



ST. PAUL'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH

276 Church Street, Montrose, PA 18801

Office 570-278-2954, Mon. to Thu. 8:15am to 1:00pm

Click on link to email St. Paul's: stpaulsmontrose@epix.net

Click on link to go to our Website: <http://stpaulschurchmontrose.org>

Click on link to go to our Facebook Page:

<https://www.facebook.com/stpaulsmontrose>

Mission Statement for St. Paul's: To proclaim God's love by word and example and to seek Christ in one another.

July 19 – July 25, 2020

Morning Prayer in the Memorial Garden
Sunday, July 19 at 10:00 am or inside if bad weather.

This Week's Lay Ministers:

Altar Guild: Carol Lasher & Nancy Dooling

Announcements: Lynne Graham

Counters: Dan Graham & Steve Kupscznk

Greeter/Usher: Sandy Seeger & Marsha Jones

Sell your Possessions

I freely admit that I live a privileged life. I have never, in my 68 years, lacked for something that I needed. I take it for granted that I have a roof over my head and food on the table. I drive a car that will get me where I'm going without worrying about breaking down on the way. My health is good and I have access to regular medical and dental care. We can afford a vacation now and then.

So when I read the daily devotion in Forward Day by Day on June 22, this particular reading hit me as it never had before. *Jesus said to him, "If you wish to be perfect, go, sell your possessions, and give the money to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; then come, follow me."* Matthew 19:21

Wow! Give up everything! Now I'm sure there are many theological reflections on this verse from "how does it help anyone if I'm now destitute" to "Jesus means give up the things that get in the way of your relationship with me." I would have to delve into the exegesis of

the passage in more detail, but I started thinking of how my life would be drastically different.

If I were to voluntarily give up all my possessions, I would need to learn how to live all over again. My status in our social structure would take a nosedive. I would be in less control, and I expect that I would become dependent on others, especially God. Give us this day our daily bread would have profound meaning. I'd learn how the have-nots live, and I know I would not like it. The whole idea of having nothing is so foreign to me that I can't even imagine what it must be like and all that it would encompass.

I heard an interview on the radio of a reporter who spoke to an impoverished woman in a third world country. He was watching her prepare the family meal by grinding some plant into flour to make cakes. Thinking it not very appetizing, he asked, "Do you eat *this* every day?" Her response was, "If we are lucky." He further asked her, "If you could have anything in the world, what would it be?" After a thoughtful pause, she replied, "Might I have a cow?" He said, "I mean *anything*." She asked, "Might I have two?" This story just drives home to me the idea that I have no idea how the other half lives. Were I to give up all my possessions, I might find out.

How would it be different if all my possessions were taken from me, like Job or the Jews in the Holocaust? Would I be so caught up in my loss that I couldn't function? Would anger

rule? Would I discover that the meaning in my life was my possessions? Or would I be free of the things that held me back?

I have no answers. I don't think Jesus would have said something he didn't mean. The cost Jesus demands is scary unless we really believe that possessing God in our hearts is enough. Lynne Graham

Vestry Highlights July 9, 2020

We opened the meeting with prayer and approved the agenda. The minutes of the June 11, 2020 meeting were approved.

We read and discussed Psalm 18:1-20, a song of David to the Lord after David was rescued from his enemies. David's description of the power of the Lord is awesome.

We moved the Treasurer's Report to the top of the agenda so that John, our Treasurer could make an early exit for a family commitment. John will investigate online payment of pledges and donations. We accepted the Treasurer's report.

We discussed upgrading our internet to make it more accessible to use Zoom and YouTube from St. Paul's website. This may require switching to Spectrum to gain the speed we need. We can keep Frontier for our phone and email.

We discussed adding a computer in the parish hall to facilitate using the large screen for Zoom meetings and projections during indoor services. The computer would be placed in a locked cabinet that would be tucked on the right wall of the fireplace where the coat rack now sits.

We talked about updating our website to make it brighter with easier access to current information.

Next meeting: Thursday, August 13, 2020

Birthdays for July: Maximus Bartron July 20, Stephanie Calby July 25 & Arthur Jones July 29.

Our thanksgivings: We give thanks for those who celebrate their birthdays this week. *O God, look with favor, we pray, as they begin another year. Grant that they may grow in wisdom and grace, and strengthen their trust in your goodness all the days of their life. Amen.* We give thanks for those celebrating wedding anniversaries this week. *Grant o God, in your compassion, that those celebrating wedding anniversaries this week may live out the covenant they have made. May they grow in forgiveness, loyalty and love, and come at last to the eternal joys, which you have promised through Jesus Christ our Lord; and may the blessing of God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit be with them this day and forever. Amen.*

For those who are ill or have requested our prayers: Margaret Burgh, Kathy Warriner, Naomi Bennett, Justin, Rita Leigh, Fr. John Wagner, Eric, Fr. Arthur & Mo. Jenny.

Your tithes and pledges can be mailed to the church office at 276 Church St., Montrose, PA 18801. Or you can slip your pledge under the office door if you happen to be going by the church.

Pastoral Emergency or Non-Emergency Contact: you can call the parish office during office hours. After hours call Lynne Graham 570-934-1160.

8 Photos this week.

6th Sunday After Pentecost

That day Jesus went out of the house and was sitting by the sea. And large crowds gathered to Him, so He got into a boat and sat down, and the whole crowd was standing on the beach.

And He spoke many things to them in parables, saying, "Behold, the sower went out to sow; and as he sowed, some seeds fell beside the road, and the birds came and ate them up. "Others fell on the rocky places, where they did not have much soil; and immediately they sprang up, because they had no depth of soil. "But when the sun had risen, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. "Others fell among the thorns, and the thorns came up and choked them out. "And others fell on the good soil and yielded a crop, some a hundredfold, some sixty, and some thirty. "He who has ears, let him hear." *Matthew 1-9.*

**Just as I am - without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, -O Lamb of God, I come!**

Fr. Bill's Morning Prayer

Abba, Father, we praise you in this early morning as our day begins. We thank you for the quiet rest of the night and for restoring us to strength to do your will. To thee our morning hymns ascend, in praise of you and your creation.

Behind us lie in distant days our memories of the past, strewn with pictures in our minds, vivid even today. Of sunny walks on brambled lanes passed field of wheat and barley, and hay stacked in golden sheaves, standing at attention. Bright berries colored hedgerows where the Thrush and Sparrow nested, few cars and just the old bicycle that slowly passed us by.

We thank that our childhood years, spoke not of violent scenes, of crime or war or world events or even government it seems. There was a road around the mountain, from the farm to the sea, with small grey walls and purple heather and the smell of turf smoke in the morning air. Thatched cottages with white walls, from where good people waved and men dotted in the fields with cloth cap and scythe. Three miles mostly downhill to the cobbled, stoney shore, the 'Wee House' and the ruined church and the great rock where we fished.

No shore fees here, no boardwalk too, no shops along the front, no parking fee, no garbage cans, no crowds, no souls to see. Only the wheeling seagulls and the lapping of the waves, the sea tossed spray, the black soaked rocks and the smell of seaweed drying on the high-tide water mark.---A cove, a bay, a place to be, for two small boys and their fishing poles. A gentle breeze and a green blue sea and silver fish with backs of green.---Thank you, Lord for giving us a playground that you carved, where the mighty cliffs protected, and shielded, like a line of Angels standing guard.

We had an old fruit can with the clamp bits that we had boiled, and gave a gentle chew before putting them on the hook. A mighty heave, cast way out, and time to contemplate, the island lighthouse I could see far out. It's light flashed dimly in the early morning, the Inishshoven Light, they said, that guided ship in the night round the perilous rocks. A tug, a pull, a bobbing float and a fish on the line, and John with net in hand to land it safe and sound. Ah! Lord, we were fishermen too, just as in those Gospel days with Peter, James and John, and I dare say you Lord too.

Two little men in rubber boots and coats that were too long, striding up the path to home with poles and fish -a-plenty. Big old hats that grandfathers left on their way to heaven. Folk came out to ask the question: "catch anything today?" and wave some more and wish us well as we headed on our way. You remember, how it was, Lord, when darkness began to fall, but we were unafraid Lord, knowing you were near.--In the distant valley the church bell rang at six, the men stopped on their walk home with bowed heads for the 'Angelus'.

There was a light from the farmhouse and we were nearly home and the sweet smell of fresh scone bread and potatoes cooking in a pot. All the hens would scattered as we approached the door, with the old sheepdog licking your face, you knew you were home.

Thank you Lord for childhood, protected 'neath your shadow, silver fish and hot food around that family table. There were no screens, no TV, just the flicker of the fire, early to bed, with a story in head and fishing again tomorrow. Amen.

Fr. William McGinty (Fr. Bill) of Christ Church, Forest City, writes a daily Prayer that he sends out in Email. I usually pick only one paragraph of a whole page. If you would like to be on Fr. Bill's list just let Dan know.

Sunday Morning Prayer in the Memorial Garden

Our second Morning Prayer service last Sunday was well attended. The weather cooperated and it was again, sunny and beautiful. The service was super and the garden welcomed us. Bring a chair and come at 10:00.



This Guy is Always on a Ladder

We are not sure what other churches must do if they don't have a John Finlon in their congregation. He is a volunteer's volunteer. In addition to being Treasurer, John is the guy that keeps things working at St. Paul's. The bolts on the Chestnut Street door opener pulled through the other day and John fixed them. We are putting new and brighter LED lights in the Celtic Room and John put them up. If you see him, say thanks. He is a true treasure and very much appreciated.



We Miss You



