



Uniondale United Methodist Church Messenger

5857 N. Main St.
260-543-2256

P. O. Box 115 Uniondale, IN 46791

Website: www.uniondaleumc.com

Pastor Troy Drayer

September 2014

E-mail: uniondaleumc@hotmail.com



September

Birthdays and Anniversaries

- 6th – Mindi Herstad
- 10th – Opal Gilbert
- 12th – Suzanne Kellam
- 14th – Elaine McAfee
- 15th – Devin Evans
- 16th – Mary Cook
- 24th – Kim and Sue Chaney
- 30th – Gerry and Linda Houtz



Forecast: The Sun
will shine forever!

Upcoming September/October Events

- Sunday, Sept. 7 – Communion
- Sunday, Sept. 14 – Sunday School/Fall Kick-Off
- Sunday, Oct. 5 – Board Meeting 11:00 a.m.
- Sunday, Oct. 12 – Chili Cook-Off (time TBD)
- Friday, Oct. 31 – Trunk or Treat 6:00 p.m.

Weekly Stewardship Prayers

September 7 – That we give our love unconditionally, especially to those who are closest to us.

September 14 – That we all answer God’s call to build His kingdom on earth!

“Signs of the Times” by Mary Etta Blessing

Busy, busy, busy,
Almost a “dirty” word!
Everyone’s so busy
God’s voice cannot be heard!

Jobs are so demanding
Summer time so very short
Computers make life difficult
I sadly must report.

We need to find a moment
As we hurry through each day
For our God’s just there awaiting
To listen if we pray.

“God, I’m Worn Out” A Devotion by Lysa Terkeurst - submitted by Amanda Drayer

“When I am overwhelmed, you alone know the way I should turn.” Psalm 142:3 (NLT)

Have you ever had one of those late night come-to-Jesus moments where the weight of regret lays heavy across your chest? For me, it usually happens because in the hectic pace of the day, I blew up at one of my kids, I brushed past a moment of connection with someone God put in my path, or I rushed through all the moments without stopping to enjoy any of them. I've discovered a great source of stress, distraction and exhaustion in my life. I say yes to too many things. I take on too many good things, which causes me to miss my best things. It's so hard to say no and let go of opportunities that come my way. But if I don't learn the gift of release, I'll wrestle with a lack of peace.

I saw this visibly a few years ago when I traveled to visit a friend. As soon as she picked me up from the airport and we started driving, I saw the fallout from the storm she'd tried to describe. A massive 20-inch snow in the middle of fall. But it wasn't the amount of snow still on the ground, or the snowmen proudly standing that grabbed my attention. It was the broken trees. The branches were piled everywhere. House after house, all down the street. Disastrous piles of limbs, big piles of trees, all still clinging to the leaves that hadn't dropped yet. And because the leaves hadn't dropped, the trees broke. That's what happens when a snow comes early. The trees weren't designed to face snow before releasing their leaves. They weren't made to carry more than they should. And neither are we.

I know the weight of carrying more than I should. And usually it's because I've refused to release something before taking on something else. If I want to choose a Best Yes, it's crucial I make room for it first. Otherwise, a Best Yes can quickly become a stressed yes. And a stressed yes is like snow on a tree that refuses to release its leaves. It causes cracks and breaks at our core. If we refuse to release before we add, we will get overloaded. We see how refusing to release gets people in trouble all throughout the stories in Scripture.

Eve refused to release the forbidden fruit. And because she became hyperfocused on that one thing, she missed out on the best things in paradise.

Esau refused to release his urgent need for some stew. And because he became hyperfocused on eating that soup, he missed out on his birthright.

Moses refused to release his fear that just speaking to the rock as God commanded wouldn't actually bring forth water. And because he struck the rock twice, he missed out on entering the Promised Land.

Each of these people paid a high price for their refusals to release — to let go of their ways so they could walk in the amazing way of God. It wasn't God's desire for any of these people to suffer the consequences they did. Each of us has a free will, which means we have the freedom to make choices. God tells us the right way to go, but we have to make the choice to do so. Choices and consequences come in package deals. When we make a choice, we ignite the consequences that can come along with it.

It was true for Eve, Esau and Moses. And it's true for you and me. Refusing to release often means refusing to have peace. I trade my peace for a weight of regret. Release is a gift to a woman weighed down, grasping her leaves in the midst of a snowstorm, so desperate for help. She can feel the twinges and hear the creaking sounds of a splitting break about to happen. She knows she can't take much more. She remembers ***Psalm 142:3, "When I am overwhelmed, you alone know the way I should turn."*** Tears well up in her upturned, pleading eyes. "God help me. It's all too much. I'm tired and frustrated and so very worn out." The wind whips past her, trailing a whispered, "R-e-l-e-a-s-e." She must listen or she will break. Her tree needs to be stripped and prepared for winter. But she can't embrace winter until she lets go of fall. Like a tree, a woman can't carry the weight of two seasons simultaneously. In the violent struggle of trying, she'll miss every bit of joy each season promises to bring. I think sometimes I'm resistant to release because I fear missing out. But, in an effort to hold on to too much, I wind up stressed, exhausted and at my breaking point. Release brings with it the gift of peace. There are some opportunities I need to decline today. There are some things I need to say no to in this current season. There are good things I need to let go of so I can make room for the best things. Then and only then can my beautiful, bare winter branch receive its snow. When we release in peace, we signal we're now ready to receive. Receive what's next. Receive what's best. Receive what's meant for this season, right now.

Dear Lord, only You can help me with this release. My heart seeks to obey You. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

Angels Voices Heard Coming From the Balcony of Uniondale United Methodist Church!!

Well, not completely true, but it was rumored at one time according to Mary Etta Blessing as she remembers it and shares her memories with us. ☺

We had a very nice choir at that time. Bonnie Allen played the piano for choir and church. When we would make a mistake, everyone knew it, for she would get this terrible frown on her face.

One time we had an anthem that was an arrangement of “Just a Closer Walk with Thee” and it had a counterpart. We started out fine, but the longer we sang, the more mixed up it got. Finally, Bonnie just stopped playing and we started over and finally got it right!

Pete Espich and Doug Blessing were always our faithful men who made the “men’s section” complete!

More thoughts from the past from Mary Etta.....since Mary Cook’s birthday is this month I thought it was perfect timing to include this memory.....Sue C.

Wayne and Mary Cook were such a special part of our Sunday School Class so we decided to honor them with a surprise party one time. My part of the evening was this poem;

We’ve come right now to honor
This couple that we know
But if they had their way
They wouldn’t want a show!
If we went around this room
And each one had their say
You’d find they’ve touched us all
In a very special way.
Now Wayne, he does the driving
Dear Mary bakes the cakes
And if you need some comfort
They know just what it takes.
Perhaps it is your birthday
They remember every time
Perhaps you’re ill, could use some help
They’ll fill your need just fine.
Perhaps we want to have a party
“Come to our house” they’ll say
And for each one will be a “favor”
Something Mary made one day.
Perhaps death has hit your family –
They will be there with some ham
You’ll find they always help you
In any way they can
Wayne and Mary, we love you
This small tribute is your due
Your friendship is our treasure,
Believe it, for it’s true!

Now Wayne has gone to his reward, but Mary is still an important part of our church family, still baking her good angel food cakes for us. Dear Gary, the Lord blessed us by giving us the joy of having him as part of our family too, and when you get a hug or kiss from him you know you are a special person to him for that is his way of showing you his love. M.E.

Committee Reports

The Education Committee is excited for the Fall schedule to begin. We have received the educational material for all 3 of the children's classes. We have purchased new supplies and have put together each week's lessons and they are all ready to go for Sunday School!! All of the classrooms in the basement are finished. We still need to clean, paint and decorate the carpeted area for Sunday School. Our theme this year is "Ocean Explorers". We have several teachers lined up for this year. Mindy, Barry, Tonia, Natalie, and Amanda are working together to teach Sunday school. Jennifer Cook has offered to teach the older kids class. Teachers for Jr. Church are Mindi, Elaine, Jennifer, Tonia, Coralee, Claudia, Amanda, and Natalie.

The Education Committee is going to refill the kids' bags they bring to church. If you have not done so already, please return the empty bags to Tonia so we can get them filled for Sunday School Kick off. If anyone would like to donate funds to purchase bag fillers please let Mindy Drayer or Tonia know.

The Committee is getting T-Shirts for the kids and teachers for Fall Kick off. A cook-out with a carry-in is being planned for September 14 when we are celebrating Fall Kick off. A sign-up sheet will be passed around to people to sign up to bring a dish to share. Please bring chairs and plan on enjoying some fellowship time together!!!

The Adult class is looking forward to coming back to Sunday School. Kim, Claudia, Larry, Coralee, Mindi and Connie have all volunteered to teach this year – Tonia Evans

The Trustee Committee is pleased to announce that the first payment for the bell tower repair has been paid and the contract has been signed. Depending on the weather they are scheduled to start within the next couple of weeks. The company we went with is S & H Roofing and Construction. Bluffton Heating and Plumbing finished their work on the boiler system for the basement. The valve that was taped off has been fixed. -- Tim Evans

Faith Circle Update - There will be no meeting in September. Our first meeting will be at 2:00 p.m., October 18, hosted by Mindy Drayer. All women are invited and encouraged to attend this special time of fellowship, food, and fun. Please come, share your talents, and be a part of what the women of UUMC are doing to further the Kingdom of God.

Worship Committee Report - The Worship Committee met on August 25, 2014. The summer format for worship service will be ending on August 31, 2014. The kneeling rail will be put back in place on the organ side of the sanctuary. Pastor Troy will continue to share videos from time to time. As we look forward to resuming our regular worship format, we do need volunteers. If any children or adults would like to acolyte, please sign up. If you would like to help read Scriptures,, please talk to Pastor Troy. If anyone would like to share a special during service, whether it be a song, poem, story, or other, please let Kent Herstad or Mindy Drayer know. If anyone has any ideas, comments, or suggestions, please see Kent Herstad.

Pre-School News



I am very excited to announce that Uniondale will have a preschool again this year (4th year)!!! God has blessed us with 4 returning students and 7 NEW students! I am so excited to get the year underway. IBEP's back to school night will be Thur. Sept. 4th, at 6:30pm, and our first day will be Monday Sept 8th!

Blessings and Love,
Jennifer

June Budget Summary	June	June	June	Year to date	Year to date	Year to date
	Actual	Budget	Variance	Actual	Budget	Variance
TOTAL INCOME	3,015.41	4,197.33	(1,181.92)	22,353.01	25,183.98	(2,830.97)
TOTAL BUDGET EXPENSES	6,829.92	4,197.36	(2,632.56)	27,521.85	25,184.16	(2,337.69)
INCOME LESS EXPENSES	(3,814.51)	(0.03)		(5,168.84)	(0.18)	

*** Best vitamin for a Christian? B1 ***

"No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has conceived what God has prepared for those who love him." (1 Cor 2:9)

There is a story I love about an old missionary couple that served faithfully in Africa for fifty years. The old man's health was failing, and so the couple sent word back to their home church that they needed to return. The couple packed their meager belongings into one trunk and boarded the ocean liner; with no pension and no idea as to where they would live when they returned. All through the journey, they speculated as to who would be on shore to welcome them back.

As the ship approached New York harbor, they were enthralled to see a brass band and a huge "Welcome Home" banner waving in the air. A huge crowd had assembled. The couple swelled with excitement. As they walked down the plank, however, they realized the group was not anticipating their arrival. A U.S. Senator on the boat; and returning from a safari. The party was for him.

The gentle old man became distraught. There was no one to welcome them back. The couple got their trunk and asked for a cab. With tears in his eyes, he said to his wife, "This just isn't fair. We served the Lord faithfully and not one person noticed." His wife squeezed his hand and said, "My love, we are not home yet. When we get home, you won't believe the party that awaits."

The past two weeks, the media has been in a frenzy over Dr. Kent Brantley, the missionary in Africa who contracted Ebola. Many in the American media cannot understand why this talented doctor from the U.S. would risk his life for Africans dying from the horrific disease of Ebola. But Dr. Brantley knows what we know as well: this world is not all there is. It's riches, fame and comforts are nothing compared to the glorious riches of serving Jesus Christ our Lord. All the shiny trinkets of temptation that we strive after on earth are fools' gold compared to the glorious riches of Heaven!

Jesus knows the work you do for others is often thankless and hard. Jesus knows you are weary. Jesus knows there are times you want to throw in the towel. He is so incredibly proud of you. Do not grow weary in doing what is right. You are not home yet.

Blessings to all as you strive to do the work He has called us to do.

Pastor Troy and Mindy

What exactly is Labor Day About and Why Do We Celebrate it?

Observed on the first Monday in September, Labor Day pays tribute to the contributions and achievements of American workers. It was created by the labor movement in the late 19th century and became a federal holiday in 1894. Labor Day also symbolizes the end of summer for many Americans, and is celebrated with parties, parades and athletic events.

Labor Day, an annual celebration of workers and their achievements, originated during one of American labor history's most dismal chapters. In the late 1800s, at the height of the Industrial Revolution in the United States, the average American worked 12-hour days and seven-day weeks in order to eke out a basic living. Despite restrictions in some states, children as young as 5 or 6 toiled in mills, factories and mines across the country, earning a fraction of their adult counterparts' wages. People of all ages, particularly the very poor and recent immigrants, often faced extremely unsafe working conditions, with insufficient access to fresh air, sanitary facilities and breaks.

As manufacturing increasingly supplanted agriculture as the wellspring of American employment, labor unions, which had first appeared in the late 18th century, grew more prominent and vocal. They began organizing strikes and rallies to protest poor conditions and compel employers to renegotiate hours and pay. Many of these events turned violent during this period, including the infamous Haymarket Riot of 1886, in which several Chicago policemen and workers were killed. Others gave rise to longstanding traditions: On September 5, 1882, 10,000 workers took unpaid time off to march from City Hall to Union Square in New York City, holding the first Labor Day parade in U.S. history.

The idea of a "workingman's holiday," celebrated on the first Monday in September, caught on in other industrial centers across the country, and many states passed legislation recognizing it. Congress would not legalize the holiday until 12 years later, when a watershed moment in American labor history brought worker's rights squarely into the public's view. On May 11, 1894, employees of the Pullman Palace Car Company in Chicago went on strike to protest wage cuts and the firing of union representatives.

On June 26, the American Railroad Union, led by Eugene V. Debs, called for a boycott of all Pullman railway cars, crippling railroad traffic nationwide. To break the strike, the federal government dispatched troops to Chicago, unleashing a wave of riots that resulted in the deaths of more than a dozen workers. In the wake of this massive unrest and in an attempt to repair ties with American workers, Congress passed an act making Labor Day a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and the territories. More than a century later, the true founder of Labor Day has yet to be identified.

Many credit Peter J. McGuire, cofounder of the American Federation of Labor, while others have suggested that Matthew Maguire, a secretary of the Central Labor Union, first proposed the holiday. Labor Day is still celebrated in cities and towns across the United States with parades, picnics, barbecues, fireworks displays and other public gatherings. For many Americans, particularly children and young adults, it represents the end of the summer and the start of the back-to-school season.

Some Christian One-Liners.....submitted by Connie Hix

- ~ Don't let your worries get the best of you; remember, Moses started out as a basket case.
- ~ Some people are kind, polite, and sweet-spirited; until you try to sit in their pews.
- ~ The good Lord didn't create anything without a purpose, but mosquitoes come close.

"Just Checking In Today"

A Minister passing through his church
In the middle of the day,
Decided to pause by the altar
To see who came to pray.

Just then the back door opened,
And a man came down the aisle,
The minister frowned as he saw the man
Hadn't shaved in a while.

His shirt was torn and shabby,
And his coat was worn and frayed,
The man knelt down and bowed his head,
Then rose and walked away.

In the days that followed at precisely noon,
The preacher saw this chap,
Each time he knelt just for a moment,
A lunch pail in his lap.

Well, the minister's suspicions grew,
With robbery a main fear,
He decided to stop and ask the man,
'What are you doing here?'

The old man said he was a factory worker
And lunch was half an hour
Lunchtime was his prayer time,
For finding strength and power.

I stay only a moment
Because the factory's far away;
As I kneel here talking to the Lord,
This is kinda what I say:

'I Just Came By To Tell You, Lord,
How Happy I Have Been,
Since We Found Each Other's Friendship
And You Took Away My Sin.

Don't Know Much Of How To Pray,
But I Think About You Every day.
So, Jesus, This Is Ben,
Just Checking In Today.'

The minister feeling foolish,
Told Ben that it was fine.
He told the man that he was welcome
To pray there anytime.

'It's time to go, and thanks,' Ben said
As he hurried to the door.
Then the minister knelt there at the altar,
Which he'd never done before.

His cold heart melted, warmed with love,
As he met with Jesus there.
As the tears flowed down his cheeks,
He repeated old Ben's prayer.

'I Just Came By To Tell You, Lord,
How Happy I've Been,
Since We Found Each Other's Friendship
And You Took Away My Sin.

I Don't Know Much Of How To Pray,
But I Think About You Every day.
So, Jesus, This Is Me,
Just Checking In Today.'

Past noon one day, the minister noticed
That old Ben hadn't come.
As more days passed and still no Ben,
He began to worry some.

At the factory, he asked about him,
Learning he was ill.
The hospital staff was worried,
But he'd given them a thrill.

The week that Ben was with them,
Brought changes in the ward.
His smiles and joy contagious.
Changed people were his reward.

The head nurse couldn't understand
Why Ben could be so glad,
When no flowers, calls or cards came,
Not a visitor he had.

The minister stayed by his bed,
He voiced the nurse's concern:
No friends had come to show they cared.
He had nowhere to turn.

Looking surprised, old Ben spoke up
And with a winsome smile;
'The nurse is wrong, she couldn't know,
He's been here all the while.'

Every day at noon He comes here,
A dear friend of mine, you see,
He sits right down and takes my hand,
Leans over and says to me:

'I Just Came By To Tell You, Ben,
How Happy I Have Been,
Since We Found This Friendship,
And I Took Away Your Sin.

I Think About You Always
And I Love To Hear You Pray,
And So Ben, This Is Jesus,
Just Checking In Today.'



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