

CHRISTIAN HERALD

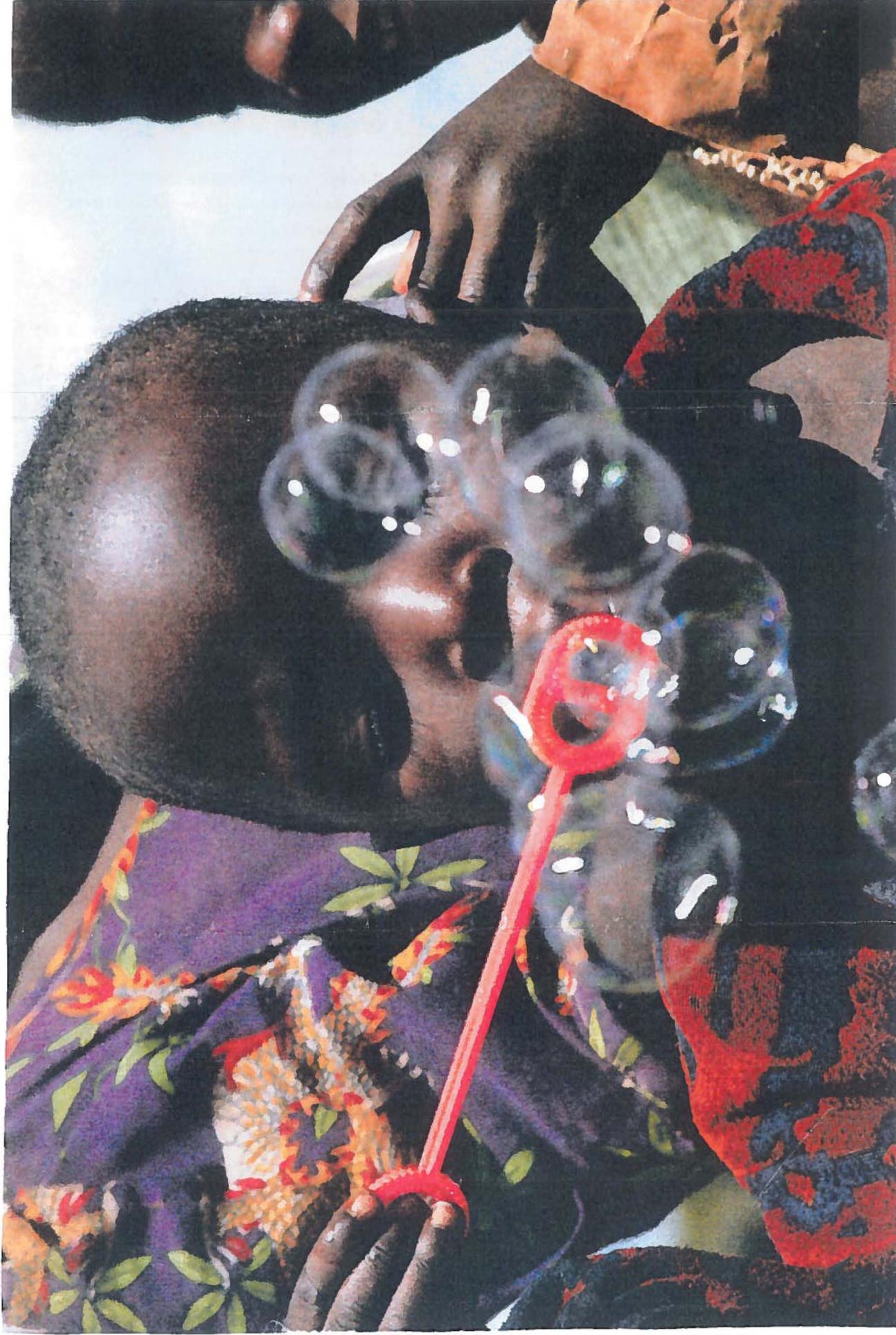
WASHINGTON

PRESBYTERIAN

CHURCH

August 2013 Number 657

Rev. Laddie J. Benton



From the Pastor's Desk
Teaching Elder Laddie J. Benton

WE ARE THE BODY OF CHRIST

Then I saw another angel flying in midheaven, with an eternal gospel to proclaim to those who live on the earth – to every nation and tribe and language and people.

(Revelation 14: 6 – New Revised Standard Version)

PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL WITHIN THE COMMUNITY OF FAITH

Dear members and friends of Washington Presbyterian Church (USA),

We are presently celebrating the 190th Anniversary of Washington Presbyterian Church (USA). While doing so let us remember one who proclaimed the gospel to the congregation. Below is a brief history of a young man who was determined against all odds to proclaim the gospel to his people.

“There was a young man named James Ralston Amos, who was noted as a great history maker. He lived in Chester County near the Maryland line in antebellum days. He was studious as a young man and wanted to enter the ministry in order to carry the gospel to the people of his own race. Amos sought the help of the Rev. John Miller Dickey, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Oxford, and won his favor. Rev. Dickey became the teacher and Amos walked twenty-eight miles each week to recite to the Rev. Dickey the lessons he had learned. Rev. Dickey sought to find a school where this young man would be welcomed, but found none. Thus he was provided with another argument for his desire to establish a school in which young “colored men” could be trained for the ministry. It was young Amos who inspired Dr. Dickey to secure the funds to establish such a school.”

In 1854, a charter was granted for the Ashman Institute (now Lincoln University). Rev. Amos was one of the first graduates of Lincoln University. Rev. Amos came to Reading and served the First African Presbyterian Church for approximately two years. At the end of his service he became a missionary to Africa.

TO GOD BE THE GLORY!

Your Brother in Christ,


Teaching Elder Laddie J. Benton, Pastor

STAND UP FOR JESUS!
STAND UP FOR WPC!

SICK, SHUT-INS AND BEREAVED FAMILIES

Harold and Pauline Jackson, Margie Walker, Joan Marshall, Faith Morrison, Nathan and Marquis Phelps, Jean Rudolph, Alfreda Richardson, Faith Morrison, Teondre' Morrison-Cooper, Aaron Randall, Stephen Randall, Joseph Cooper, Claudette Carter (Alberta's daughter), John Haynes, Viola Jefferson, Freida Carter, Vivian M. Key, Loretta and Ronald Settle (NC), Amber Carter, Lilliam Rivera, Jordan Johnson, Justin Johnson, Kevin Herring, Larry Riden, Melba Stamm (Keith's mother), Bobby Scott (Oliver's Brother), Annie Fisher (an Amish friend), Oliver Carter, Hazel Black, Jocelyn Mann, Demerik Weglinski-Benton, Julius Weglinski-Benton, Denise Phelps, Shelley Burdine, Denise Wilson, Nathan Donaldson, Mrs. Bennie Blue (Sharon's friend), LaKeshia Green and family, Ollie Burgess, Carole Harner, Joan Reppert, Andrew Rushton, Joyce Beckett, Sally Kahl (April's friend), Valerie Phelps, Ann Conboy, Henry Langston, Dean Reifsnnyder, Ethel Kinkaid, Robert Weller, Nathaniel Scott (at home), Donald C. Deppen (Eric Pettit's grandfather), and Stephanie Mitchell.

PRAY FOR THE BEREAVED

The family of Samuel Carter.

SCRIPTURES

August 4

Psalms 107:1-9

Isaiah 1:18-20

Colossians 1:1-4

August 11

Psalms 51:1-8; 21-23

Isaiah 12:1-6

Hebrews 11:1-3; 17-22

August 18

Psalms 146:1-10

Isaiah 4:1-3

Hebrews 11:1-3; 29-31

August 25

Psalms 98:1-9

Jeremiah 1:4-10

Hebrews 12:4-10

STANDING COMMITTEES

Christian Concerns—April Coleman

Christian Education—Alexis Green

Evangelism—Yvonne Lewis

Finance—Toni Brooks

Property—Stephen Greer

Stewardship—Sharon Davis/Yvonne Lewis

Worship Committee—Pauline Johnson/Alexis Green

BIBLE STUDY Wednesday 9:30 and 6:30 P.M.

LECTIONARY READINGS

Hosea 11:1-11

Psalms 50:1-10

Isaiah 5:1-7

Psalms 71:1-6

SESSION

Pastor—Rev. Laddie J. Benton

Clerk of Session—Oliver Carter

Church Treasurer—Toni Brooks

Benevolence Treasurer—Oliver Carter

Club Fund Treasurer—Winnie J. Burden

ORGANIZATION

Men's Fellowship—Oliver Carter

Pastor's Aid—Toni Brooks/Winnie Burden

Personnel—Stephen Greer

Presbyterian Women—Alexis Green/LaKeshia Green

Sunday School—Sharon Davis

CHOIR REHEARSAL

Senior Choir Thursday 1:00 P. M.—Director—Mrs. Janet Arms

Youth Choir (after Sunday Church Service)—Director—William Kinkaid

EVENTS

HEY EVERYBODY!!!!

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

Return of Pancake Breakfast

Saturday September 28, 2013

Washington Presbyterian Church

715 North 10th Street

Reading, PA 19604

CHURCH'S 190TH ANNIVERSARY

and

HOME COMING

October 6, 13, 20, & 27TH

715 North 10 Street

Reading, PA 19604

Theme: SURVIVING BY FAITH

August 2013

* Denotes Birthdays

Morning Bible Study Resumes in September

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 Amber Carter *	2	3
4 Homelessness/ Affordable Housing Communion 10:00 AM Sunday Service	5 Civic Holiday (Canada)	6 Toni Bailey *	7 Blair Randall * Candice Coleman * LeTasha Pettit * Bible Study – 6:30 PM	8 Latricia Burden * Xavier Johnson * Lafese Matthews * Tomishia Peggues *	9	10
11 Higher Education/ Collegiate Ministries 10:00 AM Sunday Service	12	13 Marquis Phelps, Sr. * Worship Committee Meets – 9:00 AM	14 Bible Study – 6:30 PM	15	16 Aniyah Jackson *	17
18 Youth Discipleship 10:00 AM Sunday Service Joash Chest	19 Toni A. Brooks * Session meets-7:30PM	20	21 Bible Study – 6:30 PM	22	23	24
25 Public Education 10:00 AM Sunday Service	26	27	28 Bible Study – 6:30 PM	29 Keiriea Scott *	30 Nathan Phelps *	31



SEARED SIRLOIN WITH SWEET POTATO RAGOUT

CARB COUNT **22g**

DIABETIC EXCHANGES

1 starch 0 fruit 0 milk
1 vegetable 3½ protein 1½ fat

SERVES 4

Rich with the flavors of garlic and thyme, this dish takes only minutes to prepare yet is elegant enough to serve to guests. Asparagus with Shallots & Blue Cheese (page 46) is an excellent complement to this hearty-but-light main course.

Combine the broth and sweet potatoes in a large deep frying pan. Bring to a simmer over medium heat, cover, and cook for 8 minutes. Add the sliced mushrooms, shallots, garlic, mustard, thyme, and ¼ teaspoon of the pepper. Cook, stirring frequently, until the vegetables are tender and the sauce is slightly reduced, about 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and keep warm while preparing the steak.

Heat a large nonstick frying pan over medium-high heat until hot. Place the steak in the frying pan and sprinkle with the salt and the remaining ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cook, turning once, until browned, 4 minutes per side. Cut into the center to check for doneness. Transfer the steak to a carving board.

Cut the steak across the grain into thin slices. Spoon the sweet potato ragout onto warmed individual plates; top with the sliced steak. Garnish with thyme sprigs, if desired, and serve immediately.

¼ cup fat-free, no-salt-added beef broth

2 sweet potatoes, about 1 lb total weight, cut into ½-inch cubes

½ lb sliced cremini or button mushrooms, brushed clean and sliced, or packaged sliced mixed fresh mushrooms such as oyster, cremini, and shiitake

¼ cup finely chopped shallots

2 cloves garlic, minced

1½ tablespoons Dijon or hot French Dijon mustard

1½ tablespoons chopped fresh thyme, plus several thyme sprigs for garnish (optional)

½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper

1 lb beef top sirloin steak, 1 inch thick and trimmed of visible fat

¼ teaspoon salt

NUTRIENT ANALYSIS FOR ONE SERVING

Calories 289	Carbohydrates 22 g	Total Fat 9 g
Protein 30 g	Fiber 4 g	Saturated Fat 3 g
Sodium 385 mg	Sugars 7 g	Monounsaturated Fat 4 g
Cholesterol 74 mg		Polyunsaturated Fat 1 g

THE SANDPIPER

By Robert Peterson

She was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me. She was building a sand castle or something and looked up, her eyes as blue as the sea.

“Hello,” she said. I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child. I’m building she said. I see that. What is it? I asked, not really caring. Oh, I don’t know, I just like the feel of sand. That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes.

A sandpiper glided by. That’s a joy the child said. It’s a what? It’s a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy. The bird was gliding down the beach. Good-bye joy, I muttered to myself, hello pain, and turned to walk on. I was depressed, my life seemed completely out of balance.

What’s your name? she asked. She wouldn’t give up. Robert I answered. I’m Robert Peterson. Mine’s Wendy...I’m six. Hi Wendy. She giggled. You’re funny she said. In spite of my gloom, I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me. Come again, Mr. P. she called. We’ll have another happy day.

The next few days consisted of a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, and an ailing mother. The sun was shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwasher. I need a sandpiper, I said to myself, gathering up my coat.

The ever changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly but I strode along trying to recapture the serenity I needed.

Hello Mr. P. she said. Do you want to play? What did you have in mind? I asked with a twinge of annoyance. I don’t know, your decide. How about charades? I asked sarcastically. The twinkling laughter burst forth again. I don’t know what that is. Then let’s just walk I said.

Looking at her I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. Where do you live I asked. Over there she pointed toward a row of summer cottages. Strange I thought in winter. Where do you go to school? I don’t go to school. Mommy says we’re on vacation.

She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day.

Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed. Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home.

Look if you don't mind, I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, I'd rather be alone today. She seemed unusually pale and out of breath. Why she asked? I turned to her and shouted because my mother died. I thought, my God why was I saying this to a little child.

Oh she said quietly, then this is a bad day. Yes I said and yesterday and the day before and ...oh go away. Did it hurt she inquired. Did what hurt? I was exasperated with her, and with myself. When she died, she said. Of course it hurt I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that when I next went to the beach she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, ashamed and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn looking young woman with honey-colored hair opened the door.

Hello I said, I'm Robert Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was. Oh yes, Mr. Peterson. Please come in. Wendy spoke of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please accept my apologies. Not at all - she's a delightful child, I said, suddenly realizing that I meant what I had just said.

Wendy died last week Mr. Peterson. She had leukemia. Maybe she didn't tell you. Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. I had to catch my breath. She loved this beach, so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks she declined rapidly. She left something for you, if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look.

I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something to say to this lovely young woman. She handed me a smeared envelope with Mr. P printed in bold childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues - - a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird. Underneath was carefully printed "A Sandpiper To Bring You Joy".

Tears welled up in my eyes and a heart that had almost forgotten to love opened wide. I took Wendy's mother in my arms. I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I uttered over and over and we wept together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words, one for each year of her life that speaks to me of harmony, courage and undemanding love.

A gift from a child with sea blue eyes and hair the color of sand - - who taught me the gift of love.

NOTE: May this true story serve as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living and life and each other. The price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less.

Everything that happens to us happens for a reason. Never brush aside anyone as insignificant. Who knows what they can teach us.

I WISH FOR YOU A SANDPIPER!

THOUGHTS TO PONDER

Verse of the Month

Immediately Jesus reached out his hand and caught (Peter).
“You of little faith,” he said, “Why did you doubt?” Matthew 14:31

The red letter words are Scripture—the black letter words are footnotes.

JESUS TEACHES ABOUT WORRY Matthew 6:25-34

6:25 Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more important than food, and the body more important than clothes?

Because of the ill effects of worry, Jesus tells us not to worry about those needs that God promises to supply, worry may (1) damage your health, (2) cause the object of your worry to consume your thoughts, (3) disrupt your productivity, (4) negativity affects the way you treat others, and (5) reduce your ability to trust God. How many ill effects of worry are you experiencing? Here is the difference between worry and genuine concern—worry immobilizes, but concern moves you to action. NIVLASB

6:26 Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they? 27 Who of you by worrying can add a single hour to his life? 28 And why do you worry about clothes? See how the lilies of the field grow. They do not labor or spin. 29 Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his glory was dress like one of these. 30 If that is how God clothes the grass of the field which is here today and tomorrow thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you, O you of little faith? 31 Do not worry, saying, ‘What shall we eat?’ or ‘What shall we drink?’ or ‘What shall we wear?’ 32 For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. 33 But seek first the kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given you as well.

6:33 To “seek first his kingdom and his righteousness” means to turn to God first for help, to fill your thoughts with his desires, to take his character for your pattern, and to serve and obey him in everything. What is really important to you? People, objects, goals, and desires all compete for priority. Any of these can bump God out of first place if you don’t actively choose to give him first place in every area of your life. NIVLASB

6:34 Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough worry of its own.

Planning about tomorrow is time well spent; worrying about tomorrow is time wasted. Some times it is difficult to tell the difference. Careful planning is thinking ahead about goals, steps, and schedules, and trusting God’s guidance. When done well, planning can help alleviate worry. Worriers, by contrast, are consumed by fear and find it difficult to trust God. They let their plans interfere with their relationship with God. Don’t let worries about tomorrow affect your relationship with God today. NIVLASB

BY FAITH Hebrews 11:1-3

11:1 Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see.

Two words describes faith: *sure* and *certain*. These two qualities need a secure beginning and ending point. The beginning point of faith is believing in God’s character—he *is* who he says. The end point is believing in God’s promises—he will *do* what he says. When we believe that God will fulfill his promises even though we don’t see those promises materializing yet, we demonstrate true faith. NIVLASB

11:2 This is what the ancients were commended for. 3 By faith we understand that the universe was formed at God’s command, so that what is seen was not made out of what was visible.

11:3 God called the universe into existence out of nothing; he declared that it was to be, and it was. Our faith is in the God who created the entire universe by his word. God’s word has awesome power. When he speaks, do you listen and respond? How can you better prepare yourself to respond to God’s word? NIVLASB

Matthew 16:8

AWARE OF THEIR DISCUSSION, JESUS ASKED, “YOU OF LITTLE FAITH, WHY ARE YOU TALKING AMONG YOURSELVES ABOUT HAVING NO BREAD?” NIVLASB

I KNOW WHO HOLDS TOMORROW

I don’t know about tomorrow, I just live from day to day. I don’t borrow from the sunshine, For its skies may turn to grey. I don’t worry o’er the future, For I know what Jesus said, And today I’ll walk beside him, For he knows what is ahead. Every step is getting brighter, As the golden stairs I climb; Every burden is getting lighter; Every cloud is silver lined. There the sun is always shining, There no tears will dim the eyes, At the ending of the rainbow, Where the mountains touch the skies. I don’t know about tomorrow, It may bring me poverty; But the One who feeds the sparrow; Is the One who stands by me. And the path that be my portion, May be through the flame or flood, But his presence goes before me, And I’m covered by his blood. Many things about tomorrow, I don’t seem to understand; But I know who holds tomorrow, And I know who holds my hand.

REFUGE

O Lord,
Whose power is infinite and wisdom infallible,
Order things that they may neither hinder, nor discourage me,
nor prove obstacles to the progress of thy cause;
Stand between me and all strife, that no evil befall,
no sin corrupt my gifts, zeal, attainments;
May I follow duty and not any foolish device of my own;
Permit me not to labour at work which thou wilt not bless
that I may serve thee without disgrace or debt;
Let me dwell in thy most secret place under thy shadow,
where is safe impenetrable protection from
the arrow that flieth by day,
the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
the strife of tongues,
the malice of ill-will,
the hurt of unkind talk,
the snare of company,
the perils of youth,
the temptations of middle life,
the mournings of old age,
the fear of death.

I am entirely dependent upon thee for support, counsel, consolation.
Uphold me by thy free Spirit,
and may I not think it enough to be preserved from falling,
but may I always go forward,
always abounding in the work thou givest me to do.
Strengthen me by thy Spirit in my inner self
for every purpose of my Christian life.

All my jewels I give to the shadow of the safty that is in thee—
my name anew in Christ,
my body, soul, talents, character.
my success, wife, children, friends, work,
my present, my future, my end.

Take them, they are thine, and I am thine, now and for ever. Amen.