



*"All that you touch, You Change. All that you Change, Changes you.
The only lasting truth Is Change..."*

*Seed to tree, tree to forest; Rain to river, river to sea; Grubs to bees, bees to swarm.
From one, many; from many, one; Forever uniting, growing, dissolving— forever Changing...
God is Change"*

Lauren Oya Olamina (Earthseed Scriptures)

Showcased on my office bookshelves is a two-volume hardcover slipcase edition of Octavia Butler's brilliant books, *Parable of the Sower* and *Parable of the Talents*. In reading that first sentence, you can probably tell that it is an item that I truly treasure. If you are unfamiliar with Butler, she was a highly acclaimed African American science fiction author, and a recipient of multiple Hugo and Nebula awards. As a Black woman occupying a space in a literary genre dominated by white men, she stood as a giant. Further, her work remains a cornerstone in the development of Afrofuturism: a cultural aesthetic, socio-philosophical outlook, and historical lens that engages the concerns of the African diaspora (and its future) with technology and art. Butler's legacy is not only formidable, but seemingly always prescient in its relevance.

In her 1993 novel, *Parable of the Sower* (which is set in the mid 2020's), Butler envisions a post-apocalyptic society that has largely collapsed due to climate change, growing wealth inequality, and corporate greed. It centers on a young woman named Lauren Oya Olamina from the Los Angeles area, who quickly becomes the leader of a remnant-like group of people seeking to resettle Up North in Oregon. Along the way, she develops a new belief system she comes to call Earthseed. Undergirding this new "religion" is the timeless notion that everything changes.



I thought of Butler's book as I sat in the metal folding chair during the conference worship service, awaiting to be commissioned. As I adjusted my linen robe and handled my Palestinian prayer beads, I imagined that Lauren Olamina herself whispered her inspired wisdom into my hidden ear, "God is Change." At once, I was transported back in time and remembered the years I would spend in Bushnell Park in downtown Hartford CT, marveling at how the canopy of leaves from Oak trees would morph into the draping colors of its autumnal glory. I thought about the Sunday schools of my youth where I had to memorize verses about seasons, and learn the imagined musings of Solomon who, in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, said,

"For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven."



Bushnell Park, Hartford CT

I also thought of my four grandparents, great life-long Methodists and better life-long Christians. Though they were not with me in body, they were present with me in spirit as I sat in that folding chair. When my name was called, and I arose to kneel before the Bishop, I knew that my ancestors stood as unseen witnesses testifying to the efficacy of a faith that had "seen them through"; a faith that was refined in the fires of the segregated Methodist Churches in the South; a faith that they bequeathed to all of their progeny, and a faith that, though deeply rooted in me like an Oak tree, had grown like foliage whose leaves have necessarily changed over time like seasons. These were some of my thoughts that raced through my mind as Bishop Carcano laid her hands on me, spoke her words of blessing, and commissioned me to the next phase of my vocational journey.

We are living in a time of profound change; that truth is inescapable. Change is present in our nation, our world, and in many of our personal lives. The wisdom is knowing that God is not absent, but fully present to and found amid the many movements of change that we are all experiencing. And as we enter the winds of Fall, may we hold onto the hope found in our gospel commitments, and may we be ever strengthened by knowing that we are forever tethered to a God of infinite possibilities.

"There is nothing new under the sun, but there are new suns." Octavia E. Butler

Blessings, Rev Mahsea Evans

Fall The Season of Change



**Woodbridge School
515 Niles Avenue
Roseville, CA 95678**

Woodbridge Walk October 4, 2020

Dear Church Family,

This past week was event filled with Prayer Service followed by our Council meeting on Tuesday and our yearly Annual Conference via ZOOM beginning Thursday morning and running through this morning's Commissioning ceremony; hopefully, you've been able to view some or all of the Annual Conference.

During our Tuesday Council meeting, we discussed an idea for safely gathering together so we could physically, in person, see one another. The idea was borrowed from one of our sister circuit churches who've been safely gathering away from their church building in this manner for over a month. Details have been firmed up, so here is the plan:

Beginning **October 4th**, we will safely gather on **Sunday mornings at 9:00 am at Woodbridge School, 515 Niles Ave.**, it's not too far from the church, right next to the fairgrounds. We'll walk the perimeter of the school chatting, praying and of course, socially distancing. If you're unable to walk the block, there is plenty of shade, benches in the front of the school and planters on the side of the school where you can sit to cheer the walkers on (if you prefer, you can bring your own chair). There's also plenty of parking around the entire block of the school.

A few years ago, our church adopted Woodbridge School, hence the idea to meet there every Sunday morning, weather permitting, in an effort to re-connect as a church family. Six months is entirely too long to go without seeing one another. We understand that not everyone is going to be able to attend this event at this time, but that's OK. We will continue to explore new ideas and ways for our whole community to connect with each other as we innovate how we do church."

We hope you'll consider joining us on Sunday, October 4th for the **Woodbridge Walk!**

Blessings,

Heavenly Father
Our trust is in You.
We pray, recognizing and trusting your power and your good plan for our lives. In our prayer we choose to yield our lives and circumstances to you, Lord, so that our trust is in you to act in your timing and in your faithful way to care for us completely. We pray in worship and appreciation before your throne.
In Jesus Name, Amen

Prayer Written by Craig Foret and Submitted by Kathleen Mirtoni CLM



Talking About Racism Study Group

Our group of 7-10 has been meeting weekly to read and discuss 2 books: *White Fragility*, by Robin DiAngelo and *America's Original Sin*, by Jim Wallis. Look for our stories entitled "I am a Privileged White Woman!" in this and coming Chimes!
Cathie Wierbick

I Am a Privileged White Woman

Growing up, I sure didn't think of my family as privileged! My post-depression era parents both worked and were so frugal that a nephew once teased Dad for saving his chewed gum overnight rather than take another stick! I worked various jobs for spending money from early teens, and all the way through college (where my roomie and friends were NOT working.)

However, I always had a home, plenty of food, nice clothes, good schools, total medical care and best of all, a loving family. We took family vacations to National parks (in a huge, heavy army-surplus tent!)

My first real Black friend was Tom Gaitor, here at FUMC. Of course, Tom and Janice were/among the "exceptionals" whose lives appear normal by our White standards, whatever their experiences may have been. My parents were very open-minded in relationship with the small Asian community in Nebraska. The Latin community on the "other side of the tracks" was terra incognita, hardly noticed in our lives. And there were no Blacks.

I was never stopped by a policeman, never followed by security in any store, never denied a mortgage, a scholarship, a job interview. So, when it came to learning about systemic racism in America, I had a lot to learn.

I guess I believed that so long as I, personally, never purposely did anything mean and hateful to a POC (person of color), I couldn't share any responsibility for our racial problems. And for a long time, I thought those acts of brutality we see on TV were examples of nasty individuals who sought jobs as policemen just to do such harm.

Through our discussion group, I have learned about the American history that first caused our racial divide (economic benefits of slavery), then perpetuated it through post-Reconstruction (lynchings, segregation), guaranteed it legally (GI bill, real-estate red-lining, underfunded schools) and now maintains it through my own ignorance.

Cathie Wierbick (still benefitting, but less ignorant today!)

Prayer

Father, as the events of these days continue to unfold, we seek Your clarity and Your peace. We know You are with us and for us as we gather together to seek Your counsel. We confess our own complicity in this White privileged world, where the status quo divides and distorts humanity. As we pray, we ask that you will help us to find ways of laying down this terrible burden we have inherited. *Help us find ways* to bring restoration, justice and healing to your world. Loving and forgiving God, hear the desires of our hearts to be different, grant us your forgiveness, and remake us according to the likeness of Christ.

(submitted by Liz Harvey to the Talk About Racism study group)

Impact by Nikki Banas

You never really know the true impact you have on those around you. You never know how much someone needed that smile you gave them. You never know how much your kindness turned someone's life around. You never know how much someone needed that long hug or deep talk. So don't wait to be kind. Don't wait for someone else to be kind first. Don't wait for better circumstances or for someone to change. Just be kind, because you never know how much someone needs it. Submitted by Cathe Moody



Greetings Church Family!

I send you warm wishes and socially distant hugs as we near my favorite time of the year-Fall. I love the Fall for so many reasons, including it is the birthday season for Niara and myself. It also contains my favorite holiday-Thanksgiving. Between September and October, I quietly invite the gradual shift from the heat of summer days toward the welcoming of cooler nights. I feel my body slow down as the daylight hours quickly fade and evening skies shortly follow. I embrace the later part of the year, with the seasonal hot drinks and hearty stews that warm the soul. Everything about Fall ushers me into a reflective mode that whispers, slow down, stay close to loved ones, take in the beauty around you, and give thanks. Without hesitation or resistance, I do just that.

This Fall is unlike any other Fall season I've experienced before. As I survey the world around me, I can't help but see and feel the tension caused by political polarization, social unrest, a global pandemic, and a divisive presidential election. I'm not only recognizing the presence of these conflicts but more importantly, the draining impact it is having on individual people, families, and communities. Now, more than ever, I am leaning on the wisdom of spiritual traditions that keep me filled with a God-centered hopefulness. In particular, I love reading and being inspired by the Beatitudes. We are a long way from the Mount where Jesus delivered that sermon, but like a pumpkin spice latte, I offer these words to you this season. Enjoy!

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.

Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness' sake,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Matthew 5:3-10

Dr. Kawami Evans



AGAPE MEN'S GROUP MINISTRY

If you had driven by Roseville FUMC on the morning of September 17, 2020, you would have observed a group of men huddled at a socially safe distance at the entrance to Backman Hall. Who were these men?—Ray Davis, John Handley, Don Harris, Dave Sechrist, Jim Wecker, Cliff Williams, and Dennis Bull—members of the Agape Men's Group. Some have mustaches, goatees, or beards or had them in the past. In answering our burning question—What is your experience with facial hair? —we heard their stories. Answers ranged from it was an “in thing” in the 1970's, and a beard was grown for a centennial celebration. Maybe it was a macho thing?

Our shared *The Upper Room* devotion was---A Different Talent— (There are different kinds of service, but the same Lord. —1 Corinthians 12:5). The famous Austrian Lipizzaner stallions with their elegant maneuvers and amazing leaps were contrasted with the plodding horses pulling tourist carriages through the streets of Vienna. Examples of talents shared were: Dave — being a good listener to a male neighbor who discussed his trials in dealing with his wife's recent health problems; John — sharing his love for music and musical talent with the devoted members of our church choir; Don — organizing, casting, and directing *Is It I*, the story of Michelangelo's *The Last Supper*; and Dennis — being able to facilitate a group discussion. The group consensus was that we prefer to utilize our God-given talents in a “behind-the-scenes” manner to assist our fellow brothers and sisters in order to serve God.

Men, please join us for our next Agape Group gatherings on October 1 and 15, at 9:00 a.m. under the canopy to Backman Hall. (Please note that in the future we will be meeting on the 1st and 3rd Thursday of each month.) The *burning question* of the day will be: What is the oldest piece of furniture in your home, or what is the oldest object (not including oneself) in your home? Any questions please contact any of the Agape Team members or Dennis Bull (630-781-6110).

Hope to see you!

Dennis W. Bull

Dear First Church Family,

I pray this letter finds you all in good health and that you are continuing to stay in love with God during this difficult time of pandemic, social injustice and political division.

This morning, I heard a story I would like to share with you. I am told it is a true story about the grandmother of Howard Thurman:

Many decades ago, a young black boy lived with his grandmother in a home that was right next door to a white woman's home. It seems the white woman wanted nothing to do with the black grandmother or her family. In fact, she resented their proximity to her home and never ever spoke to them. The white woman did however, regularly dump the droppings from her chicken coop over the fence and into the black grandmother's yard.

Years passed and the grandmother never spoke a word to the woman regarding her continued insult of dumping chicken waste over the fence. There came a time when the woman became ill and there was no one left at home to care for her. One morning the grandmother packaged up her homemade chicken soup, went out to her garden and cut some roses and went next door. She knocked on the front door. The woman made it slowly to the door and opened it. The grandmother said, “I know that you are ill so I have brought you chicken soup and some flowers.” Without speaking, the woman motioned for the grandmother to follow her, leading her to the bedroom, where the woman carefully crawled back into bed.

The grandmother went into the kitchen, put the soup in a bowl and the flowers in a vase. She brought both the bowl of soup and the vase of flowers into the bedroom, placing the vase in a position to be easily seen by the woman. Then the grandmother began to feed the woman. Slowly, spoonful by spoonful by spoonful, the woman ate the soup. After a while the woman asked, “Where did you get those beautiful roses?” “From my garden”, the grandmother replied. “But how did you get them to grow so perfectly?”, asked the woman. The grandmother responded, “I used the chicken waste that you dumped in my yard as fertilizer.” And the two women sat, silently looking into one another's eyes and they knew what had happened.

As Forrest Gump would say, “And that's all I have to say about that.” I leave you to your own pondering.

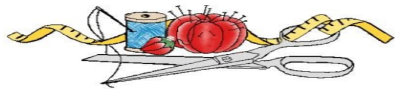
May the Joy and Peace of Jesus live within you.

Kathleen Mirtoni, CLM



3 C's Invite You to Join Us!

By Barbara Hulse & Susan Reining

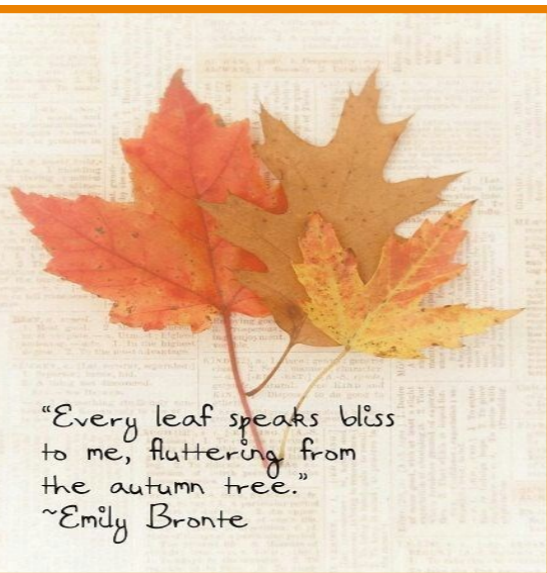


The 3 C's are still active during this pandemic, just not meeting physically. We are making phone calls to keep in touch. In fact, Donna Hall made several phone calls recently to check in with members and to ask for approval of \$500 from the 3 C's Fund to give to the church toward a new floor in the Kindergarten Room. Majority approved the use of the funds so Don Harris has been working on that with estimates and a contract on behalf of the Trustees. Thank you, Don! Barbara Hulse's little Boutique at Sierra Pointe is doing well and adding funds to the 3 C's account. Susan Reining and Donna Hall gathered some finished items from the church sewing room and delivered them to the Boutique to help keep the sales going. If you have any craft ideas to share or finished handmade items to add to what we have please call Susan Reining at 916-768-8532.

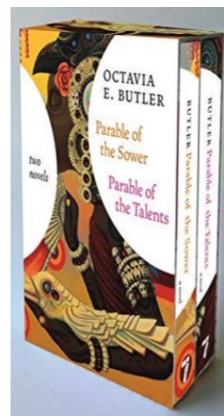


OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

- 1ST CHIN WONG RIPLEY**
- 6TH DEE HUSTON**
- 8TH DARBY WILLIAMS**
- 9TH JENNA TRILLO**
- 12TH CATHIE WIERBICK**
- 16TH ERIC THOMAS**
- 23RD DOMINIC IYORLU**
- 27TH CLAYTON WITHEROW**
- 31ST ANNETTE KING**
KIMBERLY PATTERSON

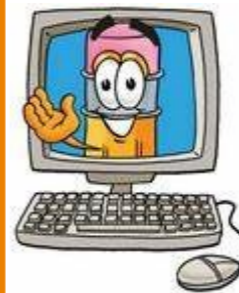


Octavia E Butler
6/22/1947-2/24/2006



Octavia E. Butler is the author that Pastor Mahsea referenced in his article on the front page. Her books *Parable of the Sower* and *Parable of the Talents* are available on iBooks and Amazon

Unused Computers Needed



If you have an old, unused computer that is just collecting dust, please consider donating it to the Agape Men's Group.

Computers will be shared with members who do not have access to computers in order that they may participate in the Sunday morning service via YouTube or the Tuesday evening prayer service via Zoom. If you have a computer that would like a new home, please contact:

Thom King (916-316-5922) or Dennis Bull (630-781-6110).

Thanks for your support!

FIRST CHURCH ROSEVILLE TEAM LEADERS

- Pastor—Mahsea Evans**
- Lay Leader—Sandy Williams**
- Certified Lay Minister & Church Council Chair— Kathleen Mirtoni**
- Treasurer—Chris Handley**
- Financial Secretary—Donna Hall**
- 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**



Noses, Dollars, and Cents

Basic Monthly Statistics: August

Income August 2020: \$9,868.35
 Expenses August 2020: \$13,304.08
 Net Income August 2020: **\$3,435.73**
 Transfer from PPP: \$3,288.67
 New Total **\$147.06**

Basic Yearly Statistics 2020

YTD Income: \$94,912.73
 YTD Expense: **\$109,754.06**
 Net Income: **\$14,841.33**
 Transfer from PPP: \$25,180.00
 New Total: \$10,338.67

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

August Worship Online Views
Total: 551
Average: 110

The Monday Feeding Program for the homeless served 300 meals in August.



Recycle September 12, 2020 \$95.12

Please keep saving your recyclables to bring in on October 9, 2020 in the parking lot between 9-11am. Thank you to all those who contribute! See you then, Don Harris



First Church Roseville Email Addresses

Please make note of these email addresses for First UMC Roseville

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