



PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, May 8, 2022 Issue No. 105

May 8, 2022 – Fourth Sunday In Easter

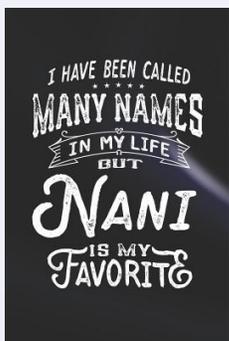
For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Wonderful are your works; that I know very well.

~ Psalm 139:13-14



Yesterday. Today. Tomorrow.

Maria - Anaheim, CA - February 18, 2016



Growing up, I spent the majority of my time at my paternal grandmother and great grandmother's house. I attended elementary school right across the street, so I lived with them for about seven years. Every day, my Nani (my dad's mother) would wake me up, make me breakfast, and send me off to school. It was like this every day.

When I came home from school, Nani and I would spend time together laughing and playing hockey together in their courtyard. I can still remember the days when, after, "little" grandma (what I used to call my great grandmother) and I would sit in the living room in deep thought as she would teach me Italian and scratch my back. The glue that held our family apart, my great grandma will be forever missed.

When my mom's mother fell ill when I was in sixth grade, the doctors said she wasn't going to be with us for more than a few days. By the grace of god, she made a healthy recovery, and my family thought it was best for her to move in with us. Shortly thereafter, "big" grandma had health problems again, and she soon became a double amputee. My mother became her legs in the kitchen and we all became her helping hands. Believe it or not, she had her very own "West Wing" in our house. We would dance together in the kitchen often—her in her electric wheelchair and me on my feet. Again, it was like this every day, for about seven years.



I was so fortunate to live with another grandma. When she passed away on my Senior Spring Break, I was devastated. I have never cried harder in my life. Nobody wishes to lose their best friend, and my grandma will be forever missed.

After she died, my relationship with my Nani became that much stronger. To this day, I still go to breakfast at her house every single Sunday when I am home from college. And I know there isn't a moment in life when she is happier, not because we stop by, but because she is cooking for us and seeing us happy.

The late Jim Valvano once said, "To me, there are three things we all should do every day. We should do this every day of our lives. Number one is laugh. You should laugh every day. Number two is think. You should spend some time in thought. And number three is, you should have your emotions moved to tears, could be happiness or joy. But think about it. If you laugh, you think, and you cry, that's a full day. That's a heck of a day. You do that seven days a week, you're going to have something special." I have something special.



Having not only one mother, but three more, made me into the person I am today. As I stand here, ready to close the third set of seven years of my life, it would be great to tell big and little grandma how everything turned out for me. It may sound funny, but I know they already know. There right here with me.





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 **Bea Ashmore**, who suffered a stroke this week. She is stable and presently in rehab
- For continued prayers for **Wendy Kasper, Jack Harkins & Eleanor Hathaway**
- For **Fritz Wainwright, Polly Grobelny, Hayley Morris & Jean Miller**
- For **Barb & Dave Hammell, Joe Celkupa, and Polly's son-in-law, Donald**
- For **Ginny Heal and her cousin Isabell, Faye Eckert, & Janet Newell**
- For **Wendy Boer. Keith, Paul, & Jody**
- For **Maritza Chambers' sister Elba, and Aiden Witte**
- For **Carol Shore and her family, Steve & Erin who have asymptomatic Covid**
- For **Marleigh and her family**

God's comfort:

- For those who serve as caregivers
- For **Krista** coping with addiction
- For the **People of Ukraine**

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 sound and presence of children



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



Presbytery Women will be holding there luncheon this month, May 17th at Villa Rosa Restaurant at 12:30 pm. Location 38 US Route 130, Burlington, NJ.
 All ladies are invited. Please call or text Marie Celkupa at 609-499-2569 or hudakmarie@yahoo.com.



RED, WHITE, & BLUE

CRAFT FAIR at our church – May 21st. 9am – 2pm.

Come by and stop in. You will be amazed at how crafty our ladies are..

Also there will be food to grab and enjoy as you are browsing through our hand made crafts.



Parish Offerings Year 2022

Month of January	\$ 10,787
Month of February	\$ 8,878
Month of March	\$ 10,613
Month of April	\$ 6,180

Thank you for your generosity



The Past, Present and Future of our Historical Country Church “The Providence Presbyterian Church of Bustleton”

Part 1 *The Past*

Barb Hammell

In the article I wrote last week, I want to add a little more history to Bustleton before we begin our journey on the origin of our church. There are two people who travelled the Old York Road. One was Benjamin Franklin around circa 1770 travelled Old York Road on his way to Burlington and stayed one night. The other person was Aaron Burr (3rd Vice President of the United States, who served under President Thomas Jefferson) shot Alexander Hamilton also traveled and stopped at the tavern-Inn in Bustleton in the year 1804. Alexander Hamilton was wounded in the duel but died the next day. This ruined Aaron Burr's political career.

Part 1 *The Past*

~ services under the Oak Trees

In the year 1859, the Rev. John Chester was ordained a minister and joined as the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Burlington, New Jersey. During his ministry there, he became extremely interested in the neighborhood call Bustleton, which is about 4 miles away from his church. He would often go to Bustleton, there he found it to be such a peaceful, tranquil place. He would do his thinking - preparing for his sermons and spending time talking to God. As months went by, Rev John Chester became more intrigued with Bustleton. He thought that the area would be such an inviting place to hold services and to preach the word of the Lord. So for almost a year he pondered over it and discussing it with some colleagues he decided to move on with his dream.

In 1860, not long after his ordination that Rev. John Chester, aided by Rev. John P. Robins of Burlington, David Styer, and Charles Wm. Smith, began to hold services with the Bustleton folks. People from all around, old and young gathered under the oak trees, sat on fence rails, and stood in groups or sat on the grass at the crossroads now known as Old York Road and Bustleton Road to listen to the teaching of Rev. John Chester or Rev. Robins. A long row of wagon sheds were built by the people to house their means of transportation. It was built around the area where our Educational Building now stands. People used to come to church by foot, horse or horse and buggy. Sermons were held outside from 1860 to December 1863. The services were held as frequently as possible as it was difficult sometimes to travel and weather played a big part. With love of the area and guidance and help from Our LORD, it was Rev. John

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Past, Present Future Continued...

Chester who conceived the idea that there should be a little church on the corner. The enterprise soon became known as "*The Church Under the Trees.*"



In doing some research, I stumbled across a poem that was written by a lady that attended the outside services of either Rev. John Chester or Rev. Robins. It was interesting that it fell upon me the week prior to Mother's Day as I was writing on our history. Wonder if it was a coincidence? I'm going to share it with you just as it was written and spelled.

A Poem to Mother
My Ideal

God took a ray from the shining sun,
A moonbeam, a starbeam, too,
Wove them together, the three into one,
And made the sweet smile of you.
God took the song of the nightingale
At dusk when the day is thru,
The low throbbing notes of a violin,
And fashioned the voice of you.
God sought for virtues great and small,
All the bright heavens thru
Then chose the fairest of them all
And made the pure soul of you.

by Shelkla Hollingsworth



Providence Presbyterian Church

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



Mother's Day can bring a mix of emotions for many women. There are those anticipating the birth of their first child, step-moms wondering what their place is, those who have lost their mother and are faced with grieving on Mother's Day, there are moms who encounter feelings of hurt because their children have turned from God, and those overwhelmed with pain from the loss of a child.

No matter what you face this Mother's Day, you can turn to God and experience peace and healing through prayer.

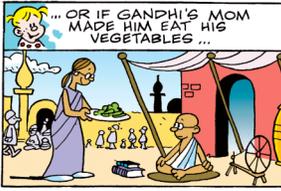
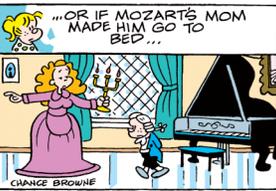
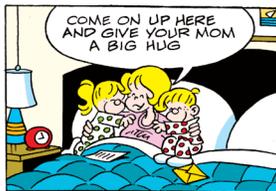
Lord, give each mother a worshipful reverence of you, the Creator and Sustainer of life. Help each mother to rest in the knowledge that they are but stewards of your children and that only your Spirit can produce change into the hearts of each boy and girl. May each mother find rest in you.

Dear Heavenly Father, thank You for giving me the privilege of being a mom. I pray that you will help me be a beacon that shines the light of Christ to my children, grandchildren as well as the children that I come in contact with through the course of a day. You are the Light of the World and I pray that I will be a shining reflection of that light today. In Jesus' Name, Amen. –Sharon Jaynes



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The Gift I'd Like to Get Someday

