to God's glory, right here, right now, right in front of us. A Savior stands with a cross waiting to lead us back to that glory. Look past the ritual signs of the season, past the ashes, the palms, and the lilies. Look at the living sermons preached by the folks all around us. They provide a script that we can turn to. The balm of fellowship and shared experience that can sustain us in dry and fallow times.

A Savior reaches out a nail marked hand. He doesn't require strength, He prefers weakness. He seeks an open heart, not a filled head. God's glory calls out all around us. Come on home for His rising and pass His glory on.



# Happy Birthday

Jonathan Cheslo  
March 17



## Lasagna Fest



March 26th





## Grandma's Wisdom... Continued

Walking in the front door at 12:30 am on Christmas Day, I had one thought in mind: Go directly to my room and drink a Coke in order to stay awake. As I walked past the Christmas tree, a quick glance out of the side of my eye brought me to a screeching halt. There, in front of the tree, was the most beautiful red Flyer bike I had ever seen.. I was stunned. Apparently, Santa had come while I was at church with my family. I checked the cookies and milk and sure enough – all was left of the cookies was a few crumbs, and the milk glass was empty.

I couldn't believe it. All my doubts about Santa vanished. My bike had training wheels, so I just sat in it for a while, dreaming about riding it down our street in just a few hours. I wanted so badly to tell my grandparents, but Mom insisted I not bother them since they were asleep. In ecstasy, I slipped into bed and said my prayers, remembering to thank God for Santa Claus and my new Ryder bike.



The next morning, I proudly showed my new bike to my grandparents, and I noticed that bright twinkle in Grandmom's eye again. As our Christmas tradition dictated, we gathered around the living room and read the story of Christ's birth from the book of Luke. Then each of us shared something we were thankful for: Mom and Dad expressed gratitude to God for blessing them with children; Grandmom and Grandpop thanked God for seeing their grandchildren filled with joy; and me, I just praised God for Santa and my new bike. Gently, Grandmom added, "Remember, the joy of Jesus' birth is much greater joy than any present you will ever get under the tree."

So, for one more year, a child's innocence had been preserved against the onslaught of a cynical world. True, such a trivial thing means little in the annals of history, but it meant everything to me that night. As a teenage, I finally learned the truth. While the family was away at church, Grandpop had assembled my bike while Grandmom had looked on approvingly, eating cookies and sipping on milk. And a few hours later, they sat peering through the crack beneath their bedroom door to witness the surprise and joy of their grandson.

I was shocked that my perfect, God-fearing grandparents had planned and pulled off such a deceitful conspiracy. Yet my shock was only momentary. I recognized their deep love in their desire to see me experience wonder and joy at Christmas. And I had matured to the point of understanding that the gift of God's love in Jesus truly was the greatest gift of all. And that gift was reflected ever so brightly in Grandmom and Grandpop.





# Providence Presbyterian Church

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



Sunday, March 13, 2022

