

# PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, October 9, 2022 Issue No. 126

October 9, 2022  
Eighteenth  
Sunday In Pentecost

TO LIVE IS THE  
RAREST THING IN THE WORLD  
MOST PEOPLE EXIST,  
THAT IS ALL  
~ Oscar Wilde



## [A Train Tale: Discovering Who Else Is On This Earth!](#)

*Alicia — Bodega Bay, California — July 14, 2010*

I believe in drinking a lot of wine! And while sharing a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon with good friends and family in our house on the California Coast is surely one of my favorite pastimes, part of me has always ached to share that same bottle with a colorful Italian couple at a small café tucked in the heart of Venice. Part of me has yearned to spend one full night hopping from discotheque to discotheque in Barcelona and to buy a lot of blue and white striped clothes from local street vendors in Greece. Part of me really wants to know what people are like over there.



My only affair with the world outside of America was with London. Yes, I know they're very similar and that this hardly counts as experiencing a culture outside of my northern California bubble. But I loved the city because of that very sense of familiarity. I admired that the architectural nuances of London accentuated its rich and layered history, yet the streets and subways told me so much more.

It happened on the morning of our day-trip to Liverpool by train (Beatles Tour via "Yellow Submarine" bus—highly recommended). We boarded our train, and settled into our seats for the ride, just as we had become accustomed to. I gazed out our window and watched the dark brick chimneys and industrial landscapes sweep by. This place felt so aged and dirty, yet so comforting—as if life itself had been tweaked and molded, just slightly so, but enough to make me feel that I was someplace completely fresh and new. I settled deeper into my seat, content with the idea of experiencing a new people and way of life.

Then our train stops, and the door slowly opens. A smiling Indian mother and her teenaged daughter stand beneath the doorframe. Quickly, the mother's lips begin to purse and she's holding something back. The seconds drag on now. Then the woman folds to her emotions and her shoulders cave under the weight of the world and she embraces her daughter and cries. It's that uncontrollable type of crying that's characterized by a heaving silence and a tragic weep. She's afraid of losing her daughter, like most mothers do when they part from the nest.

They stood there for a few seconds, mother and daughter, clinging to each other. The daughter then boarded the train and waved goodbye from the window until our car was far from the station. I watched her settle into her seat a bit, release a heavy sigh, and open her copy of "The Da Vinci Code" for the long train ride ahead.

And then it became clear. People over there really aren't that different from people over here, and that can be applied to any two destinations in the world. We have the same emotions, expressions, and reactions regardless of how similar or vastly different our cultures are. We share a collective energy that tugs us closer, slowly as one people, in a way that is so inherently and naturally beautiful that I am forced to remember the true reasons for our existence—to stuff our hearts with love and our brains with fact, to show compassion and empathy for those who surround us.



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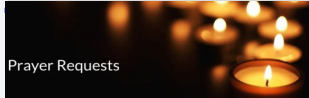
## Providence Presbyterian Church

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



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Prayer Requests

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 Fritz & Jean Wainwright, Jean Miller, and Fran Kraft  
For Dave Hammell & Joe Celkupa  
For Maritza Chambers' sister Elba and her brother Angel  
For Aiden Witte, Brittany Zier & Marleigh  
For Polly Grobelny, her son in law, Donald & her daughter Ava  
For Ginny Heal, who passed her medical test  
For Jack Harkins healing after a complicated surgical procedure  
For Bob Hunt whose cancer has returned  
For Dave whose cancer has also returned and his wife Deb  
For Alan Brandle's daughter, Krista who is in the hospital with an unknown infection

#### For God's Helping Hand:

For the citizens of Puerto Rico, Cuba, Florida, & South Carolina after Hurricane Ian

#### God's comfort:

For Alyson Keegan & her family caring for her father  
For the people of [Ukraine](#)

#### God's Traveling Mercies:

For the Vitale Family who are traveling in India  
For Carole & Steve Shore and their daughter  
For Rick & Jane Cheslo  
For the Kraft's Son & Daughter-in-law  
For Margo & Kevin Mattis  
For Robin Johnson's Sister & her Husband

#### In Thanks and Praise to God:

For good shepherds in our pulpit  
For God Leading Inna Nikolyukin to Providence Presbyterian Church to serve as our new Pastor.





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It's important to realize the beauty of how very alone we are— that at any moment, anything we cherish most can slip away. Ultimately, venturing away from home reminds us to live passionately without limitation, and to love endlessly without reservation. It teaches us to be vulnerable and to experiment with things that make us most uncomfortable. And when we come home, travel guides us to those that deserve to hear “dear God, I love you so much,” and highlights those whom we can begin to release from our lives.

I deeply believe that life begins at our doorsteps.



## Newborns IN NEED



The PW will be conducting their annual Newborns In Need campaign beginning this Sunday, September 4th.

The drive will run during September and October.

Donations may be dropped off in the rear of the sanctuary.

Contact Carl Shore for additional information.



Beginning October 9<sup>th</sup>, we will be placing a box in the back of the church to collect donations for the Bordentown City Cats.

### Items most critically needed:

- Cat food for adults – WET OR DRY
- Cat food for kittens – WET OR DRY
- Clorox Wipes (or similar for cleaning crates)
- Litter
- Pee Pads
- Paper Towels
- Monetary donations always welcome.

Thank you for your help in this endeavor.

Also, weather permitting, the Bordentown City Cats will have a table at the Cranberry Fest Sunday, October 2<sup>nd</sup>.





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Dear Friends, Thank you so much for your expressions of love and appreciation last Sunday (October 2) as we finished our ministry together. As I expressed from the pulpit, we were wonderfully blessed by our years with you. We have felt very close to the congregation in so many ways. What an honor to me that you considered me in some ways your pastor! I can think of no greater honor. We will miss you. Thank you again for your most generous and loving gifts to us.

Love in Christ,

Jim and for Fran



## Inna Moment

This past year, I spent time as an itinerant preacher and traveled every Sunday to eleven Presbyterian church communities in New Jersey. Being on the road so much gave me a lot of time to think. I often thought of the definition of the word “providence,” and what it means in our lives.

Some people define providence as God’s prior knowledge of and provision for the world. Some people think that providence is the protective care of God. My heart has always been with the idea that explains providence as God’s guidance in our journey of faith through life.

One Sunday morning, on my long drive through the woods, fields, nurseries, orchards, lakes, horse and goat farms to the church in a town not too far from the Delaware Bay, I had two “revelations” about the meaning of the word “providence.”

First, I remembered the metaphor that the sixteenth-century Reformer John Calvin used to describe God’s providence. As Calvin explained, providence is not only God’s ability to provide, but also it is God’s ability to bring all perplexed and dubious matters to a happy ending. For God does not sit idly in heaven, looking at what is taking place in the world. Like a good captain in command of a ship, God holds the helm and overrules all.

Second, when I was on a little country road about five minutes away from the church, I was so startled by a creature slowly crossing the road, that I had to slam on my breaks to avoid running it over. It was a gigantic old turtle! While I was sitting in my car, I began to think should I get out and somehow pick up this creature and bring her to the other side of the road? Or would this turtle with her belligerent look and her beak-like jaws snap off my finger? Or would I be even able to pick her up because she looked so heavy? Or even worse, if I lifted her up by her shell, would I dislocate the shell and detach it from her body? While I was mulling over the pros and cons, another car approached from the opposite direction and a young woman, obviously a local, picked up this creature and easily moved her to safety on the other side of the road.

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This past year, I spent time as an itinerant preacher and traveled every Sunday to eleven Presbyterian church communities in New Jersey. Being on the road so

I thought this is what God does: God brings all perplexed and dubious matters to a happy ending. God picks us up and brings us to safety on the other side of the road, when we do not know how to cross it. To make us see this truth, God sent us his only Son to include us in the loving relationship between the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit. To include us into the divine relationship that has such a perfect understanding of and respect to our human freedom and dignity. A relationship that celebrates God's care under which everyone and everything is fit for God's love and grace.

God's providence led me on the long and winding road of my life to the door of your church at the crossroads of your community. I am here now, with you; and you are part of my life now, too. And God will not sit idly by in heaven, looking at what will take place in our communal life. God will inspire us, and we will inspire one another. For we are part of the Church that for millennia has borne witness to the Kingdom of God and will continue to do so in communal worship and service until Christ returns.

Inna

P.S. This Sunday's sermon is titled "Living Fully Right Where We Are," and it draws from Jeremiah 29:1, 4-7 and Luke 17:11-19.

To enrich the Jeremiah content of the sermon, in today's issue we included the most known picture of Jeremiah by Michelangelo. He painted Jeremiah on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, where Jeremiah holds his chin in his hands and looks deeply troubled.

To add some poetic insights to the meditation on the Gospel of Luke, we decided to share an excerpt from The Sonnet by Malcolm Guite with you.

Luke is the living pillar of our healing,  
A lowly ox, the servant of the four,  
We turn his page to find his face revealing,  
The wonder and the welcome of the poor.  
He breathes good news to all who bear  
a burden,  
Good news to all who turn and try again,  
The meek rejoice and prodigals find pardon,  
A lost thief reaches paradise through pain,  
The voiceless find their voice in every word  
And magnify our Lord.







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### ASTRONAUTS through THE AGES...

