



 newsletter

2/15



The Mountain Man and His Bears!



Colorado is one of my favorite states. We had the awesome privilege to pastor in Fort Collins for 11 years. North and west from Fort Collins is a community called Red Feather Lakes and we had vacationed in that area for years – even before we moved to Fort Collins.

One day we were on our way to the cabin we used and the conversation was about bears and the hopeful but remote chance of seeing one. Amazingly, at that time I looked to left down the mountain-side and yelled; “*It’s a bear!*” Sure enough, right next to a small pond we watched that big black, lumbering thing make its way through the tall grass. Almost within seconds a smaller version of the big one came running out at the south end of the pond. I yelled, “*It’s a cub!*”

I was proud of my visual success, my alertness. Being a sportsman, I felt it important to be alert to nature and all the animals, not missing a thing. Having *eyes like an eagle* and the acute *thinking of a Daniel Boone* were all a part of being a mountain man or so I thought.

When all of a sudden, the big, black lumbering thing came out of the tall grass and to our amazement – especially mine – it was the biggest dog I’ve ever seen. He and his smaller companion then ran up the other side to a nearby cabin. You’ve never heard such teasing as I had to endure.

In Proverbs 14:12, the first part of this says “*There is a way that seems right to a man ...*” The key here is “*seems right.*” It seemed to me there were a bear and a cub in the tall grass. If you really don’t know the truth, many things will seem right. Have your kids ever said to you, “Everybody is doing that or going to that?” It seems right because everybody is doing it. If the foundation of a house is off, then the whole house will be off. If your spiritual compass doesn’t line up with spiritual true north (God), then how do you expect to know the truth let alone do what is right?

We live continually with the thinking and morals that if it seems or feels right, then do it. How can it be so wrong when it seems so right? Well it is. God never said to do something because it seems right. He said to do or not to do because it is right. And this is rightness is according to God, not to us. God is infallible. We aren’t. We need to know what He says is right so we can do right.

The last part of this verse says, “... *but in the end it leads to death.*” Whatever seemed so right was so wrong that it led to death. One of my former students was collecting and selling the glass insulators that were on old wood power poles. One day he climbed a pole to get the glass insulators of a power line he thought to be disconnected. It wasn’t. Thousands of volts went through his arm and body and out both feet, literally blowing off both feet at the ankle. He lived. My point is simply this: it seems right, but in the end it leads to death.

Get your right direction from God so that your choices are right not because they seem so, but because they are and you know so.

*In His Grip,
Pastor Tim*



“A Different Perspective”



March 2018

Randy Lind

I did something last Sunday that I never have done before; I attended worship at a Reformed Presbyterian church. Tammy and I spent Friday and Saturday with my oldest son and his family. We then spent Saturday night with a friend in Kansas City, and on Sunday morning, went with her to church. I had never attended the worship service at a Reformed Presbyterian church so was very interested in having this experience.

The service was very similar to ours, in some ways, and very different in others. I understand that there are variances of practice within the Reformed Presbyterian church but in this particular church they used no musical instruments. All songs were sung a cappella and every song that was sung was taken directly from the book of Psalm. They have a song book they sing from. Every song is a Psalm that has been put to music. What really impressed me was these folks definitely lift their voices in praise.

I talked to a young man after the service. He explained that in the worship tradition of ancient Israel musical instruments were only used in connection to the offering of sacrifices, but were not used in connection to other worship ceremonies. Since the ultimate sacrifice of Jesus Christ put an end to the need of animal sacrifices, the Reformed Presbyterian Church believes it is then appropriate to not use instrumental music in the worship service. I have not researched this for myself, yet, but did find it very interesting.

Another interesting aspect of this church is they believe it is important for children to be in the main service once they turn two years old. This church has many young families that attend which meant a lot of young children were in the main service. Many of the children had silent activities to help occupy them and I marveled at how well behaved they were.

In a day and age when so many want to be entertained, it was encouraging to see so many young families finding fulfillment in such a simple service.

The same young man I mentioned above talked about the different missionary projects their church is involved in. I did not have to listen to him very long before it became apparent that he, and I suspect many others in the church, are very passionate about spreading the love of Jesus Christ; both by sharing the gospel of salvation and meeting the physical and emotional needs of others.

I think it was very good for me to “get out of my bubble” and be reminded that other people do not necessarily believe exactly like I do. But despite that fact, the people of this Reformed Presbyterian Church are definitely co-laborers for Christ with a passion to see His will be done in the hearts and minds of others. This experience also reminded me that all believers need to be making opportunities to pool resources to make the biggest impact possible for Christ.

Yours in Christ,
Randy





Just A Thought
By: *Cindy Hogan*

**Stylin'
and
Profilin'**

Conversation on the way to church:

Me: "I'm just over tall boots. I used to like tall boots, but now they're like tennis shoes to me. Now, I'm all about short boots."

Scott: "I will never understand women and clothes. To me, you find something you really like, and you wear it. Why change it? But, no."

Oh yes, Scott and I get very philosophical and spiritual on our trips to church. Obviously, he will never understand women OR clothes, (the man loves polo shirts, and that's wrong on so many levels I can't even begin) but that may need to wait for another newsletter.

That said, I must admit he has a point. Styles—and not just in clothing, change ridiculously fast in today's world. What used to be so "last year," is now more like so "30 minutes ago". Our clothes, our furniture, cars, and phones are out of style and obsolete and dated before they're paid off or even begin to show wear. I'm far from being a "keep up with the Joneses" kind of gal, but I also get caught up in this consumerism and the need for newer and better. Take boots, for example...

Oh, and don't think Christianity doesn't get whipped into the frenzy. The way we worship, and reach out, what and how we preach. I mean, we want to be hip, too. And truly, there isn't—as far as I can tell—anything inherently wrong with fashion, and updating our wardrobe or homes. It's just that sometimes it takes over our better judgment, and sometimes it just gets exhausting and stupid. In a word, Kardashian.

Sometimes it's nice to sink into to something that never changes. We can change the way we present it, how we study it, how we say it and how we cover it, but the Word of God is totally unchangeable. This God-breathed living record of history, mystery, blood, power, grace, old ladies having babies, young men killing giants, salvation and revelation is all ours! A gift! We can read it a verse at a time, by the book, from beginning to end, it doesn't matter because truth ebbs out if it no matter what. The Word of God can build us, can break us, can take us to eternity. It's unchanging, but alive—words that were written hundreds of years ago can suddenly jump off the page as though they were written especially for that very moment we needed the inspiration. We—anyway, I—take it for granted that in this book called Holy Bible, there are words directly from the mouth of God.

Wow.

I can't even.

That, my brothers and sisters, is something that never grows out of style.





Walk to a Lifeline

For we **walk**
by **Faith** and
Not by **Sight**.

11 Cor. 5:7



There Is No Luck With God

Glenn Koster March 2018

As we move into March, many folks turn their attention (and attire) to green. While spring is in the air, the colors for spring are just about anything bright. However, we are also looking St. Patrick's Day square in the eyes. St. Patrick's Day was always special in our home, not because we were Irish (we were Dutch, and the Dutch wore orange to honor William of Orange on St. Pattie's Day). It was my Dad's birthday. I was the only one in our family not born on some sort of holiday (Mother's Day, Labor Day, Columbus Day, St. Patrick's Day... and Aug. 22).

Many people associate the "Luck of the Irish" with St. Patrick's Day. As I was meandering (okay, hustling) up US-19 this week, I could not help but notice the clover that filled much of the shoulder. I almost paused to look for that four-leaf clover but decided that if I found something that looked like a 4-leaf clover, it would likely just be a 3-leaf and a 1-leaf clover both stuck to the same stalk.

I have never been superstitious, at least not since grade school. When I was in fifth grade one of my good friends managed to "find" a rabbit's foot, which was coveted by most of us. Eventually, I talked my way into possession of this prime assurance of good fortune. After several weeks of nothing happening, I acquiesced and returned it to the rightful owner. Still to this day, I do not remember who eventually ended up with that rabbit's foot.

As we set out on this journey, one of the things that we focused on was that there is no such thing as luck. If this walk was going to work, we would have to do some careful planning. We literally spent weeks on aligning our plans just right, only to learn that the Washington State Police had other ideas. So, we reversed schedule and remapped everything. Then we set about ensuring that we have all the safety gear I would need: safety vest (fluorescent yellow), proper shoes, comfortable slacks, proper walking sticks, first aid kit. You name it, I think we have it stowed away somewhere.

However, even our most careful planning is all for naught if we overlook the most significant element of our planning – and of the walk. Along my walk, as it is in life, all things must be turned over to God. We have enlisted the help of many prayer warriors and we have been deep in prayer for this journey ourselves. We have turned everything over to God.

I cannot begin to list the "God moments" of this trip, but they occur on a regular basis. It is a lesson that we would all be keen to tap into. God will always take care of the details, even the things we overlook.





Faith Journey

“Warrior Woman”
A series of short stories...

By: *Glennis Lamb*

“With Lovingkindness Have I Drawn Thee”

Waging War

I’ve been learning a lot about waging war in the past couple of years but at times I am quite proficient in that area without any added training! Just call me the “Warrior Woman.”

I have never liked “*drama queens*,” although I love good humor and bouncy personalities. Lately though, it seems as if one drama after another has hit my home and life. Some days you take all you can and then you just reach the point that enough is enough.

My husband came home from work one day complaining of a light head, chest pain and numbness. Of course it was classic heart attack symptoms and I told him to go to the doctor and get checked out, as he has had a history of high blood pressure in the past. He refused, saying it was coming and going; he was just flat being stubborn. After three days of going to work and having worsening symptoms along with ignoring my warning to get checked out, I was getting frustrated. Finally, I had listened to all the complaining I was going to take and bought a blood pressure cuff. His blood pressure was 206/127.

I got mad — enough is enough! If he wasn’t going to take care of things, I sure enough would. I went to the store, loaded my basket down with natural products for curing high blood pressure and bought several pounds of salmon, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, and raw nuts. I took away the salt shaker and went to work. On the third day, even this man’s stubborn body couldn’t stand up to the “*warrior woman’s*” determination, and significant changes started happening. By day five, I had his blood pressure stable once again, and he went back to work, on a strict diet and no longer joking about his health!

“Drama Queens Face the Warrior Woman”

Drama Queens come in all sizes and shapes! I went to work, smile on my face, and by 10 am. I had two people in my office wanting to talk to me at the same time, with two people on hold on the phone, while I was listening to you guessed it, a “*drama queen*” story at my office window. I got off work and before I could even get home my kids were calling telling “*mom all about it*” more drama. Even my daughter who is always “*happy*” was having a bad day; all day long I patiently listened. Then it happened, **I got nuked!**

My husband called, was at a gas station, the Durango wouldn’t start. No problem, I picked him up, grabbed some Arby’s, then listened to him complain about the cost. As the bomb was going off inside me, I looked at him and said “*I do not want to hear one more drama queen, whiny word out of you! Be glad you have enough money to pay for parts!*” Good grief! Why get upset over normal life? I’m a warrior, I can find a better reason than some dumb little fuel pump to get upset over! Nobody died, everyone has food on the table — take a deep breath, life happens! By now he was grinning at me as happy as pie; I had absorbed all his frustration! I was starting to wonder why I had bothered to get out of bed that day!

“Warrior Woman and Her Tribe”

Do you ever wonder if it’s worth all the fuss? Really, sometimes life just gets crazy! Between working my tail off to exercise and eat right, keeping up with my family, my job, schoolwork and home, sometimes I just flat get a little nutty. On those days I ask myself why I’m doing what I’m doing. The answer came to me in an unusual way this past week.

I was sitting in my office working away when the phone rang and I noticed my daughter’s number pop up. She rarely calls me at work so I got a little worried, but this time there was nothing to dread. When I answered the phone, I could hear three little voices in the background, ages 9, 8, and 4, who were staging a protest. I could picture in my mind, crayon pictures on poster board paper and the voices demanding, “*We want Nana, we want Nana ...*” The fourth little voice, who is just starting to talk, got in on it by just making noise with them. I could barely hear my daughter’s voice over the ruckus as she was trying to explain that her kids had staged an official protest because they wanted to see their “*Nana*.” We had a good laugh together and it left a smile on my face for the rest of the day!

Warrior Woman Wins

I was glancing at Facebook one night when I read a post that said something about the struggle for happiness. I realized that although I’ve had one *kooky thing* after another happen, it hadn’t robbed me of my happiness. Then I stopped and wondered “*why*”, as I’ve watched others who seem to struggle with happiness for no real reason?

So my self-evaluation went something like this: I love what I’m doing with my life. I feel loved by others. I love being surrounded by people smarter than myself that I can learn from but for me it is more than those temporal feelings. I finally realized I’ve always been happy most of the time. Why? Because my happiness is not based off my circumstances. “*If crying doesn’t fix it, don’t bother crying!*” It’s not based off of whether or not my grandchildren call. It’s an inner peace and happiness that controls me. It comes from the assurance that I know God is in control and that everything that happens in this temporal life on earth is for my good even when I can’t see it.

So, sometimes I go on the *war path* and fight back, but while I’m fighting you will often see a grin on my face. I’m probably thinking about some crazy thing I’m going to write or crazy escapade I might tackle when the trial is over, like skydiving or driving a race car — you know, fun things. Mostly, I choose to have “*joy*” whether my circumstances give me “*joy*” or not!

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.” II Timothy 4:7

*In Christ’s Love,
Glennis Joy*



Patience

But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

James 1:4

MARCH

2018



Sun



Mon



Tue



Wed



Thu



Fri



Sat

"Count it all joy, my brothers, when you meet trials of various kinds, for you know that the testing of your faith produces steadfastness. And let steadfastness have its full effect, that you may be imperfect and complete, lacking in nothing."
James 1: 2-4



AND LET US
RUN
WITH PATIENCE
THE RACE THAT
IS SET BEFORE US
LOOKING INTO EYES THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH

1



Tim Nisly

2



3 For surely I KNOW THE plans I have for YOU, says (the) Lord... TO GIVE YOU A future WITH Hope.
Jeremiah 29:11, NRSV

4

Common Ground 9:45 am.



5



6



Prayer Group 9:30 am.

7

I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH Christ WHO STRENGTHENS ME
PHILIPPIANS 4:13

8



9

GIVE thanks with a GRATEFUL heart

10



11

Common Ground 9:45 am.



12

You will seek Me & find Me when you search with all your heart

13



Prayer Group 9:30 am.

14



15

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.
Psalm 51:10

16



Joan Fager

17



18

Common Ground 9:45 am.



Tim Smith

19



20



Prayer Group 9:30 am.

21

Be still and know that I am God
-PSALM 46:10

22



23



Robin Yates
Scott Hogan

Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light for my path.
Psalm 119 vs. 105

25

Common Ground 9:45 am.



26 I will call upon Your name, And keep my eyes above the waves. When oceans rise, My soul will rest in Your embrace; For I am Yours, and You are mine.

27



Prayer Group 9:30 am.
Council Meeting 6:30 pm.

28



29



30

31 GOD SOMETIMES TAKES US INTO TROUBLED WATERS NOT TO DROWN US BUT TO CLEANSE US

Meet Susie George March 2018



What a joy and a privilege to interview Susie George! We laughed together and swapped stories of how God has shaped our lives. Susie gives faithfully of her time and energy to the church and counts it a blessing to be able to minister in any way that she can.

When Susie was born, her mother, grandmother, aunts and uncles all attended First Church of God and she became a part of the next generation that would call FCOG home. Susie grew up in the church here, got married in the church, and raised Tanner in the church.

Susie was in grade school when she accepted Christ at a youth camp. She doesn't recall a time in her life when wasn't a believer. She enjoyed her many trips to Camp Fellowship held at the Church of God campground in Goddard and grew in the Lord there.

Terry George started attending First Church of God when he was in the first grade and Susie was in kindergarten, so they grew up together in the church. Susie doesn't recall a first date with Terry because they were just always together. She said Terry awkwardly tried to kiss her for the "first time" when they were on a hay ride at the White's farm; they were just in junior high at the time. Their dates included going to church banquets together and attending church activities together. They went their separate ways in college but that would last for only a short time as it became apparent that God planned for them to be together for life.

Terry and Susie George have one child together, Tanner. His story is one of God's miraculous grace! For eleven years Susie had been unable to have children. Pastor Tim invited Susie and Terry over to his home when they had a visiting minister in town named Peter Coetze. Peter Coetze had a special gift from God and Terry's mom, Norma Deane, had asked him to pray for Susie and Terry. Every time God prompted him to pray for infertile couples, they had a child. Peter did pray for them and within a year Tanner was born!

Susie and Terry had many memorable trips together including going skiing and taking an Alaskan cruise. One of her favorite memories was taking Tanner to Disney World in Florida. They were determined to do it right and stayed at the Grand Floridian which is located on the grounds at Disney World. When they would return to their room at night they would find chocolate on their pillows along with cookies and milk on the nightstand! They could enjoy their cookies by sitting on the balcony and watching the fireworks.

Susie was a school teacher and taught kindergarten, 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th grades. Her favorite grade to teach was 1st grade. She remarked that with 1st grade, there is a lot of activity going on and you constantly have to come up with new ways to keep them busy. She is retired after 25 years of teaching and spends her time trying to keep up with Terry and Tanner!

Her favorite thing about FCOG is, it is just "home" to Susie. Her favorite scripture verse is Psalm 91:

"He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High, Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, 'He is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in Him I will trust.' Surely He shall deliver you from the snare of the fowler and from the perilous pestilence. He shall cover you with His feathers, and under His wings you shall take refuge; His truth shall be your shield and buckler. You shall not be afraid of the terror by night, nor the arrow that flies by day, nor of the pestilence that walks in darkness, nor of the destruction that lays waste at noonday. A thousand may fall at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand; but it shall not come near you. Only with your eyes shall you look, and see the reward of the wicked. Because you have made the Lord, who is my refuge, even the Most High, your dwelling place, no evil shall befall you, nor shall any plague come near your dwelling; For he shall give His angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways. In their hands they shall bear you up, lest you dash your foot against a stone. You shall tread upon the lion and the cobra, the young lion and the serpent you shall trample underfoot. Because he has set his love upon me, therefore I will deliver him; I will set him on high, because he has known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him. With long life I will satisfy him, And show him My salvation!"



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