

Voice of Grace

We are called to proclaim the Word and celebrate the sacraments. We gather in Christian community for nurture and support. We are sent out in service to others.

A Monthly Newsletter

September/October 2014

Pastor Coe and Janet Visit Turkey



Pastor Coe and Janet have been traveling on a three-week Rick Steves tour of Western and Central Turkey. They will be returning on October 4. In the photo, they are pictured visiting the ancient library of Celsus in Ephesus.

While Pastor Coe is gone, substitute pastors will be conducting services. In case of emergency, please call Crissy, the

office manager at on her cell phone 360-774-6474 or Jim Hladecek, the congregation president at 360-379-0306. Emergency pastoral care is available, and there are experienced lay members of the congregation who have volunteered to provide prayer and care in the case of an emergency.

Sunday Worship 10:30 a.m.



Adult Forum & Sunday School 9:15 a.m.



Pastor's Message:

*"Will you still need me,
will you still feed me,
when I'm 64?"*

Way back in 1967, the Beatles asked the above question. It was a good question at the time, but in 1967 most of us couldn't imagine being 64. Now, we can barely remember 1967, and for many of us, even age 64 is starting to look pretty young. And yet the question is still a good one—and frequently asked by many of us in one form or another. I frequently hear the

question as, "But Pastor, what possible use could God have for continuing to keep me alive?" This question may come from a person who has seen many physical and mental changes, even losses. The pain and the loss are real. The question may indicate a feeling of uselessness or loss of identity. These are real feelings, and they are not fun. Those asking these difficult questions deserve to be heard and taken seriously.

I believe God has powerful answers to these questions. Let's start with the question of loss of identity and feelings of uselessness. We have these questions partly because it has been drummed into us by our modern western culture that our value as a human is based upon our ability to do "productive" work. That kind of thinking can lead to the idea that once we can no longer do "productive" work we have lost our value. That is just plain wrong! God doesn't think that way! Our value and our identity are not based upon externalities such as our ability to work. Our identity is based upon God's love for us and our adoption as His Children. God's love for us doesn't go away when we stop working and neither does our value. Every person has value and God can use every person. God has worked tremendously in my life through people who are nearing death and probably thought they had no value. They had great value. God was working through them right up to their last breath.

Even as we grow older and the circles in which we live grow smaller and smaller, there are still relationships that are very important. Relationships with family, friends, caregivers. What we say, how we live, our attitude, faith, and trust can have a tremendous impact on these people.

We have been studying the Psalms recently and one of my favorite passages is Psalm 92:12-14.

*¹²The righteous flourish like the palm tree,
and grow like a cedar in Lebanon.*

*¹³They are planted in the house of the Lord;
they flourish in the courts of our God.*

*¹⁴In old age they still produce fruit;
they are always green and full of sap.*

What a prayer that is! As we age, may God fulfill that promise in us. May we all produce fruit, be always green, and FULL OF SAP!!

There are some good resources that can help us remember and live out God's promises as we get older. One such resource is a class being offered this fall on Thursday afternoons entitled Pilgrimage to the Last Third of Life: 7 Gateways to Spiritual Growth. Our own Marty Richards will be teaching this class; see the other article in this issue of the *Voice of Grace* for class details. This class reinforces the idea that God continues to use us, and we can continue to grow spiritually even as we get older. I hope you will consider this class.

In closing, I want to emphasize that there are many times in life that we don't know exactly what God is doing or what His plan is, and we simply have to trust. Our later years are absolutely one of those times. This is when faith and trust may matter the most: faith that God has a plan and trust that God is using us even when we may not see it. God has an answer to the Beatles' question that headlined this article, "Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm 64." God's answer is a resounding YES! In Jesus Christ, YES!

(See "A Prayer for Getting Older" on page 8.)

*God Bless,
Pastor Coe*

"Every person has value and God can use every person. God has worked tremendously in my life through people who are nearing death..."

President's Message:

"1, 2, 3, Smile!"

I thank you for your prayers, kind thoughts and positive words while I found myself very ill and hospitalized. During the past few weeks I have learned a lot about wounds, antibiotics and their negative side effects, intestinal disorders, and bacteria. Now I am back on my feet and resuming my responsibilities. I have to say that your prayers made a difference in both my health and my spirits. Thank you!



For a few weeks, prior to my hospitalization, I was having a lot of fun. On Sundays, following the service, I would set up my camera equipment in the fellowship hall. Camera, tripod, flash and spring-folded green screen come out of their wraps and turn into a mini photo studio at one end of the room. This latest series of "photo sessions" has been to update some members' pictures as well as to document, for the first time, our newer members. Those photos are placed between the narthex and fellowship hall as part of our "Family of Grace" wall. In addition, smaller black and white versions (without the background) are used in our directory to help us gain familiarity with our membership. I find this to be an enjoyable project that provides an opportunity to begin learning more about our members. And that is the point of this column.

There is a significant difference between the individual photos on the wall in Grace Lutheran Church and those you will see in other places. For one, most photos are taken in a studio, or on location with a stock background. Frequently that background is a fabric drape that may have vague images of clouds, colors or other designs that don't take the eye away from the subject. They actually help direct the eye to the subject. Here at Grace we do things differently; all the shots are taken with a green screen background which allows the photographer, through the miracle of computer manipulation, to insert an entirely different background. The whole purpose is to depict our members in front of something that is important to them. Most of the backgrounds are slightly out of focus to keep the eye on the subject, but the background has great importance. Let me give you a couple of examples. Judy Best is in front of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. Why was that important to her? Roger Reichersamer is seen at an intersection in a small rural town. What is the town, and why is he there? Al and Corinne Bugbee-Smith share the space with Bullwinkle. You will have to ask Al and Corinne about that. Lucy and I are seen standing with Yosemite National Park in the background. Do you know why? There is a good reason. Each photo has a special story to tell.

The Family of Grace wall helps us recognize not only the names of members of our congregation but invites us to open up a channel of communication and fellowship with each other. To find out more about our Grace family, look on the wall. Ask members about their photo's background. That is a great conversation starter and a way that could lead you to a whole new experience, even with members you have known for years.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Lucy".

All The Good Things

by Sister Helen P. Mrosła

He was in the third grade class I taught at Saint Mary's School in Morris, Minnesota. All 34 of my students were dear to me, but Mark Eklund was one in a million. Very neat in appearance, he had that happy-to-be-alive attitude that made even his occasional mischievousness delightful.

Mark also talked incessantly. I tried to remind him again and again that talking without permission was not acceptable. What impressed me so much, though, was the sincere response every time I had to correct him for misbehaving. "Thank you for correcting me, Sister!" I didn't know what to make of it at first, but before long, I became accustomed to hearing it many times a day.

One morning, my patience was growing thin when Mark talked once too often. I made a novice-teacher's mistake. I looked at Mark and said, "If you say one more word, I am going to tape your mouth shut!"

It wasn't ten seconds later when Chuck blurted out, "Mark is talking again." I hadn't asked any of the students to help me watch Mark, but since I had stated the punishment in front of the class, I had to act on it.

I remember the scene as if it had occurred this morning. I walked to my desk, very deliberately opened the drawer and took out a roll of masking tape. Without saying a word, I proceeded to Mark's desk, tore off two pieces of tape and made a big X with them over his mouth. I then returned to the front of the room.

As I glanced at Mark to see how he was doing, he winked at me. That did it! I started laughing. The entire class cheered as I walked back to Mark's desk, removed the tape and shrugged my shoulders. His first words were, "Thank you for correcting me, Sister."

At the end of the year I was asked to teach junior high math. The years flew by, and before I knew it Mark was in my classroom again. He was more handsome than ever and just as polite. Since he had to listen carefully to my instruction in the "new math," he did not talk as much in ninth grade.

One Friday, things just didn't feel right. We had worked hard on a new concept all week, and I sensed that the students were growing frustrated with themselves – and edgy with one another. I had to stop this crankiness before it got out of hand. So I asked them to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each

name. Then I told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish the assignment; as the students left the room, they handed me their papers. Chuck smiled. Mark said, "Thank you for teaching me, Sister. Have a good weekend."

That Saturday, I wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and I listed what everyone else had said about that individual. On Monday, I gave each student his or her list. Some of them ran two pages. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" I heard whispered. "I never knew that meant anything to anyone!" "I didn't know others liked me so much!"

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. I never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another again.

That group of students moved on. Several years later, after I had returned from a vacation, my parents met me at the airport. As we were driving home, Mother asked the usual questions about the trip: how the weather was and my experiences in general. There was a slight lull in the conversation. Mother gave Dad a sideways glance and simply said, "Dad?" My father cleared his throat. "The Eklunds called last night," he began.

"Really?" I said. "I haven't heard from them for several years. I wonder how Mark is."

Dad responded quietly. "Mark was killed in Vietnam," he said. "The funeral is tomorrow, and his parents would like it if you could attend." To this day I can still point to the exact spot on I-494 where Dad told me about Mark.

I had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. Mark looked so handsome, so mature. All I could think at that moment was, "Mark, I would give all the masking tape in the world if only you could talk to me."

The church was packed with Mark's friends. Chuck's sister sang, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Why did it have to rain on the day of the funeral? It was difficult enough at the graveside. The pastor said the usual prayers and the bugler played taps. One by one those who loved Mark took a last walk by the coffin and sprinkled it with holy water.

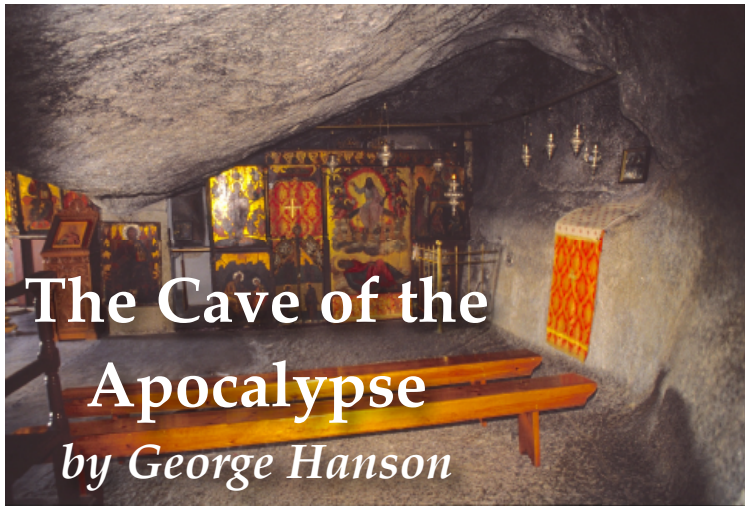
I was the last one to bless the coffin. As I stood there, one of the soldiers who had acted as a pallbearer came up to me. "Were you Mark's math teacher?" he asked. I nodded as I continued to stare at the coffin. "Mark talked about you a lot," he said.

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates headed to Chuck's farmhouse for lunch. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting for me. "We want to show you something," his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. I knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which I had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him. "Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

Mark's classmates started to gather around us. Chuck smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home." John's wife said, "John asked me to put his in our wedding album." "I have mine too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary." Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said without batting an eyelash. "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when I finally sat down and cried. I cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again. **GLC**



The Cave of the Apocalypse

by George Hanson

Some thirty years ago, when I lived in Chicago, I started on a long trip. I flew to Iceland, of course, then continued on to Luxemborg. From there I continued by train to Athens. (This train ride, through Yugoslavia was one of the worst experiences of my life. As we got further into Tito's Yugoslavia, the food became terrible and the train was filthy. I could not leave the train for fresh air; armed guards would not let me off the train. It was only when we got to Thessaloniki, in Greece that the train became clean and we could breathe the air of freedom.)

A few days later, I boarded the ship named Jason. No, we did not find the Golden Fleece. But we found something more wonderful—we came to the Island of Patmos where some 2000 years ago a small cave gave shelter to Saint John, the Evangelist and beloved disciple of Jesus Christ. As I stood in this holy place where, according to tradition, John wrote the Revelation or Apocalypse when he was exiled to Patmos by the Roman Emperor Domitian; I was filled with awe. For here God came down in all His glory and majesty to reveal to John, and through him to the whole world, "the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter." (Revelation 1:19)

Before I left, I picked up a small brochure with a message by Archimandrite Evthymios Koutsanellos, Superior of the Holy Cave of the Apocalypse. I would like to share this message with you:

Dear Visitor,

Your coming to this holy place is not a chance event in your life. God, who 'wished all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth' (I Timothy 2:4), who directs all things for man's spiritual benefit, has guided you here for you to listen, deep within yourself, to the secret echo of the words that were spoken to St. John and to the seven Churches of Asia Minor – whose light, alas, has been extinguished because their faith in God grew cold – and for you to see with your mind's eye the heavenly vision revealed to the Apostle.

At a time when religious faith has become weak and eternal values have been cast aside, after two world wars whose unhappy effects continue up to now in local outbreaks of bloodshed—all of which is a consequence of man's disorientation and his turning aside to Antichrist—it is necessary for your own good that you should call God to mind. Think of Him who is the all-powerful Creator, Lord of the world, Alpha and Omega, as the Book of Revelation terms him, the beginning and the end of all things, the impartial judge, the final victor in the struggle against Antichrist and his tools.

In this cave, where the highest truths were revealed in the most dramatic fashion, you are given the opportunity to reflect inwardly and to ask yourself whether you are on the side of Christ or of Antichrist. At this moment, Christ stands at the door of your soul and knocks on it. 'Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him, and will eat with him, and he with me' (Rev. 3:20) Whoever you are, Greek or foreigner, Orthodox Christian or a member of some other Church, believer or unbeliever, do not forget that God is the eternal father of all human-kind. What will you do, brother? Will you open your soul to Christ or will you keep it closed, condemning yourself to fatal isolation?



Shelton Men's Prison

by Roberta Bymers

Pastor Coe, Barbara Gould, Mary Ronen, David Gaenicke, Roberta Bymers, and Jim Hladecek gathered at the Dream City Cafe to begin our journey to Shelton Men's Prison. For the first few miles we were quiet, each wondering what this would be all about. Soon, the van was filled with questions and comments. The trip was short and long at the same time. As we got close to the prison, we all became quiet again.

Pastor Coe led the way to the front door. We wondered how we were going to get into the area, which was sectioned by very high fences with razor wire across the top. Pastor Norm, the prison Lutheran Congregation pastor, greeted us with a wide smile. We soon learned that we were not allowed to bring in jewelry, coins or cash, or keys, and so forth. We relinquished these items for safe keeping. The one thing we did have to have on our person was a picture ID, but that, too, was also taken away for safekeeping. Each of us, then, went through the metal detector. The visitor badges we were given had to be in plain site for the guards to view.

We had been laughing and joking as we checked in; that soon changed when the first steel gate opened and clanged shut; it had a certain tone giving some of us a jolt of reality. We proceeded through two more gates, each time realizing we were stepping into a form of imprisonment.

There was time for Pastor Norm to answer our questions and explain why these prisoners are allowed to attend the service, how long it takes for approval of their request to attend (ten days to two weeks), and the consequences of missing the service. He also explained the different areas and pods where certain prisoners are located. We noted the huge garden, really huge, the baseball field, tennis court, basketball hoops and track. The only event that is structured is baseball; they have a playoff at the end of the season.

As the prisoners came in each had a huge smile, an out-

stretched hand for us to shake, a strong welcome. That was the moment of blending; the reason they were there and why we were there. When it was time for the service, some prisoners sat together, some alone, and we sat amongst them. Two of the inmates started the service singing and playing the piano; the words for us were on a white screen. One man's testimony was touching for the loss of a loved one. He was so nervous that he constantly wrung his hands. He found the strength to share with us and allowed us to give him silent support. The scripture was the same as we again heard from Pastor Coe the next day. Pastor Norm gave a powerful message in his sermon. Many of the men nodded or closed their eyes when he covered a hard place in them. We heard prayers of the inmates. When we shared peace, they shook our hands and said how glad they were that we had come so far to be with them.

Two of the inmates gave the Lord's Supper. As in our church communion when we are comforted by Pastor Coe giving us communion, this was also heart felt by the prisoners giving us communion.

The service ended with this closing prayer:

O God, you have called your servants to ventures of which we cannot see the ending, by paths as yet un-trodden, throughout perils unknown, Give us faith to go out with good courage, not knowing where we go, but only that Your hand is leading us and Your love supporting us through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Pastor Norm invited Pastor Coe to join in praying for those who came forward for healing. Before the service was over, Pastor Norm asked us as a group to raise our arms toward an inmate whose son had committed suicide that day. It was very spiritual, and the radiance of God's arms around all of us was powerful.

Before we knew it, they were gone. The room seemed very empty, yet a strong sense that what we experienced will be a life time memory. We do have different paths that each day we fulfill, however humble we become having taken this time with these men.

We recapped how moved we had been by the smiles, handshakes, and the welcome they gave us. I think we all looked at another side of life that we are not exposed to. True, they had big smiles and warm handshakes, but they had deep wounds in their lives.

I know that we are keeping prayers for those men and their recovery through life's up and downs; and my life profoundly changed. GLC



Pilgrimage #1

Grace Women's

3rd Annual Community Retreat - Sat. Nov 8

Pilgrimage is a Journey

Teresa Janssen will discuss the theme of pilgrimage, not only as intentional travel, but as a metaphor for our journey through life. We will explore pilgrimage and its symbols through the ages, and map the pilgrimages of our own lives.

Contact Mary Ronen at 301-4550 or maryr@olympus.net. Please make your reservations by October 29. A donation of \$15.00 is appreciated. GLC

Pilgrimage #2

Pilgrimage to the Last Third of Life:

7 Gateways to Spiritual Growth

Paul in II Corinthians 4:16 noted, "So we do not lose heart, even though our outer shell is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed every day." (NRSV) While it is true that as we age our bodies may not be as strong or vigorous as they once were, our spiritual lives can continue to be strong and to grow. But as we grow older there are more questions about how we live out the life given to us.

The Class, Pilgrimage to the Last Third of Life: 7 Gateways to Spiritual Growth, will explore what it means to keep our spirit alive and well within our Christian community. We will be basing our discussions on a book with the same

name written by Jane Thibault and Richard Morgan. (Upper Room Books). Through reflection and discussion we look at what it means to maintain meaning and purpose as we age, and we will explore ways to keep our spiritual life vital.

One of my favorite authors, May Sarton, at age 70 noted, "I am more myself than I've ever been." Come and reflect on how that might be true for you. The class will be facilitated by Marty Richards on eight Thursdays. We will meet at the church from 2:00 to 3:30 on the following dates: October 9, 16 and 23; November 6, 13 and 20 and December 4 and 11.

There is space for 14 people. Books will be provided. Suggested donation for the book is \$12.00. A sign-up sheet is available in the Fellowship Hall. If you have questions please contact Marty at 379-1250. GLC

The Power of Partnership



Kitsap/Olympic Lutheran Community Services Northwest Annual Fundraising Brunch will feature the topic, "The Power of Partnership."

LCSNW will be holding its annual brunch in Bremerton at the Kitsap Conference Center on November 9, 2014. The social hour begins at 12:30 p.m. and the Brunch and program lasts from 1:30 to 3:00. Come and hear about the work of your Lutheran Social Services Agency on the Kitsap and Olympic Peninsulas. Marty Richards will be sponsoring a table at the event, which includes a free brunch and an opportunity to support the work of the agency. For more information please contact her at 379-1250. We will car pool to the event. GLC

Some would say all of life and every particle of creation is a miracle. Some would say that we cannot read any of the gospels without encountering one or more miracles. Some would say there is no explanation except "it's a miracle" for remarkable changes in our lives. Some would say we experience miracles every time we participate in Eucharist. And some would say there is no such thing; if we researched and experimented enough, we would understand every one of such events without reference to God. The opposite is true. We learn to appreciate that which we cannot control when we first discover the presence of God in the midst of it all.

This message is adapted from "For God So Loved the World," written by Lynn Ramshaw in the November 2012 issue of "Gather" magazine.



A Prayer for Getting Older

All Gracious God, You have given me all I am and have
and now I give it back to you to stand under your will
alone.

In a special way, I give you these later years of my life.

I am one of those called by You into old age,

a call not given to all,

not given to Jesus,

not given to most in our world today.

I humbly ask You, grace me deeply in each aspect of this
call.

As my physical eyesight weakens,
may the eyes of my faith strengthen,
that I may see You and your love in everything.

As my hearing fails,
may the ears of my heart be more attentive to the whis-
per of your gentle voice.

As my legs weaken and walking becomes more difficult,
may I walk more truly in your paths,
knowing all the while that I am held in the embrace of
your love.

As my mind becomes less alert and memory fades,
may I remain peaceful in You,
aware that with you there is no need for thought or
word.

You ask that I simply be there with You.

And should sickness overtake me and I be confined to bed,
may I know myself as one with your Son
as he offers his life for the salvation of the world.

Finally, as my heart slows a little after the work of the years,
may it expand in love for You and all your people.

May it rest securely and grateful in your loving heart
until I am lost in You completely and forever. **GLC**



Divine Intervention

by Jeanne Smith

She was a vision of soft white as I rushed by. Only enough
time to peek and see bright eyes, a pink nose and pink ears. I
was told as I left for my appointment that she must live indoors
since she had no claws.

She was gone by the time I arrived home to my lonely
apartment where I still grieved for my dearly departed hus-
band while learning to live alone. A call the following morning
confirmed she was still in need of a home.

To this day I believe divine intervention brought her to me
in my time of need. With deep gratitude, my days are still lov-
ingly shared with another. Her name? Duchess! **GLC**

Out of the Archives

A few months ago, the Grace Men's Group visited the
Boeing museum of flight. A large jet fighter, a T-38, hung from
the ceiling. Bob Haines quietly said, "I flew one of those in 1982
with the Air Force." Later, I received this photo. Does the pilot
resemble anyone else in the Haines family?



Gifts From The Apologists

from Billy Graham and C.S. Lewis

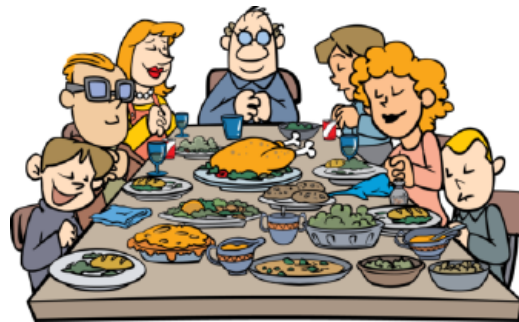
“Are you perhaps one of those who worries about having committed the unpardonable sin? If so, you should face squarely what the Bible says on this subject, not what you may have heard from others. The unpardonable sin is rejecting the truth about Christ. It is rejecting, completely and finally, the witness of the Holy Spirit, which declares that Jesus Christ is the Son of God who alone can save us from our sins. Have you rejected Christ in your own life and said in your heart that what the Bible teaches about Him is a lie? Then, I tell you as solemnly and as sincerely as I know how that you are in a very dangerous position. I urge you without delay to accept the truth about Christ and to come to humble confession and repentance and faith. It would be tragic for you to persist in your unbelief and eventually go into eternity without hope and without God.”

— Billy Graham, *The Holy Spirit: Activating God’s Power in Your Life*.

“Now we cannot...discover our failure to keep God's law except by trying our very hardest (and then failing). Unless we

really try, whatever we say there will always be at the back of our minds the idea that if we try harder next time we shall succeed in being completely good. Thus, in one sense, the road back to God is a road of moral effort, of trying harder and harder. But in another sense it is not trying that is ever going to bring us home. All this trying leads up to the vital moment at which you turn to God and say, "You must do this. I can't."

— C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*



Fellowship
Report
by
Karen Erickson

Church Mice

**Big Problem
or
No Problem?**
Helpful Hints
for Pastors
by Rev. Cheese

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Q: You plan a fellowship meal for 100 people, and you have 250 show up for worship that day... problem or no problem?

A: No problem!

PRAISE THE LORD AND SEND SOMEONE TO COSTCO!

www.churchmice.net

Rally Day, September 7, “Soar with the Spirit” was enjoyed by about 60 people, dining on hamburgers, hot dogs, brats, a variety of delicious salads, topped off with ice cream sundaes/cones. Water balloon toss proved to be challenging but fun! Special decorations provided by Linda Gaenicke and Penny Westerfield were most inspirational and still decorate the Fellowship Hall. Master grillers David Gaenicke, Dave Peterson, and Jim Little produced outstanding BBQ choices! It was truly a fun event! Thanks to all who participated. We look forward to next year!

Saturday, October 4, Habitat for Humanity volunteers will return to the Fellowship Hall for pizza, dessert, and beverages, following a day of hard work provided for Habitat recipients.

No family close by to share a Thanksgiving meal? Come to Grace, and join other members in a Thanksgiving Potluck, sure to be a wonderful time of Fellowship, Dining, and Thankfulness. Watch for more information and sign-ups end of October.

Please take a glance at the Fellowship Refreshment List in the Fellowship Hall. Sign-ups are much needed for October, November, and December. **GLC**



Have You Shared Your Faith
In Christ Today?

Voice of Grace:

World Tour

The World Tour feature in the *Voice of Grace* highlights the travels of our members and friends. In addition, it underscores the breadth of distribution of our church newsletter...hopefully making friends all around the world. This month we hear from Ann Bambrick who is shown below holding her latest issue in front of the Temple of Heaven in Beijing, China.



In the upper right, Janet Hutchison is holding her copy of the newsletter in front of the Blue Mosque in Istanbul. Pastor Coe says, "We are walking our feet off trying to see everything."

Shown on the lower right is the overseas family of Jim and Lucy Hladecek. Their son, Joel, and his wife, Deborah, pose with their children, Dino and Lucia. Dino is holding a copy of

the *Voice of Grace* on an overlook in Luzern, Switzerland. This is one of the first photos Jim and Lucy received from Joel and his family following a move from London to Luzern.

Are you planning to travel in the near future? Don't forget to take a copy of the *Voice of Grace* and share a record of your trip in our newsletter. GLC



Church Council

- President:** Jim Hladecek
james@hladecek.com
- Vice President:** Mary Ronen
- Secretary:** Betty Oakes
- Ministers:**
- Resources (Treasurer):** Anne Argites
- Facilities:** Jim Little
- Worship/Music:** Nina Daly
- Stewardship:** Don Fristoe
- Social Concerns:** Teresa Janssen
- Fellowship:** Karen Ericksen

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- Choir Director:** Colleen Johnson
- Sunday School Superintendent:** Linda Wolff
- Editor, Voice of Grace and church Web site:**
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