

PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON

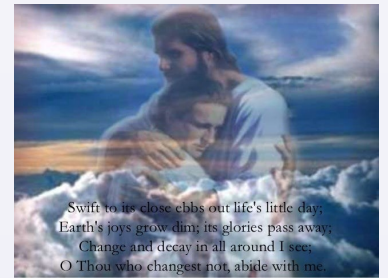


Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, July 17, 2022 Issue No. 114

July 17, 2022 – Fifth Sunday In Pentecost

Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changes not, abide with me.
(from Abide with Me)



Finding Out What's Under Second Base

Lex Urban — Silver Spring, Maryland — 2005



My belief was formed eighteen years ago as a five-year-old kid during my first of many seasons of Little League baseball. My friend Patrick was on second base when I came up to bat. I sent a line drive out to left field and after admiring my hit for a while (that momentary pause that drives coaches and parents nuts), I took off running in the direction of first base. Patrick, however, had yet to start running. In fact, he hadn't even left second base. Instead of running for third, Patrick had picked up the base to explore what was underneath. Apparently the mystery that had plagued kids for centuries—what could possibly be hiding underneath second base—needed to be solved immediately. The fact that it was the second inning of our first tee ball game was of no consequence.

What followed were howls of laughter from many kids and even a few adults. Of course, there were a few dads who pulled on their belt, spit to the side, and commented about kids needing to keep their head in the game and focus, but for the most part it was the funniest thing anyone had seen in a while. I don't remember if we won the game, if I made it to second base, or if Patrick took it with him as he advanced to third. What I do remember, and what has become a core philosophy of mine, is that I should always take the time to find out what's underneath second base.

Looking underneath second base is about living for the moment. It's not caring if others think what I'm doing is stupid or foolish. It is about being honest with myself and doing what makes me happy and not bowing to outside pressures. It is a reminder that I should look beneath the surface of things, and more importantly, people. Everyone has a story—a series of significant and insignificant life experiences that precede each moment of their lives. I am more patient and understanding because I realize that the story may be a painful and stressful one.

After college graduation I did not get a high paying job on Wall Street like many of my classmates did. I decided to dedicate a year to full-time community service as an AmeriCorps volunteer at City Year—Washington, DC. I tutored kids of all ages in math and reading. I saw first-hand the impact of painful and stressful experiences. A hardened exterior usually hid a much softer individual on the inside. A kid who told me off on the first day later expressed sadness that he didn't get to see me over the Thanksgiving break. I saw the power of giving my time to help others. It has truly been the most memorable experience of my life thus far.

No longer a five-year-old without a care in the world, I have been introduced to the adult concepts of planning, responsibility and maturity. No one can deny the importance of the future, but no one can guarantee its presence, either. I try not to get so wrapped up in planning for the future that I forget to enjoy what's right in front of me. Taking time to look underneath second base reminds me that it's the journey and not the destination that counts. Looking under second base reminds me to take the time to appreciate things. It reminds me that the daily grind and the hustle and bustle of a fast-paced world is a voluntary activity. I can choose how I live my life. I choose to always take the time to find out what's under second base.



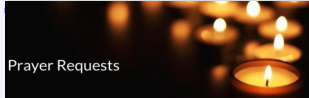
Providence Presbyterian Church

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 Janet Newell & Eleanor Hathaway
For Fritz & Jean Wainwright, & Jean Miller
For Dave Hammell, Joe Celkupa,
For Ginny Heal's cousin Isabell & Faye Eckert
For Maritza Chambers' sister Elba, Aiden Witte, Steve Shore, & Fran Kraft
For Polly Grobelny who had a stroke this week.
For Polly's son in law, Donald & her daughter Ava
For Nancy Wyatt and Marleigh

God's comfort:

For those who serve as caregivers
For Don Kasper and his family
For Alyson Keegan caring for her father
For the People of Ukraine

For God's guidance & understanding

For the Kraft's grandson Avery

For God's traveling mercies:

For Annette & Malcolm Slaney driving across country
For Jim & Fran Kraft visiting Tennessee

In Thanks and Praise to God:

For good shepherds in our pulpit

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



The Crafty Ladies will be taking orders for water bottles and mugs. The order sheets will be in the back of the church. You can have your bottle or mug personalized with your own saying and name or use the sayings we have. \$5.00 for either the water bottle or mug.

Colors of plastic bottles: green, blue, white and pink. The smaller bottle comes only in purple and mugs in white.

Please leave your completed order form in the back of the church or you can give them to Carol Shore or Marie Celkupa.





TWO BROTHERS

Barbara Hammell

Once upon a time in a far away land, lived two young men, much like many young men you may know today...

The two brothers were likable, but undisciplined, with a wild streak in them. Their mischievous behavior turned serious when they began stealing sheep from the local farmers – a serious crime in this pastoral place, so long ago and far away. In time, the thieves were caught. The local farmers decided their fate: The two brothers would be branded on the forehead with the letters ST for “sheep thief.” This sign they would carry with them forevermore.

One brother was so embarrassed by this branding that he ran away; he was never heard from again.

The other brother, filled with remorse and reconciled to his fate, chose to stay and try to make amends to the villagers he had wronged. At first the villagers were skeptical and would have nothing to do with him. But this brother was determined to make reparation for his offenses.

Whenever there was sickness, the sheep thief came to care for the ill with soup and a soft touch. Whenever there was work needing to be done, the sheep thief came to help with a lending hand. It made no difference if the person were rich or poor, the sheep thief was there to help. Never accepting pay for his good deeds, he lived his life for others.

Many years later, a traveler came through the village. Sitting at a sidewalk café eating lunch, the traveler saw an old man with a strange brand on his forehead seated nearby. The stranger noticed that all the villagers who passed the old man stopped to share a kind word, to pay their respects; children stopped their play to give and receive a warm hug.

Curious, the stranger asked the café owner, “What does that strange brand on the old man’s forehead stand for?”

“I don’t know. It happened so long ago...” the café owner replied. Then, pausing briefly for a moment of reflection, he continued: “...but I think it stands for ‘saint.’”

Willanne Ackerman



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PRESBYTERIAN
WOMEN

Presbytery Women will be holding their luncheon this month, July 19th 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.



Mark your calendars for our church picnic at Chuck & Ginny Heal's home on Sunday August 21st. We always have a good time and good company! More info to follow later.





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"Fastball. Low and away. And put some mustard on it."



"Happens a coupla times every season, Dewey. A runner is left stranded on second base. No food. No water ... just part of the game."



AND THE LORD GAVE MOSES A BASEBALL SAYING, "THOU SHALT NOT SWING ON A 3-0 PITCH."