

# THE TRUMPET

May June July 2026

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## Pastor's Column



*From the Desk of  
Pastor Marv Herman*

### **God's Time and Timing... Is God Taking Too Long?**

“And let endurance complete its work, so that you may be complete and whole, lacking in nothing.” (*Epistle of James 1:4*).

Several years ago, before moving into Deb's and my condo, I decided I needed to learn a little more about patience. Naturally, I wanted to learn it immediately. So, I planted a small vegetable garden in my backyard. Borrowing a neighbor's rototiller, I tilled the soil, marked off several rows, and planted a variety of seeds. When I finished, I stood there,

looked over the freshly planted garden, and said, “Now grow!” After four days, I didn't see much happening, so I gently poked at the soil to “encourage” the seeds along. My neighbor, who had lent me the rototiller, came over and asked what I was doing. I said, “Waiting for the seeds to turn into plants.” He smiled and said, “Marv, it's going to take more than three days.”

Two Weeks passed. Slowly - very slowly - tiny green sprouts began to appear. Not because I rushed them, stared at them, or prayed louder over them, but because that's simply how growth works. It turns out, the garden wasn't just growing vegetables - it was growing me. And unlike my schedule, God didn't seem the least bit concerned about hurrying things along.

We all long for good things to happen in our lives—and if we're honest, we usually want them now, not later. When life doesn't move at our pace, we find ourselves asking, “When, God, when?” Perhaps the deeper invitation is not to focus on the “when,” but to grow in trusting

God. How long does it take for God to answer our prayers? And does He measure His responses by our sense of urgency?

Most of us, over time, come to trust that God knows all things and works according to a plan shaped by His timing—not ours. God's timing invites us into discernment and patience. We are called to trust Him and allow Him to guide us through every situation. Yes, we place it in God's hands—and then we wait.

As we wait, God calls us to live with discernment. It's difficult to practice discernment when we're constantly trying to figure everything out on our own. There comes a moment when we must say, “God, I don't understand this, but I trust that You will reveal what I need in Your time.” Trusting God means resisting the urge to set deadlines for Him. Instead, discernment teaches us that, in time, He will act. We often say God is never late - but we also discover He is not always early. In these seasons of waiting, God stretches our faith and deepens our love and trust in Him.

Secondly, we are called to wait

with patience as God does His work. As patience grows within us, Scripture tells us we become more complete, lacking nothing. Patience reshapes our relationship with God. It allows us to witness what He can do when we fully surrender to His mercy and control. In learning patience, we slowly release our need to rely on ourselves and begin to place our trust more fully in Him. Seen this way, timing becomes essential to spiritual growth. If God granted every request immediately, we would never develop the depth of faith He desires for us. Timing, patience, discernment, and trust all work together in the life of a believer.

Finally, we are called to accept God's timing. God brings things to pass at exactly the right moment. Our role is not to determine "when," but to remain faithful and not give up. The more we trust Him and keep our eyes fixed on Him, the fuller life becomes. Trusting God brings life, and believing in His timing brings rest and peace. So perhaps the question is not, "What time is it for God?" but rather, "Can I trust Him with the time?"

We are reminded that God's timing may stretch us, but it never fails us. Like that garden, growth is happening beneath the surface long before we see visible results. Discernment teaches us to trust when we don't understand, and patience teaches us to wait without losing faith. When we surrender our timelines, we create space for God's perfect work. He is neither rushed nor delayed - He

is always right on time.

So instead of asking, "When, God?" perhaps the better question is, "What are You teaching me while I wait?" Trust Him in the process, and you will discover that His timing is always worth it.

Blessings, Pastor Marv

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### **Where Gratitude Meets Generosity**

Over the years, I have heard many pastors speak about giving—some with great passion, others with careful hesitation. In larger churches, there are often stewardship campaigns, pledge cards, and reminders throughout the year. In smaller churches like ours, we sometimes avoid the topic altogether, not because it isn't important, but because we never want anyone to feel pressured or uncomfortable. And yet, the truth remains: giving is a meaningful and necessary part of our faith journey.

Scripture reminds us in Second Epistle to the Corinthians 9:7 that "God loves a cheerful giver." Notice it doesn't say a reluctant giver or a pressured giver—but a cheerful one. Giving, at its heart, is not about obligation; it is about gratitude. It is a response to what God has already done in our lives.

Sometimes when we hear the word "giving," we imagine large and burdensome commitments. But more often than not, faithfulness is found in the small, consistent choices we

make. Consider this: what if giving wasn't about adding something heavy to your life, but simply about rethinking what is already there? For example, giving up one specialty coffee a week - just one - could amount to a meaningful gift over time. One less takeout meal a month, one small shift in habit - these are not sacrifices that diminish our lives, but choices that can strengthen the life of our church.

These small acts, multiplied across a congregation, become something much larger. They support the ministries we care about: worship, outreach, caring for those in need, and creating a space where people can encounter God's presence. More importantly, they shape us. Giving gently loosens our grip on things and deepens our trust in God's provision. This is not about keeping track or comparing what others do. It is not about meeting a number or fulfilling a requirement. It is about asking a simple and honest question: "What is God inviting me to give?" For each of us, that answer may look different - and that's okay.

As your pastor, I share this not to pressure, but to invite. If you have never thought much about giving, perhaps this is a good time to begin. If you already give faithfully, perhaps this is a moment to reflect on whether God is nudging you just a little further. In the end, giving is not about the church asking for something from you - it is about God doing something within you. And that kind of growth is always a blessing. Pastor Marv

## A Season of Remembering, Honoring, and Rediscovering

As we move into the summer months - May, June, and July - we enter a meaningful stretch of the year. These are not just dates on a calendar, but moments that invite us to reflect on who we are, where we come from, and what truly matters.

We celebrate Mother's Day and Father's Day—occasions meant to honor those who gave us life, nurtured us, and shaped us. And yet, if we are honest, these days can be complicated. For some, they are filled with joy, gratitude, and celebration. But for others, they carry a quiet ache. There are parents who feel forgotten. Mothers and fathers whose children are distant - emotionally or physically. There are strained relationships, broken connections, and unspoken hurts that make these holidays feel less like celebrations and more like reminders.

If that is your experience, hear this clearly: you are not unseen. Scripture reminds us in **Psalm 27:10**, "*Though my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will receive me.*" What a powerful promise. Even in the deepest places of human disappointment, God's love remains steady, present, and unshakable.

And for those who do have the opportunity to honor their parents, may this be a gentle encouragement not to take that gift for granted. The commandment to "*Honor your father and mother*" (Exodus 20:12) is not just about

obligation, it is about recognizing the sacred role they have played in our lives, even with all the imperfections that come with being human, and as a church, we are called to be something more—a family of faith. A place where those who feel forgotten are remembered. Where those who feel alone are embraced. Where love is not limited by biology, but is expanded through grace.

Then, as July arrives, we turn our attention to Independence Day - and this year, our nation marks its 250th anniversary. That's a significant milestone. A moment not just for fireworks and gatherings, but for reflection. And yet, I've noticed something concerning. Many of our younger generations know a great deal about the issues of today, like gender studies and privileges - but very little about the foundation of freedom, faith, our founding fathers, and the freedoms that were shaped and given to us and fought for by our forefathers and mothers of yesterday. Conversations about freedom, sacrifice, and the birth of our nation are sadly often met with blank stares.

We must always remember the story of our country - its struggles, its courage, its pursuit of liberty is not just history. It is a reminder that freedom is never accidental. It is costly. It is fragile. And it must be understood if it is to be appreciated.

Scripture speaks to this as well. In **Galatians 5:1**, we read, "*It is for freedom that Christ has set us free.*" Freedom, in the

Christian life, is not just political - it is spiritual. It is the freedom to live in grace, to walk in truth, and to love without fear. But just like national freedom, spiritual freedom can be neglected when it is not remembered. Perhaps this summer gives us an opportunity - not to criticize the next generation, but to invest in them. Take the time to tell the history of our country and our ancestral stories. Share what we know and with God's help, let us pass on, not just information, but meaning about our faith, about our family and most of all, about our freedom. So, wherever you find yourself in this season—celebrated or forgotten, connected or distant, confident or concerned—know this:

- You are part of something bigger.
- You are part of a family of faith that sees you.
- You are held by a God who has not forgotten you.
- And you are called, in your own way, to help carry forward what matters most.
- May we honor where we have come from.
- May we extend grace where relationships are strained.
- And may we never lose sight of the freedom - both as a nation and as God's people - that has been entrusted to us.

Praying for all to have a wonderful summer this year.

Pastor Marv

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## The Secret to being Content and Satisfied at Any Age!

(Submitted by Andy Knaack)

What does it feel like to be old? Some wise words below.

Someone asked me that once, and I didn't really know how to answer. Not because I was offended, just surprised. I don't wake up every day thinking, "I'm old." I just wake up, stretch, and get on with it.

But later, when I sat with the question, I realized something: Getting older isn't something I fear. It's something I'm learning to appreciate.

I'm not in a rush anymore. I don't worry about keeping up with everything and everyone. Some days, I get things done; some days, I don't. Either way, life moves on.

I've stopped trying to fix things that don't matter. I've learned that silence is an answer. That peace is more important than being right. And that some people will never understand you, and that's okay.

There are things I've lost along the way... people, moments, parts of myself. And yes, some of that still hurts. But I also carry more love than I used to. More patience. More softness. More understanding of what really matters. I no longer pretend to be fine when I'm not. I don't explain myself as much.

And I don't waste time worrying about what people think of me. If I want to sit and watch the sky

for an hour, I will. If I want to cry over an old memory, I won't stop myself. If I want to laugh at something silly, I'll let myself. Because I've learned that time doesn't slow down. And joy doesn't wait for permission.

So, if you ask me what it feels like to be old... I'd say it feels like freedom. The kind that comes with letting go of things you used to hold too tightly. I don't know how much time I have left, none of us do. But I'm not wasting what's left of mine chasing perfection.

I just want to live quietly, honestly, and in my own way. And if that's what being old feels like...I'll take it.



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## When God Created Mothers

By Erma Bombeck

*Erma Louise Bombeck was an American humorist who became very popular for her newspaper column describing suburban home life from the mid-1960s until the late 1990s. Bombeck also published 15 books, most of which became bestsellers. When her poem "When God Created Mothers" first appeared in her column in 1974, it was an instant success. It was clipped from newspapers, tucked into purses, and tacked onto refrigerators all over America:*

"When the Good Lord was creating mothers, He was into his sixth day of "overtime" when an angel appeared and said, "You're doing a lot of fiddling around on this one."

And the Lord said, "Have you read the specs on this order?"

- She has to be completely washable but not plastic;
- Have 180 movable parts...all replaceable;
- Run on black coffee and leftovers;
- Have a lap that disappears when she stands up;
- A kiss that can cure anything from a broken leg to a disappointed love affair;
- And six pairs of hands."

The angel shook her head slowly and said, "Six pairs of hands...no way."

"It's not the hands that are causing me problems," said the Lord. "It's the three pairs of eyes that mothers have to have."

"That's on the standard model?" asked the angel.

The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through closed doors when she asks, 'What are you kids doing in there?'" when she already knows. Another here in the back of her head that sees what she shouldn't but what she has to know, and of course the ones here in front that can look at a child when he goofs up and say, 'I understand and I love you' without so much as uttering a word."

“Lord,” said the angel, touching His sleeve gently, “Go to bed. Tomorrow...”

I can’t,” said the Lord, “I’m so close to creating something so close to myself. Already I have one who heals herself when she is sick...can feed a family of six on one pound of hamburger...and can get a nine-year-old to stand under a shower.”

The angel circled the model of a mother very slowly. “It’s too soft,” she sighed.

But she’s tough!” said the Lord excitedly. “You cannot imagine what this mother can do or endure.”

“Can it think?”

“Not only can it think, but it can reason and compromise,” said the Creator.

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek. “There’s a leak,” she pronounced. “I told You You were trying to push too much into this model.”

“It’s not a leak,” said the Lord. “It’s a tear.”

“What’s it for?” asked the Angel

It’s for joy, sadness, disappointment, pain, loneliness and pride.”

“You are a genius”, said the angel.

The Lord looked somber. I didn’t put it there,” He said.”

Happy Mother’s Day



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## A Tribute to Dad

By Erma Bombeck

When God was creating fathers, he started with a tall frame. A female angel nearby said:

“What kind of father is that? If you’re going to make children so close to the ground, why have you put fathers up so high? He won’t be able to shoot marbles without kneeling, tuck a child into bed without bending, or even kiss a child without stooping.”

God smiled and said: “Yes, but if I make him child-sized, who would children have to look up to?”

And when God made a father’s hands, they were large and sinewy. The angel shook her head sadly and said: “Do you know what you’re doing? Large hands are clumsy. They can’t manage diaper pins, small buttons, rubber bands on ponytails, or even remove splinters from baseball bats.”

God smiled and said:” I know, but they’re large enough to hold everything a small boy empties from his pockets at the end of the day, yet small enough to cup a child’s face.”

Then God molded long slim legs, and broad shoulders. The angel nearly passed out....”Boy, this is the end of the week alright.... do you realize you

just made a father without a lap? How is he going to pull a child close to him without the kid falling between his legs?”

God smiled and said: “A mother needs a lap. A father needs strong shoulders to pull a sled, balance a boy on a bicycle, or hold a sleepy hand on the way home from the circus.”

God was in the middle of creating two of the largest feet anyone had ever seen when the angel could contain herself no longer. “That’s not fair. Do you honestly think those large boats are going to dig out of bed early in the morning when the baby cries? Or walk through a small birthday party without crushing 2 or 3 guests?”

God said “They’ll work, you’ll see. They’ll support a small child who wants a horsey-back ride – or scare off mice at the summer cabin, or display shoes that will be a challenge to fill.”

God worked through the night, giving the father few words, but a firm authoritative voice, eyes that saw everything, but that remained calm and tolerant. Finally, almost as an afterthought, he added tears. Then he turned to the angel and said:

“Now are you satisfied that he can love as much as a mother?”

The angel smiled and stood in silence.

Happy Father’s Day



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**NOTABLE QUOTES:**

"Some of God's greatest gifts are unanswered prayers."

Garth Brooks

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"If you want to lift yourself up, lift up someone else."

Booker T. Washington

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"God loves each of us as if there were only one of us."

Augustine of Hippo

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"Every time you smile at someone, it is an act of love."

Mother Teresa

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"Peanut Butter, it just fills the cracks in your heart."

Submitted by Andy Knaack

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"When you forgive someone, you are as close to God as you will ever be, because in that forgiveness you are demonstrating the very heart of God."

Max Lucado, Pastor

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**GRANDPA & GRANDMA  
"GRAND GRINS"**



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Why did the bicycle fall over?

- o Because it was two-tired

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How do you organize a space party?

- o You planet

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What do you call a pig that knows karate?

- o A pork chop

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What do you call a boomerang that won't come back?

- o A stick

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Why don't we iron four leaf clovers?

- o Because we don't want to press our luck

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Paint Creek UMC Mission Schedule for the remainder of 2026:

- May- Student Day & camp; Peace with Justice Sunday
- June- Noah Project
- July- Haiti- Grace Children's Hospital
- August -
- September- Red Bird Christian School
- October- World Communion Sunday
- November- Bishop Judith Craig Children's Village
- December- Baldwin Center

Submitted by Colleen Barkham

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## Birthdays and Anniversaries



### May

Avery Michael Lutsch	May 3
Emily Barkham	May 5
Floris Stoner	May 9
Ethan Gomez	May 12
Allan Watson	May 14
Frederick Barkham	May 18
Pamela Bowman	May 18
Deb Alrutz	May 21

### Anniversaries

Scot & Stacy Cleaveland May 26

### June

Karen Osterkamp	June 8
Vera Rhine	June 10
Reva LaFountain	June 14
Richard Smith	June 19
June Murray	June 19

### Anniversaries

(none)

### July

Shaila Herbert	July 1
Heidi Paterson	July 13
Gerald Schultz	July 25
Gretchen Drader	July 27

### Anniversaries

Don & Joy Hardman	July 5
Pastor Marv & Deb	July 26

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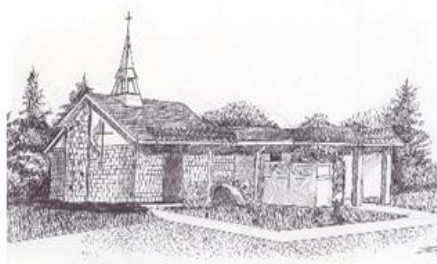
## PRAYERS AND CONCERNS

Jan, Paul,  
Marlene, Ann,  
David, Bill



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## HOWARTH NEWS



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### Communion Preparers

We are in need of Communion Preparers. If you can help, please sign up on the list by the kitchen.

Thank you so very much for your assistance with Communion!

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## Spotlight on Skip Taylor

This quarterly newsletter, we are honored to feature Forest “Skip” Taylor, a longtime member of our Howarth church family whose life reflects faith, service, and devotion to others. Skip was born in 1935 in Pontiac. His father, originally

from Missouri, moved to Michigan to work for Fisher Body, where he worked before and during World War II and remained until his retirement in the early 1980s. Skip’s mother, from Ohio, contributed to the war effort as well, working at GM Truck and Coach—known locally as “The Yellow Cab.”

During those early years, Skip’s father purchased a modest farmhouse in what is now Rochester Hills for just \$500. The property included four lots—about three acres—and became home to a busy household. Skip grew up alongside one brother and four sisters in a family grounded in faith, attending Baptist and Methodist churches.

As a young man, Skip learned the value of hard work early. From junior high through his sophomore year of high school, he spent summers working on a potato farm at Silver Bell and M-24 in Orion Township - long before expressways and heavy traffic. During harvest season, he would collect over 50 crates of potatoes a day, earning 10 cents per crate, for a daily total of \$5.00.

While attending Avondale High School, Skip stayed busy. During his junior and senior years, he worked as a caddy at Bloomfield Hills Country Club during the day and set bowling pins at a local bowling alley at night. After graduating, Skip answered the call to serve his country by joining the U.S. military. His service included time during the Korean War, which he recalls as one of the

defining periods of his life. Over the course of his military career, Skip rose to the rank of Master Sergeant - the highest rank for enlisted personnel.

It was also after returning from boot camp that Skip was baptized and committed his life to following Jesus Christ.

One of the most remarkable stories from Skip's time in service took place aboard an aircraft carrier. While helping prepare bombs for a mission, one was discovered to be a dud. Following orders, Skip attempted to throw it overboard - but as he did, his class ring caught on the fin of the bomb, pulling both him and the bomb more than 70 feet into the ocean. Thankfully, a U.S. Marine witnessed the incident and alerted the crew. A rescue helicopter was quickly dispatched, and Skip was safely recovered from the water. As he tells it with a smile, "the bomb wasn't as lucky—and is still at the bottom of the ocean."

After his military service, Skip married the love of his life, his high school sweetheart, Connie Elie. Together, they shared 66 years of marriage and raised their son, Scott. Skip fondly reflects that in all those years, they never argued - choosing instead to talk through everything together. Dinner time was always a time for conversation, connection, and resolving life's challenges.

In 1967, with Connie's encouragement, Skip became a Mason. The organization's motto, "To Make Good Men

Better," has remained meaningful to him throughout his life. Today, his faith continues to be a central part of who he is, and his presence in our church community is a blessing.

Skip's favorite Bible verse is Psalm 56:3: "When I am afraid, I put my trust in You." His favorite hymn is "I'll Fly Away."

Over the years, he has enjoyed hobbies such as woodworking and skeet shooting. When it comes to food, he appreciates simple Michigan classics - especially a Detroit-style Coney Island or an olive burger from Halo Burger.

When asked what day he would relive if given the chance, Skip's answer is simple and heartfelt: he would spend one more day with his beloved wife Connie and their son Scott.

Skip Taylor's life is a testament to faith, resilience, and love. We are grateful to celebrate him this month and to have him as part of our Howarth church family.

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### Birthdays and Anniversaries



<u>May</u>	
Rick Rowden	May 30
Ray Sauls	May 30
<b>Anniversaries</b>	
Jim & Pat Staley	May 14

<u>June</u>	
Cheryl Everhart	June 19
Pat Staley	June 25
Marilyn Foster	June 28
Joe Harman	June 30
<b>Anniversaries</b>	
Rick & Sharon Rowden	June 10
Jon & Abey Boughner	June 20
Scott & Cheryl McKay	June 23

<u>July</u>	
Jon Boughner	July 16
Clara Howden	July 26
Skip Taylor	July 31
<b>Anniversaries</b>	
Pastor Marv & Deb	July 26

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### **PRAYERS AND CONCERNS**

Dennis, Marilyn  
 Kristin S, David W, Bette,  
 Bella S, Pat D, Kevin, Noodles

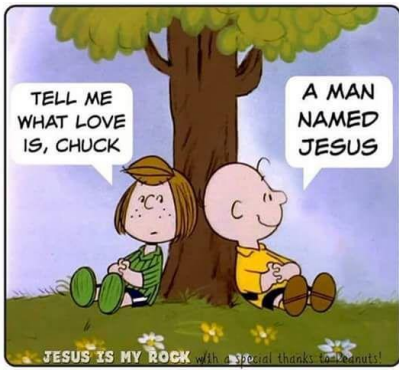
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### **Liturgist needed!**

Please be sure to sign up for **coffee hour**. Signup sheet is on bulletin board by kitchen.

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## Church Chuckles



email:  
[howarthumc@gmail.com](mailto:howarthumc@gmail.com)  
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**I'M GOING TO  
 LET GOD  
 FIX IT  
 BECAUSE  
 IF I FIX IT  
 I'M GOING  
 TO JAIL**

**Anyone who  
 thinks sitting in  
 church can make  
 you a Christian  
 must also think  
 that sitting in a  
 garage can make  
 you a car.**

Garrison Keillor



SPRING



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