

## Sunday Announcements for August 17, 2025

### Special Prayers for these Wesley Family, Friends, and Others...

Sandra O'Driscoll, Janice Capen, Xuan Diep (niece of Maria Gorsuch-Kennedy),  
Pinamang Boateng, Joseph Boateng, Anne Burrows, Janet DeNapoli, Alice Douglas, Dot Ellis,  
Barbara Fletcher, Beverly Grimshaw, Rosamond Hammond, Linda Keister, Charles Kiefer, Dorothy Norcross,  
Debbie Plant, Troy Potts, Shea Pugh, Rich Reynolds, David Samanen, Janet Terzian, Donald Tremblay,  
Barbara Vietze, Danny & Veronica Winder, Grace Woode, Peter Woodcock, Laura Zoldak,  
David Patrick (Evette Walters husband), Kathleen Herbert (Evette's mom), Francis Mosso (BIL of Phil Johnson),  
Troy and Cathy Potts (brother & SIL of David Potts), Melissa Houlihan (friend of Bill Robbins),  
Robert Craft (friend of Michael Terzian), Susan (friend of David Potts), Page (Allison Hansen's sister),  
Libby T. (friend of Phyllis Yngve), Paula and Calvin Kelly (sister and brother-in-law of Linda Dylewicz),  
Those who struggle with depression, anxiety, and alcoholism.

### Lightings & Altar Flowers

**The Rose window lighting** for the month of August is in celebration of all Carty Cupboard volunteers past and present. With Thanks from Nancy and Harry Spencer.

**The Tower** lighting for August is available. If you'd like to dedicate this lighting, the cost is \$40. Please reach out to Debi in the office. Thank you.

**Altar Flowers...** If you'd like to order altar flowers in honor, celebration or memory of a loved one, come to the Welcome Office and sign up in the book. Please take a form to complete and return it to the office with your payment. It's \$80 for both arrangements on the altar (\$40 per arrangement), or a single arrangement for \$50. The single arrangement will be placed on a brass flower stand in the center of the altar. If by chance two people would like flowers on the same day, we will list them both and they will be placed in the same area as usual, on each side of the altar. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me.

*Thank you, Debi Reynolds*

### Announcements

#### UPCOMING EVENTS

**August 24, 2025 – Children's Mini-Harvest**

**September 28, 2025 – Annual Harvest**

**Church Office Closed the week of August 17<sup>th</sup>** Beginning on Friday, August 15<sup>th</sup> the floors in Brewer Hall and East Hall will be refinished. This is a week-long process and the hall will be blocked off. If you have any church business you need to take care of, please do so before Friday, or we ask that you wait until August 26<sup>th</sup>.

**September 2025 Herald:** The next newsletter will be in September. All articles are due in the office no later than Wednesday, August 27<sup>th</sup>. Thank you. *Debi*

### Harvest 2025...

The annual Harvest will be on Sunday, September 28<sup>th</sup>. If anyone has an item(s) they would like to donate for the main Harvest on September 28<sup>th</sup>, please speak with Gifty Bentum-Asante. Please **DO NOT** bring your items to the church yet. Let us all pray about ways we plan to give to the Lord and know that is our little token of saying *Thank You* for all that He has done for us.

## God Moment

### A note from Betsy--

My husband's cousins from New Jersey visited. They were very interested in my coordinating God Moment stories for our Sunday newsletters. You will see the depth of their faith in this God Moment they wrote for Wesley (and for a possible similar column in their church's bulletin):

### The Faith of a Child

It was Christmas Eve morning, December 24, 1984. I lay in bed, going over in my mind all the last-minute details of the day-- things I had to prepare for our Christmas celebration the next day. There were a few presents still to wrap and the batch of cookies I had planned to bake. My husband Bill was starting to awaken. Our daughters Mary, eight, and Sara, five, were just beginning to wake up in the little bedroom next to ours.

In the early morning silence, I heard Sara cough. "Oh, no" I thought, "I hope Sara isn't coming down with something!" But a minute later, I heard her cough again, and then again. I began planning how I could fit Sara's little cold into all the things I needed to do. But my day began to change very quickly.

Sara vomited, and then again. And again. She was throwing up about every 15 minutes. I called the pediatrician, and he was able to see us that morning. Our pediatrician, normally a jovial, lighthearted man, said, "I don't like the way she looks and want you to bring her to the hospital." I was terrified. Suddenly, my day began to take on much scarier dimensions.

I drove Sara to the hospital where she was placed in a crib in an isolated "Contagion" room. I was told that I, and anyone else who came to visit Sara, would need to wear a mask, gloves and a gown to prevent the potential contagion's spreading. My husband Bill came to join us at the hospital. Then began the examinations and tests to find out what exactly was wrong with her. Suddenly, last minute Christmas Day preparations didn't seem important. The only thing that seemed important was for Sara to be OK, and that was the prayer of our hearts all that long day.

Sara had immediately been placed on an IV because of the fluid passing out of her body so rapidly. The isolation nurses came in over and over again with cool water to try to cool down the fever that was raging in her body. She seemed delirious at times, reaching out her little arms to me, wanting me to get into the tiny crib with her. Huge dark circles appeared under her eyes. Oh, she was so sick, so suddenly, and I felt so helpless. Sara still hadn't fallen asleep, and the vomiting continued.

That afternoon the hospital administrator came in with a photographer from the local paper. The hospital had obtained a rare Cabbage Patch Kid doll to present to a very sick child. Sara didn't smile, didn't even seem able to grasp the event at all. And all I could see were those dark circles under her eyes as the sickness ravaged her little body.

Pastor Russ, the Lutheran pastor I worked for, arrived between the church's Christmas Eve services. He was a hearty, cheerful man, so welcome to our eyes. He seemed to bring a breath of healing and normalcy and hope with him. He brushed off my warning to him about wearing gloves, mask and gown, and went right over to Sara's crib. I remember he put his big hand on her foot and began to pray for her. And as he prayed, Sara's little eyelids drooped and finally, she fell asleep. He had brought a big green plant with a little red mouse climbing up one of the long leaves and apologized that it was the only plant the florist had left. But as he came into the room, Sara had smiled. It was the first time I had seen her smile during all that long day.

Bill went home to care for Mary, and I stayed with Sara that night, and all the succeeding nights, in a lounge chair in that little private room. And through the night, the nurses continued to come with cool water to try to bring Sara's fever down. I remember thinking that this was probably the most authentic Christmas Eve I had ever spent. I wondered how the Virgin Mary must have felt, alone in that stable with only her husband to help deliver her child. Was she frightened? Oh, the night seemed so dark.

The next few days were a blur. Pastor Russ called, and very lovingly told me that I needed to give Sara to God, to trust Him for whatever would lie ahead. He himself had almost lost two of his children, and he spoke from experience. But God had given him back his children, and oh, how I wanted God to give us back our precious Sara. Praying that prayer, offering back to God the beautiful little girl He had given us five and a half years earlier, was one of the hardest things I have ever done. I did the best I could. God knew my heart.

Things continued the way they had been. I was living there at the hospital with Sara. About two or three days later, I noticed a drop of blood on her bed sheets, which were being changed frequently. That drop of blood terrified me. What was wrong with Sara? When the doctor came in, I showed him the blood, and I'll never forget what he said. "Blood! That's a classic symptom of dysentery." And it seemed that he ran out into the hall calling, "Nurse, nurse, what is the most frequently used medicine for dysentery?" So finally, they had a diagnosis & knew how to help Sara get better. But that was not the end of the story.

After a few more days, Sara was finally able to come home, but she still wasn't right. She was frequently nauseous and had bouts of vomiting. We had a party at the house for our nephew Aaron, who was baptized on January 6, and Sara had to stay in her bedroom the whole time, because the smell of food made her feel sick. I stayed in her room with her all that day. And when I would drive her to school, there were days when she would throw up as soon as we arrived there, and I would just bring her home again.

A woman from our church, a French woman, who had grown up in Vietnam, said to me, "She is going to have recurring bouts of this all her life." And so, we lived with that for the next several weeks.

But our God is a God of miracles! One afternoon, Bill and I were sitting talking in the living room, and Sara was taking a nap in her bedroom. She woke up and came out into the living room, and said, "I just had a dream. Pastor John came to the house, and Uncle Fred, and Uncle Rich, and Uncle Tony. And they stood around me in a circle and they prayed for me. And I got better."

Pastor John was our pastor at the time, and Fred Parsons, Rich Higby and Tony Scudero were elders at the Assembly of God church we attended. They were all elders there, but Sara didn't know it. She didn't even know what an elder was. These were just kind, fatherly and grandfatherly men to Sara. But WE knew who they were. And we knew the Bible verse in James 5:14-16 - "Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders... and the prayer of faith will raise the sick person." Before Sara had even finished speaking to us, Bill ran to the telephone to call Pastor John, and Fred and Rich and Tony, and they came

to our house. And they stood in a circle around Sara. And they prayed for her. And she got better. Completely better! How great is our God that He is able to place such a detailed and prophetic dream into the mind of a small child!

Sara is now 46 years old, and the mother of two beautiful, healthy daughters, now 13 and 15. Since that time, in all these years, she has only had one or two very minor stomach viruses. When God gives us a miracle healing, the part that has been healed often becomes the healthiest part of the body, and so it was for Sara in this case. He gave Sara her life back, He gave Bill and me our precious daughter back, and He gave us a glimpse into the glorious greatness of His mercy and His love.

## **RESTLESS? SEARCHING?**

If you experience a spiritual hunger...  
If you desire to bring a deeper dimension to your faith...

**we invite you to**

## **COMPANIONS in Christ**

A new small group that will provide support for your search.  
A path to explore prayer, scripture, and the spiritual journey.  
An experience of God's grace and love in daily times of reflection.  
This study runs for 28 weeks beginning in the fall – day and time TBD.  
Contact: Susan Williams at 508-795-7331 for more information.