

Orono United Methodist Church

The Spire

Steven Smith, Pastor

www.oronoumc.com

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(Dave Kroehler, Office Person pro tem, editor)

A Note from Pastor Steve

Hey! Who's been messing with my calendar? It can't possibly be *September* already, can it? Wow, time flies.....

Does September evoke any memories for you? Sure does for me; September always reminds me of the feeling I used to get as a youth when the free & easy days of summer were winding down, with a brand new school year looming ahead, usually commencing right after Labor Day. That feeling can be best described as a pit in my stomach. It's not that I hated school. In fact, I actually liked school (mostly because I would be reconnecting with some friends, not so much because I was looking forward to sitting in math class again.) I think my anxiousness came from knowing that soon a new routine would begin, and that there existed some uncertainty as to what this new routine would bring. What if my teachers were all crabby? Would the basketball coach make us run too much? How am I ever going to get through Algebra? It seemed that each year that familiar anxiousness (and the pit in my stomach) would start building around mid-August, and would stay with me until the second or third week after school began. And then something very nice would happen. The pit in my stomach would ease-up, and eventually disappear altogether. You know why? Because that which was unfamiliar became familiar. An old routine was replaced with a new one. Teachers became familiar, even friendly! Why, even hot lunch wasn't as bad as I had remembered.

At Orono UMC, we are also experiencing a transition. Not only are congregants getting used to seeing a new face up front each Sunday, we are all getting used to a new routine. Plans are being made to begin adult study classes. Day care and Sunday School programs are being planned. A home school organization will be using part of the church facility for their classes each day. Fellowship suppers are being scheduled. The Church Council and the SPRC boards have begun homework in preparation for our Charge Conference meeting in November. Yes indeed, September will be the start of new things happening at Orono UMC. Are you experiencing any anxiousness with all the changes?

Here's great news; while changes may be occurring all around us, changes which for some may create some anxiety, God's presence is constant, consistent, never-changing. As we continue to make plans to learn, grow, and to offer meaningful ways to connect God's love and care with those in need in our community and beyond, may we have the wisdom to pray each day for God to direct our ways, and to comfort and assure us as we make plans to be his faithful church. I offer one of my favorite verses as a reminder of God's faithfulness to us: *"For I know the plans I have for you,"* declares the Lord, *"plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."* Amen!

From Bishop Peter Weaver:

◆ **BURIED WITH CHRIST...WE RISE WITH CHRIST**

With these ancient liturgical words of Baptism by immersion, I invited five teenagers down into the spring chill of the Contoocook (NH) River on June 28th. Oh yes, it was officially summer, but the early Sunday morning temperature was about 60 degrees as before the service we surveyed the raging river, which was undoubtedly colder. It was swollen by a week of near continuous rain, and overshadowed by more threatening clouds...the NASCAR races up the road were ended early. My wife and I wondered if the muddy rapids of the river would be too much to enter....wouldn't a little Methodist "Baptismal sprinkling" from a silver Baptismal font inside where it was warm and dry do just as well?

But these five teenagers and their families from the Congo had experienced far more storms and threats of life than any chilly, muddy rapids in the Contoocook River could ever conjure up.

Five years ago they had been swept into the genocidal wars between the Tutsi and Hutu tribes in east Africa. Having been driven from their homes in the eastern Congo (DRC) they had taken refuge in the UN's Gatumba refugee camp just over the border in Burundi. On the night of August 13, 2004, the rebels attacked the camp killing 166 and wounding hundreds more. The UN, in cooperation with Canada and the United States resettled 525 of these surviving refugees in 2007 to North America, some in Concord, NH.

Some of the refugee families were United Methodists in the Congo.

Jane Britain, a member of the Contoocook UMC, who works in the lab at the Concord Hospital, met Steven Rushika, a Congolese refugee who asked her if he and others from his community would be welcomed at her Methodist Church. YES! Thus began relationships of mutual sharing of faith, growing spiritually for everybody, and discovering the healing and joy Christ can give all of us when we open ourselves to each other. A task-force was established at the church to help their Congolese sisters and brothers with all aspects of their lives...rides to church, places to live, jobs, driving lessons, learning English, etc.

And what great gifts the Congolese brought to that church and community...and to my life. Pastor Sammie Maxwell said, "We have been transformed!" That gloomy Sunday, the wonderful Congolese choir sang....inspiring one New Hampshire fellow to pick up a tambourine and join in. Just like in the Psalm 150, they praised God in dance...and all hearts in the packed church joined in the dancing. Some of the Contoocook women, who had gotten some clothing for those being baptized, were dressed in beautiful and colorful Congolese dresses made and given to them by their Congolese sisters. And the deep, deep faith and witness to God's abiding presence was everywhere. The Congolese had seen their loved ones slaughtered...but they also had seen the Good Shepherd with them..."even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death..." ; They had all lost everything...but they kept the faith...the only things they brought from the Congo were their Bibles. Four year old Kevin, who I held on my lap, had been born that terrible night of August 13, 2004, amidst the storm of terror and the blood of slaughter, his mother in labor as those around her were being machine gunned down...this day he was smiling and singing. One of those I baptized had lain under the corpse of his father for hours, afraid to move until the night was over....and the night was over. The shining dawn-light of their testimonies of faith more than eclipsed the shadow-clouds and shrill-chill of that June New Hampshire day and river. "Buried with Christ...We rise with Christ!"

When I asked these five teenagers the historic Baptismal question...asked for generations on every continent..."Do you believe in Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior?" Without hesitation each answered, "I do," "I do," "I do," "I do," "I do." In that moment, I knew again why I do what I do....as a follower of Jesus. It is because of what God in Jesus Christ has first done for me....and these being baptized...and us United Methodists....and our whole world!

Confession....I wore L.L.Bean waders into the river. I looked like a cross between a rubber raft and a blimp. Pastor Sammie had borrowed them from someone in the congregation who, I was told, is around ninety years old. Before the service Sammie said she wasn't sure, but the old waders might leak. I've seen people with waders filled with water...you become the river...Oh well, remember your baptism and be thankful. After the service, I sought out the older man who had lent me the waders to thank him. "Well, did they leak?" he asked. "No," I said. "Good," he replied, "Because I'm planning to go fishing in a couple of weeks!" What an inspiration....every one of us....whatever age or race or nationality...every congregation....has the opportunity to respond to Jesus' invitation to become "fishers of women and men"; that they may be drawn to Christ. Like the Contoocook congregation, let's "go fishing" right around us and connect with those who will also transform us and our church, by God's grace.

Oh the surprises and joys of being partners in ministry with each other and Christ.

Because of some weeks of vacation and renewal leave this summer, I will sign off until September. But you will be in my prayers...I hope I will be in yours. May God grant us "grace space" and the "quiet center" for renewal and joy in Christ this summer.

Grace and Peace,

Pete



Anyone participating in the UMW Reading Program please give your reports to Evelyn Dearborn, before 8/31. Thank you.

More from Sylvia Pearson:

The Orono United Methodist Women will meet September 29, 2009 for a pot luck meal in the Fellowship Hall. All are invited. Please bring a dish to share. Sylvia Pearson will do a program about "Food and Faith", a study from the School of Mission that she attended this summer.

Orono Festival Days – September 12, 2009

This year we will have a table to "reach out" to Orono. Pastor Steve will help us to "press the flesh" and distribute invitations, and the UMW will have food for sale. Consider joining us behind the table so we have enough people to look like we know what we're doing.

Reflections from our Down East Maine Missions Trip

Jacksonville United Methodist Campground - August 17 to August 21, 2009

We arrived at Jacksonville Campground around 2:00 p.m. On Monday David Kroehler introduced me to Betty Palmer who is in charge of the work crew assignments to the group of us. We met with David Grainger and he showed us around his camp that he is renovating. He seems very happy in his new environment which is a close knit community of camp owners.

David Kroehler and I drove down to see the lake which abuts the campground. The Orono group was given the choice of two camps (including John Maddaus, his mother Elsie, David Kroehler and myself). We chose "Camp Shalom". David K. preferred to stay at another camp nearby but we all ate our breakfasts together.

The first evening we went to Lubec. We walked out to a pile of huge rocks and stones on the shore of the Atlantic which denotes a landmark between Maine and Canada. We saw a beautiful bright red sunset there.

We then went to visit with two separate campgrounds to meet with Spanish-speaking migrants who were in the area for blueberry harvesting. Santos Escobar, a minister, his wife Rosa, and four boys and one girl came from a Providence, R.I. United Methodist church. The reverend gave a short sermon to the migrants and thanked them for their hard work in the blueberry fields. After the service, Reverend Escobar and the teenagers gave out gifts of blankets, tee shirts, socks and muffins to the migrants. Also in attendance were three ladies (Peggy Hanney, Betsy Gamwell and Darlene Crow) from Rhode Island.

On Tuesday morning, Dave Kroehler, Elsie Maddaus and I were assigned to drive to a Methodist camp thrift shop, about 24 miles from our campground. Since this week was a windup to close the thrift shop, we sorted clothes and began boxing them up for storage for next year. However, we also were there to sell clothes to the migrants. They were able to fill a bag of clothes for \$1.00. It was great to greet each other. At the end Betty said they can walk off with the store.

When we returned to camp, everyone or about seventeen in our group including David and Don Grainger, were invited to our camp (the largest camp) for pot luck suppers. It was wonderful to be with everyone. Two of the boys (Denis and Milton) were very accomplished interpreters for both Rosa and Santos as well as for the rest of us. I was in awe of their talents.

While at the thrift shop on Wednesday, we were asked to deliver many cases of food for the migrants back to our camp. Since I wasn't able to get all of the load into my Isuzu Trooper, David Grainger came the following day to transport most of the rest in his trailer. The food was a gift from the State of Maine.

Thursday and Friday Elsie Maddaus and I were able to pack up all the remaining clothes for storage. Elsie was especially strong to lift all the boxes at 90 years plus.

Tuesday and Thursday nights we went to migrant camps at Columbia Falls and Deblois. The Wymans have an incredible large campground in Deblois about the size of a football stadium with many single family camps lined up on both sides of the field. We went from door to door giving them a pamphlet and inviting them to come to the grandstand for an evening of songs and message delivered by Santos Escobar. Alex, age about eleven, from R.I., played great music on a keyboard for several Spanish songs without sheet music. The migrants sat outside their camps to listen. However, when the migrants were invited to line up for two pairs of socks each, a tee shirt and blankets, they were very receptive and orderly.

On Friday morning everyone met at our camp for a prayer meeting at 9:00 a.m. We said our goodbyes to all the wonderful people with whom we all shared our week at the Jacksonville campground. Elsie and I stayed at camp cleaning up while waiting for John/the R.I. ladies paint crew to return from Lubec for our trip home.

It was a delightful week and hopefully we can entice others to join us next year.

Gwen Fenderson

**Neighbors Helping Neighbors
Down East Maine Missions – 2009**

By John Maddaus

For the past four summers, our church has sent mission teams to Washington County to participate in a variety of projects. This year, Gwen Fenderson, David Kroehler, and Elsie Maddaus (Scotia, NY UMC) worked in “La Tienda de Ropas Usadas” (Used Clothing Store), which we referred to as the “thrift shop.” They sold clothes to migrant farm workers and local residents for a dollar a bag, and packed up clothing for storage at the end of the blueberry harvest. Meanwhile, I joined members of two other churches working on a Neighbors Helping Neighbors project, doing scraping and painting on the exterior of a home owned by Phyllis Lingley, a resident of Trescott (just outside Lubec). My part of that project involved scraping, painting, and re-glazing five storm windows.

This Neighbors Helping Neighbors project turned out to be very interesting for several reasons. For one thing, Phyllis had interesting stories to share. She was born Phyllis Pressley, in 1922, and has lived in or near Lubec her entire life. As a teenager, she attended Lubec High School, where she was a classmate of Earland Sleight. She remembers riding on the same bus with Earland, and that he was smart and “married one of the Kelley girls” (Ina). Phyllis married Harland Lingley, and had two children (both deceased). She worked forty years in a sardine cannery in Lubec, cutting the heads and tails off of the sardines and packing them in cans. She also worked making wreaths. Now 87, she lives alone, but has grandchildren and great-grandchildren living near-by who help her with routine activities such as shopping. She seems in good health, but has to travel to Bangor periodically to visit an eye specialist, though she would prefer to see a doctor (who is not an eye specialist) in Calais.

Phyllis lives in a small but attractive home with a view (off in the distance) of the water. The siding is vinyl, but the trim (porch, windows, doors, eaves of the roof) is wood and it needed painting. She had been on the Neighbors Helping Neighbors waiting list for two years when we arrived. Three women from Portsmouth and Bristol, RI started the project, and after one day called for re-enforcements. I signed on to work on the windows, while a crew of seven (a pastor, his wife, and five teenagers) from a church in Providence, RI took on much of the remaining painting.

The Providence church was Iglesia Vida Abundante (Abundant Life Church), one of seven Spanish-speaking congregations in the New England Annual Conference, UMC. Despite an injured knee, Pastor Santos Escobar scrambled up and down ladders painting the eaves, while the teenagers worked on the lower trim. Our work day lasted five or six hours, not counting lunch, and the teenagers (Denis, Milton, Alex, Celeste and Stephen) worked very hard for most of that time. Rosa (the pastor’s wife) cooked a wonderful lunch of Salvadoran soup, tortillas and cheese, which they invited me to share. Throughout the day, conversations in Spanish could be heard between the pastor and his wife, and between the pastor and the teenagers from his church. Pastor Santos is what educators would call “limited English proficient”. He could carry on a casual conversation in English, but whenever the conversation turned substantial, he called on one of the teenagers (Denis or Milton) to translate for him. These two boys, entering tenth grade in high school this fall, did an excellent job of translating on numerous occasions.

Pastor Santos also had interesting stories to share. He is from El Salvador (Central America), and has been in the United States for six years. He is a highly educated man, now working on an advanced degree in divinity (in Spanish), while teaching courses in the same program! He was a teenager when the civil war broke out in El Salvador in 1980, and he became a Christian after a bullet just missed him, hitting a man standing behind him. As a pastor, he did not take sides in the civil war, but preached salvation through Christ Jesus to church members on both sides of the conflict. After the war ended, he wrote a paper at the university which assessed the effects of the war and concluded that the war gave poor people a voice in government (which had previously been controlled by members of 14 wealthy families), as well as access to higher education. As a pastor in Providence, he works very long hours on behalf of the members of his congregation, most of whom are poor. His work includes visiting people in prisons and hospitals, helping them with immigration matters and with access to health care. With the youth, he encourages education, and he invited me to visit Providence to talk with the youth about going to college.

Neighbors Helping Neighbors began a decade ago as a project of the Jacksonville (East Machias) UMC. Pastor Betty Palmer, who now coordinates Down East Maine Missions, was in the first few months of her seven-year ministry at Jacksonville when members discovered that one of their neighbors could not leave her home because she was in a wheelchair. After investigating the situation, they built a wheelchair ramp for this person. Then the church learned of other neighbors who needed home repairs but were unable to do the work and/or could not afford the materials. They began doing other projects, and Betty started getting phone calls about the church's "housing program." Before long, the mission budget to pay for these projects exceeded the budget for all other church expenses! Betty realized that to sustain this program, it would have to be transferred to a larger community, and so it became a collaborative project of many churches through Down East Maine Missions.

As I watched Pastor Santos and the teenagers from Providence scrambling up and down ladders to paint Phyllis' house, I was reminded on the African-American spiritual "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder." This spiritual is based on the Old Testament story of Jacob's dream about a ladder that ascended into Heaven, with angels ascending and descending on it. And God came to Jacob in the dream and told Jacob that this would be his land, and Jacob concluded "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I did not know it." (Genesis 28:16). I felt the same way about the presence of the Lord at Phyllis' home, and that the ladders were bringing us all closer to God. As we were leaving Jacksonville Campground, Betty challenged us to be in mission every day, all year around, and not just for one week. So I'm left with a question: In their respective communities, both Pastor Betty and Pastor Santos have worked with their church members to identify needs in their communities and to find the resources (time, money, spiritual understanding) to meet those needs. Are we, at Orono UMC, identifying the needs in OUR community, and finding the resources to meet those needs? Is there a "Jacob's ladder" in Orono that is bringing us closer to God through service to others?

Down East Mission Trip #3 - August 16, 2009

By Elsie Maddaus

Since I've come away from East Machias, one thing has come to mind. Although it was my third trip, the events were not exactly the same each time. The places, site manager, accommodations and meals were similar. But the day-to-day experiences, from one year to another, had minor differences.

Yes, we might "work" at the thrift store for several hours, but what we did from day to day, year to year, had differences. One year, we concentrated on waiting on migrant workers with the aid of a translator. Another year, we were more engaged in packing up the contents for next year at the end of a season.

Where we might be engaged in house repairs one year, we might be needed another year to reduce the foliage at the campground. We ranged from Columbia Falls and Cherryfield to Lubec, depending on where the job took us.

So, in future years, there will always be a feeling of expectancy. Where and what will we do at Down East Maine Mission this year? And it will increase our desire to be part of it.

from Ed and Nancy Andrews

When we go for our week with the Down East Maine Mission, we stay at the Jacksonville United Methodist Camp Ground. It is in the town of Jacksonville, which is attached to East Machias. The campground is over one hundred years old. It is laid out like most camp grounds, with a large chapel in the center and small cottages arranged in two concentric circles around it. There is also a youth camp down the hill nearer the lake. One week each summer cottage owners and others gather for camp meeting and Youth Camp. The first year we went on the mission was during camp meeting. There was preaching every evening, as there has been for over a century. Some of the cabins belong to the campground or are available from their owners for use by the mission teams. Mary-Vesta Marston-Scott remembers going to camp meeting with her grandmother when she was about four years old. Mary-Vesta has been a member of Orono UMC since she moved to Dirigo Pines four or five years ago.

The mission teams include people of all ages from several different churches, mostly from New England. Last year there was a four-month old baby and Elsie Maddaus, age 89, there on the same week. Our work varies from day to day and from year to year. Most of the work teams include people from at least two churches so we get to make new friends with them as well as with the people we are working with. In the three years Ed and I have been (we couldn't go this year), our work teams have set up the thrift shop in its current location. It is in an abandoned church two doors down the road from the Raker Center, where migrant workers can get medical and legal aid and food. At the thrift shop, which is called "Holy Shirts and Pants", people can pick out enough clothes, shoes and toys to fill a large black trash bag for a dollar or for free if they don't have a dollar.

We have built steps and repaired doors, painted trim and cut and burned underbrush at the campground. We insulated the cellar and rebuilt stairs to the cellar in the home of a single working mother with three sons. The winter before the water in the cat's dish froze on the kitchen floor. We also insulated around the foundation and painted it. People from churches in the community brought us snacks each afternoon. Other work teams that year built a wheelchair ramp at a second home and built a new basement entrance at a third home. Another year we turned a small abandoned machine shop into a two bedroom home for a single mother with two small sons who was living in a condemned trailer on the property. We worked with a local carpenter and folks from a church in New Hampshire that time. After working out in nearby communities during the day, we would sometimes go to visit migrant camps, attend the evening worship service led by a Spanish-speaking pastor from the Mission team, and distribute "material aid": socks, personal care kits, etc. Whatever we did was fun, even when the work was hard.

We hope many of you will be able to join us in coming years. It is a fabulous experience. One of God's blessings to us.

And from Dave Kroehler:

In addition to everything else that has been said, may I add my reflection about Pastor Santos and the ambiance we experienced in the evening at the camps.

You've already heard that each evening those staying at the campground would drive to some of the camps where the rakers were staying. The accommodations ranged from cabins provided by the camp to tents the rakers (and their families) brought. Santos would walk right up to groups of rakers and begin speaking with them. After some greetings he would move into his style of preaching about how God cares for all of us and how Jesus lived and died for us. As the Gospel was being preached outdoors, the rakers and families listened respectfully no matter if supper was still cooking or the bugs were also hungry.

And, this past Sunday, when we sang the hymn below, all I could think was how so clearly these words captured the moments and concepts we experienced with Santos at the camps.

When the Poor Ones

(P. 434 IN THE UNITED METHODIST HYMNAL)

1. When the poor ones who have nothing share with strangers,
When the thirsty water give unto us all. When the crippled in their weakness strengthen others,
Then we know God still goes that road with us, then we know God still goes that road with us.
2. When at last all those who suffer find their comfort, when they hope though even hope seems
hopelessness. When we love though hate at times seems all around us,
Then we know God still goes that road with us, then we know God still goes that road with us.
3. When our homes are filled with goodness in abundance, when we learn to make peace instead of war.
When each stranger that we meet is called a neighbor,
Then we know God still goes that road with us, then we know God still goes that road with us.

Our church family does not lack for acts of faith and talking care of business, so, let's say "thank you" more often.

For example:

- ❖ As you may know our organist/choir director, Barb Smith, chooses the hymns for worship, and they are such an extension of the message of the service. And, as you may know, she played through the summer with no break so we wouldn't have to hire a substitute.
- ❖ Janet Morgan & Hank Metcalf are here several hours each week as our financial people.
- ❖ Nancy Andrews (and often Ed, too) also is here several hours a week spending time on our worship materials.
- ❖ Nancy Andrews, Charlotte Bonde, Gwen Fenderson, Dave Kroehler and John Maddaus usually have something to do with our Fellowship refreshments following worship.
- ❖ Our Trustees - Hank Metcalf - chair, Fred Otto and Howard Whelden - devote countless hours taking care of demands of our Plant (aka buildings), which now includes the parsonage.
- ❖ Sylvia Pearson gives us countless hours for UMW as well as our fundraising activities.
- ❖ Dave Kroehler is in the office at least 3 days a week as well as handling the sound systems. He also lines up the ushers, readers and communion helpers.

(Editor Disclaimer)

I hesitated to compile this list because I am a part of it, but I feel, as a church family, we can do more to recognize those who help out. Of course others also contribute, I just wanted to lift up the regulars.

AA

An Update Re our Support of Education

We as a congregation have worked to relate to the education community. As our unofficial historian, Elaine Goater remembers that in the fall of '65, the Orono UMC agreed to allow a Pre-School to operate in the back 2 rooms of our education wing– now the Park Room and Child Care facility. 3 1/2 yr olds and up could attend a few mornings & 5 yr olds afternoons. Kay Durst played a big part in the setting up the regulations, and the Board of Trustees worked closely with the staff's needs. Finally, in the 1990s, after 30 years, they shut down. And, after they closed, we had to take up the carpet on the back stairs, and lo and behold, what did it say on the 4th step from the bottom, "STOP".

Now, in the fall of 2009, we again as a church have agreed to support the operation of a homeschool operation, the Wassookeag Community. Here are a few words of explanation about who they are: "The Wassookeag group is growing! Educational opportunities now include high school homeschoolers through private tutoring and online courses. The new Wassookeag Learning Community will be located at the United Methodist Church on Oak Street in Orono. This new location overlooking the Stillwater River is large and bright and can accommodate larger groups and more homeschoolers.

This location affords easy access to the University, Permaculture Projects, Indian Island, Orono Land Trust Walking Trails, Webster Park, and the new Orono Library. The Wassookeag Learning Community endeavors to provide a variety of experiential programs, on site and online courses and tutoring by skilled educators that help enrich learning experiences and support the homeschool family. For more information on please email Debby Bell-Smith, debbybell@fastmail.fm, or call Cheryl Saliwanchik-Brown at 249-5097."

Some Church Bulletin Announcements

Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.

The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.

Potluck supper Sunday at 5:00 PM - prayer and medication to follow.

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

This evening at 7 PM there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

Ladies Bible Study will be held Thursday morning at 10 AM. All ladies are invited to lunch in the Fellowship Hall after the B. S. is done.

The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.

Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM. Please...use the back door.

The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

Weight Watchers will meet at 7 PM at the First Presbyterian Church. Please, use large double door at the side entrance.

Which Service?

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it.

The six-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, 'Good morning Alex.' 'Good morning Pastor,' he replied, still focused on the plaque. 'Pastor, what is this? '

The pastor said, 'Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service.' Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque.

Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked, 'Was it the 8:30 or 10:30 service?'

Rocking Chair(s)

Recently our sanctuary furniture was expanded to include a rocking chair for use during worship. It is on loan, however, and, since there is room, it would be appreciated if 1 or more could be donated for permanent use. Contact the office.

Save the Date

**Sunday, September 20, 2009
2:55--3:20 p.m.
at Brewer High School Gym**

The doors will open at 2:10 p.m.

We wanna see how many people will
gather to sing the hymn

"O, For a Thousand Tongues."

1,000 Voices

You can get more information on "1,000 Voices" on Facebook at
*****@gmail.com.

SUGGESTED DONATION:

A can or box of food for the

Brewer Christian Food Cupboard.

Sponsored by First Congregational Church of Brewer, UCC

Orono United Methodist Church
36 Oak Street
Orono ME 04473

