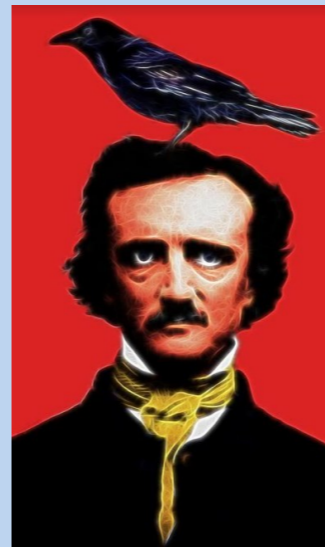




*Praise be to the God and Father  
of our  
Lord Jesus Christ!  
In his great mercy  
he has given us new birth  
into a living hope through  
the resurrection of  
Jesus Christ from the dead  
I Peter 1:3*



Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado

One does not read Edgar Allan Poe. Rather, one allows his words to haunt their thoughts like being possessed by the swirl of midnight phantoms as the act of reading masquerades an exercise of morose mental suspension that lasts but the length of the poem. This is generally true, save for a few outliers like the first stanza of the work presented above. Poe presents, as subject, an unknown but gallant knight in search of Eldorado. Who is this presumed noble and determined journeyer arrayed in shining splendor accompanied with naught but a vision and a song? Who knows?

What I do know is that April is National Poetry Month, and for some reason I feel duty-bound to metaphorically insert quill into inkwell. During this thirty-day spell, I must admit in advance that I have bouts of being insufferably verbose; compelled to utilize words like “morose” or “naught” in casual employ. Worse, I may even use the word “save” as a Queen’s language-era preposition instead of the usual phrase “except for”; peppering dashes of pretention and posh into the pool of my popular speech, accented, of course, with excessive alliteration. Such is; welcome to April.



The reason why I began with Poe’s poem of Eldorado is because Spring is the time when fond memories of journeying emerge. I am visited by dream-like recollections of Spring-held trips southward on Interstate 95 from Connecticut to my parent’s home state of Maryland. I remember as my eyes remained quarter-sized in wide eyed wonder as I saw, passing by my window, the rushing collage of New England—lush in green, the steeled stillness of Long Island Sound’s blue, and the

magically towered skyline that crowns Manhattan’s dawn in jagged blackness. I watched as I endured the gauntlet of New Jersey’s turnpike, the beauty of the sparkling Delaware River watershed, and cheered whenever we saw the giant welcome sign of our destination state; a field of blue decked out with

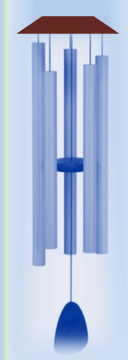


the distinctively designed flag symbol fancifully clad in the colors of red and white, yellow and black. This joy intensified as we exited the interstate and turned onto the simple state roads that carried us deeper into the rural counties, deeper into the lands that my grandparent’s parents called home, deeper into a collective memory of suffering and joy that lay captured in clay and soil, and deeper into a place that my soul recognized as the furnaced legacy of a faith refined and a gilded hope. Maryland was my Eldorado.



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Edgar Allen Poe Grave

Edgar Allen Poe spent the final years of his short life in Maryland's largest city, Baltimore. Not only is his burial site located there, but a museum that includes his preserved family home. It is visited by many who have allowed their thoughts to be haunted by the horror expressed in *The Tell-Tale Heart*, or the deep longing expressed for Annabelle Lee, the beloved maiden who once lived in the kingdom by the Sea. There are also those who, like Poe, have happened "upon a midnight dreary" only to be visited upon by a "mournful, never-ending remembrance," as if a raven was perched upon the chamber door.

*"Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"*

I have not been there in a long time, especially since moving to California, but as I consider all these things; I think of my stirred memories in April, I think of the marvel-filled journeys to Maryland; and I think of the admonishment to "bold ride" and discover new places of "Eldorado."

"Over the mountains  
Of the moon  
Down the valley of the shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,"  
The shade replied, —  
"If you seek for Eldorado

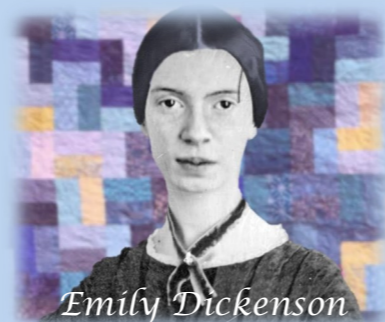
Blessings, Pastor Mahsea

## Springtime Memories



Springtime is colored with merry memories of seeing the first sprouts of daffodils in my mother's garden, and witnessing the auspicious arrival of the orange-breasted robin. Springtime is also the time when we would go to church on Easter morning in our Sunday's best, in my case a three-piece light blue suit that my mother sewed from pattern that I was able to comfortably wear from ages 8-11. As April takes the baton from March and ushers Spring into its budding maturity, we become aware of the hope that Nature brings as well as that special type of hope that is signified by Easter; the resurrection of Christ, the renewal of life. As mentioned before, this is National Poetry Month. Reflecting on the hope revealed in the Springtime season, I recall the avian-inspired words of Emily Dickenson:

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -  
That perches in the soul -  
And sings the tune without the words -  
And never stops - at all -



Emily Dickinson

As April is now here, and we have almost completed our movement through the darkness of this Lent, let us remember the "feathered" thing that "perches in our soul." Let us warm our hearts with the vision of Easter; a message of triumphant-life held in the bosom of Spring's promise. And let us hear the tune that emanates from eternity's chorus with hung melodies that herald a resurrected hope, like a robin serenading a young boy in his light blue Easter suit with *her* announcing song of Springtime.

Blessings, Pastor Mahsea Evans

## A blessing for Ukraine

**God, the unthinkable has happened.**

**Swiftly, relentlessly,  
by stealth and through open destruction,  
the peace and beauty of the ordinary,  
has been shattered in a day.**

**O God of justice and might,  
We call to you to come and bring this suffering to an end.  
Comfort these trembling hearts.**

**Shield the vulnerable.**

**Strengthen those with the resources and the resolve  
to protect what they love  
in the face of such overwhelming force.**

**Grant wisdom to the nations of our world, to our leaders, and to us,  
to grasp the unfathomable,  
to see evil in its true light,  
and come against it unflinchingly.**

**Dear Ukraine, though we shudder to watch what is happening  
We will not look away.**

**-Kate Bowler-**

# EASTER SUNDAY

## JUNIOR CHOIR ROSEVILLE METHODIST CHURCH

The Junior Choir was organized in 1956. The photo that accompanies this was taken on Easter Sunday 1958. Rev. Manherz was the director with Mrs. Manherz accompanying. The children were robed in white choir robes with red satin bows. The robes were made from old sheets and shirts gathered from the members of the congregation and made into robes by good women of the church. Besides looking like little cherubs, the children performed so beautifully that everyone was very much pleased with them. There were about 20 to 25 children enrolled. They sang once a month for the worship services and were called upon to sing at other functions. We don't know who wrote this original article.

P.S. the second child to the left of the cross, is your truly. Phoebe Astill, Historian Chair



\*Editor's note: Look how different the front of the sanctuary looks without the stained glass windows we enjoy today.

### Grace and Larry Remember Pat Beers

When we first came here in January of 2002, Pat and Bill Beers were singing in the choir and we became more acquainted with them through the FLAME group meetings which Jerry and Sue Angove facilitated in group members' homes. (FLAME-For Lovers After Marriage Encounter)

Recently Pat struggled with Bill's death, deteriorating health, and having to give up her home. Her son, Russell, found her care facilities in which to transition. Twice we were able to bring her here to worship services.

On March 13, 2022 we stopped to see Pat after church, we found her "on her death bed". Russell and her granddaughter were with her. We had an hour "to kill" and God inspired us to go see Pat. How good God is! Grace Downing and Larry Koncewicz



SAVE THE DATE!

### FUMC First Annual YARD SALE

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 2022

8:00 am – 12:00 pm

- Donate your gently used clothes, furniture, household goods, sports equipment, etc.
- Appliances in working order only; test station will be available.
- No weapons or edible products may be sold.
- Donations will be accepted at church beginning Wednesday, 5/11/22, 9:00 am – 12:00 pm or by prior arrangement.
- Volunteers will be needed to receive, price and arrange donations, set up and tear down tables, direct traffic, and "other tasks as assigned".

To volunteer, ask questions, or raise concerns, please contact Dave Sechrist at [finance@firstumcroseville.org](mailto:finance@firstumcroseville.org) or 925/596-1726.

### IN LOVING MEMORY

### Pat Beers

Those we love remain with us for love itself lives on, and cherished memories never fade because a loved one's gone. Those we love can never be more than a thought apart, for as long as there is memory, they will live on in our heart



Please keep the following people in your prayers for healing and comfort.

#### For Healing and Comfort

Connie  
Marie  
Hazel  
Steven



#### For Bereavement

Family of Pat Beers  
Ellen and Family

Please submit request for prayers to [prayers@firstumcroseville.org](mailto:prayers@firstumcroseville.org)

# Hazel Nofz - It's a Wonderful Life

by Ruth Morse



HAZEL CIRCA 1950

Hazel Nofz was born in March 1919 and recently turned 103 years young. She was the oldest of seven children born to a family that lived in a small town in Oklahoma. While growing up in Oklahoma, she attended the Methodist Church. That is one of the reasons she started attending FUMC Roseville when she and her husband moved to Roseville after retirement in 1976. She became more serious about her attendance after her husband died in 1998.

Hazel's parents were both born in the 1890's. Her father was born in Texas and her mother in Ohio. Her mother's father decided after he was raising tobacco that he no longer wished to be in that business, so he packed up two large wagons and moved himself and his family to New Mexico where they claimed land.



However, the altitude was causing some health issues, so they left the land and moved to Oklahoma. On the other side of the family, Hazel's father eventually owned business as a drayman, transporting large items like bales of cotton and hay from one location to another. They landed in a small town called Tuttle where Hazel graduated high school at the young age of sixteen. The closest big city to them was Chickasha, Oklahoma. At one time, Hazel tried her hand at picking cotton, but she only lasted a day. Her bag was almost empty of cotton at the end of the day, but her hands were bleeding, and she was miserable. After high school graduation, Hazel married and had a daughter before her move to California.

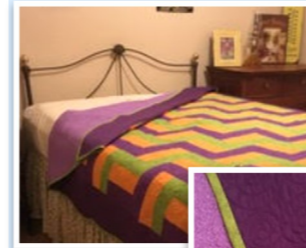
Hazel and her young family made the move to California because others were doing the same and her husband was not crazy about his job in Oklahoma. Because it was during the war, all modes of transportation were saved for the military. So, Hazel, her husband and her two-year old daughter basically left everything and traveled out to California using organized stations where people with a good car would take on passengers and bring them to their destinations. Her sister also traveled with them. They arrived in Los Angeles first, and then took another trip to the Bay Area. Moving to California was a big change. Hazel had been used to orchards and a cow in their barn at their home in Tuttle and the big city was a change. Hazel was twenty-three at the time.

Hazel's family worked in the shipyards during World War II. After her first marriage ended, she became a single mother to a daughter and she worked for many years at the Oakland Post Inquirer in the Classified Advertising department. While she and her daughter were renting a small house in Berkeley, Bill Nofz worked at a nearby grocery store, one of his three jobs. Bill and Hazel were married 1951 and had a daughter, seventeen years younger than Hazel's first daughter. The second daughter, Carla, now lives in Roseville also, and watches out for Hazel. She is retired from more than forty years as an employee at PG&E in the Bay Area. Hazel still lives in her home of many years in Old Roseville. She is spry and her mind is sharp. She enjoys visiting with family and friends.

Unfortunately, one of the difficulties of living such a long life is that family members often die before you do. Hazel lost her oldest daughter in 2010, her husband in 1998, and all of her six siblings are gone. Because both she and Bill had children from previous marriages, Hazel has numerous children, stepchildren, grandchildren and even a few great-grandchildren.

Bill Nofz worked for the railroad as an engineer and was often on the rail route to Roseville. Hazel and Bill bought their home on Sierra Blvd. when it was newly built in 1976. They used it as jumping off point to travel with their recreational vehicle all over the United States for twenty years. They traveled to Alaska and many other places. After Bill's death, Hazel continued to travel with some of her friends.

Hazel has many talents including the ability to sew, knit, embroider and even paint. She is a member of the crafters' group at "First Church" and, in that capacity, makes pillows for the homeless people when they stay at the church through The Gathering Inn. She made clothes for the dolls in the Sunday Schoolroom when she found out they didn't have outfits.



She has made several quilts that have been auctioned off. She golfed until she broke her arm five years ago. One of the children at church, when hearing that Hazel was turning 100, commented that she could no longer play with legos since the ages listed on the box are for those ages 2 to 99.



Hazel enjoys her life in Roseville with her dog, Mojo, her daughter living nearby, her grandchildren and great-grandchildren watching out for her. Many of her family members will be close when she celebrates her birthday in March. She told me, "It's a Wonderful Life". We agree she has lived a wonderful life and shared it with many others. While she does not relish the lime-light, she has been a joy to many.



"Hazel is a mentor and inspiration to many of us. Her positive attitude and loving concern for others is infectious to be sure. Thanks be to God for Hazel and her legacy of love." Nancy Bray

On March 13, we celebrated Hazels birthday with a candlelit cake and a rousing version of "Happy Birthday to You". Submitted to The Chimes by Kathleen Mirtoni





# LENT AND EASTER WORSHIP SERVICES

**SUNDAY, APRIL 10:  
PALM SUNDAY  
WORSHIP 10:15 AM**

**THURSDAY, APRIL 17TH:  
MAUNDY THURSDAY  
NO SERVICE**

**FRIDAY, APRIL 15TH:  
GOOD FRIDAY  
WORSHIP SERVICE 7:00 PM**

**SUNDAY, APRIL 17TH:  
EASTER SUNDAY  
WOODBIDGE PARK WALK  
AND SERVICE 8:00 AM  
BREAKFAST BACKMAN HALL  
9:00 AM**

All are invited to attend breakfast  
**WORSHIP SERVICE  
10:15 AM**

*Happy Easter,  
He is Risen,  
Risen Indeed!!*



United Methodist Women have a new name, **United Women in Faith**. UMW is open to all women of faith and this new name will allow us to be more inclusive of women who are not Methodist.

Our next meeting will be a zoom meeting on Wednesday, April 20th, at 11:00 AM. Look for an email that morning at 8:00 AM.

Our first "in-person" meeting will be a "meet and greet" Cinco de Mayo Luncheon here in Backman Hall on Thursday May 5, 2022 at noon. All women are invited to attend and there will be no charge for the meal. We do ask that you let Nancy Bray or Jan Sechrist know you plan to attend so we can prepare enough food. So save the date on your calendar, invite a friend, and come for a time of getting acquainted again after two long years of separation. Nancy Bray



3C's is meeting on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 10AM in the craft/sewing room on the second floor. We've been stuffing and sewing up the pillows that Hazel Nofz makes for the Gathering Inn.

We are also continuing to organize all the supplies in the room that have been generously donated to us for various projects.

Keep your eye out for a possible "Pop-Up Sale" in the future where we hope to have some crafted items for sale. Hope to see you soon at 3C's Nancy Bray



The morning of our March meeting was a beautiful, early Spring Day. We gathered to discuss our favorite springtime activity. With the exception of Cliff, who has lived his entire life in California, the rest of us at some point in our lives have lived in the Midwest with its pronounced change of seasons. Our favorite springtime activities focused on planting flower and vegetable gardens. "Hope springs eternal" was reflected in the following poem recited by Don Harris, our poet laureate:

Spring is sprung.  
The grass is riz.  
I wonder where the posies is?

Our next gathering will be on Saturday, April 9, 2022, at 9:00 a.m. in Heritage Chapel. Our *burning question* of the day will be: What progress are you making on your personal goals for 2022? (Goals were shared at our January meeting.) Do you now need a *push* or *pull* to reach achievement?

Any questions please contact any of the Agape Team members (Don Harris, Cliff Williams, Dave Sechrist, Thom King, and Jim Wecker) or Dennis Bull at 630-781-6110.

If you are a new participant at Roseville FUMC, please make it your personal goal to *give us a try*.

Hope to see you on the 9th!



## APRIL BIRTHDAYS

10TH CHRIS GALVIN

13TH CLAIRE WILSON

19TH JAN SECHRIST

20TH PATTY LOHSE

JULIUS BARHAM

GABE MCGUIRE

22ND MELANIE KINCHELOE

26TH ISHMAEL SANTIAGO



APRIL  
BIRTH MONTH FLOWER  
DAISY



## February/March Noses, Dollars, and Cents

### Basic Monthly Statistics

Income Feb. 2022: \$13,253.11  
Expenses Feb. 2022: \$14,274.71  
Net Income Feb. 2022: \$3,283.07

### Basic Yearly Statistics 2022

YTD Income: \$27,409.65  
YTD Expense: \$30,692.72  
Net Income: \$3,283.07

**Thank you for your continued financial support. It is very much appreciated.**  
March Worship Attendance  
Total: 210 Average: 53

The Monday Feeding Program for the homeless served 330 meals 2/28/22-3/28/22



## 4th Friday at First Church

Eight community organizations along with First Church came together on March 25th to provide 35 vaccinations. The first 25 to receive either a 1st or 2nd injection received a \$50.00 gift certificates from Health Education Council. Tax support teams worked with 4 families and made appointments for more. More than 100 of Rita's pupusas were served. Pupusas are a San Salvadorean treat. Child Advocacy Council had tables for fun activities such as flower pots to paint, motivational flowers to assemble, games, etc.

**NEEDED for NEXT 4TH FRIDAY**  
We need children's books, English or Spanish. Contact Cathie Wierbick if you can donate some books for the children.

## FIRST CHURCH ROSEVILLE TEAM LEADERS

Pastor—Mahsea Evans  
Certified Lay Minister—Kathleen Mirtoni  
Church Council Chair—Liz Harvey  
Lay Leaders—Kathleen Mirtoni  
Jan Sechrist  
Ruth Ann Baker  
Treasurer—Chris Handley  
Financial Secretary—Elizabeth Harvey  
Finance Team Chair—Dave Sechrist  
Trustees President—Don Harris  
Staff Parish Chair—Dennis Bull  
Mission Outreach—Kathleen Mirtoni  
Memorial—Susan Reining  
Worship Team Leader—Nancy Bray  
Congregational Care—Gail Provine  
Music Director—John Handley  
Communications—Kristi Kinzel  
Lay Leadership Training—Kristi Kinzel

## Email Contact Information:

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mevans@firstumcroseville.org  
**Certified Lay Minister:**  
kmirtoni@firstumcroseville.org  
**Administrative Assistant:**  
cwitherow@firstumcroseville.org  
**Church Email:**  
firstumc@firstumcroseville.org  
**Prayer Requests:**  
prayers@firstumcroseville.org  
**Chimes Article Submissions:**  
chimes@firstumcroseville.org  
**Office Volunteer:**  
nbray@firstumcroseville.org



On 3/12/2022 the church received \$110.00 from redeemed cans and bottles. Thanks for saving and bringing them to church on the second Saturday each month  
**Don Harris, Trustee President**  
**NEXT RECYCLE IS SATURDAY**  
**April 9th, 2022 9-11 AM**

