

THE SPIRE

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 6 OCTOBER 2009

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,



Recently I attended the 30th ordination anniversary of a Lutheran colleague in ministry. I worshiped at his church in Kingston and participated in the Lutheran liturgy which is a bit more elaborate than ours. It's always--or almost always--a pleasure to listen to another's sermon. The preacher's message touched not only the honoree, who was greatly moved, but also a host of ministers who had gathered to celebrate the occasion. We were reminded again about the wonderful and irresistible nature of God's call, and the blessings and joys of ordained life. For me this is particularly true because I serve such a loving congregation. After the service the clergy "talked shop". I received a gracious hug from the pastor whose anniversary we were celebrating, and met friends who attended his church, while downing meatballs, tuna sandwiches, and chocolate chip cookies. I almost missed this special event. Usually after Sunday morning worship, I'm spent. I wondered if I had the energy to attend, and thought about

watching the Giants, and napping at halftime instead. Fortunately I didn't.

Perhaps some of you feel that way on Sunday morning. Week-ends can become as busy as week-day life. The thought of one more event seems overwhelming. People share these concerns with me after worship. The feeling is always, "I'm glad I made the effort to come." The good news is that God blesses us when we drag ourselves through the narthex doors, wondering if our dwindling energy reserve will manifest itself in a sleeping bout during the sermon! In the Temple of the Lord, the Old Testament prophet Isaiah responds to the Lord's question, "Whom shall I send? Who will go for us?", with a resounding, "Here am I send me!"

The Bible tells us that Isaiah had a vision of the Lord before his response, and that his time in the Temple was transformative. So it can be for us in worship. Scripture doesn't tell Isaiah's back story, but wouldn't it be interesting if it were like ours? Perhaps he, too, contemplated a 'Sabbath skip' because he was beat. If he had yielded to inertia, he would have

missed his divine calling. He would have missed the challenging life God offered him. What a shame it would have been for Isaiah, and for us, who are blessed richly by the writing of this great prophet.

A fellow minister was telling me about a man in his parish who attended worship sporadically. On one of the rare Sundays he graced the sanctuary, he sat next to a young woman who had joined the

"Whom shall I send?

Who will go for us? . . .

Here am I. Send me!"

Isaiah 6:8

church a few weeks earlier. They struck up a conversation at coffee hour, and subsequently married less than a year later. Now he never misses a Sunday! He wonders what future surprises the Lord has in store. May you too, find the miracle in our corporate worship experience.

In Christ's Service,

Dr. Bob Gram



Women's Guild



We held our first meeting & made plans for an exciting year.

We will be selling our famous pecans again this year. We will be making those annual calls for pecan sales in the upcoming weeks. If you don't receive a call but would like pecans please see Jean Dussol to place your order.

The ladies have started work on the new quilt. They meet on Monday's in Room 4 at 9am. If you

like to use a needle & thread but don't know how to quilt well, they will walk you through it. You will have a great time.

The Rafferty family has a freezer they would like to donate to the church. It will be a great help to us in the kitchen. Thank you to the Rafferty's!! Also, thank you to Ron Chrisey for removing the non-working dish washer to make room for the expected freezer.

We will have our annual baked good tables set up during the Turkey Dinner. Please come & check us out. We will also be having a few craft items. So, don't leave the church without stopping by our table.

Our calendar of events:

10/18/09 Meeting

11/3/09 Bake Sales during the Election Day Turkey Dinner

11/15/09 Meeting

12/13/09 Cookie Walk

We invite all women of the church to be a part of the Women's Guild. You don't have to be a member of the church to join us. We meet right after church in the Dutch Room. So, come & see what we are all about!

Blessings

Sandy Emrich - President

Annual Election Day Turkey Dinner

Tuesday, November 3, 2009 Seatings: 4:30, 5:30, 6:30

For Reservations Call: 331-4121

Adults: \$10.00; Children Under 12: \$5.00



We are off and running. We held our first meeting and are already making plans for a fun and exciting year serving our community and God. We had several new members join us for our meeting plus an adult that would like to work with our group of kids. His name is Steve Helm. We are thrilled that he has joined our group and look forward to working with him in the near future.

We are currently selling 2009 wall calendars for \$7 each—which we are almost sold out so if you haven't picked yours up yet please do so soon—and blank note cards

for \$5 each. Both of these items have been in high demand over the years. So, please pick yours up during coffee hour.

Thank you to everyone that came out for our Penny Social that was held on 10/2. We will write more about this next month.

We will be collecting for the months of October and November Thanksgiving items for the 4 Thanksgiving baskets that we put together for needy families. We are collecting everything that you find on your Thanksgiving table. The last collection date for this will be 11/15/09. Please put your items in the box marked food collection in Schadewald Hall. Thanks for help-

ing us make these families' holiday a little brighter.

Our upcoming events:

10/11/09 - Meeting

10/23/09 - YG only Sleepover and going to Paul's Corn Maze

10/31/09 - Help serve at the Halloween Breakfast at church. Arrive at 7:30am. Breakfast will be served from 8am till 11am.

If you are in 5th grade or higher and would like to join us please come to any one of the above activities as we would love to have you. No membership fee required.

God Bless,

Lisa Longto, Sandy & Katie Emrich
Youth Group Leaders

Stickley Gardens

The serenity and peaceful beauty of the columbarium, Stickley Gardens, came to life recently as we met to honor Sam Madero and place his remains in the niche that bore his name. A service of remembrance was held in the sanctuary, led by Dr. Gram and Rev. Stickley on September 12th. The sanctuary was filled to overflowing so we asked those standing to find seats in the balcony which was almost filled. So many of Sam's friends and acquaintances had come to pay their respects and the number of young people present really made everyone feel the companionship and the caring of those present. Two of Sam's friends gave the eulogy for Sam in memories and in poetry, some of which were written by them. It was a moving and meaningful service of hope and promise and was a fitting time of worship and of our remembrance of someone we had known.

At the conclusion of the service in the sanctuary Sam's family carried his urn outside for the interment and invited anyone present who would like to join them to come to the columbarium. Almost everyone in the sanctuary came to join us and we waited quietly for everyone to be a part of the placement of Sam's ashes in the columbarium. A short prayer and committal and the invitation for anyone to come and sit and remember Sam at any time was given to the crowd that had gathered. Many of those present commented on what a beautiful and meaningful place this really was and it was a feeling of reverence for the place of rest and solitude for friends like Sam. We honor him and we commit him to the One who now gives him rest and peace.

Rev. Charles Stickley
Pastor Emeritus

Let's do lunch!

It is difficult for several of our formerly active members and friends to attend church and participate in related activities. We miss them! Therefore, we are forming a group, **Lunch Bag Ladies**, who will visit and have some lunch with these folks. We will meet at the church on the *second Thursday* of each month. If you'd like to participate in this outreach program you just need to provide your own lunch and meet at the church around 11:00

where we will make some sandwiches for those we are visiting.

If you are interested in joining the **Lunch Bag Ladies** see Joyce Pinckney after the church service or call her at 338-5253. We will



make arrangements for our visits when we know how many volunteers we have. Going in pairs

should be fun for us and for those we visit. We're looking forward to this monthly outing.

Pain

You walk down the road
You stop and think why,
Why am I living through this pain,
Why won't the pain go away,
Why do I feel like something is missing?
Why am I noticing my life isn't complete,
Now I know why
I left them without a single tear,
My tear
I almost cried, but I didn't
Which hurt the most
It hurt so much to try not to cry
I know now I shouldn't hold back
But it's hard
I don't want to show I am weak
But to prove I am strong through the pain
And everything else that comes with it,
But now I know
I know showing pain is better,
Better than holding it in
Why?
Why can't I learn to be weak?
Weak is better,
Better for everybody
Because showing you can be,
Can be weak sometimes can show,
That you care
Weak is better,
Better for everybody.

Mikayla Mellin
Sam's Sister

Babe Sends a Sign

By Baby & Russ Glass

Hi, my name is Baby. I died. Oh, no, please don't be sad, I was very sick. I feel much better now but my Daddy, my human daddy, is very, very sad. He misses me a lot and thinks about me every day and cries when he does. That is why I have to tell you what I did, it was way COOL. I am so proud of myself. It was PURRRRFECT!!!

First let me tell you a little about me and my daddy and how we got to be Daddy and Baby Cat. I came

to live with my new family in August of 1988. I was so little and so scared of everyone was so BIG Shannon, Daddy's young daughter, brought me home. I was only 5 weeks old and very small. I was all alone with strange BIG PEOPLE and not with my sisters and brothers.

My new family made a big fuss over me but all I wanted to do was hide anywhere I could. Thankfully they always found me and held me, petted me and cuddled me all the time, which made me feel really special. For the next day or so I looked around and smelled every-

thing to see if I liked my new home. I thought, wow!, a whole house just for me, but I was still a little scared and wouldn't eat. This is when Shannon's father and I started to become Daddy and Baby Cat.

Remember, I said everyone was BIG and I was little? Well, these big people put these plates of strange food down on the floor and just stood there watching me. I didn't know what to do so I did nothing. Yup, nothing. Just stood there. Well, that didn't go over well with Shannon's dad. He is Italian and everyone eats in his house. I remember there was a lot of talking and hand waving. I didn't know what was going on. I was only a baby cat and I didn't understand "people talk" yet. Shannon's dad started to whip up something in a small bowl. I know it had milk in it and some other stuff too. Then he put it down on the floor just like the rest of the food but then he did something else. He got down on the floor on his belly. This was OK with me now that he was down at my level. It made me feel not as small. What was this big man with whiskers all over his face doing down here? I soon found out.

He stuck his finger into that bowl of milk stuff. I was watching him very closely and put this big drop of milk right on my nose. Boy was I shocked! What I did next was what any kitten would do, I licked my nose. I don't know what he put in that stuff but it tasted pretty good. Then he did it again. This time I got the idea an drank some out of my bowl. This seemed to make him very happy. Me too, now that I wasn't so hungry. He

Hurley Reformed Church
Main St, Hurley NY

Halloween Breakfast

Saturday 10/31/09
8 am - 11 am

Any child dressed up in costume will receive a special treat

Our servers will be dressed up!
Walk-ins welcome!

Prices:
\$6 for Adults
\$5 for Seniors
\$3 for Children
(under 12 yrs of age)

Join the Fun!!

watched me lick up the milk and when I finished he picked me up and cuddled me in his arms. He was all warm and talked softly, telling me what a good little baby cat I was. Well, that did it. I was in love with this man who treated me special, just like one of the family.

As the days passed, Daddy's wife, Anne (she was to become my Mommy) started to give me all kinds of kitten food and water. I really liked this one kind better than all the rest. Can you guess what it was? It was tuna fish.



Wow, was it delicious. She was fun and would laugh and laugh at the silly things I did. I loved her a lot too. As I got bigger I used to get into all sorts of trouble and really liked to scare company when they came to visit. They had this sofa that turned into a bed and I would crawl up inside the back, over the springs and down to where people were sitting. Then I'd reach out my paw and scratch their butts. Oh, what great fun it was to hear them holler and jump up. Or, I would get a running start and jump up on the wall in the doorway with my tail all fluffed out and growl this little kitty growl (I could get as high as their waist) then run upstairs and listen to what they said. That one really upset the company, especially Colleen - she was Daddy's son's wife. She would just freak out and say that I was crazy. I also remember Mommy had this hanging plant over the sofa. I used to jump and jump trying to get it. Then one day I did. Boy the dirt

was everywhere and I was in trouble again. Daddy would catch me, hold me up in the air and yell at me then tell me what a naughty little baby cat I was. This is why I loved him so much. After he was done yelling at me, he would smile, hold me tight and tell me he loved me. He then did something special that he would do for the rest of my life. He would nibble on my ear, not hard, just with his lips and tell me I was his Baby Cat. It felt real nice and I would lick one of his fingers so he knew I liked it. No matter how bad I was or how often I got into trouble Daddy would always tell me that I was his Baby Cat and that he loved me and I always, always had his lap to lie in.

I can't tell you all the things we did or all the stories of fun we had together because I lived a very long time with my Mommy and Daddy. Oh, I didn't finish how I stayed with Mommy and Daddy. Alright, I'll make it quick. After a few years Shannon met this boy named Jim, they fell in love and got married. When Shannon moved out of the house to start her life with her new husband, Daddy said she could not take me. He said that he loved me too much and that I belonged here with him and Mommy. OK, was that quick enough? I know I skipped over a lot of stuff but I would need more time to tell you all that happened. I lived with my Mommy and Daddy for 18 years; that's a very long time for a little cat to live. I would be sad if I made this story any longer and I might forget to tell you about the COOLEST things I every did. That is what we started this story in the first place.

Remember at the beginning, I told you that I died and how very sad my Daddy was? Remember I also told you I did something very cool. Well, here is what happened. Maybe Daddy should tell you about this part; he thought it was awesome!

I was driving to Syracuse, NY on a Wednesday. It was the 6th day after "The Babe" died. I was crying a little, thinking about Babe and how much I missed her. It was still dark out. It was around 6:15 in the morning and the sun was just starting to rise. The sky was very dark with rain cloud (it looked like I was feeling), but there was a small spot of open sky at the horizon. The sun's rays were shining on the underside of those dark clouds turning everything into a reddish color. Do you know that old saying about a red sky in the morning, sailors take warning? It means that a storm is coming. Well, I was feeling really bad anyway and a storm couldn't make me feel any worse. Just then I looked out my window



to my left and saw the makings of a rainbow, it had this golden color mixed in with the regular colors of a rainbow, but it wasn't very bright. As I was thinking about "The Babe", I asked out loud, "Babe, did you send me this rainbow to make me feel better?" Just then it got brighter and more colorful. I couldn't believe my eyes. Was this really happening? I said, still talking out loud, "Babe are you telling me you made it to Heaven?"

What took you so long?" Just then the rainbow got brighter still. I almost ran off the road. I was crying so hard I could hardly breathe. I was also feeling happiness inside that my Baby Cat made it to heaven and was telling me she was OK. Still not quite believing this was truly happening, I asked, "Babe is this really you and did you do this to tell me how much you love me?" You're not going to believe this. I know you're not. I could hardly believe it myself. That rainbow got so bright it just seemed to glow with the most vibrant and brightest colors you can imagine and all with that golden hue. IT WAS AWESOME! I was so filled with wonder and excitement about what I was witnessing I called Anne (my wife and Baby Cat's Mommy) to tell her

about everything and see if she could see the rainbow too. She was excited as well but the trees blocked her view. She knew in her heart that I had just witnessed something very, very special and was happy that my Baby Cat and I were able to share one last moment together. It was truly awesome. I am 60 years old and I have driven more than 4 million miles. I have never seen a sunrise rainbow much less one that was so bright with that depth of color and a golden hue. The events are true. Yes, Babe did all things and the rainbow happened exactly the way I told it. I know in my heart that my Baby Cat found a way to send me a sign that she was ok and to make me feel better. I still miss her a lot but I don't cry every day now.

I told you - it was very, very COOL! The way my Daddy understood that his Babe sent him this sign was PURRFECT!

The End.

It's not really the end. I will never see a rainbow again and not think of Babe.

I was inspired to write this story because of the great love I had for my Cat. The powerful grief I felt. The belief I have that when you die, things do not just stop. Rather we have other things to do and places to go. The former Pastor of our church, now retired, said at this last sermon God has a plan for you. It may not be your plan but a plan nonetheless.

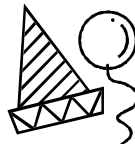
Birthdays

Kyle Davenport	2, '01
Alissa Sumerano	5, '92
Natalie Browning	6, '98
Matthew McGraw	13, '93
Sierra Butler	15, '98
Ryan Milne	20, '06
Julia Tucker	21, '91
Katie Christiana	22, '91
Sarah Harder	22, '91
Kelsey Christiana	24, '95
Julia Helm	27, '02
Jordan Cline	28, '96
Sandra Gregory	1
Lucas Hopper	2
Megan Quenzer	2
Amy Ryan	2
Christa Conlin	3
Leigh Hill	4
Muriel Ferraro	6

Jerry Fink	7
William Henning	7
Joshua Moon	8
Patrick Tucker	8
Charlote Gill	9
Terry Gaffken	10
Steve Bliss	10
Stanley Brooks	14
Marilyn More	15
Diana Cline	17
Lorraine Denis	18
Nita Rockwell	20
Ron Chrisey	20
Linda Cook	25
Marilyn Voigtlaender	25
Helen Webber	26
Nancy Sweeney	28
Ashley Prentice	29
Emily Coogan	31

Anniversaries

Mark & Julie Conlin	6
Kathy & Craig Jansen	7
Sheryl & Howard Delano	8
Charles & Colette Woodard	8
Ron & Ann Every	9
Linda & Dick Shook	10
Janet & Ed Davis	11
Jennifer & Jim Macarille	11
Wendy & Charles Ocker	12
Deborah & Neil Zuill	14
Charlotte & Jack Gill	15
Wendy & Steve Helsley	19
Joyce & Jerry Fink	20
John & Marianne Mizel	21
Bill & Peg Baldinger	22
Terry & John Gaffken	23
Emily & Art Harder	26
Robert & Colleen Conklin	27



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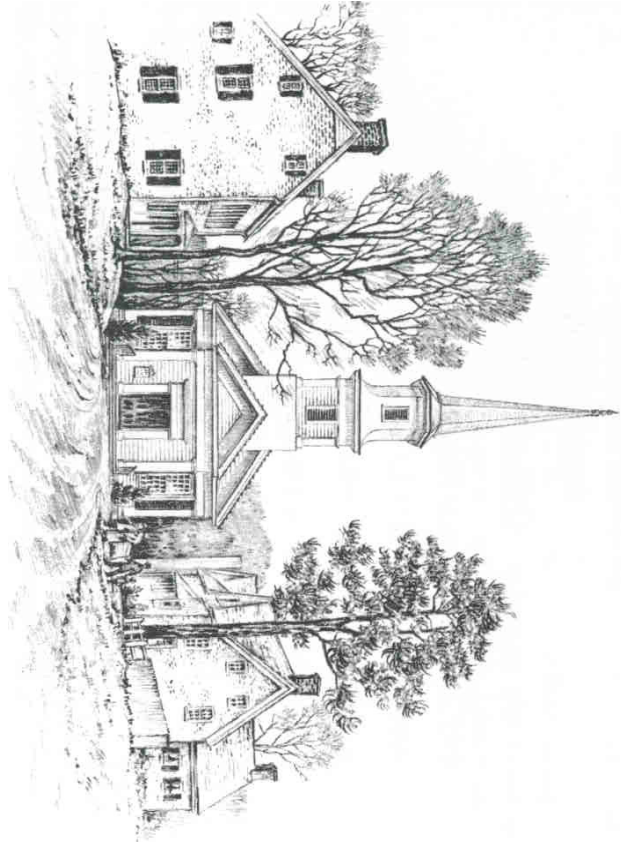
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