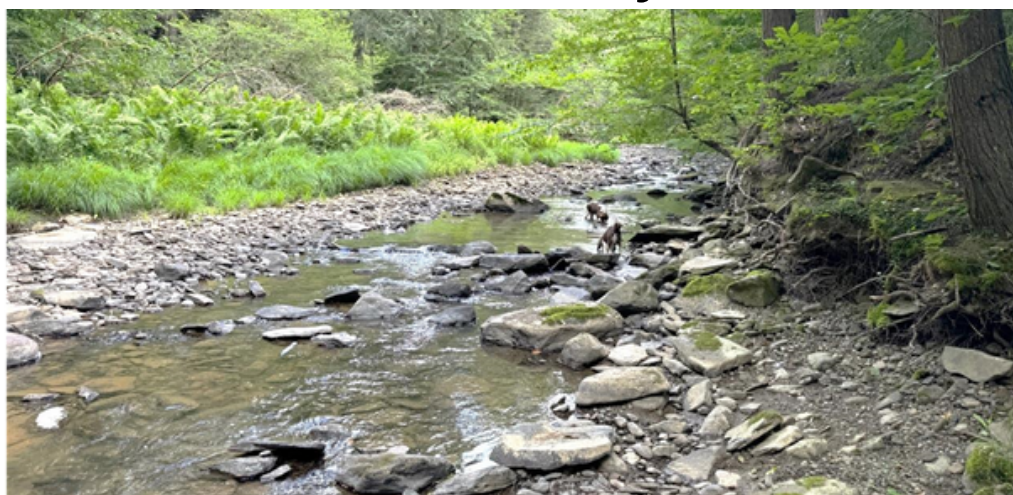


ST. PAUL'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Weekly Update

June 30 - July 6



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.

Our Vestry Members

The Rev. Elizabeth Grohowski

John Warriner, Sr. Warden

Vickie Calby, Jr. Warden

John Finlon, Treasurer

Wanda Peirce, Clerk

Jack Lasher

Dan Graham

Vera Dunn

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: Mother Liz

We've discovered that the real estate market is hotter and more expensive in Buffalo than it is in Scranton. When we moved to Scranton we purchased a move in ready 2900 square foot colonial. A month before we closed my mom died, we knew that we did not need that much space but most smaller places were not in great shape and we didn't want to become overwhelmed by renovations. So we moved ahead with the purchase.

In nine short years and as a result of both of my parent's passing, we've accumulated quite a bit of stuff. Some of it is the normal stuff of living, and some is inherited, passed down through the generations. I am effectively an only child as is my much younger brother from my dad's second marriage and neither of us have children so here I am struggling with what to let go of given our significant downsizing (we're moving into a 2000SF. apartment).

Then there are the music scores and books from our time as professional musicians. We no longer need them and my rational side knows that they should be passed on to others so that the younger generation can avail itself of the rich tradition of classical music and materials that will help them to use their God given talents to the best of their ability. Much of my adult life was lived out sharing my gifts with others through opera and song. Giving these books away whether filled with words and notes or words that support their performance is like giving away part of my heart. So many emotions and memories are attached to these items. It is downright painful to consider discarding them.

I did not understand when my mom moved from NY to St. Louis, why she still had to hang on to a skirt set made of woven yellow satin ribbon with a pearl collar or other clothing that she hadn't worn since I was a child, none of which had fit her in decades. Many other items made their way across the country as well as some that awaited her in my grandparents basement. These had been sent by UPS when we downsized from a house to a Manhattan apartment. When she died and I had the task of sorting through them. It was so frustrating, painful, and frankly brutal to rummage through the disintegrating clothes, warped 78's, and mounds of random items from the record of her life.

The history of my mom lay within her St. Louis apartment and storage space. A history of times shared with family, friends, lovers. Those who brought her joy, laughter, sadness, and pain. Each item had a story to tell. A story that died with her. And I was at a loss to understand why she kept these things that seemingly had no purpose. With the help of friends from her youth, I sorted through them as best I could, salvaging all that could be donated as well as things that I felt like I should keep. Most of these things were antiques, family memorabilia such as my grandpa's purple heart and flag as well as the letter's from President Roosevelt and President Truman upon his and my great uncle Freddie's passing in the war. I also kept the love letters between my parents before their marriage. I don't know what I was thinking there... and no, I have not read a single one, some things should remain private between two people in love.

Which brings me back to my own history. A history entwined with the generations before me. It also brings me back to the stuff of my history. Stuff that feels as though its very substance is composed of the DNA of members of my family. This is why it is so difficult to part with it. It would be much easier if I had someone to pass it on to. Someone in my family or friends who could become the curator of the contents of the Grohowski/Uhlenbrock (Koval) collection. Given that I cannot identify that person, I must find a way to accept that most of the history of my family line will fade into the annals of time. And that is the way that it has been throughout all of history. Some families are memorialized in history and others fade into the past.

However, the belongings we cherish, while important to us, are not what truly matters. Our homes and all that is within them, even the very flesh that makes up our physical bodies, all of these are temporary. Our true home is in Heaven in the place made for us by our Heavenly Father. When we arrive we will rejoin those we now love but see no longer and our belongings will cease to have importance for us because we will be at rest with thy saints, in the place where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

While we are here in human form there are two commandments greater than all others that Jesus taught us. These are the essence of embodying the Kingdom of God here on earth. The most important is, 'Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one. And you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength.' The second is this: 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself.' There is no other commandment greater than these."

And so, what truly matters is how we love. How we love God, love our neighbors, and love ourselves. And so I pray for the strength to accept the need to release that which no longer serves me as I go forth in this new chapter where I will continue to seek to do the will of God while I have breath. And I pray that I will experience the peace of knowing that someone else will find use in the many items that are released to enhance the lives of those about me.

As my diction teacher would say as we were about to sing a song after he corrected us: *curaggio e vanti!* (courage and go)!

View from the Pew:

A Mother's Boy

It's common knowledge that a girl's father "gives his daughter away" on her wedding day. I had never given the mothers and their sons any thought. However, we also give something away. Something equally valuable. I know when that day comes, I will never get that back. I will surrender myself as the person he embraces and caresses, the person he seeks out in a crowd, the person he turns to first in difficult times, the person who makes him laugh in the middle of the day, being his favorite girl, a piece of my heart, and my son.

I know that he will always love me but I am aware that he will love her more, though. It's okay that he'll love her more than his mother. Well, isn't that what we're after? Even if it means we end up second, we want them to marry someone who they will prioritize over everyone else. Mothers, while you are still the first, love him. Hug him like a lanky adolescent and kiss his cute baby face. Even if he is grumpy and won't talk to you, you still need to drive him to school. When he has to let off steam and vent, pay attention. Create a welcome environment for his friends. If he ends up straying and doing something reckless, despite his mistake, stay by his side. Enjoy every second of family Friday night's illumination. Love him, accept his forgiveness, and accept your own responsibility for the mistakes you made.

Watching him entrust his heart to the love of his life will be your experience. When it comes times for the mother-son dance at his wedding, he will reminisce and say the sweetest things about the person he has become because of you. It will feel a little bit like a farewell when he gives you a firm hug. It will be quite difficult for you to become his second best friend. It is a path we take and a path I wish we shined more light on and placed more importance on.

- Lindsay Golden

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.

Sundays Service

June
30



Sixth Sunday after Pentecost

Readings for this Week:

First Reading: Wisdom of Solomon
1:13-15; 2:23-24

Psalm: 30

The Epistle: 2 Corinthians 8:7-15

Gospel: Mark 5:21-43

This Week's Ministers:

Celebrant: The Rev. Elizabeth Grohowski

Altar Guild: Carol Lasher

Announcements: John Warriner

Lector: Vickie Calby

Hospitality: Martha & Victor

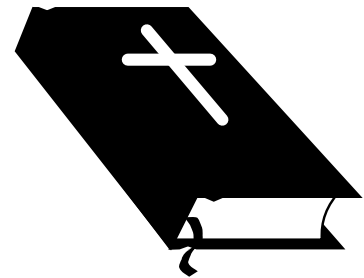
This week's Hymns:

God of our fathers

Take my life and let it be

The Church's one foundation

Eternal Father, strong to save



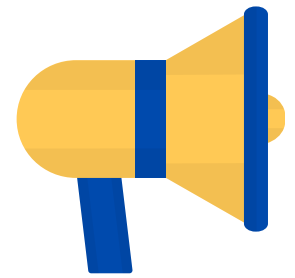
This week's Gospel according to: Mark

When Jesus had crossed again in the boat to the other side, a great crowd gathered around him; and he was by the sea. Then one of the leaders of the synagogue named Jairus came and, when he saw him, fell at his feet and begged him repeatedly, "My little daughter is at the point of death. Come and lay your hands on her, so that she may be made well, and live." So he went with him.

And a large crowd followed him and pressed in on him. Now there was a woman who had been suffering from hemorrhages for twelve years. She had endured much under many physicians, and had spent all that she had; and she was no better, but rather grew worse. She had heard about Jesus, and came up behind him in the crowd and touched his cloak, for she said, "If I but touch his clothes, I will be made well." Immediately her hemorrhage stopped; and she felt in her body that she was healed of her disease. Immediately aware that power had gone forth from him, Jesus turned about in the crowd and said, "Who touched my clothes?" And his disciples said to him, "You see the crowd pressing in on you; how can you say, 'Who touched me?'" He looked all around to see who had done it. But the woman, knowing what had happened to her, came in fear and trembling, fell down before him, and told him the whole truth. He said to her, "Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace, and be healed of your disease."

While he was still speaking, some people came from the leader's house to say, "Your daughter is dead. Why trouble the teacher any further?" But overhearing what they said, Jesus said to the leader of the synagogue, "Do not fear, only believe." He allowed no one to follow him except Peter, James, and John, the brother of James. When they came to the house of the leader of the synagogue, he saw a commotion, people weeping and wailing loudly. When he had entered, he said to them, "Why do you make a commotion and weep? The child is not dead but sleeping." And they laughed at him. Then he put them all outside, and took the child's father and mother and those who were with him, and went in where the child was. He took her by the hand and said to her, "Talitha cum," which means, "Little girl, get up!" And immediately the girl got up and began to walk about (she was twelve years of age). At this they were overcome with amazement. He strictly ordered them that no one should know this, and told them to give her something to eat.

Happenings and Announcements



Social Night @ Dan and Lynne's

There was a social night scheduled at Dan and Lynne's for June 21 but it was rescheduled to **June 28th @5pm!**

We hope you are all still planning on making it. Bring your favorite dish to pass, your favorite beverage of choice and a lawn chair.

See you then!

Blessing of Matthews Tree

This Sunday at 9:45, before the regular church service, we will be meeting in the Memorial Garden to bless Matthew Kinney's Tree that was planted last year.



For those who are ill or have requested our prayers:

Margaret Burgh, Naomi Bennett, Rita Leigh, Nancy Finlon, Carol Marker,

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:

Rita Leigh 6/10, Cathy Hammons 6/10, Ben Zalewski 6/17, Lynne Graham 6/18, Jack Lasher 6/20, Mary Zalewski 6/21



This Months Anniversaries:

June 22: Barb & Tom Undercoffler
June 22: Carol & Rich Marker

Our thanksgivings:

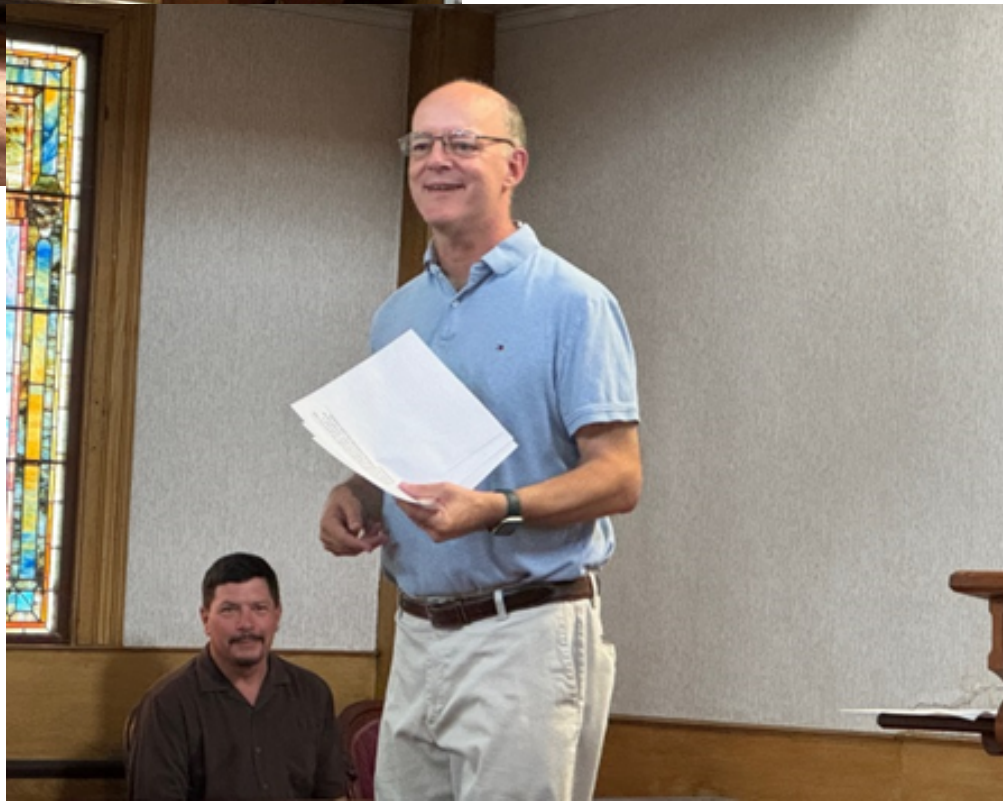
We give thanks for those who celebrate their birthdays this week. O God, our times are in your hand: look with favor, we pray, on your servants as they begin another year. Grant that they may grow in wisdom and grace, and strengthen their trust in your goodness all the days of their lives. Amen.

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

Fifth Sunday After Pentecost, June 23, 2024

The June 23rd, 2024, 10:00 Holy Eucharist service was officiated by Mother Liz. John Warriner gave announcements and Lynne Graham served as chaliceist. The service was held at St. Matthew's in Stevensville and it was not videotaped.



July 4th Breakfast

Get ready – the July 4th breakfast is right around the corner. We need cooks and other helpers to make it a success. Let Lynne know if you can help. Here's a picture of last year's crowd. We anticipate about 200 this year.



July 4th is Coming

St. Paul's has the best location in the town for watching the parade and spots are at a premium -- and, you are right next to our ice cream sales! We should sell tickets. Bring your chairs in on Wednesday and set them up. Attached is a picture of an earlier parade. Looks like Tom Undercoffler on the horse leading it.



LATE-JUNE IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY

“In June, the world of leaf and blade and flowers explode, and every sunset is different.” A couple days of very hot weather and then a couple cold nights. The sunsets are stunning – and each is different. Wrens are building nests in all the unused bird boxes. This lady will have a lot of little ones to feed when they hatch. Native foxglove is blooming – it’s poisonous so leave it alone. John Warriner sent in a great picture of a northern water snake at his house at Elk Lake. Maybe we need to think twice if he has a swimming party. Still lots of weird fungi from all the rain. After being raging torrents for almost a month, our streams are back to normal. Let summer begin!

