

ST. PAUL'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Weekly Update

August 13- August 19



276 Church Street, Montrose, PA 18801


Office 570-278-2954, Monday-Thursday 8:15am-3:00pm

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>

To proclaim God's love by word and example and to seek Christ in one another.

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.



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

Church Closures

Please turn your radio dial to WPEL 96.5 FM. We will announce any closure of our church service on that station.

View from the Pulpit:

Last night I attended a screening of a short documentary titled “No Way Home.” No Way Home traces the story of Lorraine Haw, known as Mrs. Dee Dee, as she grapples with the trauma of living on both sides of the epidemic of gun violence in Philadelphia. Earlier in life, Mrs. Dee Dee’s younger brother was shot to death in his apartment complex after an argument over a gold necklace turned fatal. Years later, still reeling from the tragic death of her brother, she was devastated to see her son sentenced to mandatory life without parole in prison. A leader in the movement to end mass incarceration in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Dee Dee’s story reflects the experiences of thousands of people in Pennsylvania who simultaneously sit on both sides of the gun violence epidemic: having lost loved ones to gun violence and also having lost loved ones to the carceral system. - <https://amistadlaw.org/no-way-home-story-mothers-struggle-reunite-her-family-0>

The film was produced by the Amistad Law Project, a non-profit which seeks to reduce what is known as death by incarceration. Current Pennsylvania law requires that all who are convicted of first- and second-degree murder are sentenced to life without parole. This includes felony murder which refers to any deaths that occur during the commission of a crime.

So, say someone has been asked to give a friend a lift to Pump n Pantry not knowing that the passenger intends to rob the place, then the store clerk has a heart attack and dies, the poor guy who thinks his friend was just going get a pizza and some beer is on the hook for felony murder and will also be incarcerated for life. This is not usually the case, but it can happen.

Mrs. Dee Dee’s son had been groomed from a young age by drug dealers to become first a mule, then a seller, then one day he and some friends decided why not skip all that and just rob the dealers. So they waited till the dealers were away from their hangout and went to rob the place. Unfortunately for them the dealer and his posse came back unexpectedly, and a fight ensued. During the fight one of the dealer’s posse was shot and killed. Everyone who had come to rob them was found guilty of felony murder – second degree. He has been in prison for 29 years. He did not pull the trigger.

The question is: What is the purpose of prison? Rehabilitation or punishment? If punishment, well, is there any punishment sufficient for the taking of a life? Will keeping someone in prison till they die solve anything? It certainly won’t bring the dead back to life. If rehabilitation is the sought after goal, and the incarcerated person spends their time in prison bettering themselves, getting educated, being a model prisoner for years, decades, well then, what is the point of keeping them incarcerated? They have proven that they are rehabilitated. Should they be left in prison, essentially, buried alive?

Honestly, I cannot begin to do justice to the cause of those who are trying to reduce permanent incarceration. Most often it is the poor and desperate who resort to violence because they lack hope that life will ever be better for them. Those who have taken up this cause, members of society on both sides of the violence equation are not asking for the prison walls to be knocked down so that everyone can run wild; they merely seek reform so that those who have been rehabilitated be given the opportunity to be considered for parole and that the record of their time in prison also be acknowledged in the hearing process.

The most important takeaway I had from the evening was regarding forgiveness – what it is and what it is not. Forgiveness is letting go of resentment, anger, and hostility toward someone who harmed you, even though you are justified in having these feelings.

Forgiveness is a mental shift, or a change of heart, that develops over time; an opportunity to heal. Forgiveness can reduce symptoms of trauma, anger, anxiety, and depression.

Forgiveness is a personal decision that only you can make for yourself. No one can make you forgive another person. We do not even need to tell someone that we've forgiven them in order for healing to take place.

What it is not – forgiveness is not condoning, approving of, or excusing what happened. It is not a license for the offender to continue to mistreat you. It is not forgetting how you were wronged or pretending like nothing happened. It is not something you do for the other person. Forgiveness is for you. Finally, it is not something that can be forced. Just because you want to forgive doesn't mean that forgiveness has been achieved.

We all make mistakes and therefore at times we are all in need of forgiveness. As we pray in the Lord's Prayer – forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. In other words, we pray that we may forgive in equal measure to how we hope and pray we will be forgiven. May it be so, Amen.

If you are interested in reading more about the documentary or the work of the Amistad Law Project, go to: <https://amistadlaw.org/>

-Mother Liz

View from the Pew:

My last article brought up some memories of my early Naval service. In June of 1986, I enlisted in the U. S. Navy and shipped off to boot camp down in sunny Orlando, Florida, the hottest and most humid time of the year there. From day one, I think I was in a state of semi shock the whole time. That is, until graduation day. Then, I was flying as high as a kite; and not the under the influence of any substance kind. High on life, and the promise of hope and prosperity in my future. During the second week of basic training (one major brain washing session this whole ordeal was), the whole company was lined up on either side of the barracks in front of the foot of our racks, facing the center area between us. The company commander was standing about six inches in front of me at this point, yelling some command at me, spittle flying in my face, when all of a sudden he breaks his verbal tirade and screams “Are you eyeballing me, Boy?!” my response was of course “Sir, Yes SIR”. He then commences to tell me to drop and give him 50. By that time I knew what 50 meant. The dreaded push-ups. I finished and popped back up into attention. He then was barking in my face again. Sometimes it takes a couple times to learn something. As he’s standing there pontificating, I make the mistake of making direct eye contact again - something that had been ingrained in my brain from child-hood, being told to look at someone when being spoken to. Well, he was less than happy with me. “What the *** did I just finishing telling you, Boy!?” And, life went on in simi-lar fashion for the two longest months of my life up to that point and since.

Including boot camp, I had about a year of training dealing with my newfound career in Naval Intelligence (now doesn’t that sound like an oxymoron), but it was an instrumental foundation for the next 30 years of my life - in uniform, then later as a federal civilian. In that time, I learned about strategic and tactical operations. I mostly was employed in the latter area, on deployments and learning how to defend the ship and its commanders or other areas of the world. I learned how to evade capture and what to do if that was unsuccessful. All in all, it was a very eventful and fulfilling time. And, no, no one ever tried to capture me thankfully.

There were two main fears that stand out in my memory. One was in boot camp - the fear of making mistakes and being belittled, and learning how to unquestioningly follow direct, lawful orders without hesitation. The second was after I finished my first year of training. I went home on leave between then and reporting to my first ship. On the eve before flying out to San Diego, the news was on the television in the kitchen when they came out with breaking news that the USS Stark was hit by two air to surface missiles fired by an Iraqi jet aircraft, killing 37 U. S. service members. My only thought was, oh my God, I’m heading out that way tomorrow.

Fear can break you or make you. Using it as simply a warning to prepare you for something dangerous or dreadful ahead, instead of stopping you in your tracks in utter panic will allow you to face something difficult, adapt, and overcome. Thankfully, I used it to to spur me forward with more focus and determination.

Sundays Service

@ St Matthews Church

August
13



Readings for this Week:

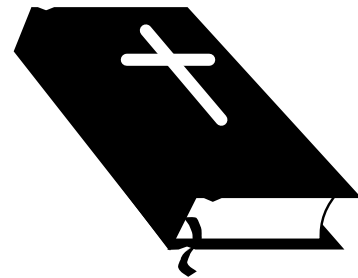
First Reading: Genesis 37:1-4, 12-28
Psalm: Psalm 105, 1-6, 16-22, 45b
The Epistle: Romans 10:5-15
Gospel: Matthew 14:22-33

This Week's Ministers:

Celebrant: The Rev. Elizabeth Grohowski
Altar Guild: Barb U. & Nancy D.
Announcements: Lynne Graham & Bob Kimmel
Lector: John Warriner
Organist:

This week's Hymns:

There is no music this week
This Sundays Service is at our sister church
St Matthews Episcopal in Stevensville

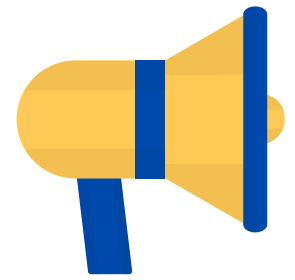


This week's Gospel according to: Matthew

Jesus made the disciples get into the boat and go on ahead to the other side, while he dismissed the crowds. And after he had dismissed the crowds, he went up the mountain by himself to pray. When evening came, he was there alone, but by this time the boat, battered by the waves, was far from the land, for the wind was against them. And early in the morning he came walking toward them on the sea. But when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were terrified, saying, "It is a ghost!" And they cried out in fear. But immediately Jesus spoke to them and said, "Take heart, it is I; do not be afraid."

Peter answered him, "Lord, if it is you, command me to come to you on the water." He said, "Come." So Peter got out of the boat, started walking on the water, and came toward Jesus. But when he noticed the strong wind, he became frightened, and beginning to sink, he cried out, "Lord, save me!" Jesus immediately reached out his hand and caught him, saying to him, "You of little faith, why did you doubt?" When they got into the boat, the wind ceased. And those in the boat worshiped him, saying, "Truly you are the Son of God."

Happenings and Announcements



St Matthews Service this

Sunday!

Come down to Stevensville to the St Matthews Church at 10 am this Sunday the 13th, for a special historical service and an ice cream social afterwards!

Vestry Meeting

This months Vestry Meeting will be on August 17th.
All are welcome.

We would love for you to be included!

Article submissions (photos, community news items, or a personal or faith story) are due every Wednesday. This is YOUR newsletter, and all congregants are invited to share their stories and photos. Please email your items to Kate at stpaulsmontrose@epix.net or John Warriner at jdwarri@me.com; post an item to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 276 Church St. Montrose, PA 18801 on Facebook; or drop a note in the offering plate.



For those who are ill or have requested our prayers:

Margaret Burgh, Naomi Bennett, Rita Leigh, Nancy Finlon, Carol Marker, Ellen Ely, Rev. Janet Watrous, Edward, Victor, Ralph Bunnell.

Pastoral Emergency or Non-Emergency Contact:

You can call the parish office during office hours. After hours, call Mother Liz 212-222-8109.



This Months Birthdays:

James Bailey 8/2, Scott Price 8/13, Barb Undercoffler 8/19, Bob Aiken 8/23,
Margaret Burgh 8/28, Patty Aiken 8/30



This Months Anniversaries:

Jack & Carol Lasher 8/6/1960
Cole & Kate Aukema 8/6/2022

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.

Last Week's Service and Events

LAST SUNDAY – Tenth Sunday After Pentecost – August 6, 2023

Seek ye first the kingdom of God
And His righteousness;
And all these things shall be added unto you.
Hallelu, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The live-streamed August 6th 10:00 Holy Eucharist Service was led by Mother Liz. Announcements were by Lynne Graham. Vickie Calby read as lector and Cathy Hammons played the piano. The service included four hymns, a prelude and postlude. The service was held in the Memorial Garden and was not taped or put on U-Tube. The weather was perfect.



Jack and Carol's 63rd Anniversary

If you see Jack and Carol this week, wish them happy anniversary. They have been married for 63, yes, 63 years.





Sleeping Bags

The Sleeping Bag ministry is still going full speed getting sleeping bags ready for this winter. The group gets together at 10:00 on the second and the fourth Wednesdays of the month. It's a lot of fun and easy to help.



No Apples this Year

This picture was taken in May right before the freeze. It is an older type of apple tree that blooms every other year and this was the year for apples. The apples should have been heavy based on the numerous blooms.

But we had the freeze on May 23rd this year. It froze all the blossoms and turned them black, and there is not one apple on the tree. Also, no pears or walnuts can be found on those trees.

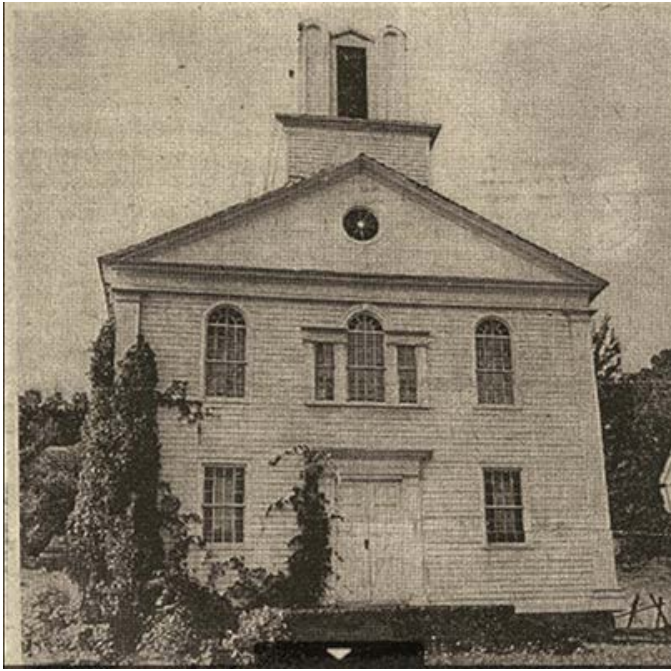
Bell Tower Door Rails Painted

The bell tower door railings were painted this week by John Finlon's grandson, Logan, who needed a couple of hours of community service for school. It was a great job and a unique wet paint sign.



St. Matthew's Annual Service

Next week we will be at St. Matthew's Church for our annual service at 10:00 with an ice cream social afterward. Consecrated in 1826 by Bishop White, it was one of the first four Episcopal churches in NEPA, and having a service there is like stepping back into the past. It's architecture and layout is an almost exact duplicate of St. Paul's first church located at the corner of Chestnut and Cedar Sts. St Matthew's is located directly west on 706. We will see you there!



Bucks are Showing Antlers

Fall seems to be coming whether we want it or not. A sure sign, bucks are starting to grow antlers. Jack Lasher got this good photo from his trail cam. Still in velvet, this guy looks like maybe an eight point.



Montrose for Roosevelt

Here's a fun picture. Taken in 1904 when Teddy Roosevelt was running for reelection as President with Charles W. Fairbanks as Vice President. This is a picture of a Roosevelt parade, with a lot of carriages, to probably celebrate his victory or support his candidacy.

EARLY AUGUST IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY

"This morning, the sun endures past dawn. I realize that it is August: the summer's last stand."
The rains were heavy this week – lot of rain in a short time – and the grass is hard to keep up with.

The dawns are a little later now than they were and the dogs are sleeping in a little. A tree swallow was sitting on an old post thinking about life. It's always good to have help, but some of the grandchildren like to help pick beans and some don't. Lots of beans. Enjoy these days.

