

BUCK CREEK UMC NEWSLETTER

AUGUST 1999

GOODBYE PASTOR JUDY!



Dear BCUMC Friends,

It's hard to believe that this is my last "letter" as pastor to you. I've been privileged to share so many parts of your lives and I have been blessed beyond words! As I travel on in this JOURNEY OF FAITH, I will take you with me in memories and in my heart.

As you travel on in YOUR "journeys of faith" never doubt God's love and direction for your lives,

and never doubt the very great impact you have (and can have) on others. Don't give up!

Finally, never doubt the love and gratitude I have for each—yes each!—one of you (Galatians 6:2).

Peace, Judy

MEMORIES

*These few paragraphs are filled with memories of you, Pastor Judy.
Take them with you, and remember us.*

It seems to me that when Pastor Judy is present in the Buck Creek church—God is definitely there—you can feel them both there.

Don Delp

One of the best memories is when Pastor Judy baptized my granddaughter. One of the favorite moments is one of those Sunday morning “hugs.”

Mary Strong

A memory about Pastor Judy in a few words: Well that is a tall order. I have memories about you, Judy, from witnessing to my parents in Canada, to being prayer warriors together, plus a volume of memories in between. How much it meant to me that you were not a clown basher! God had given me a gift of clowning and my track record of being accepted was not at a high level. I can remember thinking when I heard that we had a new pastor, “Well I am not telling her I am a clown--this is one clown that has been bashed enough.” I went into your office that warm autumn day, introduced myself and was going to exit when Beth walked in and said “Hey Dunk I saw you on TV last night.” “Oh no!” I thought. (I had been Lolli on Channel 18). You said, “Oh, what were you doing on TV, Linda?” I wanted to drop over or pretend I had laryngitis. Beth said, “Oh, Linda is a clown.” Oh, great now it’s out in the open.

Well to my surprise and gratefulness you accepted my clown character and encouraged me to use my God given gift. What a gift you gave me, Judy, a gift that I could be myself. I will miss you tremendously but will hold the memories deep within my heart and I will lift you up in your ministry in obedience to your call from our Lord Jesus. Galatians 6:2. God Bless You Always, dear sister in the Lord,

**In His Love, Linda LaMaster (a.k.a.
Lolli)**

When PJ came to Buck Creek, I was at a crossroad, unable or possibly unwilling to choose which pathway to take. I was putting a

lot of miles on my rocking chair and getting nowhere until we had a one-on-one and I just knew that God had sent His Special Angel to see me through this traumatic time in my life. Her soft voice and caring heart assured me of that! Now I'm putting a lot of miles on my feet as Linda and I seek new adventure and dedicate our lives to our Lord! Thanks PJ! You will remain forever in my mind and in my heart no matter where you are!

Clarence LaMaster

One particularly gloomy day when I was feeling not the best in the world—you know the kind of day I am talking about cause we've all had them. Well, it was on a Sunday morning and when I arrived at church I discovered in my mailbox a sealed envelope with my name on it. I carefully opened it and what did I find? A thank-you card from Pastor Judy! It was such an unexpected gesture, that it just lifted me up. I carried it in my purse for months, and when I felt down, I looked at the card. Thanks, Pastor Judy.

Nancy Schnepf

"Pastor Judy, Do you have a minute?" "Yes, what can I do for you?" "I have a prayer request." *(Many times you had company, or were in the middle of a counseling session, but yet, made time!)*

"Hello. Is this Pastor Judy?" "Yes." "It sounds like you're in an airport." "I'm mowing my yard. What can I do for you?" *(As the background noise became silent, your voice was clear with an understanding peace, prepared to give undivided attention to the conversation at hand.)*

Yes. You've always taken time, regardless of your own circumstances, to show genuine love and compassion for our needs and concerns. We are truly grateful for your example of God's love and your friendship.

-Don and Janet Connelly

OPERATION CLASSROOM—Y.E.S.*

This is a big month for the YES kits and we need your help. The bags are almost half completed. We need someone(s) to sew kits.

* Youth Educational Supplies - shipped to school in West Africa.

Give me your input! Would you like to have a fellowship sewing night, or would you like to take some cutout bags home to sew? Next we need supplies: pencils, *Bic* pens (blue or black), notebooks, ruler or protractor, eraser, pencil sharpener and *Good News* New Testaments. Last year we also sent a *Teacher's box* which included, chalk and eraser, plan books, thick notebooks (3-5 subject), *Bic* RED pens, magic markers, carbon paper, paper clips, loose-leaf paper, solar calculators, and other teaching supplies. Schools have also requested personal items for the students such as: soap, toothpaste, towels and tennis shoes.

Please think of the *Y.E.S. kits* when you are shopping and pick up extra supplies. We also need money donations to buy the New Testaments (last year the church donated extra New Testaments, but this year we have to purchase at least 100). We will need one night to stuff kits and package them for shipping—to be announced later. Watch your newsletter and/or church bulletin for further information.

There is something to do for everyone—please help!

Nancy Feaster, Missions Committee,

BROWN PAPER PACKAGES

Several brown paper packages will soon arrive on the doorstep of St. Jude's Ranch for Children in Nevada, thanks to the UMMW [*United Methodist Men and Women*]! Members spent their evening on July 19 cutting and packaging used greeting cards to send to the Ranch.

St. Jude's Ranch for Children is a nationally recognized community focused on the individual needs of abused, abandoned and neglected children of all races and faiths. Their *Born Again* card recycling program involves the children who precision trim the card fronts and glue them onto pre-printed card backs which are then sold to the public through their newsletter, Gift Shop or by word of mouth. Each child is paid 15 cents for each card he/she makes. This money is divided between spending money, savings, and money for special group outings.

Christmas, Thanksgiving, Mother's Day, Easter and other all occasion cards, postcards and even Christmas ornaments are made

from the used greetings card fronts. If you should wish to purchase *Born Again Cards*, write or call St. Jude's Ranch for Children, P.O. Box 60100, Boulder City, NV 89006-0100, 1-800-492-3562. Cards are \$6.50 for a package of ten. Thanks to the many at church who have faithfully saved their greetings cards to be sent to St. Jude. This is a year round effort.

UMMW are scheduled to meet again on September 20th

“With a little seed of God’s love in your heart, you’re going to help God’s Kingdom grow.” [July 18 Children’s Sermon on mustard seed]

Carol Shepherd,

NORTH INDIANA UM

ANNUAL CONFERENCE HIGHLIGHTS:

- Approved a report on the *Jubilee Plan*, now being developed, which would provide more flexibility on the part of each local church in choosing which conference ministries to support. Final proposal due in 2000.
- Celebrated a 4th year of increasing worship attendance. [17 conferences reported increases in membership and 47 posted decreases. Despite this trend, 35 out of 58 conferences reported increases in average worship attendance.]
- Celebrated a 32% increase in children and youth attendance at United Methodist camps over past 2 years.
- Approved a \$9,320,550 budget.
- Approved petition to General Conference that would insert language specifying that all church agency members be “loyal to the ethical standards of the United Methodist Church.”
- Renewed the conference's commitment to working to eliminate legalized gambling in Indiana
- Recognized a newly commissioned missionary to Brazil, the Rev. Evelyn Cain
- Recognized the newly appointed Operation Classroom coordinator for Liberia, the Rev. Ann Girton.

United Methodist News Service

ONE BRICK

Africa was one of the major focuses of this year's Annual Conference. The Conference had committed to raising funds to build a dormitory at Africa University in Old Mutare, Zimbabwe. However, with the strength and support received from conference churches, TWO dorms will be built. The first will be dedicated in November!

[Contributions continue to be collected quietly here at BCUMC. We have hit the \$600 mark and are advancing toward \$700.]

[UM News Service:
]

*Age doesn't always bring wisdom.
Sometimes age comes alone.*

KING'S ISLAND TRIP

The Youth group met early on Tuesday, July 6th in the church parking lot to begin their yearly journey to King's Island. This trip consisted of a day and an evening at the park, and an overnight stay in nearby Sharonville, Ohio. About 6 am, three vans filled with excited kids and their just as enthusiastic youth group leaders [Jim Jr. and Anita Davidson, Steve and Michele Mitchell] took off for Ohio with a stop for breakfast at McDonald's on the way. When they arrived at the park, everyone set their watches ahead an hour to comply with Ohio time. (Did everyone get their watches set back to Indiana time, or are you just early for everything??) Each member had a buddy to stick with for the day. There were also check-in times set up beforehand.

Three essential items were needed this *very* hot (mid 90's) day: sunblock, hats and bottled water. Several rode in a group for the white water rafting! *Very* wet! More than one roller coaster to choose from---arms up! Some rode *The Beast* roller coaster at night! *[Son-of-Beast will be there new next year, a wooden roller coaster with a*

loop, bigger and scarier than its "father"!] The long day ended with the awesome fireworks show.

After a night at the Signature Inn (did *ANYbody* get sleep that night?), the group had the "continental breakfast" (donuts). Then it was on the road again! A stop for lunch at a Pizza Hut, then homeward. Many slept the rest of the way.

Whether the kids rode the rides or just enjoyed the games and the atmosphere of the park, or the stay at the hotel and the drive to and from Indiana, it was a good time full of new experiences for all. Some members also brought a friend along. Youth group members who participated were: **Derek Austin, Adrian Davidson, Casi Davidson, Bobby Dowell, Brent Ritter, Freda Rohrer, Kyle Schnepf, Jennifer Shepard, Melissa Shepard, Jimmy Stratton, and Kim White.**

WORLD NEWS FROM AUGUST 1909:

[Continuing celebration of the church building's 90th anniversary]

Gold strike in Idiatrod, Alaska.

World's first air meet held (in Rheims, France).

Motorized bus services started running.

The book *How We Think* is published by John Dewey, proposing a 5 step process for problem solving.

When Thomas A. Edison put out the call for actors for his films, Charles Ogle answered. He would appear in over 100 Edison movies and go on to become known as Boris Karloff.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company's transmitters are destroyed by fire, back in business by April.

In Greece, the Greek army forces change of government.

Cannonball Baker wins the first event ever held at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway: 10 mile motorcycle dash.

Book: *Woman's Progress: A Comparison on Centuries* by Mary K. Ford is published. Quote from book: "There can be no doubt that in general intelligence, education, and good judgment, the women of to-day have the advantage over those of 200 years ago."

August 1: The British steamer Waratah disappeared going from Sydney to London. 300 lives were lost.

August 2: First Lincoln head pennies minted. (in 1999, a 1909-S VDB penny is worth ≈\$550!).

August 11: SOS distress call used for the first time

August 16: A drought started in San Bernardino County, California that lasted until May 6th, 1910.

August 24: Workers start pouring concrete for the Panama Canal.

GOOD ADVICE

I don't know what smart person wrote this, but when I saw it I just knew I wanted to share it with all of you.

- You can get by on charm for about 15 minutes. After that, you better know something.
- You shouldn't compare yourself to others. Just do the best you can do.
- It's not what happens to you that's important. It's what you do about it.
- Slice it as thin as you want to. There will always be 2 sides.
- It takes a very long time to become the person you want to be.
- It's a lot easier to react than it is to think.
- No matter how much one may care, some people just don't care back.
- What you have in life doesn't matter. It's who you have in life that counts.
- Always leave loved ones with pleasant words. It may be the last time you see them.
- You can keep going long after you think you can't.
- We are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel. You have a choice: either control your attitude or it will control you.
- Learning to forgive isn't easy. It takes practice.
- There are people who love you dearly. They don't always know how to show it.
- Heroes are everywhere. They are the people who do what has to be done when it has to be done, regardless of the consequences.
- Money is a very poor way of keeping score.
- My best friend and I can do anything or nothing together. We still have the best time.

- Maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you have had and what you have learned from them, and less to do with how many birthdays you've had.
- I never tell children their dreams are unlikely to come true. It would be a tragedy if they believed it.
- No matter how good a friend is every once in a while they are going to hurt you. You have to forgive them for that.
- I think your background may influence who you are, but you are responsible for who you become.
- Just because two people argue doesn't mean they don't love each other. And just because they don't argue doesn't mean they do.

Evelyn Marie Pless (Author Unknown)

FLOWERS FLOWERS

Would you like to recognize someone's birthday, anniversary, graduation, baptism, wedding, someone's memory, or other occasions? You can do this by providing flowers for the altar. Just let the church secretary [*Carol Shepherd*] know the occasion and when so she can put it in the church bulletin. There is also a sign-up sheet at church. Bring the flowers before services on Sunday so they may be situated. The flowers can be from your favorite florist, from your garden, or a bouquet that you made or were a gift to you, etc. Thanks for sharing!

WISHES OVERHEARD

I wish Pastor Judy well in her new church.

I wish to thank whoever is sending my newsletter!

I wish to tell **Dave Harrison** how much we always enjoy his children's sermons!

I wish much happiness for the newly married **Michael and Summer [Metro] Taylor!**

I wish the white sheet that was used for praise songs would come down now. It is very distracting.

I wish we would sing praise songs every Sunday again.

WISHES GRANTED

Fresh flowers have begun to appear in the sanctuary on Sunday mornings, starting with **Bob Shepard's** patriotic bouquet on July 4th, in memory of his mother.

FOURTEEN STEPS

Adversity introduces a man to himself – Anonymous

They say a cat has nine lives, and I am inclined to think that possible since I am now living my third life and I'm not even a cat.

My first life began on a clear, cold day in November 1904, when I arrived as the sixth of eight children of a farming family. My father died when I was 15, and we had a hard struggle to make a living. Mother stayed home and cooked the potatoes and beans and cornbread and greens, while the rest of us worked for whatever we could get—a small amount at best.

As the children grew up, they married, leaving only one sister and myself to support and care for Mother, who became paralyzed in her last years and died while still in her 60s. My sister married soon after, and I followed her example within the year. This was when I began to enjoy my first life. I was very happy, in excellent health, and quite a good athlete. My wife and I became the parents of two lovely girls. I had a good job in San Jose and a beautiful home up the peninsula in San Carlos. Life was a pleasant dream.

Then the dream ended and became one of those horrible nightmares that cause you to wake in a cold sweat in the middle of the night. I became afflicted with a slowly progressive disease of the motor nerves, affecting first my right arm and leg, and then my other side.

Thus began my second life. In spite of my disease I still drove to and from work each day, with the aid of special equipment installed in my car. And I managed to keep my health and optimism, to a degree, because of 14 steps. Crazy? Not at all. Our home was a split-level affair with 14 steps leading up from the garage to the kitchen door. Those steps were a gauge of life. They were my yardstick, my challenge to continue living. I felt that if the day arrived when I was unable to lift one foot up one step and then drag the other painfully after it—repeating the process 14 times until, utterly spent, I would be through—I could then admit defeat and lie down and die. So I kept on working, kept on climbing those steps. And time passed. The girls went to college and

were happily married, and my wife and I were alone in our beautiful home with the 14 steps.

You might think that here walked a man of courage and strength. Not so. Here hobbled a bitterly disillusioned cripple, a man who held on to his sanity and his wife and his home and his job because of 14 miserable steps leading up to the back door from his garage. As I dragged one foot after another up those steps—slowly, painfully, often stopping to rest—I would sometimes let my thoughts wander back to the years when I was playing ball, golfing, working out at the gym, hiking, swimming, running, jumping. And now I could barely manage to climb feebly up a set of steps. As I became older, I became more disillusioned and frustrated. I'm sure that my wife and friends had some unhappy times when I chose to expound to them my philosophy of life. I believed that in this whole world I alone had been chosen to suffer. I had carried my cross now for nine years and probably would bear it for as long as I could climb those 14 steps.

I chose to ignore the comforting words from I Cor. 15:52: *"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye...we shall be changed."* And so it was that I lived my first and second lives here on earth.

Then on a dark night in August 1971, I began my third life. I had no idea when I left home that morning that so dramatic a change was to occur. I knew only that it had been rougher than usual even getting down the steps that morning. I dreaded the thought of having to climb them when I arrived home. It was raining when I started home that night: gusty winds and slashing rain beat down on the car as I drove slowly down one of the less-traveled roads. Suddenly the steering wheel jerked in my hands and the car swerved violently to the right. In the same instant I heard the dreaded bang of a blowout. I fought the car to a stop on the rain-slick shoulder of the road and sat there as the enormity of the situation swept over me. It was impossible for me to change that tire! Utterly impossible!

A thought that a passing motorist might stop was dismissed at once. Why should anyone? I knew I wouldn't!

Then I remembered that a short distance up a little side road was a house. I started the engine and thumped slowly along, keeping well over on the shoulder until I came to the dirt road, where I

turned in—thankfully. Lighted windows welcomed me to the house and I pulled into the driveway and honked the horn.

The door opened and a little girl stood there, peering at me. I rolled down the window and called out that I had a flat and needed someone to change it for me because I had a crutch and couldn't do it myself. She went into the house and a moment later came out bundled in raincoat and hat, followed by a man who called a cheerful greeting.

I sat there comfortable and dry, and felt a bit sorry for the man and the little girl working so hard in the storm. Well, I would pay them for it. The rain seemed to be slackening a bit now, and I rolled down the window all the way to watch. It seemed to me that they were awfully slow and I was beginning to become impatient. I heard the clank of metal from the back of the car and the little girl's voice came clearly to me. "Here's the jack-handle, Grandpa."

She was answered by the murmur of the man's lower voice and the slow tilting of the car as it was jacked up. There followed a long interval of noises, jolts and low conversation from the back of the car, but finally it was done. I felt the car bump as the jack was removed, and I heard the slam of the trunk lid, and then they were standing at my car window. He was an old man, stooped and frail-looking under his slicker. The little girl was about 8 or 9, I judged, with a merry face and a wide smile as she looked up at me.

He said, "This is a bad night for car trouble, but you're all set now."

"Thanks," I said, "thanks. How much do I owe you?"

He shook his head. "Nothing. Cynthia told me you were a cripple—on crutches. Glad to be of help. I know you'd do the same for me. There's no charge, friend."

I held out a five-dollar bill. "No I like to pay my way."

He made no effort to take it and the little girl stepped closer to the window and said quietly, "Grandpa can't see it."

In the next few frozen seconds the shame and horror of that moment penetrated, and I was sick with an intensity I had never felt before. A blind man and a child! Fumbling, feeling with cold, wet

fingers for bolts and tools in the dark—a darkness that for him would probably never end until death. They changed a tire for me—changed it in the rain and wind, with me sitting in snug comfort in the car with my crutch. My handicap. I don't remember how long I sat there after they said good night and left me, but it was long enough for me to search deep within myself and find some disturbing traits.

I realized that I was filled to overflowing with self-pity, selfishness, indifference to the needs of others and thoughtlessness.

I sat there and said a prayer. In humility I prayed for strength, for a greater understanding, for keener awareness of my shortcomings and for faith to continue asking in daily prayer for spiritual help to overcome them.

I prayed for blessings upon the blind man and his granddaughter. Finally I drove away, shaken in mind, humbled in spirit.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7:12.)

To me now, months later, this scriptural admonition is more than just a passage in the Bible. It is a way of life, one that I am trying to follow. It isn't always easy. Sometimes it is frustrating, sometimes expensive in both time and money, but the value is there. I am trying now not only to climb 14 steps each day, but in my small way to help others. Someday, perhaps, I will change a tire for a blind man in a car—someone as blind as I had been.

Hal Manwaring

YOUR SPIRITUAL BUDGET

Have you checked your spiritual budget lately?

- I checked my spiritual budget the other day when I only had enough money at the store for a 2-liter pop or a sympathy card. I opted for the sympathy card and made ice tea for supper.
- I had the choice of buying a candy bar or 2 stamps. I bought the stamps and mailed the sympathy card and a newsletter.
- Out buying groceries, there was a special on soup. I bought 4 cans and gave two to food pantry.

- Did you give that dollar bill you found to the One Brick mission?

Heaven knows in this day and age we must budget our time too!

- Did you give up two hours of television to attend choir practice?
- Did you volunteer to help sew YES kits instead of going to a ball game?
- Did you drink water with your lunch for a week and save the change for the food pantry can?
- Did you take time to save the labels off your soup?
- Did you use your week of vacation to teach Bible School?
- Did you give up an hour of your time to visit someone in a nursing home?
- Did you volunteer to teach a Summer Sunday School class?
- Did you send a "care card" to someone you know has taken ill, or just to cheer someone up?
- Did you spend a lunch hour typing up an article for the newsletter?
- Have you volunteered your time at food pantry?

How many hugs are included in your budget?

- Did you hug someone who was hurting?
- Did you give away a hug to someone just because you love them?
- Did you lend someone a hug who just needed it?

As you can see, there are many things to consider when you check your spiritual budget! So, watch your budget this month! Squeeze it all you can!

IRENE M. JOHNSTON, 85

Irene M. Reyburn Johnston, 85, who had made her home with her daughter, Ruth Waugh, at 4337 N County Road 625 E, died at 6:10a.m. Sunday, June 20, 1999 in George Davis Manor in West Lafayette. She formerly lived in Friendship House in West Lafayette. Mrs. Johnston was a homemaker, and she formerly had been a beautician. Born in St. Anthony, Idaho, on May 16, 1914, she had lived in the Lafayette area since 1978 and before that in Lebanon, Mo. She married William Hugh Johnston on September 17, 1934, in Bozeman, Mont. He died May 20, 1977. Mrs. Johnston was a

contributing member of Buck Creek United Methodist Church since April 1981, and the Rebekah Lodge in Lebanon, Mo. She had served several years as a volunteer at the Friendship House in West Lafayette. Surviving with her daughter, **Mrs. Robert (Ruth) Waugh**, and two other daughters, **Florence McFarland** of Orting, Washington, and **Mrs. Louie (Judy) Munger** of Hudson, Florida; two sons, **William "Bill" Johnston** of Anchorage, Alaska, and **Albert Johnston** of North Fort Myers, Florida; two brothers, **Claude Reyburn** of Hyrum, Utah, and **Bill Reyburn** of Kittitas, Washington; and a sister, **Hazel Dixon** of Parker, Idaho. Irene had 13 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren. A sister preceded her in death. Services were held at Hippensteel Funeral Home with internment at Isley Cemetery. Those desiring may contribute in memoriam to the Buck Creek United Methodist Church or charity of donor's choice. It was good that Irene was able to attend the 90th celebration of the BCUMC church building in January. Everyone at BCUMC will miss Irene. Sympathies to her family and friends.

BATTLEGROUND SUMMER BAZAAR

Saturday, August 14 8am to 2pm

201 Tipton Street, Battle Ground, Indiana

Jewelry (hundreds of pieces), homemade noodles Homemade cakes, pies and cookies

Flea market items: dishes, baskets, tins, and books. furniture, toys, small appliances, glassware, knick-knacks, Christmas items, bedding, tools. Lots of new items and more!

Donuts, coffee and lunch served. For information call 567-2671

"The race isn't always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong... But that's the way to bet."

TRINITY MISSION OUTLET MOVES

As of July 26th, the Trinity Mission Outlet will be officially moved into its new, larger location at 1224 Union Street, Lafayette (former *Five-Points Bargains*). The store in Lafayette Shops is closed, as is the donation station on Concord Road. Donations may now be brought to the new location. Thank you.

1999 PRAYER CHAIN

Suzanne Brower 589-3162	Faye Merkel 296-3289
Audrey Chappell 589-3748	Willy Metro 589-8406
Janet Connelly 589-8118	Michele Mitchell 589-3919
Anita Davidson 589-8743	Beth Muelhausen 589-8552
Deb Davidson 429-6127	Evelyn Pless 589-3722
Sandra Harrison 589-9010	Jill Schultz 379-3341
Linda LaMaster 423-8555 (pager)	Jamie Stratton 589-3293
Judy Link 446-8477	Diane White 589-3894

PLEASE when you leave prayer requests on answering machines
KEEP CALLING until you speak to a person.

ALSO the prayer request needs to be passed on to EVERYONE – even though Diane White is at the end, it shouldn't end there. Keep on calling (going to the top of the list if you have to) until the request gets to the person who initiated it.

Thanks! Pastor Judy

ALL DOGS ALLOWED

At Manhattan's Episcopalian Church of the Holy Trinity, all dogs (and cats) are allowed at services! The Assistant Rector there, Rev. Paul Williams, says he keeps a sense of humor when the dogs in attendance try to audition for the choir! "I just think they are trying to sing, too. We try to do the same thing with the dogs that we do with infants. We encourage parents to bring their children to church, so we don't discourage them when they start to cry."

Since not every parishioner is an animal lover, the church's rector, Herbert Draesel Jr., established an agreement that pet owners

would attend the two earliest morning services that are less crowded. Rev. Williams says that for every member that's not an animal lover, a pet fan comes into the fold for the very reason that animals *are* allowed. A newcomer dinner is held every six to eight weeks. "We go around the room and meet everybody and ask how they found the church. There's always one or two that say they've come specifically because of the pet policy."

The doggie welcome mat was put out two and a half years ago, when one regular churchgoer became so ill that she only had the energy to either walk her dog OR walk to church. So, she walked her dog to church!

Condensed from: Best Friends Magazine
May/June 1999

MOWING SCHEDULE

Aug. 7 - Ron Austin Jr.

Aug. 21 - Don Connelly

Aug. 14 - Mark Louthen

Aug. 28 - Gary Darnell

THE PRAYER OF THE TORTOISE†

A little patience,
O God,
I am coming.
One must take nature as she is!
It was not I who made her!
I do not mean to criticize
this house on my back –
it has its points –
but You must admit, Lord,
it is heavy to carry !
Still,
let us hope that this double enclosure,
my shell and my heart,
will never be quite shut to You.

Amen

† Translated by Rumer Godden, from *Prayers From the Ark*, Viking Press, NY. 1947, 1962

Carmen Bernos DeGasztold

Buck Creek United Methodist Church
Judy Link, Pastor (pager 420-4182)
PO Box 157 (4915 Ferret Street)
Buck Creek, IN 47924
(765) 589-7206

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE CHILDREN

Again this year, the Ladies Missionary Society is sponsoring a Christmas gift collection for the children who are in care at the Indiana United Methodist Children's Home in Lebanon, Indiana. If you have last year's list [*it appeared in the September 1998 issue of BCUMC newsletter*] you can refer to it to get you thinking about what you might like to send to the children this year. We will include a list of gift suggestions in your September newsletter.

Kim Shelly, the home's public relations representative, reported that Lego kits were especially popular last year!