



God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above.

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THE CHIMES



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This month, the Fourth of July holiday comes upon us on a Sunday. Like many of you, (after attending church of course), I will probably be picnicking with family, eating hotdogs, drinking lemonade, watching my Yankees play the Mets, and waiting for darkness to set to watch the fireworks burst in the sky. This holiday is not only a time to connect with family, but it remains a moment to reflect on what this country means to us. For me, it is also a time to render my appreciation by recommitting to doing my part in the on-going project of making this a “more perfect union.”

This commitment was established when Thomas Jefferson penned a famous Declaration 245 years ago; a weighty document whose preamble brilliantly begins, “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal...” Ever since the Second Continental Congress convened to affirm those words in Philadelphia, every generation thereafter have been grafted into the noble effort of making this lofty national aspiration a reality for all its people. This Independence Day has been infused with more meaning because it comes after Juneteenth was declared the newest national holiday. Throughout history, Juneteenth has been known by many names including, Jubilee Day, Freedom Day, Liberation Day, and Emancipation Day. It generally commemorates the official end of chattel slavery in the United States. Originating in Galveston, Texas, it honors the date of June 19, 1865 when Union Army general Gordon Granger proclaimed and enforced the freedom of the enslaved people residing in the last state in the vanquished Confederacy with institutional slavery.



This holiday, this sliver in the effort to make this union “more perfect,” would not have been possible without the tireless work of many advocates, none more significant than Ms. Opal Lee. This 94-year-old woman from Texas is often called the “grandmother of the movement.” In 2016, Ms. Lee, a pillar in her community and a former elementary school teacher, started her campaign for Juneteenth to be named a national U.S. holiday by walking from her home in Texas to Washington, D.C. Her “Walk Across America” made national headlines. She did it again in the Summer of 2019. To note, these “walks” happened when Ms.



Opal Lee was in her 90's! Not only does this new national holiday begin to shape a more complete narrative about the idea of “Independence” in the United States, but Ms. Lee's efforts demonstrate the vision and resilience of the American people.

Earlier this year, the poet Amanda Gorman stood at a grand navy-blue podium on a chilly afternoon in Washington D.C., and delivered her poem, “The Hill We Climb” for the presidential inauguration. It was a seminal moment in American history. Though she was born 72 years after Ms. Opal Lee, she gracefully spoke of fulfilling the ideals that Jefferson put to pen at the advent of this country's founding. While shadowed by the marbled mass of the Capitol, Gorman evoked Dr. King's soaring retort of “Let freedom ring...” towards the end of her poem by saying:

...We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the gold-limbed hills of the west.
We will rise from the windswept northeast, where our forefathers first realized revolution.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the midwestern states.
We will rise from the sunbaked south.
We will rebuild, reconcile and recover...
...For there is always light,

This latest chapter in our country's history has not been easy. And though this Fourth of July has many of us suspended between states of gratitude and grief, we can celebrate the fact that we are still here. I encourage you to observe this holiday with some merriment even as you reflect on all its complicated and meaningful layers. I know that I will eat hotdogs, watch baseball, laugh with family, and probably entertain a Ken Burn's documentary as a thin act patriotic duty. However, more than any of that, it's my hope that we will recommit to continuing our work together as “we the people” in making this country a more beloved community for all. And I also pray that even in the midst of our darkest days, we will always remember, like a radiant firework in our mind's sky, the words of the poet who said, “There is always light!”

Blessings,
Pastor Mahsea

"The Hill We Climb"

When day comes, we ask ourselves, where can we find light in this never-ending shade?
The loss we carry. A sea we must wade.
We braved the belly of the beast.
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace, and the norms and notions of what "just" is isn't always justice.
And yet the dawn is ours before we knew it.
Somehow we do it.
Somehow we weathered and witnessed a nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished.
We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president, only to find herself reciting for one.
And, yes, we are far from polished, far from pristine, but that doesn't mean we are striving to form a union that is perfect.
We are striving to forge our union with purpose.
To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters, and conditions of man.
And so we lift our gaze, not to what stands between us, but what stands before us.
We close the divide because we know to put our future first, we must first put our differences aside.
We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another.
We seek harm to none and harmony for all.
Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true.
That even as we grieved, we grew.
That even as we hurt, we hoped.
That even as we tired, we tried.



That we'll forever be tied together, victorious.
Not because we will never again know defeat, but because we will never again sow division.
Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree, and no one shall make them afraid.
If we're to live up to our own time, then victory won't lie in the blade, but in all the bridges we've made.
That is the promise to glade, the hill we climb, if only we dare.
It's because being American is more than a pride we inherit.
It's the past we step into and how we repair it.
We've seen a force that would shatter our nation, rather than share it.
Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.
And this effort very nearly succeeded.
But while democracy can be periodically delayed, it can never be permanently defeated.
In this truth, in this faith we trust, for while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us.
This is the era of just redemption.
We feared at its inception.

We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour.
But within it we found the power to author a new chapter, to offer hope and laughter to ourselves.
So, while once we asked, how could we possibly prevail over catastrophe, now we assert, how could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?
We will not march back to what was, but move to what shall be: a country that is bruised but whole, benevolent but bold, fierce and free.

—Continued from page 2—

So let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left.
Every breath from my bronze-pounded chest, we will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the golden hills of the West.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the Midwestern states.
We will rise from the windswept Northeast where our forefathers first realized revolution.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the Midwestern states.
We will rise from the sun-baked South.
We will rebuild, reconcile, and recover.
And every known nook of our nation and every corner called our country, our people diverse and beautiful, will emerge battered and beautiful.
When day comes, we step out of the shade of flame and unafraid.
The new dawn balloons as we free it.
For there is always light, if only we're brave enough to see it.

If only we're brave enough to be it.

Written by and recited by Amanda Gorman
[age 22 on Inauguration Day]
Biden/Harris Inauguration 1/20/21
National Youth Poet Laureate 2017

Parking Lot

Sale

*First UMC
Roseville*

WOW! HUGE SUCCESS!

I want to thank all the people that helped make the June 5th parking lot sale a huge success but most of all I want to thank Barbara Schwartz, who has a great big generous heart. She not only donated all the salable stuff from her house so she could move into a small apartment, but after that she was impressed with all the help the church did and decided to match the proceeds. So the church doubled the sales effort. Thanks to all who bought things bringing in \$2,009.65 and then Barbara put in \$2,010 making the project fund raising \$4,019.65.

Don Harris, Barbara Schwartz's Appointment Foreman

Please keep the following people in your prayers:

For Bereavement:



For Healing and Comfort:

Mark Q, Deena, Mark, Mary Anne
Baby Charley

Please submit prayer requests to prayers@firstumcroseville.org

A Reflection On One Day of Gratitude

I awaken with the dawn
"Thank you Holy Father for this day.
May I be the person you intend me to be".
I rise from the bed and take my meds.
I am thankful for medical researchers, oncologists and cardiac surgeons.

I make my way to the kitchen, put on the tea kettle.
As the water heats, I check in with my appetite...
A protein smoothy? Oatmeal? Eggs and bacon?
Thank you, Lord, for the choices,
Bless those who have no choices, no food, no kitchen.
I shower and dress, and am grateful for
hot running water, soap, a variety of clothing.

The birds are chirping in my yard as I water my vegetable garden,
lush greenery and flowers that adorn the space.
Thank you, Lord, for the beauty and serenity that surrounds me.
How very grateful I am to commune with You, Father, in this peaceful, private place.

Time for a few chores. Sweeping the hand-scraped French Oak floors, I am thankful I am not sweeping
a dirt floor like so many of my sisters throughout the world.
The bungalow that is my home is far from grand or glamorous, but not too small to share with a friend
who is no longer homeless.
Thank you, Lord, for your grace.

During the day, my children call.
I am grateful for two adult children who still call to ask for their mother's advice.
Thank you, Lord, for this most precious of gifts, family.
And to know that I am still needed and respected.

I drive over to the church in the car I have named "Little Dove". How I appreciate the sturdy,
convenient transportation.
I inventory the pantry and plan the next meal I will cook for our homeless and needy community.
Thank you, Father, for this lovely, little church and the family of kindred spirits who have afforded me
the opportunity to do Your Son's work - "For what you do unto the least of these, you do unto me".
I am grateful for the small contribution I can make to Your Kingdom.

As night falls, I kneel at my bedside and express my gratitude for Your constant presence in my life.
Grateful that my Savior, Jesus, has accepted me into His life.
Grateful for the guidance of the Holy Spirit and for the Love that fills my heart.
Grateful for the many blessings which I cannot take for granted.
Grateful for the undisturbed sleep that I know is coming.
Grateful for the Hope of a new dawn.
Content, if another dawn does not come.

By Kathleen Mirtoni

THE POWER OF LOVE

I believe in every heart there is a special drawer, and that there is a wonderful key to this drawer. ever erase this. The key is love. These keys belong to every heart that has loved another, and neither time, not distance, nor our passing, can ever erase this. The key is love.

This drawer I speak of is full of all of the hugs and kisses ever given, or received, by or for, a loved one. When a loved one remembers that wonderful connection to another, all the hugs and kisses ever given surround the one who holds the key.

This time of COVID has made it difficult to connect with others with hugs and kisses. But, I believe we will return to this wonderful experience of being human. For now, we can fill our friends' and our families' heart drawers in other ways. Don't worry, you will find a way, and they will know. Fill this drawer today, with someone you love.

By Carolyn Dale Hemig (2021)



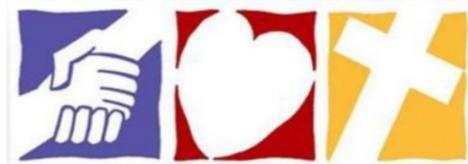
Good and Faithful servant Award

Mathew 25:21

Last month we honored Ray and Beth Aitken with the Good and Faithful Servant Award. As a church, we are deeply appreciative of the service they provided by recording, editing, and posting the videos of our Sunday service every week throughout our pandemic quarantine. They exemplify consistency, support, and a "servant's heart," and we are deeply grateful to the Aitken family for the way they put their faith into action.

Blessings,

Pastor Mahsea



Agape Men's Group

Please Note New Day and Time for Meetings

Kids say the darndest things! That's pretty obvious. At the Agape Group on June 17, 2021, we explored our burning question of the day: What do children mean to you?; and discovered that the answer was far from simple. Children are curious, innocent, and enjoy one another's company without concerns about skin color, body characteristics, size, and prejudices. Is it any wonder that Jesus said: "Let the little children come to me" (Matthew 19: 13 - 15; Mark 10: 13 - 16.) Lesson learned: Maybe as adults we need to become more childlike when it comes to accepting others and tolerating those whose belief system differs from ours. Please join us for our Agape Group gathering on Saturday, July 10, 2021 at 9:00 a.m. in the Meeting Room. (Note that this is a new day.) Our burning question of the day will be: What strategy do you employ to handle stress/frustrations that you encounter in your day-to-day living? Any questions please contact any of the Agape Team members; Don Harris, Cliff Williams, Dave Sechrist, Thom King, Jim Wecker, or Dennis Bull at 630-781-6110. Hope to see you! Dennis Bull

First Church Roseville Email Addresses

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

Historical Gleanings

Press Tribune June 15, 1959

The newly opened vacation Bible School at First Methodist Church was unexpectedly interrupted this morning when fire broke out on the roof of the former parsonage next door. The flames were quickly brought under control by the 15 Roseville regular and volunteer firemen who responded to the alarm. Damage to the shingle roof of the frame house was estimated by Fire Chief Pete Badovinic at less than \$200. Wide-eyed youngsters who had begun class-work just yesterday in the vacation Bible School, watched from windows of their classrooms as firemen scaled ladders to douse the flames. Others milled around the grounds outside the church. Mrs. Francis Stoffels, one of the Bible School teachers in the kindergarten division, saw the fire and turned in the alarm. Which was logged at the fire department at 9:15 a.m. The Bible school is directed by Mrs. George Keggin and enrolls about 50 pupils in kindergarten primary and junior divisions. The fire was believed to have been started by sparks from the chimney of a barbecue fireplace at the back of the church which was being used this morning as an incinerator.

Phoebe Astill, Historical Chair



Happy 4th of July!

Just a reminder that we will hold a leadership meeting on Wednesday July 28th at 10:AM in the meeting room to discuss our August general meeting and begin planning the upcoming programs for fall. Look forward to seeing all the officers at the meeting. If you have any questions please call either Shelly Newton at or Nancy Bray

Hope you have a great Summer, Nancy Bray

Volunteers Needed



We are searching for volunteers who would enjoy video taping our worship services and putting them on the internet so that those who are unable to come to the in-person worship service can still view the worship service at home. We have the cameras and we are willing to help you learn how to do it. You provide the desire and the time. Please contact Pastor Mahsea at mevans@firstumcroseville.org or call the church office (916) 783-3464 and leave a message with Connie. Or if you know of a high school or college student who would like to get some experience in this area, please let us know who they are.



JULY BIRTHDAYS

- 2ND BRIAN RIPLEY
- 6TH ANYA WALTHER
- 8TH MARIE MOODY
- 11TH JUEL KINCHELOE
- 14TH DAVID PROVINE
JANICE GAITOR
- 16TH THOM KING
ANETA LAUNDIS
- 21ST JOHN FASSELL
- 29TH EJ THOMAS
- 31ST DENNIS BULL

"Just Remember"

If you would keep a tranquil heart
Throughout the longest night,
Just remember, dawn will come
With all it's warmth and light
If you would keep a hopeful heart
When storm clouds come your way...
Just remember, they will pass
And leave a sunny day...
And if you keep a happy heart
In everything you do,
Just remember, all things change
And faith will see you through!
Author unknown-Submitted by S. Reining



Recycle June 12th, \$100.00
Please keep saving your recyclables to bring in on Saturday July 10, 2021 in the parking lot between 9-11am
Thanks to all! It helps our church pay our bills.
Don Harris, Trustee President



Sharing from the heart

"A Smile in the Heart"

It takes courage to smile when we're feeling upset
And the skies are cloudy and gray.
It takes courage to smile when our heart isn't light.
And nothing is going our way...
But smiles are like sunshine and sunshine, we know
Freshens the day from the start
So, if we can't manage a smile for the face
Let us keep one, at least in the heart.

By Lucille Boesken
Submitted by Susan Reining



FIRST CHURCH ROSEVILLE TEAM LEADERS

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

May

Noses, Dollars, and Cents

Basic Monthly Statistics:

Income May 2021: \$11,316.31
Expenses May 2021: \$12,879.58
Net Income May 2021: **\$1,563.27**
Transfer from Lending: \$ 0.00
New Total: **\$1,531.19**

Basic Yearly Statistics 2021

YTD Income: \$57,017.55
YTD Expense: \$48,985.43
Net Income: **\$4,847.46**
Transfer from Lending: \$2,500.00
New Total: **\$2,347.46**

Thank you for your continued financial support. It is very much appreciated.

June Worship Attendance
Total: 245 Average: 61

The Monday Feeding Program for the homeless served 254 meals in June

