


276 Church Street, Montrose, PA 18801
Office 570-278-2954, Mon., Wed. & Thu. 8:10am to 2:30pm
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.

Feb. 13 – 19, 2022

In person worship or you can watch live streamed on YouTube. Go to St. Paul's website <http://stpaulschurchmontrose.org> and click this red button  on the front page, which takes you to our YouTube page.

Bible Study 1st & 2nd Thursdays. We will start at 5:00.

This Week's Lay Ministers:

Altar Guild: Sandy Seeger & Marsha Jones
Officiant: Rev. Elizabeth Grohowski
Announcements: Lynne Graham
Camera & Broadcast: Andrew Wurth
Lector: Cathy Hammons

Readings for this Week

First Reading: Jeremiah 17:5-10
Psalm: 1
Epistle: 1 Corinthians 15:12-20
Gospel: Luke 6:17-26



View from the Pew

I think the following poem reiterates how important it is to not judge someone by their outward appearance. How important it is to put yourself out there because you never know what is happening in someone's life. Enjoy!

- Sandy Seeger

The Shoe Man Poem

My alarm went off
It was Sunday again.
I was sleepy and tired
My one day to sleep in.
But the guilt I would feel
The rest of the day
Would have been too much
So I'd go and I'd pray.

I showered and shaved

I adjusted my tie.
I got there and sat
In a pew just in time.
Bowing my head in prayer
As I closed my eyes.
I saw the shoe of the man next to me
Touching my own. I sighed.
With plenty of room on either side
I thought, "Why must our soles touch?"
It bothered me, his shoe touching mine
But it didn't bother him much.

A prayer began: "Our Father"...

I thought, "This man with the shoes
has no pride.
They're dusty, worn, and scratched
Even worse, there are holes on the side!"

"Thank You for blessings," the prayer went on.

The shoe man said
a quiet "Amen."
I tried to focus on the prayer
But my thoughts were on his shoes again.
Aren't we supposed to look our best
When walking through that door?
"Well, this certainly isn't it," I thought, Glancing
toward the floor.

Then the prayer was ended
And the songs of praise began.
The shoe man was certainly loud
Sounding proud as he sang.
His voice lifted the rafters
His hands were raised high.
The Lord could surely hear
The shoe man's voice from the sky.

It was time for the offering
And what I threw in was steep.
I watched as the shoe man reached
Into his pockets so deep.
I saw what was pulled out
What the shoe man put in.
Then I heard a soft "clink"
as when silver hits tin.

The sermon really bored me
To tears, and that's no lie
It was the same for the shoe man
For tears fell from his eyes.
At the end of the service
As is the custom here
We must greet new visitors
And show them all good cheer.

But I felt moved somehow
And wanted to meet the shoe man
So after the closing prayer
I reached over and shook his hand.
He was old and his skin was dark
And his hair was truly a mess
But I thanked him for coming
For being our guest.

He said, "My names' Charlie
I'm glad to meet you, my friend."
There were tears in his eyes
But he had a large, wide grin
"Let me explain," he said

Wiping tears from his eyes.
"I've been coming here for months
And you're the first to say 'Hi.'"

"I know that my appearance
Is not like all the rest
"But I really do try
To always look my best.
"I always clean and polish my shoes
Before my very long walk.
"But by the time I get here
They're dirty and dusty, like chalk."

My heart filled with pain
and I swallowed to hide my tears
As he continued to apologize
For daring to sit so near.
He said, "When I get here
I know I must look a sight.
"But I thought if I could touch you
Then maybe our souls might unite."

I was silent for a moment
Knowing whatever was said
Would pale in comparison
I spoke from my heart, not my head.

"Oh, you've touched me," I said,
"And taught me, in part;
"That the best of any man
Is what is found in his heart."

The rest, I thought,
This shoe man will never know.
Like just how thankful I really am
That his dirty old shoe touched my soul.

- Leanne Freiberg



Reminder with winter comes winter weather!.
This is just the annual reminder to say: if there
is ice or snow and there is a question about
church being canceled, listen to WPEL at 96.5
FM.

March Convocation Meetings

The Diocese of Bethlehem is gathering by Convocation in March for a fun preview of *Spring Event – 2022*, to hear updates from Assembly Conveners, and to hear from Bishop Kevin about his excitement for the progress we are enjoying for parish searches and our Canon Missioner ministry. Everyone is invited to attend their Convocation's meeting night, between March 7 and March 10, 2022. These one-hour meetings will be **online via Zoom at 7:00 p.m.** Online registration is required; for more information and to register, please visit the diocesan website: [click here](#).

Please share this invitation with your entire parish. Any questions, please contact us at (610) 691-5655 or office@diobeth.org.

For those who are ill or have requested our prayers: Margaret Burgh, Naomi Bennett, Rita Leigh, Charlotte Eckert, Nancy Finlon, Johanna Masters, Jeannine Ball, Sandy Nagy, Ray Arcario, Addie Evans, Carol Marker & Ellen Ely.

First Wednesday of the Month on Mar. 2nd: Free Soup Dinner at St. Paul's Episcopal Church from 3:30-5:00 p.m. **Please note** that the Free Dinners are take-out only.

Pastoral Emergency or Non-Emergency Contact: you can call the parish office during office hours. After hours call Deacon Liz 212-222-8109.

Fifth Sunday After Epiphany, February 6th

Valentine's Day Edition



LOVE

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Birthdays for February: Kristina Kinney 2/24, Carol Lasher 2/27, & Nancy Finlon 2/28.

Our thanksgivings: We give thanks for those who celebrate their birthdays this week. *O God, our times are in your hand: look with favor, we pray, on your servants 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 lives. 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. Donations You can scan the QR Code. Or go to St. Paul's Website and click the Donate Button for online giving. You can mail your tithes & pledges to the church office at 276 Church St., Montrose, PA 18801

11 Photos this week.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.
(*Corinthians 13: 1-13*)

GIVE ME HOPE (*From Guerrillas of Grace*)

O God, This is a hard time,
a season of confusion, a frantic rush
to fill my closets, my schedule, and my mind,
only to find myself empty.

Give me hope, Lord,
and remind me of your steady power
and gracious purposes that I may live full.

Renew my faith that the earth is not destined
for dust and darkness,
but for frolicking life and deep joy
that, being set free
from my anxiety for the future,
I may take the risks of love today.

THE GOSPEL- Do not be afraid

Once while Jesus was standing beside the lake of Gennesaret, and the crowd was pressing in on him to hear the word of God, he saw two boats there at the shore of the lake; the fishermen had gone out of them and were washing their nets. He got into one of the boats, the one belonging to Simon, and asked him to put out a little way from the shore. Then he sat down and taught the crowds from the boat. When he had finished speaking, he said to Simon, "Put out into the deep water and let down your nets for a catch." Simon answered, "Master, we have worked all night long but have caught nothing. Yet if you say so, I will let down the nets." When they had done this, they caught so many fish that their nets were beginning to break. So they signaled their partners in the other boat to come and help them. And they came and filled both boats, so that they began to sink. But when Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, "Go away from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man!" For he and all who were with him were amazed at the catch of fish that they had taken; and so also were James and John, sons of Zebedee, who were partners with Simon. Then Jesus said to Simon, "Do not be afraid; from now on you will be catching people." When they had brought their boats to shore, they left everything and followed him. (*Luke 5:1-11*)

Father Bill's Morning Prayer



Yesterday the sun shone glittering through the frozen crystal trees, on each side of the highway. It was quite a sight. Light can do that turning the gloom and dark of Winter into something rather splendid.

Certain teachers can do that transforming the routine of a Monday morning into a learning experience to remember. They stamp their own brand of enthusiasm turning theology into critical debate, Shakespeare into the flashing swords of poetry and art into the magical world of color.

It is no accident, they conceive and work at it, plotting their attack on the fertile imagination of their students on a Sunday afternoon, while their husband languishes on the soccer or football couch.

And you Lord, the great teacher, telling stories from a boat only feet from the shore. Your eager listeners wetting their sandaled feet eager to hear your every word. You could not just leave it there but had to demonstrate with the visual aids at your disposal, boats and nets, fishermen and fish. The great haul demonstrating your 'good news'.

Our prayer today is for that light to impact our lives, refreshing our spirit, lighting up the good. And there is good Lord, good for us to see. We do not need to paint the dark, because the weather does not cooperate. We do not need to listen to the thunder, when the music of strings can lift us to a different plain.

We pray for your Spirit, ever new, ever eventful, ever creative, to awaken our enthusiasm each new day. Tell us Lord, what we fail to tell ourselves. That we are better than we think, more magical with our minds, brilliant in our day, and worth every bit of love that comes our way.

Give us the 'bounce of the first day teacher'! The wisdom of the grey-haired queen of the classroom, the love of our students, and the library of memories we build. Then Lord we know that we have answered the call, run the race, achieved our ends, spoken your word, fulfilled your demand: "Here I am. Send me!"---Amen

THIS WEEK

February 6th Service

It was another cold morning and those who came braved the cold. The February 6th live-streamed 10:00 Deacon's Mass was led by Deacon Liz. Lynne Graham did announcements and John Warriner was the lector. Cathy Hammons played the organ Prelude and Postlude, along with four hymns. Our live-streamed services can be watched live or any time on YouTube.

They are Probably Missing all the Snow!

Yeah, the Dunns may look happy in the sunshine, and the sunglasses, and the warm weather, and the golf shirts and and the green grass, but think what they are missing by not being here! They send their love.

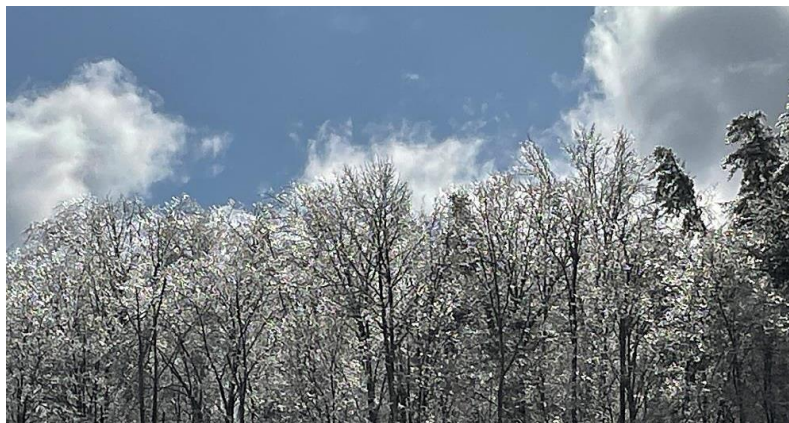


Coats for Our Community

After 15 years, Coats for Our Community now has a logo. Rosenkrans signs over in New Milford created the one above. You will start seeing it in October.

EARLY FEBRUARY IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY

Winter uses all the blues there are. A storm came through on Friday and brought rain, sleet, snow and freezing temperatures. While it was treacherous, when it was all done, it created a winter wonderland when the sun came out next morning. The picture is of our walk looking east over top the hedges. A winter sunrise.





ONE YEAR AGO AT ST. PAUL'S

What a difference a year makes. One year ago today, our service was on February 7th. We were closed due to Covid. It was a snowy morning and the snow was coming down pretty hard. There were four hardy parishioners there. The part for the broken heating system had finally come in on the previous Friday and it was warm in church for the first time in four weeks. The live-streamed Morning Prayer service was led by Tom Undercoffler. The announcements and the readings were done by Lynne Graham. Mary Ann DeWitt played the organ Prelude, *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*, organ Meditation, and Postlude. If you are wondering what the team is doing, before the service they got together to decide who was reading what.

