

The Messenger

Volume 12, Issue 5

Devotions and Stories

May 2010

IF YOU NEVER

If you never felt pain ...

Then how would you know that I am a Healer ?

If you never had to pray ...

How would you know that I am a Deliverer ?

If you never had a trial ...

How could you call yourself an overcomer ?

If you never felt sadness ...

How would you know that I am a Comforter ?

If you never made a mistake ...

How would you know that I am a forgiver ?

If you knew all ...

How would you know that I will answer your questions?

If you never were in trouble ...

How would you know that I will come to your rescue?

If you never were broken ...

Then how would you know that I can make you whole?

If you never had a problem ...

How would you know that I can solve them?

If you never had any suffering ...

Then how would you know what I went through?

If you never went through the fire ...

Then how would you become pure?

If I gave you all things ...

How would you appreciate them?

If I never corrected you ...

How would you know that I love you?

If you had all power ...

Then how would you learn to depend on me?

If your life was perfect ...

Then what would you need me for ?



—Author unknown

Announcements

All Night Gospel Sing

Eddie Piper will be here, the Gospel strings will be here, will YOU be here? Our all night Gospel sing will be held on May 1st at 7:00 pm. Why not have an enjoyable evening and join us!



Blackwood Brothers Gospel Quartet

From Knoxville, Tennessee the Blackwood Brothers Gospel Quartet is coming here to Hummel's. These folks have traveled with the Gaither's and will be coming here for a free will offering on Friday, May 7th at 7:00 pm. We hope you can make it for you will surely be blessed!

Family Movie Night

A movie night will be held right here at Hummel's for the WHOLE family. On Sunday, May 23rd at 6:30 pm come and join us! Bring a snack to share and your family...and friends, and neighbors! Movie night will also continue throughout the summer months. Youth Group will be joining their families at movie night and are encouraged to attend even though it isn't a "normal" youth group. This is a good outreach opportunity. Don't miss it!

Youth News

All Youth: Are invited to Jim and Joan Smith's picnic area for Sunday school on May 2nd. You will have fun hiking on the trails, feeding and watching the fish, playing on the playground and fellowshiping with your friends. Food will be provided. Youth will be returning to the church around 1:00 pm.

All Youth: May participate in a hands on Memorial Day Service to remember loved ones who have passed away. This will take place on Sunday, May 23rd. Please check your bulletin for time.

United Methodist Women

On May 8th at 6:30 the Mother's Day Banquet will be held here at the Church. Cost is \$10.00 for adults, and \$5.00 for children 4 and up. Children under 4 are free. The banquet will be catered by Kay's Katering. Sign up Sheet is in the Narthex. There will be no "regular" meeting this month, the Mother's Day Banquet is our meeting for the month. Hostesses for the evening are: Juanita Newman, Melanie Reich, Nora Reich, and Deb Reichenbach.

All Youth: Are invited to join Scott Johnson and Kurt Smith for Sunday Evening Youth Group. There are games and fun and Bible teaching and learning happening right here each Sunday night at 6:30! If you have not taken time to come and try it, you are welcome any time. Feel free to bring a friend!



Those of you who have been coming to Sunday school have been earning faith points. The prize closet has been open for a few weeks now! Have you checked it out? Redeem your faith points for a prize or save them up for a while! Invite your friends and introduce them to faith points...and the LORD.

David Ring—Evangelist

Mark your calendars and begin inviting friends and neighbors. David Ring, and Evangelist, who ministers despite having cerebral palsy and being told "you can't", will be with us right here at Hummel's! Join us on June 13th at 7:00 pm. You won't want to miss this opportunity!

Keep in Mind

May 2—Mission offering goes to Golden Cross

May 3—Administrative Council Meeting, 7:00

June 14-18—VBS is FAST approaching

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

- 5/5 Ted Reich 5/24 Donnie Walter
 Bob Waite
- 5/27 Judy Hollenbach
- 5/6 Cody Davis Audine Snyder
- 5/7 Harry Stroup 5/29 Harold Bowersox
- 5/10 Lura Coutney 5/30 Taylor Fry
- 5/12 Joey Reich 5/31 Jim Smith
- 5/13 Bryan Gill
- 5/14 Bryce Ressler
- 5/15 Carolyn Hauck
 Shane Keister
- 5/17 Roy Paige
- 5/18 Terry L. Newman
- 5/21 Robert Feehrer
- 5/22 Angie Weaver
- 5/23 Deb Moyer

I Am Mommy, Hear Me Roar

—by Nancy Kennedy

A long time ago, I gave up using the name on my birth certificate and just started referring to myself as Mommy. As in: Come give Mommy a kiss. Tell Mommy where it hurts. I told you Mommy’s ears can’t hear whining. Mommy’s face looks like this because Mommy just found out that somebody used her lace tablecloth to wipe off fingernail polish.

I knew I wasn’t alone either. I know for a fact that none of my friends have names. We greet each other in the market: Hi, Sarah’s mom! Hi, Laura’s mom! The vet even calls me Blackie’s mom.

I may not have a real name, but you know who I am. There’s a container of Gak dumped in a corner of my living room carpet and the moldy remains of a peach deemed too gross to eat stuffed in the cushions of my couch. I walk around the house with dryer lint and used Q-tips in the pocket of my robe. I spend the majority of my day behind the wheel of a car—traveling hundreds of miles to and from softball practice, cheerleading practice, and trips to the market—yet never leave the city limits. I can’t do a quadratic equation, but I can tell you how to get to Sesame Street.

My prayers are often frantic and generally specific. (“Lord, please help my child throw up in the bucket and not on the wall.”) At times I pray to be made invisible, like during PTA meetings when they need someone to chair the fifth grade fundraising car wash or during the Christmas program when it’s my child up on stage singing, “Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me,” as she proceeds to slug the boy standing next to her.

I know you know me. I wash my children’s faces with spit and my thumb. Pick at dirt behind their ears. Whine about their whining. Nag about their nagging. Worry that I’ll never live to see the day they’ll change their underwear without coercion or threats of bodily harm.

I have eyes in the back of my head and a nose that can sniff out doggy doo-doo on a sneakered foot fifty yards away. I have ears that can hear Oreo cookies being eaten underneath the covers by a child who is supposedly asleep. With just one sideways glance, I can tell who sharpened her crayon with my eyeliner pencil sharpener and who accidentally-on-purpose let the bathroom sink overflow.

—cont’d on pg 5

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO:

- 5/1 Glenn and Tina Stuck
- 5/6 Bob and Kathy Waite
- 5/19 Bob and Bonnie Weirick
- 5/21 Howard (Bud) and Thelma Houtz
- 5/25 Luther and Anna Shemory
 Clint and Margi Snyder
- 5/27 Samuel and Thelma Brouse
- 5/31 Derrick and Erin May

Please be praying for...

Pray for our Nursing Home Residents

Cathy Shrawder.....Bloomsburg
David Kratzer.....Nottingham Village

Pray for our Extended Family

Rick Shipe
Ethel Stuck
Vance & Virginia Thompson
Warren C. Johnson
Mildred Shirk
Brian & Lori Hummel and family

Recent Surgeries/Procedures

Esther Specht
Janice Stoneroad
Wayne Smith
Bob Weirick
Bob Shambach

Recent Hospital Stays

Eugene Reich

Shut Ins

Peg Gilbert
Scott Smith

Our College Students

Amy Bowersox — 147 Peach Tree Rd., Selinsgrove, PA 17842
Stephanie Brouse — 100 College Avenue, SMC #18, Williamsport, PA 17701
Brandon Craven — 959 Tame Deer Dr., Winfield, Pa 17889
Kim Dreese
Yvonne Herbster
Becky Hibbs — 928 One Club Parkway, Nashville, TN 37221
Zach Royer — 415 W. College Ave., College Park Apts., Apt 503, State College, PA 16802
Katie Stuck — Messiah College, Box 6233, One College Ave., Grantham, PA 17027
Amanda Waite
Casey Wendt



Please keep them in your prayers especially this month as finals approach and many seek to find a summer job.

With Sympathy

Please pray for Donald Tittle and the family of Bernice Tittle who passed away on April 3, 2010 following complications from surgery. Bernice will be missed by many people in the congregation.



HUMMEL'S UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

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...to proclaim the love of God to all people

'It is better to do good than to merely talk about it.'

**I Am Mommy, Hear Me Roar cont'd**

A few years ago, you would have recognized me as the one with strained chicken and peas plastered in my hair and a faraway look in my eyes, as I dreamed of a life that was not planned around nap time and late night feedings. I was the one who, when asked by a poll-taker to name my favorite male television performer, answered without hesitation, "Ernie from *Sesame Street*."

Once upon a time I had a stomach that didn't fall to the floor. Once, I had hips that didn't serve as a baby saddle and a shelf for grocery bags. Once I could even take a bath. Alone. All by myself. Without someone pounding on the closed door, asking if she could use the blue food coloring or "just wondering" if Super Glue ruins dining room tables.

If you looked in my closet you'd find baggy sweats with elastic waists; big, long sweaters; and pull-on pants. Forget Bill Blass and Ann Klein, give me Hanes Her Way any day.

You know who I am. I eat standing up. "Breakfast" consists of the soggy cereal left in bowls on the kitchen table, the ends of bread left in the bag, and blobs of strawberry jam scraped from the counter. I grab lunch on the run from drive—through window and nibble on dinner as I cook it. I finish everyone else's ice cream, then wonder why I can't ever seem to lose weight.

Don't tell anyone, but I live for bedtime. I yearn for the sounds of a child's slumber. I long for my own head to hit the pillow. I pine for (yawn)...zzzzzz.

You know me. I'm the one with the knot in her stomach, praying her child will figure out how to turn over on the playground turnover bar so she won't be humiliated in front of her classmates during gym class. I'm the one who drinks the powdered milk so the rest of the family can have the "real" stuff. I'm the one who eagerly counted the days until both daughters went to school, then cried when that day finally arrived.

I'm the one who willingly suffered through morning sickness, swollen ankles, uncontrollable crying jags, and overwhelming desires for lemon meringue pie and out of season blackberries. (Not to mention pushing a bowling ball through a part of my body a bowling ball doesn't normally fit—twice.)

I'm the one frightened voices call for in the middle of the night. I'm the one who changes wet sheets at three in the morning, rocks a nightmare-stricken preschooler back to sleep at four, then gets up at five to let the dog out.

I'm the one who despite an utterly selfish nature and a propensity toward evil (in addition to an inadequacy in and of myself and a definite lack of experience), God chose as a caretaker, teacher, and nurturer for two totally dependent little sinners.

With apologies to the Peace Corps, I have the toughest job anyone will ever love. I am battle-weary from refereeing squabbles over who did or did not do the dishes last and battle-scarred from getting smacked in the thigh by a line driven softball during backyard batting practice. Still, I endure.

Who am I? I am a cooker of oatmeal and cleaner of soap scum. A taxi driver, spider killer, purchaser of folders with pockets and prongs, pencil finder, and dental appointment maker. Loudest cheerleader and most fervent pray-er, encourager of dreams and holder of hands. I am a tear wiper and boo-boo kisser, the toothbrushing Gestapo and an example of faith. You know who I am.

I am mother.