

May 2020

NEWSLETTER

A Message from Pastor Bud

I thought I was going to die. No, I mean it, I thought I was going to die. I had just woke up and looked over at the person next to me and she had a barf bag and was as white as a ghost. The person next to her was praying and the gentlemen next to me was excited and mumbling and saying something to me and I could not understand a word, but he was panicked. I looked out the window and ... we are all going to die!

Ok, let's step back. A friend of mine asked if I would like to go on a mission trip to Haiti (1996). I said yes, I would. We flew into Port-au-Prince, spent the night, and the next morning went back to the airport to take a cargo plane to Cap-Haitien in northern Haiti. All the cargo was being weighed, including the passengers. Another team member and I were next up to be weighed and suddenly two Haitian men grabbed our arms excitedly and said that we needed to come with them. Yes, we were going to have First Class seats 😊. But no, Bill and I were too large for the passenger scale (Haitians tend to be smaller), so we had to be weighed on the livestock scale. Talk about humbling!

We got the plane loaded, we took off, and I fell asleep... When I woke up and looked out the window, I saw nothing but mountain and we were not going to clear it. I could not breathe, my chest was tight, and I began to worry about never seeing Lori, Angela, and our soon-to-be newborn baby (Brianne) and... I looked over again at the lady praying. She was holding a rosary and was at peace and I

started praying. I knew there was no way I could control the situation around me (other than me flying the plane and no one would want that). I had to let go and I just had this feeling that live or die, either way, my life was in God's hands and everything was going to be ok. Shortly after we were thrown back in our seats as the pilot gunned it, the plane shot up, and we cleared the mountain. (To this day I really believe I could have reached out my window and touched the mountain top!) We descended and the plane was shaking (along with the passengers) but we were ok. However, as we got close to landing, the sight of fire trucks and ambulances waiting for us was not comforting. But in the end, we all were safe.

“Worry is imagining a negative future that may never (and likely will never) happen. Jesus addresses this in the Sermon on the Mount: ‘Who among you by worrying can add a single moment to your life?’ (Matthew 6:27). He goes on to say, ‘Therefore, stop worrying about [tomorrow](#), because [tomorrow](#) will worry about itself’ (Matthew 6:34). In other words, don't take the things that may or may not happen in the future and drag them into your present” (Adam Hamilton, Unafraid).

The message is clear: Worry and anxiety accomplish nothing, but we can do something. We can choose a better way. I think we all need a reminder: Face your fears with faith. Examine your assumptions in light of the facts. Attack your anxieties and worries with action. Release your cares to God. Trust, trust, trust in that last one. It will be ok.

Like that famous theologian Bobby McFerrin said: “Listen to a what I say, in your life expect some trouble, when you worry you make it double; so don't worry, be happy; don't worry, be happy... Here I'll give you my phone number when you're worried call me, I'll make you happy... Ooh-ooh-hoo-hoo” ... whoa, wait!

That's what God is saying. When we are worried, call on God. We've got an open line! Jesus says cast all our cares upon God. God will give us peace and happiness and calmness. Don't worry...

A Message from Pastor Yang

Lessons from Summer Gardening

As a grade schooler I loved the summer months. The sun, the warmth, the smell of the grass, and the fact that the day lasted longer just made me all happy inside. All happy inside, expect when my parents or more likely my mom would bring up the chore of helping her keep up her garden.

When I use the word "garden" many people think of a small plot of land probably no bigger than the size of one's bedroom. Now imagine a garden like that and multiply the size of that room by 4 or 5 times. Yep. My mom's garden was nearly an acre in size after all is said and done and it was filled with all sort of vegetables including corn, tomatoes, beans, cabbages, and all sorts of peppers. As any person with a green thumb can tell you there is a lot of work to be done before a person can pick veggies. The worst job of them all – weeding.

Some people take care of weeds with sprays and other artificial weed killers but mom used the old fashion way – with gardening hoes and our bare hands. Now imagine taking weeds out of the ground in the warm weather and occasionally having to bend over to make sure the removed weeds were not covering the precious vegetables. Sometimes the sun would be beating on us as if Godself was using a magnify glass to watch over us forgetting that the glass also magnified the intensity of the sun rays in the process.

The one reward my brother and I could look forward to was fishing. After we had finished weeding or whatever my mom or dad wanted us to do – we would ask if we could walk about a mile down the road to fish at bridge that ran over a small creek. After a while we would

walk back at a certain time and by that time my parents would be tired and we would go home.

One early summer Saturday morning I was anticipating to be woken up by my mom to go to the garden when I noticed it was way too late to go to the garden now. I thought my parents must have decided to stay home today but to my surprise they were gone. My sister later told me that mom had gone to the garden by herself and my dad had gone over to work at one of our rental duplexes. My brother and I cheered – it was a free day for us.

The day went on and my father eventually came back from our duplexes. Then the day got later and later until it was nearly mid-afternoon. I didn't say anything I was starting to get worried about my mom. The garden was a good 30 mins away and was outside of Wausau in the country. As time went by I got nervous and might have even voiced my concern to my brother if not my dad. Then things got worst – the clouds started to come in and the smell of oncoming rain was thick in the air.

I pleaded inside my heart to God that my mom would be okay. That she would beat the storm home and that we would enjoy dinner together. As the storm came and the wind blew we finally noticed the blue station wagon pull into our driveway. In her old mom style she yelled at us to help her to take out some of the garden equipment from her which I did happily. I was just happy that she was home and I'm sure the rest of the family felt the same way.

Many times God calls on us to do work we don't like to do. Sometimes we get sweat and feel as though the only reason why we're doing these "jobs" is so that we can get something in return. It's not until one day we don't hear God's voice anymore that we start to worry. Sure, it may be fun for a little while to do our own thing but we miss God's presence in our lives. We even miss working. Especially when our lives get stormy and unpredictable – that's when we start to wonder where is God and is God okay. Well I be okay? It's in moments like these that we miss and God the

most. That's also when God shows up and gives us hope once again. That's when we notice that those times we were "working" it was God's way of spending time with us and teaching us to be better people and followers. That the work we do is not to frustrate us but teach us also how to be with others. To be patient, kind, and graceful in all that we do. In this way we can appreciate all times no matter if it's sunny or in the middle of the storm.

Fennimore UMW News

MAY – The month of May (in Latin *Maius*) was named for the Greek Goddess **Maia**, who was identified with the Roman *Era* goddess of fertility, Bona Dea, whose festival was held in May.

MAY DAY – May Day has traditionally been a **joyous celebration of spring, femininity, fertility, and the coming summer**. The first day of May is celebrated in many parts of the world. It is believed it evolved from ancient agricultural and fertility rites of spring.

GOOD NEWS! The creation team has been needing help for quite a while to continue it's mission to make covers for sale, and for donations. Finally we have the good news that Nadine Schrader and Kim Cathman will meet with the current heads of the Creation Team to learn the ropes and hopefully continue the mission. Of course we have to wait until the 'safer at home' lifts, but conversations are already starting. This is such a long running mission for our church and with new help, we hopefully can keep the 'warmth' flowing. Anyone looking to help, please contact Nadine or Kim. Thank you to both of them and to all the ladies who have made the foundation of this mission a strong one.

FROM THE 1996 UMW COOKBOOK:

Carrot Casserole – Elizabeth Brandemuehl

4 Cups Sliced Carrots
1 Can Cream of Mushroom Soup
1 Can Sliced Water Chestnuts
Chopped Onion (to taste)
8 Slices of Processed Cheese
14 Ritz crackers
3 T. butter
Salt and pepper to taste
Pam spray

Cook carrots; mix carrots, soup, chestnuts, onion, salt and pepper. Spray 9X13 pan with Pam; put in mixture. Layer cheese slices on top. Crush crackers; mix with melted butter. Spread over cheese and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Below is a message from the Bishop:

Reflection for April 26

By Bishop Hee-Soo Jung

*I love the Lord, because he has heard
my voice and my supplications.
Because he inclined his ear to me,
therefore I will call on him as long as I live.
The snares of death encompassed me;
the pangs of Sheol laid hold on me;
I suffered distress and anguish.
Then I called on the name of the Lord:
'O Lord, I pray, save my life!' (Psalm 116:1-4)*

"I love the Lord; God has heard my voice and my supplications." In this time of pandemic, many of my prayers are about what I wish God would do for us – to protect us, to guard us, to strengthen us, and to heal us. I pray that God will provide comfort for those grieving and those suffering. I pray that God will grant us courage. I offer many intercessions, petitions, and supplications. I pray because I have faith, I pray because I love the Lord.

It is so easy to give into fear and worry. In times of deep uncertainty, of mixed and confusing messages of what is true and real, in days of isolation and physical distancing, even in moments of panic and crushing anxiety, it is all too human to lose sight of all that God is doing in and through us. The words of the Psalmist are good and powerful words, "I suffered

distress and anguish – then I called on the name of the Lord: ‘O Lord, I pray, save my life!’”

Prayer: Lord, we humbly pray, ‘save our lives,’ and save the lives of those who suffer and struggle. And in those cases where life passes, ground us in our faith and our love for you. Be close by us, be within us, be between us, so that we are assured of your grace, your care, your kindness, and your comfort. Our hearts grieve for the many losses in this time of widespread illness. Hear us when we pray, for our hope and our future are in your gracious hands. We love you Lord, hear our voices and our supplications, we pray in Jesus’ name. Amen.

Stay safe everyone! See you all soon!

Fennimore Food Pantry Needs

Peanut Butter
Tuna
Cereal
Mac and Cheese
Pasta
Oatmeal