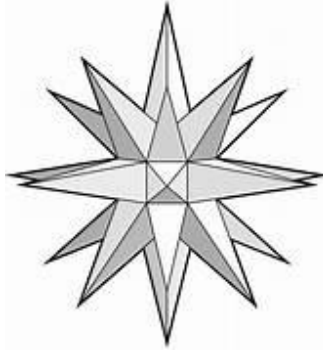


The Bethania Gazette



Bethania Moravian Church

Serving God and Serving You Since 1759

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Bethania, NC 27010

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September 2024



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Facebook: www.facebook.com/BethaniaMoravianChurch

More About Your Pastor

This is my favorite poem, and it's my favorite because I'm a person who wants to be outdoors. In fact, my daddy said that my first word was, "Outside". This poem describes my relationship with God as He speaks, I talk, and He listens.

-Pastor Linda

"Breathe"

- Beckley Hemsley

She sat at the back and they said
she was shy,
She led from the front and they
hated her pride,
They asked her advice and then
questioned her guidance,
They branded her loud, then
were shocked by her silence,

When she shared no ambition
they said it was sad,
So she told them her dreams
and they said she was mad,
They told her they'd listen, then
covered their ears,
And gave her a hug while they
laughed at her fears,

And she listened to all of it
thinking she should,
Be the girl they told her to be
best as she could,
But one day she asked what was
best for herself,
Instead of trying to please
everyone else,

So she walked to the forest and
stood with the trees,
She heard the wind whisper and
dance with the leaves,
She spoke to the willow, the elm
and the pine,
And she told them what she'd
been told time after time,

She told them she felt she was
never enough,
She was either too little or far
far too much,
Too loud or too quiet, too fierce
or too weak,
Too wise or too foolish, too bold
or too meek,

Then she found a small clearing
surrounded by firs,
And she stopped...and she heard
what the trees said to her,
And she sat there for hours not
wanting to leave,
For the forest said nothing, it
just let her breathe.

A Meditation on a Hymn

As a child, I can remember hearing the grown-ups in the church throw their heads back and sing “*Blessed Assurance*” with such fervor, it was entrancing. I didn’t fully understand the meaning of the hymn because my relationship with God through Christ had not yet been fostered and nurtured. However, I did know that the grown-ups were singing with conviction, with joy, and with being lost in the love of God. That much, I did know. It was evident, and foreign, and real, and rapturous, and I *wanted* that.

I wanted to sense it wholeheartedly and unabashedly, to the point that the rapture I saw would, too, burst on my sight. What were they seeing? What were they so sure of? Why was there such a wellspring of joy, of assuredness, filling the voices and countenance of these people? Who was it that caused this emotion to ruminate in their stomach, and pour forth from their mouths in such a way that no person present could possibly question its authenticity? Who was it that they were singing to, and why did that person cause such a visceral response that He streamed down their faces in undiluted worship? Who were they seeing?

Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, the author of eternal salvation.

As I grew in my faith and understanding, I came to truly realize how Christ is the epicenter of all that is in us, and around us, and about us. He is the perfecter of our faith, and he loves us so much that he gave the ultimate sacrifice, a humiliating death, to atone for our sins and to reconcile us to God. Once I understood that, accepted that, believed that, I was able to understand why the grown-ups were so joyful in their singing. It’s because Jesus IS mine. Jesus is YOURS. Jesus is the Lamb who came to take away the sins of the WHOLE world, and in that, how could we not be joyful? How could we not have that bless-ed assurance? How could we not live every day of our lives knowing to whom we belong, and to where we are headed, and to what we have been called to do?

We are called to LOVE so fervently, and with the exact same holy zeal with which he loves us; not just those who look, and act, and feel, and practice as we do, but ALL of humankind! THAT is the point. That is “the essential”. Thanks be to God for that. Bless-ed assurance, God, Jesus, love IS mine! AND yours!

Until He comes,

Br. Joshua

(Hymn on the following page)



Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

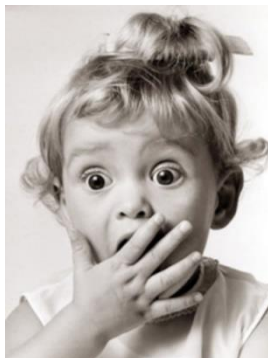
***[Refrain] This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.***

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love. ***[Refrain]***

Perfect submission, all is at rest.
I in my Savior am happy and bless'd,
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with his goodness, lost in his love. ***[Refrain]***

From Our Board of Trustees

Take advantage of the opportunity to **DOUBLE** your Building Fund gift during September and October!!
Yes, **DOUBLE** your gift!!



Through the generosity of an anonymous donor, Bethania Moravian has been challenged to raise \$10,000 for our Building Fund from **September 1st through October 31st!**

For each \$1.00 we give designated to our Building Fund, the **donor will match** that \$1.00 up to a total of \$10,000. We have the opportunity to increase our Building Fund by **\$20,000** if we meet this challenge!

Start saving your nickels and dimes for this Fall campaign!!
Your support is greatly appreciated!

-Your Trustees

Stewardship moment – Sharing Yourself

*'Too often we underestimate the power of a touch,
a smile,
a kind word,
a listening ear,
an honest compliment,
or the smallest act of caring,
all of which have the potential to turn a life around"*

Leo Buscaylin

LOVING GIBSON



Sisters and brothers,

It is the time of year again when we begin to gather supplies for our neighbors at Gibson Elementary. A list has been compiled by the Gibson Committee and is listed below. There will be a container put in the fellowship hall. We ask that you please give to this noble cause as you are able. Thank you!

Wide Ruled Notebook Paper

#2 Pencils

Washable Markers

8 or 16 count Crayons

Colored Pencils

Glue Sticks

Pencil-top Erasers

Hand Sanitizer

Composition Books

Pocket Folders

THE QUILTERS: HANDS - YOUNG AND OLD



Many hands, young and old, have been involved in our quilt ministry this summer.

At the beginning of summer, we were happy to see two familiar faces: Oscar Brown and Gracie Martin.

Then in mid-summer, the Ogburn sisters Alice Kaye and Emma joined us, and last week Rocklyn helped One more to go when she gets tall enough!

We continue to meet on Monday mornings starting around 9. We would love to have you join us.

The need will possibly be greater this winter than ever before.

Come see what we do on Monday mornings!



THE GRAVEYARD COMMITTEE



The Graveyard Committee has been busy bees in handling their projects in God's Acre!

Just before Easter, a family in the church graciously donated enough D-2 to clean every stone on the hill! D-2 is a chemical compound that is sprayed on each headstone, and slowly, over time, eats away at the grime, dirt, and lichen. It is much milder and far less caustic for the stones than the bleach commonly used. It is not an immediate fix, but a milder, more long-lasting fix whose results you can gradually see over time. The next time you have a free moment, drive the loop around God's Acre (or visit), and look at how bright the top of each stone is becoming! Beautiful!

The Graveyard Committee would like to extend a gracious thank you to all who came to help clear the branches and limbs from God's Acre as a result from the most recent tropical storm. Thank you!

Time with Sr. Wilma Hunter



Sr. Wilma Hunter was born in Catawba County, near Hickory, in 1932. She is one of four children, two sisters and one brother. Her brother is her only surviving sibling. A member of her dad's family owned a steel bridge building company, which is where her dad worked with work was available. While living in Hickory, a local carpenter built her family a mobile home. She

describes it as a wooden box on wheels. When her family moved, they could just take their home with them!

When Wilma was four years old, the family moved to Lexington, NC. Her dad was offered a job with the NC Highway Department because of his experience with building bridges. The family later moved from Lexington to a home on the corner of Cherry Street and Indiana Avenue.

Wilma attended Old Town School in the first and second grades. Then the family moved to a home on Hwy 8 near Germanton. One of her memories of those days is that they had chickens and a goat. While living there Wilma attended Mineral Springs Number Two School for the third through the sixth grades.

Wilma started seventh grade at Old Town School when her family moved to a home on Tobaccoville Road. While there she played on the basketball team. She had seen Bud, her future husband, at some of the games and she had a neighbor who was related to him. They met and were married in 1950 at Augsburg Lutheran Church in Winston Salem. Wilma grew up in the Lutheran Church. They were blessed with four children: two boys and two girls.

After marrying, they attended Mizpah Moravian because some of Bud's family were members there. They moved to Bethania when the children were very young. Several decades of Bud's family is buried in the Bethania God's Acre.

Wilma worked for the NC Department of Transportation for 23 years. She has always been an active member of Bethania Moravian as long as her health permitted. She says the thing she enjoyed most was working with the young children in Sunday School, Bible School, and the nursery. She sang in the choir for many years and was always active in the Women's Fellowship.

Wilma talks fondly about how the church has always been there to help our members in time of need. She has seen many changes over the years. One of the biggest changes is the lack of young people and youth in the church.

Sr. Wilma is no longer able to attend church but will always be a beloved member of Bethania Moravian.

In Memoriam



Sr. Lucy Hunter Sherrill

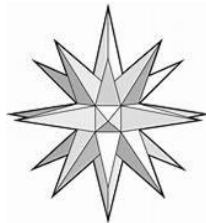
May 30, 1929 - Aug 9, 2024

Sr. Lucy, age 95, of Pfafftown, NC, entered into the more immediate presence of our Lord on Friday, August 9, 2024. She was born in Forsyth County on May 30, 1929, to Russell James Hunter and Ethel Lillian Stoltz. Lucy attended Old Town Elementary School. Her husband was Br. Sammy W. Sherrill. They

were married for 56 years. Together, they adopted four children. A lifelong faithful Moravian, Lucy was a member of Bethania Moravian Church. She was an avid sewer and loved quilting. She was also a painter and embroiderer. Every Sunday, her home was full of family who more than happily enjoyed her wonderful homemade bread and cooking. She brought and kept the family together.

She is survived by her four children; Sandra Sherrill Pingho (George), David Sherrill, John Sherrill (Sylvia), and Mary Sherrill Sizemore; her 12 grandchildren, Sarah Pingho, Faude (Jack), Catherine Pingho Breedlove (Richard), Meredith Pingho, Sam Pingho, Ashley Sizemore Engle (Brian), Christopher Sizemore, Nicholas Sizemore (Jiang), Paige Sherrill, and Nathan Sherrill (Jennifer); and her 12 great-grandchildren, Dylan and Evan Faude, Nora and Luke Breedlove, Connor Matulevic, Kimber, Aubree, and Layla Ball, Kate and Cole Rogers, and Jenna and Lucy Engle. Lucy is also survived by her sister, Martha Beroth (Charles); and her brother, John Hunter.

A funeral service was held on August 13, 2024, at 3 p.m., at Bethania Moravian Church, officiated by Reverend Linda Seippel and Reverend Bill Gramley. Burial followed in God's Acre. After the graveyard services, the family received friends in the fellowship hall. Memorials may be sent to Bethania Moravian Church at 5545 Main St, Bethania, NC, 27010.



In the Spotlight

YOUTH – MISSION CAMP!!!





Our Youth lovingly spent their time renovating a school building which will become the home to women who are the victims of domestic violence. We are so grateful for our youth, and their leaders, that they are working to showing the loving hands of Christ to the world!

We love you all!

“I will go. Send me.”

(For a more in-depth journey, please visit the church Facebook page.)

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Sept. 2nd: Loretta Hooks
Sept. 2nd: Emma Ogburn
Sept. 3rd: Nicki Yarbrough Allen
Sept. 8th: Richard Mock
Sept. 8th: Gretchen Marsden
Sept. 9th: Darrel Flippin
Sept. 9th: Renee Martin
Sept. 12th: Chloe Spieler
Sept. 13th: Linda Bovender
Sept. 18th: Rick Hamby
Sept. 20th: Ruby Furches
Sept. 21st: Johanna Brown
Sept. 22nd: Ashlyn Hooks
Sept. 27th: Kimberlee Swaim
Sept. 29th: Tony Bricca
Sept. 30th: Dennis Ford



With Your presence, Lord, our Head and Savior, bless them all, we humbly pray; our dear heavenly Father's love and favor be their comfort every day. May God's Spirit now in each proceeding favor them with His most gracious leading; thus, shall they be truly blessed both in labor and in rest. Amen.

The Summer Day

-Mary Oliver



Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean—
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down—
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?