

# MOVING SPIRIT

devotional newsletter of

## Eskaton Village Community Church

### Pastor's Parcel

Many desirable personal virtues are preached, not just from pulpits and podiums, but from advertisements, the media, friends and neighbors. These ideals are not always easy to live up to. However, when God tells us, "*Love your neighbor*," His command is backed up by the availability of His own power to perform the requested behavior. But He Himself *is* the power ("God is love"), and direct access to His help in *loving others* means connecting with Him in a real, living relationship.

Some who claim no faith in God, can often still do well at loving others. That's because, whether they know it or not, they still get His help through *prevenient grace* ("grace that comes before faith"). This grace is in God's character as Providence. He provides everyone with sunshine and rain, even if they don't pray to Him. He does miracles for people, even when they don't seek Him.

But we can have God's power more directly for the help we need in loving others by asking Him into our hearts.



In describing the person who would love and obey His Word, Jesus said, "*My Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our home with him.*" (John 14:23, NIV). When the God of love lives inside us, we have an answer to the question in the cartoon. It might be something like this: "*On my own, I probably can't love your neighbor as I should, but Jesus already loves your neighbor, and since He lives in me, He can keep doing it by loving through me!*"

— Pastor David Hatton

# *Parish Proclamations*

## **Reducing My Sunday Hours**

Our pastoral staff at EVCC (myself, Terry and Dawn) are all bivocational ministers. Dawn teaches, Terry works at a post office, and I'm a labor & delivery nurse working night shift. For years, I've come to church every other weekend after my shift. Recently, for my health and sanity, I've decided to stop this and go to bed, as I usually do after working. Terry and Dawn will minister on those Sundays as they normally do. At the same time, on my days off, I'd like to do more visitation during the week. Please, use the numbers at the end of this newsletter to contact me if you need a visit yourself or know someone who does. Thanks! – *Pastor David*

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## *Personal Pulpit*

### **What Kind Of World**

#### **Will We Leave Our Children?**

I remember the few history courses I had in school growing up. I didn't appreciate them, however, I was however particularly impressed with our wars: the Revolutionary War, Civil War, WWII, and Vietnam. I suppose being a boy had something to do with that. I

didn't notice other "wars." Considering the time I have lived, 1950 to present, I was able to enjoy a relatively peaceful and consistent life in the USA. But as we went thru the 60's and entered into the 90's I noticed a change; a change that came to be labeled *the post-modern era*. I didn't realize it then, but this era was slowly taking away the world I was familiar with, and it had been doing so for some time.

As we go forward in this "era," I believe the seeds have been planted for the beginning of another "Dark Ages." I pray for our children and their future. But I especially pray for the church to find the courage to be steadfast, that she thrives and is true to her foundational doctrines and creeds—that she not become mediocre or irrelevant. I pray that the church rejects the aesthetic, literary, political and social philosophies that pressure it to "get along" at the expense of the wonderful mysteries of Christ in the Gospel. Jesus alone can reconcile man to man, and man to God, thereby enlarging God's Family and Kingdom. Without Christ, the world would be impoverished. Only with Christ will it be enriched and saved.

– Pastor Terry A Brown

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## *Pithy Pieces*

**MADE NEW** by *Elizabeth Rhino*

Tired hands, weary of clinging, grasping

**Pierced hands, open in surrender.**

Muddy feet, acquainted with the wide path

**Wounded feet, broken in rescue.**

Furrowed brow, crying out for answers

**Punctured brow, mixing blood with tears.**

Lost sheep in the shadows, afraid of the Light

**Gentle Shepherd, shining into the darkness.**

Wound child, not trusting, no knowing

**Protective Father, faithful to guide.**

Timid bride, hesitant to respond

**Adoring Bridegroom, strong, sure.**

Voice of distress, crying out

**Only Answer, echoing in the dark.**

Aching fingers, dirty, desperate

**Strong arm reaching, mighty to save.**

Miry clay, familiar, suffocating

**Solid rock, firm, faithful.**

Once alone, dead in sin

**Now re-born, alive in Christ.**

Once in rags, filthy, torn

**Wrapped up in righteousness, never earned.**

Bloody tree, an empty tomb

**Life exchanged, all things made new.**

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## *Prayer's Priority*

**I Said a Prayer for You Today**

I said a prayer for you today

And know God must have heard--

I felt the answer in my heart

Although He spoke no word!

I didn't ask for wealth or fame

(I knew you wouldn't mind)--

I asked Him to send treasures

Of a far more lasting kind!

I asked that He'd be near you

At the start of each new day

To grant you health and blessings

And friends to share your way!

I asked for happiness for you

In all things great and small--

But it was His loving care

I prayed for most of all!

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### **INDIAN PRAYER**

Oh, Father, whose voice I hear in the winds, hear me. I am a little one before you, one of your many children. I am small and weak. I need your strength and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunsets. Make my hands respect the things you have made – my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make me wise so that I may know the things you have taught

my people, lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I need strength, Father, no to be superior to my brother but to be able to fight my greatest enemy – myself. Make me ever ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes, so that when life fades as the fading sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame.

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## Perpetual Precepts

The Cross of Christ was meant for *punishment*.  
It became merciful *forgiveness*.  
The Cross of Christ was meant for *torture*.  
It became a beautiful image of *redemption*.  
The Cross of Christ was meant to *mock* Him.  
It became a symbol of His *power*.  
The Cross of Christ was meant to *humiliate* Him  
It became His *Glory*.  
The Cross of Christ was meant to bring *hopelessness*.  
It became the *hope* of all mankind.  
The Cross of Christ was meant for *death*.  
It became a symbol of *life*  
The Cross of Christ was meant to *crush* Him

It became His *platform*.  
The Cross of Christ was meant to *hurt*.  
It became a tool of *healing*.  
The Cross of Christ was meant to *stop* Him.  
It became a new *beginning* that gives us a future.

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## Poetry's Place

POEM

I knelt to pray but not for long,  
I had too much to do.  
I had to hurry and get to work  
For bills would soon be due.  
So I knelt and said a hurried prayer,  
And jumped up off my knees.  
My Christian duty was now done  
My soul could rest at ease.

All day long I had no time  
To spread a word of cheer.  
No time to speak of Christ to friends,  
They'd laugh at me I'd fear.  
No time, no time, too much to do,  
That was my constant cry,  
No time to give to souls in need  
But at last the time, the time to die.

I went before the Lord, I came,  
I stood with downcast eyes.

For in his hands God held a book;  
It was the book of life.  
God looked into his book and said  
"Your name I cannot find.  
I once was going to write it down...  
But never found the time"

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## *Pearls of Prudence*

Forget what you have done for your friends, and remember what they have done for you. Disregard what the world owes you, and concentrate on what you owe the world. — S. H. Paver

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The great spiritual call of the beloved children of God is to pull their brokenness away from the shadow of the curse and put it under the light of the blessing. — Henri Nouwen

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## *Pleasurable Pastime*

### FROM GIZZARDS TO WIZARDS

When it comes to jokes, we have some turkeys, in honor of Thanksgiving. After all, the noble bird is the traditional star of the holiday show.

- Why didn't the turkey eat anything on Thanksgiving? He was stuffed.
- Why do turkeys always go gobble, gobble? Because they never learned

good table manners.

- How do you send a turkey to a friend? Bird-class mail.
- Why did the turkey cross the road? It was the chicken's day off.
- Why did the turkey cross the basketball court? He heard the referee calling fowls.
- How do you keep a turkey in suspense? I'll let you know next week.
- What key has legs and can't open doors? A turkey.
- What did the widowed mother turkey say to her disobedient children? If your father could see you now, he'd turn over in his gravy.
- Why did the police question the turkey? They suspected him of fowl play.
- Keep your eye off the turkey dressing. It makes him blush.
- Can a turkey jump higher than a building? Of course; buildings can't jump.
- What do you get when you cross a turkey with an octopus? Finally, enough drumsticks for everyone.
- Which side of the turkey has the most feathers? The outside.
- How can you make a turkey float? Easy, get two scoops of ice cream, some root beer and a turkey. ☺

# *Priceless Prose*

## **The Mayonnaise Jar & the Coffee**

When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day are not enough, remember the mayonnaise jar... and the coffee...

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

So the professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with a unanimous "yes."

The professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

"Now," said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things—God, your family, your children, your health, your friends, and your favorite passions—things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house, and your car. The sand is everything else—the small stuff."

"If you put the sand into the jar first," he continued, "there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out to dinner. Play another 18 holes. There will always be time to clean the house and fix the disposal. Take care of the golf balls first, the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand."

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented.

The professor smiled. "I'm glad you

asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend."

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## *Past Pathways*

### "Single missionary candidate seeks adventurous female"

By the 1830s, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM) prohibited unmarried persons from entering the mission field. The Board believed that married missionaries could cope better with hardships and resist sexual temptations. Thus they required young men to be engaged at least two months before entering the mission field. To help the would-be missionaries find wives, the ABCFM had an ongoing list of "missionary-minded" women who were considered "young, pious, educated, fit, and reasonably good-looking." Often these missionary couples would leave for foreign lands within a week after their marriage.

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## *Precious Principles*

### Senior "JESUS LOVES ME" Song

Jesus loves me, this I know,

Though my hair is white as snow,  
Though my sight is growing dim,  
Still He bids me trust in Him.

#### **Chorus:**

Yes, Jesus loves me. Yes, Jesus loves me.  
Yes, Jesus loves me. The Bible tells me so.

Though my steps are oh, so slow,  
With my hand in His I'll go.  
On through life, let come what may,  
He'll be there to lead the way.

#### **(chorus)**

Though I am no longer young,  
I have much which He's begun.  
Let me serve Christ with a smile,  
Go with others the extra mile.

#### **(chorus)**

When the nights are dark and long,  
In my heart He puts a song.  
Telling me in words so clear,  
"Have no fear, for I am near."

#### **(chorus)**

When my work on earth is done,  
And life's victories have been won.  
He will take me home above,  
Then I'll understand His love.

#### **(chorus)**

I love Jesus, does He know?  
Have I ever told Him so?  
Jesus loves to hear me say,  
That I love Him every day.



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## ***At Eskaton to Serve You***

Eskaton Village Community Church is an opportunity for interdenominational Christian worship sponsored by Arcade Wesleyan Church. Honoring tradition, we maintain an evangelical spirit focused on the Holy Bible as the Word of God. Congregational unity is expressed by our confession of the ancient Apostle Creed or Nicene Creed at our monthly Holy Communion. We hope residents without a church home, or who find travel to their own churches too difficult, will visit our fellowship.

Rev. David Hatton, also an RN, leads

EVCC with the help of Rev. Terry A. Brown and Pastor Dawn Valerio, who both are also bivocational ministers. All three are available for pastoral visits and spiritual counsel by request. Just leave your number on David's pager, 1-877-234-9877 or call his home, 920-5854. Terry's cell phone is 425-4731. Dawn's cell phone is 764-2328. Or you may leave a message for any of them at the Arcade Church office, 487-5123.

### **Regular Meetings:**

Worship (Music Room) . . . 10:00 a.m.  
Worship (Assisted Living) 11:15 a.m.  
Communion . . . 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday each month

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c/o Arcade Wesleyan Church  
3532 Whitney Avenue  
Sacramento, CA 95821

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