

MOVING SPIRIT

February, 2000

Eskaton Village Community Church

Pastor's Parcel

We don't have to wait until Easter to celebrate Jesus' resurrection. In fact, we celebrate it every Sunday. The practice of Israel was to keep the Sabbath Day, or Saturday. One historical evidence that Christ really was raised from the dead is the fact that the early church suddenly changed from a Saturday to a Sunday celebration meeting, honoring Christ's Resurrection, which had been on "the first day of the week," Sunday.

The church's open door is like the open doorway of Christ's empty tomb, inviting all to enter and examine the hope of life beyond death. The empty tomb after Christ's crucifixion is like the rainbow after the flood: it's God's sign of promise that the tragedy of death is to be swallowed up in the victory of a new life, a resurrection life. And central to our Gospel faith is the message that this new life starts not *after* death, but *here* on this side of the grave.

God intends for us to experience a little bit of "Heaven" here on the earth, by starting here and now to participate in this "resurrection life." In fact, this is what being a Christian is really all about, and why true Christianity is not about just going to Heaven to live forever. It means



to be *really* "alive" right now with the life of the resurrected Christ dwelling within us, working out through us, and transforming us to ready us for a future Heavenly lifestyle that lasts for eternity.

Our joyful purpose at EVCC is to publicly celebrate and proclaim that resurrection hope and the living reality of an indwelling Savior, Jesus Christ!

-- *Pastor David*

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Parish Proclamations

The ALPHA Course starts again on Friday, February 25th, at 1:00 pm. Location is to be announced soon. It will run 15 consecutive weeks, ending June 2nd. All residents are invited to attend this informative, internationally famous video

series on the essentials of the Christian faith. Bring friends.

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Prayer Chain Volunteers -- EVCC started this means of mobilizing prayer support for the needs and requests of Eskaton residents. It is open to the participation of more than those who attend our services. If you believe in the power of prayer and would also like to serve on the prayer chain, see or call Louise Gedeon, 481-5807.

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Poetry Lovers -- Pastor David's third book of poetry, *Poems Between Death and Life*, was self-published this past December and is being sold for \$10 a copy. He is going to be making these available on the literature table at church for anyone interested.

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Personal Pulpit

A true friend is an inspiration as well as a comfort, not so much by what he or she does for us as by what he or she incites us to do and to be, because of his or her example, his or her deeds, and his or her ideals. What others see in us to admire or to be grateful for is a result of what our friends, perhaps all unconsciously, have induced us to strive to become. (from the Hoyts)

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SHARING OUR MISSION

There's a lot of consolation
In the handclasp of a friend.
It can wipe out desolation,
And bring heartache to an end.

It can soothe a troubled spirit
Like no magic in the land.
Heaven? You are pretty near it --
Win a good friend grips her hand.

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It is our job as members of Eskaton Village Community Church to hold each other's hand and encourage each other. It is our reputation! Let's be sure to live up to it! (from Midge Childs)

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Pithy Pieces

Gifts for Kids (of any age)

If I had the power to grant anything to children (all God's children, no matter how old) I'd give them these eleven gifts:

The gift of solitude to know the Owner of silence and deep thought.

The gift of purpose to understand the direction in which to go.

The gift of courage so as not to live in fear of the shadows behind them or the stranger beside them.

The gift of gratitude to recognize the ways in which they are blessed.

The gift of integrity to stand for the right no matter how easy or lucrative the wrong seems.

The gift of contentment to realize when enough is enough.

The gift of responsibility to graciously shoulder the burdens that come.

The gift of compassion to never grow calloused.

The gift of prayer to draw close to God Who promises to meet their needs.

The gift of faith without which many of the other gifts would not be possible and with which nothing is impossible.

And the gift of peace, for a generation living

in fear and longing for a safe place or a safe time, it may be the best gift of all. (Isaiah 54:13, "All your children shall be taught by the Lord; and great shall be the *peace* of your children.")

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For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike.
When you are the anvil, bear.
When you are at the hammer, strike.

-- *Edwin Markham*

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Whatever anybody says, real love is a fragile flower that grows only on the highest slopes and mountaintops of human life; real love is rare, not common; it's the crown, not the foundation; love is the last thing, not the first. -- *David Payne*

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The child whispered, "God, speak to me." And a meadowlark sang. But the child did not hear. So the child yelled, "God speak to me!" And the thunder rolled across the sky. But the child did not listen. The child looked around and said, "God let me see you." And a star shone brightly. But the child did not notice. And the child shouted, "God show me a miracle!" And a life was born. But the child did not know. So the child cried out in despair, "Touch me God, and let me know you are here!" Whereupon God reached down and touched the child. But the child brushed the butterfly away and walked away unknowingly. --*Anon.*

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Praise's Portion

Be joyful always; pray continually; give

thanks in all circumstances, for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus. -- *1 Thessalonians 5:16-18*

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When we have exhausted our store of endurance; when our strength has failed 'er the day is half done; when we reach the end of our hoarded resources, our Father's full giving has only begun. His love has no limit; His grace has no measure; His power no boundary known unto man. For out of His infinite riches in Jesus, He gives and gives and gives again.

-- *Annie Flint*

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I met God in the morning
when my day was at its best,
and his presence came like sunrise,
like a glory in my breast.

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All day long the presence lingered.
All day long He stayed with me.
And we sailed and perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.

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Prayer's Priority

Prayer enlarges the heart and tell it is capable of containing God's gift of Himself. -- *Mother Teresa*

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This is another day, O Lord. I know not what it will bring forth, but make me ready, Lord, for whatever it may be. If I am to stand up, help me to stand gravely. If I am to sit still, help me to sit quietly. If I am to lie low, help me to do it patiently. And if I am to do nothing, let me do it gallantly.--*Forward Day by Day*

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What Is Prayer?

And what is prayer, you ask of me?
It's talking with God in secrecy;
It's looking up with tear-filled eyes
Into the face of heaven's skies;
It's wanting strength to conquer strife,
And blessings rich to gladden life;
It's telling God was in your heart,
Entreating Him to take your part;
It's drawing near to touch His hand,
It's hugging him to understand;
It's promising to do your best,
It matters not how hard the test;
It's gratitude for favors past,
A hope that they may ever last.
A rod that bars the way of sin
And keeps the soul at peace within.
A prayer is this, the thought that goes
With folks all day until its close.

--Zelda Howard Davis

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Indian Prayer

Great Spirit -- Grant that I may not
criticize my neighbors until I have walked
a mile in his moccasins.

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Poetry's Place

Churches

Beautiful is the large church,
With stately arch and steeple.
Neighborly is the small church,
With groups of friendly people.
Reverent is the old church,
With centuries of grace;
And a wooded church or a stone church
Can hold an altar place.
And whether it be a rich church

Or a poor church anywhere,
Truly it's a great church,
If God is worshiped there.

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Pearls of Prudence

Nothing the heart gives away is gone... it
is kept in the heart of others.

-- M. F. Ames

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The only gifts that can put us in a
millionaire's bracket is the gift of
ourselves, of our time and our effort.

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Let any person who is confused be sure of
two things; (1) If one duty is perfectly
clear, then our course is laid out for us,
and we can cooperate with God or defy
him. There is no other choice. (2) If our
duty is not perfectly plain, then we need
not move until God has made it plain. It
often happens that the highest dedication
requires us to "wait upon the Lord."

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You will never stub your toes standing
still. The faster you go, the more chance
there is of stubbing your toe, the more
chance you have of getting somewhere. --
Charles F. Kettering

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It is not how long we live
But how well--
It is not how rich we are
But how valuable--
It is not how intelligent we are
But how wise--
It is not what happens to us in life
But what we do about it that counts.

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Pleasurable Pastime

The Clown's Prayer

Lord, as I stumble through this life, help me to create more laughter than tears, dispense more happiness than gloom, spread more cheer than despair. Never let me become so indifferent that I will fail to see the wonder in the eyes of a child or the twinkle in the eyes of the aged. Never let me forget that my total effort is to cheer people, make them happy and forget at least for a moment all the unpleasant things in their lives. And, Lord, in my final moment, may I hear You whisper; "When you made My people smile, you made Me smile."

-- from *Holy Humor*

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Precious Principles

Nothing splendid has ever been achieved except by those who dared believe that something inside them was superior to circumstances. -- *Bruce Barton*

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Every man I meet is in some way my superior; and that I can learn from him.

-- *Emerson*

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"God give me strength to face a fact though it slay me." -- *Thomas Huxley*

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The majority of us are for free speech only when it deals with those subjects concerning which we have no intense convictions. -- *Edmund B. J. Chaffee*

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The dead go to their graves clutching in

their hands only that which they have given. -- *Anonymous*

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If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.

-- *James A. Garfield*

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(this was published before without knowing the author...)

The fruit of silence is prayer.

The fruit of prayer is faith.

The fruit of faith is love.

The fruit of love is service.

The fruit of service is peace.

-- *Mother Teresa*

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Past Pathways

You Can Be Strong Enough

(story told by Norman Vincent Peale)

From a little town overlooking the Hudson River comes a story of a woman whose troubles began, or maybe culminated, in a nervous breakdown. There had been too much work with too little relaxation, deaths of several relatives, and other problems. So in the prime of life this woman developed so much tension that she had a heart attack, followed by nervous exhaustion.

Passing time did not bring recovery. At the slightest fatigue she would have another spell of nerves, always feeling that she was going to collapse. Her heart would pound, she would struggle for breath. Her hands would be hot and wet, forehead cold. This unhappy condition continued off and on for fifteen pretty

miserable years.

Then something wonderful happened. It came during a service of Holy Communion at her church. "I was struck by the feeling," she writes, "that I could not even walk to the communion rail. Desperately I prayed, 'Help me, help me! Let me be able to do things as long as I am still on earth! Help me not to feel afraid.'

"I was able to walk up the aisle and I knelt at the end of the rail, next to a wall. Suddenly I sensed, between me and the wall, a Presence. I shut my eyes. I did not dare to move. But mentally I turned my head and looked." (This is an interesting touch. She did not look with her eyes; she looked mentally.)

"There in the midst of a radiant oval of blinding white light was the figure of a man, tall and beautifully formed, with a strong, straight muscular back and broad shoulders from which a robe fell away, seeming to melt into the light.

"The head turned and a strong, clear-cut face, like in the painting of Hosea by Sargent, looked down at me. Beneficence and tenderness flowed from that face.

"I felt as though I had been shot through with electricity. The light was too strong to endure. It seemed to be beating into my brain. Then it began to fade.

"I realized that people were standing up and leaving. I too stood and moved away, trying to walk naturally, for I had no sensation of moving my feet. I seemed to be floating on air. Doing my best to maintain a normal demeanor, I returned to my pew.

"Later, outside the church, I stopped to speak with a friend. 'What ever happened to you at Communion?' she asked. 'When you came down the aisle you had the most wonderful light on your face.' So there had been something noticeable to another person.

"I have never had the feeling of complete inability since. Even after the passing of my husband, I had physical exhaustion, but no fear. I was able to do everything I felt I should, reminding myself that God had cured me." (ed., We all need a lift like this!)

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