

PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, April 10, 2022 Issue No. 101

April 10, 2022 - Palm Sunday

They crucified him with the criminals. Which is more amazing, to find Jesus in such bad company, or to find the criminals in such good company? . . . Jesus died precisely for these two criminals who were crucified on his right and left and went to their death with him. He did not die for the sake of a good world, he died for the sake of an evil world. ~ Karl Barth

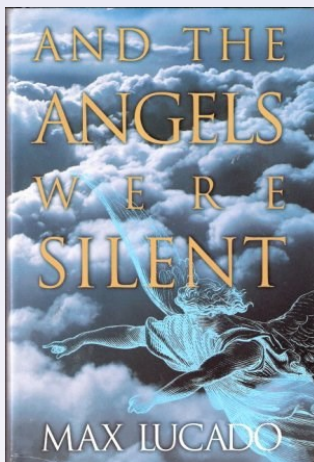


Danger Will Robinson

Randy York - Florence, NJ - April 10, 2022

A few weeks back, an intention was raised during our prayer time in thankfulness for the fellowship we share here at our church. One cannot argue that "our little country church" is a special place to both ourselves and the community. There is one other aspect of our church that I'd like for us to ponder: Providence Presbyterian Church is a very dangerous place. Huh? You say. Those seem like startling words coming from a curly headed guy who plays around in the dirt a lot. Well that's probably right, but hear me out on this.

Our church is a dangerous place because on Sundays those who have "ears to hear" can plainly discern that God desires more than just an hour of our time. He wants us. All of us. The whole messy enchilada. He wants a relationship. Not a quick visit. Not a passing wave. He wants us to share in his presence. At all times. Sermons from our pulpit remind us of God's love and grace. They call to mind the words and teaching of Jesus, and his call to listen and follow. God's spirit hovers around us as the Scriptures are unpacked for us and call us to repent and to change. And the danger is that we do nothing.



During this Lenten season, we have taken up Max Lucado's book, *And the Angels Were Silent*. It allows the reader to walk along with Jesus from Palm Sunday to Easter and experience the week more passionately through the eyes and actions of our Lord by way of the author's gift for storytelling. It also serves as a reminder of all the smaller interactions Jesus lived out between the laying down of palms and the open tomb.

The story that resonated most to this sinner was when just after his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, Jesus starts a fixer-upper in the temple. He goes in and starts rearranging furniture and tossing out folks that don't belong. He's seems a tad bit angry because the people in charge had remodeled God's house to their own specifications. Rings a little true to me, how about you?



Think about it. Here it is Holy Week, and it's a perfect time to reflect on where we stand in relation to our walk with God. Is God merely a file we click on as needed, or does he infuse all aspects of our lives. Is he a God of our making and comfort level, or is he the God of the Bible, sovereign over all. Does Jesus Christ own our hearts and inform our decisions, or do we heed to the old Greyhound Bus commercial and say "Just have a seat Jesus, and leave the driving to us." Is it ritual and tradition that brings us together every Sunday or the blessed expectation of meeting with God, the hope of the prodigal that says, "Dad, I know I've been selfish and walked away, but there you are waiting with open arms. I'm a mess and yet you embrace me. I'm weary from the road and you're there to hold me up."

My prayer this week is for God to walk in and toss some tables in our lives. To renew in us the truth that in this crazy, beautiful world, we have only 2 concerns. To love God with everything we have been given, and to love all the folks who share the road with us. But not a love of fondness. God calls us to sacrificial, check yourself at the door and open up your whole heart kind of love.

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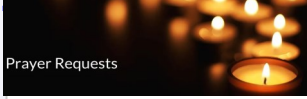
Providence Presbyterian Church

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



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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 & Margo Mattis
- For Barb & Dave Hammell, Joe Celkupa, and Polly's son-in-law, Donald
- For Jim Shanley's Father-In-Law Carl and Ginny's cousin Isabell
- For Maritza Chambers, Aiden Witte, and Marleigh & her family
- For Blondell Shaw
- For Carol Shore's Sister-In-Law, Faye Eckert. She had triple bypass surgery and a pacemaker installed this week. She is out of the ICU and will be going to Rehab soon
- For the People of Ukraine

God's comfort:

- For those who serve as caregivers
- For Krista coping with addiction

For God's guidance & understanding:

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

In Thanks and Praise to God:

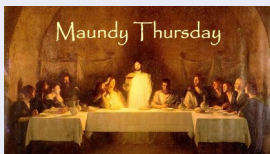
- For good shepherds in our pulpit
- For the joy & fellowship abounding in our church

As we hear God's word, may those in need see it in action as we live it out in service

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



Lent



April 14, 2022 7:00 PM



April 15, 2022 7:00 PM





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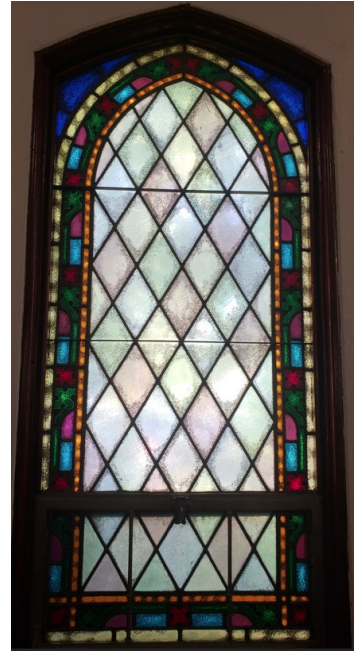


Danger continued...

You know like Jesus displayed when he picked up a towel and basin and washed his friend's feet, when he picked up a cross to bring us home.

Providence Presbyterian Church is a dangerous place. It is also a beautiful place. God is present and offers grace and life. Reflect on and consider the amazing love in that offer. The wonder of that gift. Then don't walk on, respond. Engage your heart and mind. Get active with your faith. On Thursday, let's "break bread together on our knees." Come Friday, live awhile within the old spiritual "Were You There," knowing that we were surely there at the cross because of our sin, but also there in Christ's precious heart. Then on Sunday, rejoice as Annette sings "Because he lives, all fear is gone."

We are resurrection people. A people called to change and follow. Rise up in God's grace and mercy and after Easter walk on each day living out the words of those renowned spiritual thinkers The American Breed, "Bend Me, Shape Me, Anyway you want me. Long as you love me Lord, it's all right."



FAITH OF OUR FATHERS - Thomsa, Tempe, AZ - August 24, 2005

My father was a simple man, coming from the farms in Northern Minnesota with its killing cold weather and icebox out-houses. He moved to Detroit to work in the automobile factories and to have some security in life. He also brought a love of God and his faith to us his family.

As a small child, whenever there was a thunderstorm with great frightening flashes of lightning and thunder, my father would burn a small yellow piece of palm leaf he saved from Palm Sunday. My younger sister and I would watch with large eyes as he would hold the thin palm leaf, light it, and as the flame neared his fingers, he would place the dark ash gently in a saucer from the kitchen. The image is clear in my head; the dark room, his face yellowed from the light of the small flame, my sister standing close to me, and both of us intently part of this ritual of ours.

We didn't pray out loud or say anything. We were to pray silently inside ourselves. We knew we were going to be safe after that. Not so much because of the burnt offering to God, but because of the deep faith our father had that our prayers would be heard and answered. After a time, the storm would quiet, the flashes of lightning grow dim and distant, and my sister and I would curl up in bed with our parents and finally sleep knowing it had all worked.

My father didn't laugh much, but he did smile a lot. Thanks to him, I have memories of our family regularly attending church, taking communion together, and occasionally attending a funeral—like my grandmother's. In all, my childhood was safe, simple, and filled with the knowledge of my father's faith in God.

I don't remember burning palm when my father found out he was dying of brain cancer. I was thirteen as the cancer slowly grew out his forehead, distorting his face and removing his smile forever. It took three years for him to die. We had the grace of time with him, time to talk, time to help, time to hold, and time to pray, but the price was high in agony and pain for all of us.

The only time I ever saw my father cry was after our local parish priest insisted on telling him he was going to die. He wanted to give him Last Rights while he was still lucid and coherent. I was angry with that young priest, but Dad wasn't. His faith was firm and whatever happened to him he was prepared to meet the God of his prayers. He never once blamed God for his sickness, pain, or suffering. He bore it quietly and prayed inside himself as we did when storms threatened. I do know he never lost his faith or love of God no matter how much he suffered.

This I believe. I inherited my faith, my reverence, my awe, and love of this world and the one beyond death from my father. I hope I passed this on to my children and grandchildren, not with the words of my mouth, but by my actions, behavior, and faith. The faith of my father.



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Roland Newell - **April 11**

Jim Chambers - **April 13**

Ginny Heal - **April 14**



are displaying some hand crafted Easter and Spring crafts, including beautiful spring wreaths , in the CE Building. Stop by and take a look, and check them out.



Easter Flowers

Help beautify our Sanctuary for Easter Sunday Service by donating flowers to celebrate our Risen Lord.

Flowers are to be purchased individually and dropped off at the CE Building on Weds, Thurs, or Friday April 13th, 14th, or 15th between 9 AM and 3 PM. Flowers may also be dropped off in the sanctuary on Saturday April 16th before Noon.

If you wish to donate flowers, but are unable to get out to purchase and/or deliver them to the church, please contact the office or Annette Slaney (609-206-3961) and we will purchase and deliver them for you.





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TOMICS by Tom Gould



THE SEVEN LAST 'WORDS' OF JESUS

