

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Weekly Update

January 19- January 25



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.

Pastoral Emergency or Non-Emergency Contact:

You can call the parish office during office hours. After hours, call John Warriner at 570-278-2317.

Our Vestry Members

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: Father Bill

“Butterfly”

This time of year, always around Epiphany, I rediscover anew my love for Liturgy. It is a time when all three of the Sunday Readings call out to us, as an invitation. The Liturgist wants to weave a three-tier revelation of Father, Son, and Spirit, that shines a light on the very advent of Christ’s earthly ministry.

We are so used to the theology, that Jesus Christ is the ultimate revelation of the Father. Christ himself speaks to his disciples in terms of: “When you have seen me, you have seen the Father”. —We may be tempted to thinking: “Yes, there is only one God, and he comes to us at different times, in three separate forms, Father, Son and Spirit.”—The Early Fathers of the Church refuted that notion, both at Nicaea in 325, and at Chalcedon in 451. They insisted that all three were one God, in Trinity, but quite separate.

Yesterday’s readings, for the first Sunday after Epiphany, had Yahweh speaking to Israel as a father speaking to his children. It is a monologue in which God defines the relationship, as one of his continued presence among those that he loves.—The Second Reading, switches our attention to the Early Christians going to Samaria, to baptize in the Holy Spirit.—It is a phenomena that God does not just want to ‘walk among us’, but he also chooses to share his very self, his Spirit with us. This brings us to the Gospel of Luke.

While the Evangelist may well have wanted to emphasize Jesus being baptized by John, and beginning his earthly ministry, in truth, the Gospel is all about ‘Trinity’ and the unique relationship that defines our very being.—Each of us is created by God, our heavenly Father; we are empowered by the Holy Spirit, that is the very ‘stuff’ of our soul; and we are commissioned to become human with the humanity of Christ, and share that teaching with all.

“What then am I?”—I ask myself. I am in a sense ‘Trinity’ if but in miniature.

Continually, I am in a state of ‘becoming’. In life I strive to be a co-creator with God, my father, if only to live up to the potential he began in me. I see the perfection of that potential in Christ, my brother. The love he teaches me, brings me to a transcendence through the power of the Holy Spirit. ---Put in child-understandable terms: “I am a caterpillar bug, that wants to be a Butterfly!”

We are all connected to Trinity, and the Liturgy wishes to teach us this in these precious weeks before Lent, that we call ‘Epiphany’. —Theology it may be, but Yahweh reminds us today through Isaiah: “Do not be afraid, for I have redeemed you. I have called you by your name, you are mine”. Amen.

View from the Pew: Dan Graham

Memory Lane

“Memory is such a fragile thing, the honey and bee’s sting.” In the last couple of years, I’ve had to tiptoe down memory lane trying to come up with stories from my past life events that had a humorous ending or a moral to share for the Susquehanna Independent column. If deemed suitable for church, most of them appeared in the Weekly. In an uneventful life like mine, that is often hard to think them up on a bi-weekly basis.

Staci, the editor there, gives me pretty much free reign on what I write. My wife, on the other hand, has vetoed a couple story suggestions that weren’t “appropriate.” She nixed a couple I won’t mention including the one about sneaking into the Burlesque Theater in Pittsburgh when 17 -- but she let the trying to buy beer at 16 through. This Christmas, she actually made copies of every column I have done so far and sent them to our sons. As a result, I got a chance to re-read them all together, from the first one about gathering walnuts with my Dad in the fall, to the last one, trying to watch the ball drop in New York City.

I came to the conclusion that retrieving old memories for the stories has been good for me on several levels. Sharing them, I’m not sure -- that would be your call. Remembering an earlier, less complicated time has its benefits. I did have one revelation. While re-reading, I realized how important my parents were in my young life – something I had never considered before. I thought Mom and Dad were just tangential to the stories, but looking at some of them, perhaps my parents’ decisions and how they handled whatever crazy thing I was doing was the story. In a funny way, I suppose that I took them for granted and assumed that everybody had parents like mine. So many of us don’t get good ones. Two, kinda normal, hardworking, loving folks raising a family. My memories are mostly of when they were older and telling the stories reminded me about them in my early life when they too were younger. I wish I knew to thank them then, but let me say thank you a little late Mom and Dad.

On a sadder note. Three of my friends who were in the stories I have written about have since died and that’s a little sobering. Two died of natural causes (if cancer is a natural cause), and one came back from Vietnam but never really came back –he died too early of too much booze, too many drugs, and too much war. Vets will know what I mean. But my stories have resurrected for me good memories of good times with good friends who are not replaceable.

That said, I have also realized that memories can be tricky about what we remember and don’t. A month ago, a friend and I had dinner in Quakertown and the discussion turned to a trip we took to California 55 years ago. I’m not sure we were on the same trip! “I don’t remember that!” we both said. Similarly, when we talk, my brother always remembers something about some relative, some vacation, some neighbor while growing up that I don’t. But I remember things that he doesn’t. “The Joneses lived there.” “I think it was the Smiths.” My wife and I do that old Gigi movie routine all the time. “We first met at nine, we met at eight, I was on time, no, you were late. Ah! Yes, I remember it well.” Perhaps though our recollections of things past are our own and that’s how it should be. After all, they’re our memories, not someone else’s and we get to tell the story.

So, tiptoeing down memory lane has been a hoot for me in many ways -- reminding me of things long forgotten -- bringing some smiles, bringing some tears. I’ve received a bunch of nice complements along the way from you. Thank you. But, I will tiptoe lightly. Because we all know what memories can bring -- both diamonds and rust.

Sundays Service

Jan 19



Second Sunday after the Epiphany

Readings for this Week:

First Reading: Isaiah 62:1-5

Psalm: 36:5-10

The Epistle: 1 Corinthians 12:1-11

Gospel: John 2:1-11

This Week's Ministers:

Celebrant: Vickie Calby

Altar Guild: Mary & Ben Zalewski

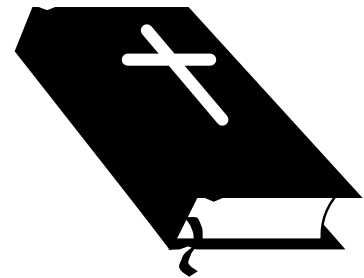
Announcements: Lynne Graham

Lector: Lynne Graham

Hospitality:

This week's Hymns:

Songs of thankfulness and praise
Christ, whose glory fills the skies
Theres a sweet sweet spirit
Immortal invisible God only wise



This week's Gospel according to: Luke

On the third day there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. Jesus and his disciples had also been invited to the wedding. When the wine gave out, the mother of Jesus said to him, "They have no wine." And Jesus said to her, "Woman, what concern is that to you and to me? My hour has not yet come." His mother said to the servants, "Do whatever he tells you." Now standing there were six stone water jars for the Jewish rites of purification, each holding twenty or thirty gallons. Jesus said to them, "Fill the jars with water." And they filled them up to the brim. He said to them, "Now draw some out, and take it to the chief steward." So they took it. When the steward tasted the water that had become wine, and did not know where it came from (though the servants who had drawn the water knew), the steward called the bridegroom and said to him, "Everyone serves the good wine first, and then the inferior wine after the guests have become drunk. But you have kept the good wine until now." Jesus did this, the first of his signs, in Cana of Galilee, and revealed his glory; and his disciples believed in him.

Happenings and Announcements

Sleeping Bags

The Sleeping Bag crew is still going and their next meeting is
Wednesday, January 22nd at 10.
Come join and make a sleeping bag!



For those who are ill or have requested our prayers:

Margaret Burgh, Naomi Bennett, Rita Leigh, Nancy Finlon, Carol Marker, Harry Peirce, Linda Landis, Todd Davies, Rudy Mattes



This Months Birthdays:

Charles Cesaretti 1/2, Karen McAbee 1/4, Anne Shafer 1/16, Bill Rathbone 1/18, David Calby 1/24, Marsha Jones 1/26



This Months Anniversaries:

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

First Sunday after Epiphany, January 12, 2025

Once in royal David's city, stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby, in a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

The January 12th, 2025 live-streamed 10:00 Holy Eucharist Service was led by the Rev. Susan Treanor. Lynne Graham served as lector and also read the announcements. Penny Jagers played a prelude, 3 hymns and a postlude on the piano. As you know, our live-streamed services can be watched live or any time on YouTube. Just go to our webpage and hit the red button.



Soup Crew

We gave out soup on January 8th this month. Our next soup day is February 5th and we are serving venison vegetable and ham and potato. We have enough soup makers for the venison vegetable but need some ham and potato makers. The signup sheet is on the refrigerator. This picture was taken one year ago.



Jerry Sock and Tom Undercoffler Give a Shout Out

The Undercofflers visited the Socks down in Dallas and it looks like they were having a good time. Maggie had her hip replaced on Wednesday.



St. Francis of Assisi

St. Francis has donned his winter cap in the Memorial Garden. I often wonder if he gets lonely out there during the winter months.

EARLY JANUARY IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY

"In the bleak mid-winter Frosty wind made moan, Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone; Snow had fallen, snow on snow, Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter, long ago." It's been as cold for a long stretch as we can remember. The snow hung around. Winter sunrise and sunsets are darker somehow. Ice on a roadside, a frozen pond in the early morning. The dogs love the snow. It's mid-winter like the mid-winters long, long ago.

