



# Tidings

## TRAPPE/FAITH CHAPEL NEWSLETTER JUNE, JULY & AUGUST 2016



### MESSAGE FROM THE PASTOR

Dear Friends,

To me it is hard to believe that one-year has passed since the Bishop read at Annual Conference my appointment to the Trappe-Bruceville Charge.

Let me take a moment to count some of the ways I see YOU doing the Lord's work and being the Lord's people:

1. You worship God faithfully and with great joy week after week.
2. God is a seven-day adventure of servicing and honoring his Name.
3. You actually like one another!
4. You work very hard for the sake of the churches.
5. The community is very important to you.
6. And the list continues as we serve together this next year!

SEE YOU IN CHURCH!

Rev. Gary L. Moore

### \*ONGOING CALENDAR

#### Thurs

Senior Choir Practice

#### 2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Saturdays

Breakfast and Yard Sale

#### 2<sup>nd</sup> Sundays

Fellowship following 11:00

Worship

#### 2<sup>nd</sup> Wednesdays

UMW/UMM Meeting

and Bible Study

#### 3<sup>rd</sup> Thursdays:

Every other month

Administrative Council

(Please check the bulletin for specific details. The summer calendar may

### PRAYER FOR JUNE, JULY, AND AUGUST

Lord, you are closer to me  
Than my own breathing,  
nearer than my hands and feet.  
(St. Teresa of Avila)

Remember the **Prayer Calendar**, included in this Tidings. We would like to list congregational members so that we can pray for each other, but we would like your permission to list your name. Please let Rev. Moore know if we can list your name on the Prayer Calendar. His contact information is listed below, or you can email him at [trappe362@gmail.com](mailto:trappe362@gmail.com)

**Check out the Charge web site at** <http://www.tfcumc.org>

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### Pastor's Office Hours

The Pastor's Office is inside Trappe Church. When you enter the side door into the Education Unit, it is immediately on your left.

Here are the hours I am planning to be in the Office:

\*Tuesdays: 10:00 – Noon \*Wednesdays: 9:30 – Noon \*Thursdays: 10:00 – Noon

If you need to meet with me at other times, please call me at 410-714-2004.



## UNITED METHODIST WOMEN by Leona Schmidt

We have had two well attended events: the Tea and Fashion Show and Everybody's Birthday. The Tea and Fashion Show received nice comments, and the Silent Auction held during the afternoon was successful, also.



**Leona (r) presenting Birthday Girl Ida with her gifts**

Everybody's Birthday was held on April 17, with the tables and cakes decorated for each month. Ida Hickman's birthday was also celebrated with cards and a box of remembrances.

### MENU

<b>Fried Chicken</b>	<b>Beef Stroganoff</b>
<b>Horseradish Carrot Bake</b>	<b>String Beans</b>
<b>Fresh Fruit Salad</b>	
<b>Mixed Green Salad w/Creamy Her Dressing</b>	
<b>Sharp Cheddar Buttermilk Biscuits</b>	
<b>Vanilla Cheese Cake</b>	

Our next event will be June 8 at 6 pm when we have our annual dinner catered by Garden and Garnish. See the box for the menu. The price is \$18 per person. The dinner will be served in Wesley Hall, and the last date to make reservations is June 1. Call Leona Schmidt at home 410-476-3362 or on her cell 410-829-0306.

Flowers were given out on Mothers Day for all the women of the church. On Fathers Day, all men of the church will receive a gift. We hope to see you for the dinner on June 8 and at the church service on Fathers Day. The next meeting will be is September. (See pp. 10-11 for more pictures of the Tea and birthday party.)

## REALLY CLEAN WINDOWS by Bo Nelson

One rainy Wednesday morning in May, I took some things into the yard sale. I saw the Pastor's yellow VW in the yard and his office door open, so I went over to "check in." He was sitting in on the floor of the pulpit area, cleaning the bottom panes of the stained glass windows that are on either side!

Before Asbury Hall was built (late 50's ?), these windows were on outside walls and were lit from inside, like all the rest in the sanctuary. Now the windows open into the old furnace room (now empty) and onto the sitting area by the stairway. They are pitched at an angle -- and recessed -- such that no one seated on the east side of the sanctuary can see the east window, and only those seated on the outer diagonal can even see the window on the opposite side of the pulpit!

So, it would not be surprising if most folks don't know this: Each window is 18 inches wide and 108 inches high (that's nine feet). The bottom 20 inches are hinged so that they could provide ventilation (in the old days). Each has a brass memorial plaque on the sill:

**TO THE GLORY OF GOD  
AND IN MEMORY OF  
WALTER C SLAUGHTER  
1879 - 1934**

**TO THE GLORY OF GOD  
AND IN MEMORY OF  
HARVEY L. SLAUGHTER  
1873 - 1941**

Each window is more or less identical except for a 12 inch diameter glass medallion near the top. The east medallion has a representation of the tablets of the Ten Commandments, with the numbers 1-10 in Roman numerals. The west medallion has an image of a crown, with a cross and a palm branch passing through it. Without further research, I only have heard that these Slaughters (apparently brothers) are another "branch" of the wide-spread Slaughter tree.

Now, if you find yourself in the sitting area (or in the furnace room), you may be able to see the colors by the lights of the sanctuary. And if you have the chance to sit in the pulpit side chairs .... Well, the windows are really clean!

## **FAITH NEWS** by Diana Bojko

Sixty-five years ago a 14 year old Paul Bojko came across the Atlantic on a ship for a better life. After WW11, Paul was placed in a children's home in Bad Aibling, Germany, with hundreds of children from 7 countries who were displaced by the war.

There he found warm shelter, food, clothing and loving house parents that cared for him and others for about 4 years. At the time the home was closed, children were united with family members if they could be found. Many were sent to other countries to become foster children. For Paul and his brother Victor and 9 other children, it was an 11 day voyage to America. There were many adult refugees as well.

Paul told me about the voyage, just boys, heading for a new life that they could not know what it would be like. One of his stories about bread always gets a chuckle: When they went to the first meal aboard the ship there was white bread, something they had never had. They always had only dark hard bread. They thought this white food was cake.

When the ship arrived in New York, the children were taken to a hotel for several weeks until their homes were designated. For Paul and Victor it was to be with a school teacher in Glen Burnie, Maryland. One of his best buddies, Nick, went to Nebraska with a younger brother. They did not hear from each other until about 10 years ago. Phone calls, letters, pictures, and Emails got them re-acquainted.

This April Nick flew out to visit with our family from his home in Colorado. What a week these two had catching up on the last 65 years. Paul's brother joined them later, and then the three of them traveled to Maine to visit with Natalie, their house parent from Bad Aibling and Loukie, a caseworker. They are wonderful Quaker women who served their country at this children's home. They were young ladies, just out of college then, and now they are 92 and 94.

Although Paul has made several trips there, Nick had not seen them since he left Germany on that ship so long ago. The days there were filled with memories of the past and promises to get together again. Amazingly, Paul has found Wasyl in Baltimore, Richard in England, Johnny in Nevada, Mitka in Nevada, and Alex and Nick in Nebraska, along with his brother. There are only 3 others that made that voyage whom he has not located. Maybe some day that will happen.

As I sit back and think of all these fine men, I am struck by the fact that all 8 of them are good Christian men now who appreciate all that life has offered them after living as children through that awful war. Their life was filled with fleeing to bomb shelters, death, hunger, cold weather, and separation from their families, their homes, and their countries. Praise our Heavenly Father.

**Paul, Nick, and Victor visiting  
their houseparent, Natalie.**



## FROM THE THANK YOU BOX

**To Sonny:** Thank you for sharing your animal stories at Everybody's Birthday.

**To Rev. Moore:** Thank you for helping at the Country Breakfasts on Saturday mornings.

**To all my church friends:** Thank you for praying for my grandchildren. It means so much to me. Kristen has made great progress from her stroke on January 17, 2016. She still has a long way to go, but she sets goals and works very hard to accomplish them. She is now working half days from home. Chris is doing well. He has been sentenced and there are very strict rules. I pray he will follow them. Please pray for him. From Pat Harden

**To Miss Dottie and Miss Hilda Jane:** Thank you so much for playing the organ so beautifully. It's one of the prettiest sounds in the world. :-)

**To Mary:** Thank you for sharing your knowledge about teas at the Tea!

**To Joyce:** Thank you for sharing your tennis experiences at the Tea!

**To Rev. Moore:** Thank you for remembering all the women of the church on Mother's Day!

**To Kirby:** Thank you for the hugs and kisses for Mother's Day!

**Do you want to thank someone? The Thank You Box is located on the organ.  
Place your thank you in the box, and it will be included in the next newsletter.**

## THE JOURNEY CONTINUES by Dan Gustafson

As many of you are aware, I have been taking Certified Lay Ministry class modules this spring, and my last class is later this month. Our graduation is the first Sunday in June in Wilmington, DE. Well much to my surprise I was contacted by our District Superintendent, Dr. Rev. Shirlyn Brown, to meet with her to discuss my current training. As we began our first course of dinner, she informed me that Bishop Johnson would like to offer me a part-time appointment in Southern Dorchester County beginning July 1<sup>st</sup>. After much prayer and consultation with Anne, I accepted and will soon become the new Pastor at St. John's UMC in Crapo.

After visiting the church and some of their members recently to confirm this appointment change, I was pleasantly surprised to find the church and setting to be very much like our Faith Chapel. There is a fellowship hall and kitchen equipped similarly to our Wesley Hall. So who knows: I may continue to do some cooking at this new location in the future. I am excited about this new opportunity that the Lord has provided me but will certainly miss my church family in Bruceville and Trappe.

I wish to thank everyone for their continuing support and prayers as I move on to a new church. It has been a long journey but one filled with many memories and thank you for those! Just in case you were not aware, Anne will be staying at Faith Chapel only to join me at Crapo for special events during the year. There is an open invitation to anyone who would like to travel to this church on any Sunday to worship with us.

Changes may occur with charge business in the future, but under the leadership of Reverend Moore, all will be fine. In closing, just remember the old adage of willing to give the pilot's seat to God, we'll be prepared for the "Fasten your seat belts" overhead sign to go on because the ride may become bumpy!

Blessings, Pastor Dan Gustafson

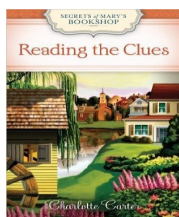
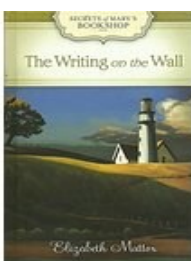
## LIBRARY NEWS by Charlotte Edwards

"Move to the Cape," they said. "It will be fun," they said. Thus begins the saga of Mary's Mystery Bookshop. Mary Fisher has moved to Cape Cod to be near her sister and to fulfill her dream of opening a bookstore. *The Secrets of Mary's Bookshop* is a series of novels, each with mysterious happenings and lots of twists and turns. The town of Ivy Bay harbors secrets and in each book, Mary must use all the skills she has learned from decades of reading mystery novels. The series is published by Guideposts, and the books are all written by different authors. The ones we now have in the library are *A New Chapter* by Kristin Eckhardt, *The Writing on the Wall* by Elizabeth Mattox, *Reading the Clues* by Charlotte Carlton, and *Rewriting History* by Vera Dodge. Escape to Cape Cod for the summer and discover "The SECRET'S of MARY'S BOOKSHOP."

Another book new to our shelves is *King Peggy*. This was on the UMW's recommended reading list last year. It is the true story of an American secretary, Peggielene Bartles, who inherits the rulership of a town in Ghana. The problems seem insurmountable: no running water, no doctor, no high school, much corruption, and no money to solve any of them. Read how the town is transformed and how Peggy is transformed from an ordinary secretary to "the heart and hope" of her people. This is truly an inspirational book with some funny situations along the way and lots of cultural insights into small towns in Africa.

Don't forget the Little Free Library. It's always a good place to visit for spiritual comfort, guidance, information and some fiction too.

Happy Summer Reading



## CONGRATULATIONS DAN!

We extend our best wishes to you, Dan! We will miss you, but we know you will be a blessing as pastor at St. John's!

**Help Celebrate Dan's CLM Graduation!**  
**Certified Lay Ministry Graduation Service**

**Sunday, June 5<sup>th</sup> at 4pm**  
**Ezion-Mount Carmel UMC**  
**800 North Walnut Street**  
**Wilmington, DE 19801**

**Carpools will be traveling to Wilmington.**  
**Please let Rev. Moore know if you would like to go.**

## GREETERS AND USHERS

I want to thank the greeters and ushers for April and May. God bless.

June	Mary Wilson and Jayne Wesley
July	Drake and Elizabeth Ferguson
August	Mary Rae Adams and Ellen Whitby, greeters
	Charles Adams and Bo Nelson, ushers

Thank you and God Bless,  
Ellen Whitby

## BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES  
ARE NOT AVAILABLE  
FOR THE ON-LINE EDITION  
TO PROTECT INDIVIDUAL  
PRIVACY



Happy Anniversary!

## Tidings

Next deadline for articles, etc., is August 15.  
Next issue for **September and October** available at the end of  
August.



## ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL HIGHLIGHTS

These Highlights are from the May 19, 2016 meeting:

- Dan Gustafson resigned as chair due to future obligations to new church. John Sewell was nominated and accepted to serve as the new chair. He will start in July.
- Parsonage will hopefully be rented in the next month.
- Winfred Simpkins, roof consultant, will be contracted to provide professional assessments of current status of roofs on Wesley Hall and parsonage.
- New task force for building study will be formed to prioritize projects, costs, and missional needs for future consideration.
- UMW will contract Shore Janitorial Services to strip, wax, and buff the floors in Wesley Hall this summer.
- June fellowship will be held after the Bells of the Bay Americana concert June 12.

## BELLS OF THE BAY RETURNING WITH AMERIICANA PROGRAM

**Mark your calendars for  
June 12 at 4:00 pm.**

That's when the Bells of the Bay will return to Trappe United Methodist Church for their second performance, this time featuring Americana music. The Trappe Volunteer Fire Department will be honored during the program. Plan to attend, enjoy beautiful music, recognize the people who serve our community so faithfully through the Fire Department, and enjoy some refreshments after the concert.



### Martha's Closet

Trappe: \$73,906.40

Faith : \$69,682.50

Total 1998 to present \$143,588.90

## Tidings

is also available (and in color) on line at  
<http://www.tfcumc.org/>

## Bo's GREAT WALL OF CHINA CAPER (PART II) by Bo Nelson

Nee-how! ( That's a phonetic spelling of "Howdy!" in Chinese)

Six years ago, I climbed a section of the Great Wall of China. I've written an account of how challenging were the 1000 steps up the side of a mountain to get to the top of this particular section! I thought at the time that the climb was going to be the story of the day! Once up there, my view was not the rugged, forested, wild-water panorama I had seen on the walls of restaurants back home but a treeless, gray, assortment of steep hills for as far as I could see covered only with a low, scrubby type of brush. How could any invader - Mongol or otherwise - ever have hoped to "storm" the eastern and northern borders of early China through this terrain - not even with donkeys!

This section of wall stretched left and right from the top of the steps to the left for only a hundred feet before it stopped at a precipice; to the right, it stretched in a long graceful, saddleback arc downward for about a half mile, then up again for about a whole mile, ending in a hazy cloud at an even higher peak on which was a tile-roofed little house. What was in the house, I didn't know - a sanctuary, a temple, an observation post, a concession stand, a tourist office, a kung-fu school?

Only about twenty people (mostly Chinese) had come up the steps, and were busy pointing in different directions (maybe in the direction of their homes) and taking pictures of themselves. Other than "soaking in" the enormity of actually being there, I soon ran out of things to think about and contemplated the agony of climbing back down all those steps! The alternative(?) -- right, there wasn't any! Well, I could put it off for a few more minutes. That's what I did. During those minutes, I scanned the length of the saddleback and the unknown function of the house in the haze. There was no information provided, such as signs, brochures, tourist guides - nothing. No one was on that long section. The entire length was visible, even in the distance, and there were no other features except for a small observation shelter about a quarter-mile down the slope. No one seemed inclined to venture onto that stretch! Almost no one.

I reasonably concluded that since I was never going to be here again, what would be the harm of walking down the way to the little observation post? No others from my bus were likely to do this, so I would have some bragging rights at least, on this, the first full day in China! Sure, I would have to walk up again to get back to the top of the steps, but that piece of logic just didn't prevail, so off I started.

Walking down-slope was on smooth pavement, not the vertebrae-jarring steps that I knew were still ahead of me, even if somewhat delayed. Walking along and imagining another time, calculating an attack defense strategy, seeing a thousand enemy soldiers storming over the slippery slopes of gray, pebbly rock, I concluded that there was just no way an attack would ever succeed -- so I relaxed and enjoyed the stroll! A full 10 minutes later, I was approaching the observation post - a plain gray structure with large openings in the walls, and through the middle of it, a corridor which opened onto the rest of the walkway leading to the structure up on the peak - still far away - and uphill! I wasn't going to go there, so this would be my turn-around point and the end of my exploration!

My relaxation ended abruptly as I saw some kind of movement coming from the small rooms on either side of the path, but then it returned as I saw the three Chinese girls - I guessed their ages at about "early teenage" - dressed in modern fashion with skirts, running shoes, long-strapped handbags, ponytails, bracelets, and smartphones! They looked like tourists, just like me, and had evidently walked down to this area like I had done. We each politely gave the other space and maybe a curious glance. They were giggling and comparing pictures on their phones as I entered the structure.

Not much to see - the walls were plain stone with a smooth cemented surface and the roof a simple pyramid framed with logs and covered with curved tiles... no furnishings or decorations of any kind. I looked out at the long upsloping path to the house on the top of the mountain and scanned its length, one section at a time (like scanning the skies for other planes when flying). It was probably a mile long - all uphill - and no one in sight unless they were inside the house, resting from the walk! Taking that path seemed too daunting a feat, even if I wasn't worn out, thirsty, and dreading the return trip down those 1000 steps. I had better get started back!

Stepping back out into the sunlight, I was surprised again to see the three girls were still there chatting about things. I thought I'd let them get a head start back toward the head of the steps so that neither they nor I would need to be wary of the others' presence. I needn't have worried about that since one of them came up to me holding out her phone and quickly indicated using international sign language for "Take our picture, please!" that I should capture all three in one great shot with a spectacular background! I followed her directions and apparently created a hilarious picture! We were now of one family and now each of them took a picture of ME with the other two girls! I had become the attraction. After all, they had already seen pictures of the Wall, but ME...well ...) So, I'm probably on three walls in Shanghai or in a yearbook in Suzhou or taped to a mirror somewhere in Peking. [OK, I'm laughing out loud at myself while I'm typing this...but, if YOU are, all I have to say is "What's SO funny?"]

(continued on p. 9)



## BO'S GREAT WALL OF CHINA CAPER (PART II) continued

Still, as they began their return trip, I allowed them a head start by strolling in the opposite direction (toward the house on the hill) just to use up a couple of minutes. Actually, I was still on a downhill slope, so I went farther than I had planned -- taking in the changing terrain and admiring the engineering effort necessary to follow the ridge of the mountain and yet maintain a walkable surface. In some places, the slope changed so abruptly that steps had to be built to eliminate too steep walkways. Yet, from the outside, the curve of the wall seems smooth and graceful! Whether because I acquired a "second wind" or because each new step was "just one more," I found myself at the bottom of the downslope - still far from the little house on the peak! Now it became a mortal challenge to go UP the slope at least a little way, just to say I did it!

I could recount the continuous imaginings I streamed through my head as I gained altitude heading toward the mysterious house up in the haze, but I'll skip to the point where I actually decided, "Heck with the bus schedule and the 1000 steps - I'm going all the way up to that house!" Another 20 minutes crept by as I now really painfully plodded (that's a good word for it) upward until I could actually make out the individual roof tiles although it seemed like I never would get there! And then, agonizingly slowly, the distance halved, then quartered, then eighth-ed (I was always doing math in my head) until I walked into the shade of the house!

House? Ha! It was only a larger version of the small observation post I had studied earlier, except with a small patio appended to the outer side! No Confucian monks, no kung-fu school, no tourist office, no water! Only plain unadorned cement walls with large cutouts to let in light. Same log-framed roof, same curved tiles. This was the end of this section of Wall - only a vertical drop in all directions except where I had entered! This was at last the absolute turn-around point - all I had to do was retrace the long saddleback arc, back to the top of the 1000 steps... then down those to find my seat on the bus - after which I planned on dying! There was somehow still enough mental energy to advise myself that "I'm not going to be here ever again, so take in all the detail and sensation of the event!" And that included examining the construction of the outer patio wall, which, after all, had to be strong enough to prevent a person from falling over into Oriental and eternal oblivion! And doing that (examining, not falling) is how I happened at the last minute to spot an opening in one corner of the patio - a slot about 20" wide and extending up from the floor to the top of the patio wall. A snow removal slot? A rain drain? Trash disposal? There was no warning sign, no safety chain, no yellow or red warning strip across the opening, so as I peeked carefully over the ledge, holding myself back with both hands, I saw a short set of steps, narrow, rough-chiseled, steep, and curving back under the curve of the mountain under the house!

Did these lead to a space for storage of supplies, or food, or explosives, or a barbecue? No one to ask... no one to watch me... no one even knew where I was, as far as I knew. Physically tired, thirsty, sun-burned, dreading the walk back down the saddleback, willing to pay what I had on me to forgo the pain of climbing down the 1000 steps, yet "YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BE HERE AGAIN!" was etched in ancient stone. What had been a stretch into unknown territory, far from the other tourists in my party -- the supreme achievement of the whole day (if not the whole visit to China) -- and a memory to last a lifetime -- would not be complete without me finding out what was down there. Even though I would be dropping out of sight -- even by someone looking through a telescope -- the thought of leaving this last little mystery unsolved was a completely untenable thesis!

Testing, hesitating, reconsidering, then continuing, I slowly, carefully, holding on with both hands, stepped down, one deliberate step at a time -- down the vertical side of the mountain, until my head went below the level of the house and all I could see were the sides of the stairway - not imagining that what I was about to encounter would amount to a bigger experience than I have so far told!

(To Be Continued)

### **FINANCIAL SUMMARY**

Here is an Income and Expense Summary:

#### **TRAPPE UMC January 1 – May 21, 2016**

Income	\$32,876.42
Expense	<u>\$26,178.02</u>
Difference	\$ 6,698.40

#### **FAITH CHAPEL January 1- May 18, 2016**

Income	\$6,810.35
Expenses	<u>\$5,654.33</u>
Difference	\$1,156.02

Thank you for your support of each church's ministry! The Lord loves a cheerful giver!

The family of Kenneth A Myers, Sr. would like to say "Thank You" to our family, friends, and neighbors for all acts of kindness and sympathy: food, flowers, donations to St. James UMC, cards, visits and kind words spoken to our family regarding the recent passing of our wonderful husband, father and grandfather. Your prayers, love and support have helped to ease our loss.

We want to express special appreciation to the Rev. Larry Hanifee & Rev. Cindy Burkert for the beautiful service and fitting tribute and to the Stephen L. Schaech Funeral Home for their professional arrangements and caring service.

May God bless each of you,

## EVERYBODY'S BIRTHDAY—pictures by Elizabeth Ferguson





## FASHION SHOW AND TEA PARTY—pictures by Christy Edwards



See more pictures on the church web site: