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On July 17th, we will worship at the Par 3 | | |  | | --- | | **No Birthdays**  **﻿**  **Anniversaries**  June 13th Bill & Shelly McInroy | |  |  | | --- | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **﻿Father's Day Potluck**  Sunday, June 19th following Worship! | |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Sympathy**  As reported in last week's newsletter, Joanna Bemis has passed away. Services will not be held locally.  If you would like to send a card to the family you may send it to:  Tom Bemis  1001 N Halagueno St.  Carlsbad NM 88220  Services for Becky Raines will be held sometime in July. Cards may be sent to:  David Raines  PO Box 1844  Carlsbad, NM 88221 | |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **May Financial Report**  **General Fund Budget**  Receipts: $5,105.66  Expenses: $8,231.76  Difference: ($3,126.10) | | |  | | --- | | **Scripture**  "But God demonstrates his own love for us in this; while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."  Romans 5:8  **Church Signs**  FORBIDEN FRUIT  CREATES MANY JAMS | |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **Shunammite Woman Fund**  In 2 Kings 4:8 the Shunammite woman is celebrated by the Rabbis for her generosity and righteousness. The story of her hospitality towards Elisha portrays these traits, but the midrash also celebrates her for cautiousness, as shown by the narrative of her son.  The Session recently established a fund by this name to nurture church members that might need a little hospitality. A private contribution was given to start the fund. Recipients will receive a meal from a local restaurant. If you have a suggestion of someone that you would like to nominate to be a recipient of this gesture, please contact the Pastor, a member of Session, or the Church Office.  If you would like to donate to this fund, please write check to First Presbyterian Church and mark Shunammite Fund in the memo line | |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **﻿Prayer Concerns**  Laurie Booth, Peter Cordova, Donkey, Walker Huggins, Jeff Kearns, Robert Marquez, Rhonda Menagh, Alisa Ogden, Mary’s friend Donkey, Aloie Pantallano's son, and Uvalde, Texas  **Joys:** Pat Smith’s granddaughter is safely back from her mission trip, the upcoming baptisms of Evelyn and Elsie Ogden  **Travel Mercies:**the Philippine teachers returning home, Steve Harbaugh, Phil Sharp  **Sympathy:**the friends and families of Bill Fincher, Becky Raines, Joanna Bemis, and Sonny Lopez  **Long-term health issues:**Owen Carleton, Neil Collins, Pat Collins, Susie Coy, Hayden Kimbley, Scott & Shirley Maxwell, Robert Navarrette, Phil Sharp, Evan Winegarner  **Homebound and Care facilities:** Muriel Gossage, Helen Patterson  **Military:**Cody Ogden-Stell  ﻿**Friends Serving Overseas:**Carol & Leith Fujii, Patsy Smith's Granddaughter  **Please Note: At the beginning of each month, we will remove anyone that we haven't heard a recent report on from the Prayer Concerns.** | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | **﻿Another Note from Uvalde**  Last week I (Shelly) shared a note from a former classmate and I felt this one was appropriate to share as well.  Day Eleven, After: Sunday Musing:  It’s Sunday, and we are all trying to catch our breaths. I thought the busyness of publicly grieving would be waning, but after leaving church this morning it looks like its gaining momentum. In a way, it is understandable.  One thing to know about grief is that when you grieve for a loss now for someone you may not have known, you may cry more forceful than the relationship would warrant. The tears and the pain may be more intense because they are a built-up from previous losses (maybe even similar losses) you have had in your life. Funerals are a place you can let your defenses down and cry with others over your past losses.  And if you were a child who experienced the loss of a family member or dear friend, you may not have grieved properly at your young age but held it in. Think of delayed grief as the body’s safety feature – letting you feel the pain when you are older and can better comprehend the overwhelming loss caused by death.  For us, I think the World in general is grieving the losses caused by the Covid-19 Pandemic (2020 was a total write-off) and other bad things like former mass shootings, traumatic vehicle crashes, the list goes on. We are the shoulder the World is crying on in our hometown. We have become their safe place to fall apart, assuage their inner child, understand their pain – and so as we shed our tears, we let them grieve with us.  But not today. Today is Sunday, and we can be a bit selfish. If we were lucky, we got to go to church this morning and worship. Let God fill us back up so we can get back out there! I will admit it is comforting to praise God and cry with other Christians from other communities. That part is very good.  Now, though, it is Sunday afternoon, and the day is almost half over. I hope you will find yourself a quiet space … to grieve, or think, or write, or paint, or sing, or pray, or just be. We humans need to refill ourselves, and quiet time does that. Call it meditation. I call it being STILL. I wrote a “musing” on being still many years ago when I lived in Bandera. I found it last night, and it was what I needed to hear. I hope you do not mind me sharing it with you:  “The hills loomed in the distance, one after the other, as I drove to work in the misting rain. The closest hill was hunkered down, a dark gray, and each hill after the other faded until the farthest hill in the horizon was such a light gray that it blended seamlessly into the damp, dim morning sky. “The Gray Boys,” I whispered to myself. You could feel the strength of the hills, one after the other, huddled along the horizon. They deserved a name.  The verse, "Be still, and know that I am God” (NIV 46:10) came to my mind. Long ago when hiking at nearby rolling countryside, I happened upon the silent power that lingers in the hills, the lay of the land. You must pause long enough to feel it, to be quiet, and listen with your heart. There's a power beneath the surface -- but you miss it going about your daily affairs. You must be still.  "Be still"... why is that so hard to do? We will go and go, sabotage every opportunity to be quiet and unmoving so that we are never just "still." And by not being still, we miss something special. When I taught High School English, I had students who I would encourage to be quiet and listen to the perfect pitch in a song, a moment of revelation in a movie, the beauty of an eloquently written line read aloud -- every time they would move, giggle, act out, and ruin the moment.  I compare their inability to being still like being at the beach and impatiently rushing out to jump in the waves. How sweeter it is to stand on the water's edge and let the waves roll towards you, soften and slow until they gently lap around your sand-covered toes and enfold you into their liquid embrace. You become a part of nature as you stand there, surrounded by water and the endless sky, just for a moment, and feel the wonder of God's creation because...... you....... are.......wonderfully……. STILL.”  My prayer for you this Sunday -- eleven days after “that day” -- my prayer is for you and everyone dealing with this crushing grief and the crazy busyness that has descended upon Uvalde, with the World being front and center in our community, is that you will take a moment wherever you are and be still. Really still.  You’ll be better for it. We'll all be better for it ... and maybe, just maybe, we will feel the strength that lies under, above, around us ... and know the Lord our God, He is with us. Which is good, because I have a feeling that we are going to really need HIM this week.  May God bless and keep you [#UvaldeStrong](https://www.facebook.com/hashtag/uvaldestrong?__eep__=6&__cft__%5B0%5D=AZWgVDYJTZqjuujb5AD5AhZQ2GbBSiJOfXGutcZ2kwOk4wmdWbYjYtxO0XuNqVRY-Uo3C-dje1CHKQRVTJmeZnMbp7o3oSFbR4agBmgJr6ANFBnKsneT7JXVrA4kj6J66sZFaSrf84dAwAyQX7NS1VI6rliNugwf4o29mBWy4v7enA&__tn__=*NK-R).  K Irene Stone  Class of 1978 | | | | | | |
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