

PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, May 7, 2023 *Issue No. 155*

May 7, 2023 Fifth Sunday of Easter

The Lord reigns, let the earth be glad; let the distant shores rejoice. Clouds and thick darkness surround him; righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne.

~ Psalm 97: 1-2 ~



Thank You, Michael

Sandra — Pueblo, Colorado — June 2, 2015

Do you remember the ad from the phone company (when there was only one phone company) that entreated us to "Reach out and touch someone?" What a powerful message. Years ago, someone did reach out and touch my life forever.



June of 1975 found me hip deep in a room filled with boxes, some full and awaiting final labeling and sealing, some half-filled, and others destined for Good Will Industries or a landfill. With each packing decision, each object to be shipped or left, I registered a memory. Five years of teaching and a Master's Degree in Reading. I had learned a lot, but had I made a difference to any students?

As if on cue, the phone rang somewhere in the room, and I jumped as if startled by some intruder. I don't know how long the ringing continued. The person on the other line was persistent, voice mail had not been invented to cause the ringing to be limited, and it took some time to locate the "tele."

"Hello, hello," I repeated expecting to hear a dial tone by this time. "Hello" "Hello, I said again. "Um, do you know who this is?" The voice was unfamiliar to me, and I really did not feel like playing guessing games, but I did manage a civil, "no." "Mrs. Gotfred, this is Michael... Michael D. Do you remember me?

"Michael...of course I remember you." How could I ever forget Michael, I thought, and reflected on our sixth grade time together five years before. It was my second year of teaching, my first in Memphis, Tennessee, and my first experience in a newly integrated school in which racial prejudice was both covert and overt, both exhibited by children and adults, both white to black and black to white.

"Well, Mrs. Gotfred, I just want you to know that I turned out all right. Really, I'm okay. In case you're wondering about the sounds in the background, I'm working as a dishwasher at a local restaurant to make some extra money for school...college."

"Gee, Michael, I'm so glad that you took the time to call me." "Don't worry, I'm on break...so it's okay to use the phone." I laughed to myself. I could hear the "old" Michael justifying his behavior to me once again.

He continued, "I just wanted to tell you this because even though I gave you a lot of trouble—you know, you being white and me being black—you never gave up on me. And you know, Mrs. Gotfred, I couldn't tell you at the time, but remember the day I came to school with a broken ankle. You watched me swing myself into the room on my crutches and set them down. Then you came over to me, took my crutches, laid them across your desk, and announced to me and to the class, 'Today, Michael, you're going to listen to me and do what I say.' That was the bravest thing I'd ever seen a teacher do. I just want you to know."

I shook my head at what I heard as I recalled that day. When I spoke, I knew that my voice was quivering despite my resolve to sound calm. "Michael, I can't tell you how much it means to me to hear from you." I would have waxed sloppy, but Michael saved me.

Mrs. Gotfred, I gotta' get back to work, but I just wanted to say thanks." I gently replaced the receiver onto its carriage with reverence. Then I whispered, "Thank you, Michael, more than you will ever know."

I believe in reaching out and gently, kindly, truthfully touching someone.





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:

Fritz Wainwright, Eleanor Hathaway, Jean Miller, Joseph Celkupa, Polly's son-in-law Donald & her daughter Ava who has entered hospice, Heidi Bonwell's father Robert, Sheila Zier's daughter Brittany, For Carol Shore, her brother Dean and her husband Steve Chris Vitale's father Fred Jack Harkins, Bea Ashmore, Jerrie Glass, & Alice Garman

For Michelle's Aunt Mary
For Sara's nephew, Tom Hendrickson after a cardiac event and surgery

God's comfort:

Carol Shore's family on the passing of her nephew Mike Troy For Betsy and her son, Alex. Alex has entered hospice and is nearing the end For the people of Ukraine

For God's Guidance and Assistance:

Pastor Inna's mom and family in Kiev
For Pastor Inna & our Session
For our confirmation candidates Ethan, Victor, and Vaughn

In thanks and praise to God:

For Alex on a miracle recovery

Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.

1 THESSALONIANS 5:16-18



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Video Volunteer Required!

For the Sundays of July 23rd and July 30th. I need a volunteer to fill in for video duties on these Sundays. The chosen person will be trained absolutely free of charge in all of the skills and processes to prepare and stream the Sunday service for those weeks.

Jane and I will be away celebrating the 28th anniversary of our nuptials, and we are hopeful that someone can assist us be covering our streaming ministry these two weekends.

Thank you to the volunteers who have said they would help out!

It means a lot!

Please contact me directly at rickcheslo@gmail.com to indicate your interest to support out video ministry and provide relief to myself. I will provide full training to any volunteer. It is really not as difficult as it my look.

Please advise me of your willingness to pitch in at your earliest opportunity. Thank you for your support!



Yesterday's Hoagie Sale & Craft Fair was a tremendous success. The weather was beautiful and a great time was had by all.

Thanks to everyone for coming out!



We will be collecting plastic bags from the store, your pantry and your front door, i.e. produce, store, and ice bags; Ziploc & other recloseable bags, cereal box liners, bread bags; and newspaper sleeves, dry cleaning bags, and bubble wrap, for a

recycling project.
Please see Michelle Co

Please see Michelle Cox for details.





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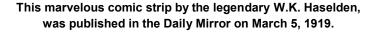








The latest modern horror in the way of inventions is supposed to be the pocket telephone. We can imagine the moments this instrument will choose for action:









SERMON, IT WAS THAT HIS RING

TONE WAS "HIGHWAY TO HELL"