

# 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

February 2015

## Applause in Church: *To Clap or Not To Clap*



*by Pastor Coe Hutchison*

To clap or not to clap, that is the question. At the outset, let me reinforce that this issue is not one on which our salvation hangs; it is a good example of something on which churches and people may differ, and it is not a huge deal. But I also know it causes discomfort to some people when they do applaud, wondering if they are doing something wrong and at

the same time feeling impolite if they don't applaud. Here are some thoughts.

No applause in church comes from the thinking that everything which is offered (music, singing, serving, etc.) is offered to God. The choir does not "perform," so to speak; the choir "makes an offering." The ministers are not serving in order to

Sunday Worship 10:30 a.m.



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

receive acclamation, they are offering service to God. So the thinking goes that applause gives undue accolades, since what they are doing is not a performance, it's an offering; therefore many in the congregation are unsure and hesitant to applaud.

On the other side of the issue, you have heard me say, "Let's give thanks to God for this offering through our applause." If we think of it that way, the applause is not an accolade for the performer but a thanksgiving to God for an inspiring worship experience augmented by a beautiful musical offering.

I also think of applause as an offering of hospitality. A musician who has been invited to our church, someone who is used to receiving applause and who has offered a beautiful performance, may feel confused and unappreciated by awkward silence in response. These things run through my mind occasionally, and I think we might provide a better witness to God's love by showing appreciation for the beautiful offering with polite applause.

What if we follow our hearts? When we are moved and we just can't resist, we can applaud. When we want to respond in prayerful silence, that is powerful as well. God is in your hearts, He will guide you. GLC



God Meets Us Where We Are

During the season after the Epiphany, the church celebrates and reflects upon all the little epiphanies throughout Christ's ministry that make God's grace known. Jesus shows up at the wedding and keeps the wine flowing. He calls regular fishermen to be his co-workers. He announces good news to the poor and proclaims freedom for the captive. He ascends the mount of Transfiguration to hold conference with the ancient prophets—and then climbs back down to suffer in the midst of the crowds. Through all of this, we come to realize, with prodding by the Holy Spirit, that God is present—manifest—among even us, even now.

In the person of Jesus, God has chosen to meet us where we are. In spite of our imperfections, Christ moves in our midst. These epiphanies point us to him and stir our faith so that we may follow him ever more fervently. We make the connection that in Christ, we see God at work.

*This article (submitted by Roberta Bymers) is adapted from "Epiphany," written by Phillip W. Martin; it first appeared in the January 2010 issue of Café magazine.*

## Special Cakes Reflect Special Moments

For decades at Grace Lutheran Church we have celebrated the special moments in the lives of the members of our congregation with food and refreshments...especially, the cake. These colorful examples of recent celebrations illustrate the joy and happiness that has flowed among us.



Above is the cake celebrating the baptism of Laura Anderson. Adorning the cake are flowers and leaves as well as a very special depiction of a portion of the stained glass window in the sanctuary at Grace Lutheran Church.

Below is the birthday cake for Anita Potthoff, who celebrated her 90th birthday following the January 18 Sunday service. She was feted by family and friends and, of course, her husband, Neil, who enjoyed the chocolate cake every bit as much as Anita.



# A Christmas Letter From Uganda

*Sharifah Namyalo*

My dear beloved ones, I am so humbled to write to you this short but special message as it comes from the bottom of my heart. I just want to remind you that the Lord loves us so much that He created you and me in His own image. Above all, He sent to us His only beloved son to rescue our hearts by accepting to die for our sins and He is none other than Jesus Christ. The birth of Christ means



Sharifah Namyalo participates in a Ugandan 10K road race in which she finishes "in the middle!"

a lot and has a great [significance] in our lives. It was and is still a special day which left all creatures on earth wondering how the Lord had made it. The Bible says that, as shepherds were watching over their flocks, the angel appeared to them. They were so terrified, some ran and others fell on the ground until the Angel of God delivered the good news to them that the baby has been delivered in Bethlehem by Mary and that He was the savior of the world. They gained their senses as the Angel told them that they would find the baby wrapped in cloths and lying in the manger. They were all amazed, and they started spreading the word to other people.

This means that we have to open our hearts and receive this day with Joy, happiness, love and respect. If it weren't for Jesus, you and I wouldn't have existed up to this date due to the sinful nature of man. But because He exists, you and I are living a happy, jolly, and a holy life, as we are aware that the savior is always there for us. It is through Him that the almighty forgives us our sins and he will always be there to show the way, the light to all those who believe in Him.

Let me close with these Bible verses: Mathew 1:21 "And she will bear a son, and you are to name him Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins." Also John 1:29 "The next day

John saw Jesus coming toward him, and declared, 'Behold the lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world.'" Let us praise the Lord because He is worthy to be praised.

With love, I remain your sponsored child.  
Sharifah Namyalo

*A Big Thank You...*

I join with all the staff in a great big thank you for the Christmas gift that we all received. You are so very kind; we really appreciate it. The staff gathered for a "staff appreciation" open house in early January and we all had a great time. As the Pastor, I couldn't ask for a better group to work with or a greater congregation to serve. God bless you all!

Pastor Coe



**Have You Shared Your Faith in Christ Today?**



## Pastor's Message:

### *"Will You Come and Follow Me?"*

Hymn 798 in the Evangelical Lutheran Worship hymnal is "Will You Come and Follow Me." The author of the text is a modern hymn writer named John Bell whose music I find beautiful and moving. I challenge you to read this text aloud to yourself slowly and to

hear it as God speaking to you.

*Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?*

Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?

Will you let my love be shown, will you let my name be known,

Will you let my life be grown in you and you in me?

*Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?*

Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?

Will you risk the hostile stare, should your life attract or scare?

Will you let me answer prayer in you and you in me?

*Will you let the blinded see if I but call your name?*

Will you set the prisoners free and never be the same?

Will you kiss the leper clean, and do such as this unseen,

And admit to what I mean in you and you in me?

*Will you love the you you hide if I but call your name?*

Will you quell the fear inside and never be the same?

Will you use the faith you've found to reshape the world around,

Through my sight and touch and sound in you and you in me?

*Lord, your summons echoes true when you but call my name.*

Let me turn and follow you and never be the same.

In your company I'll go where your love and footsteps show.

Thus I'll move and live and grow in you and you in me.

*Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?*

During this season of Epiphany we hear the stories of Jesus calling the first apostles. In Mark's Gospel, the apostles' "immediate" response jumps off the page. No hesitation! No question! No "ifs," "ands" or "buts." In the words of this powerful hymn, we hear again Jesus' call to each of us. So often you hear me talk about surrender, and this hymn brings this to my mind again. Are we ready to answer Jesus' call and to surrender control, to surrender our lives to him?

*Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?*

Are we willing to go places we have never gone before, though these places may be far away or right next door? Are we willing to be changed by God in ways that we cannot predict, to never be the same again? Are we willing to grow in Jesus and let him grow in us?

*Continued, next page*

*Will you risk the hostile stare, should your life attract or scare?*

Are we willing to be considered “weird” and possibly attract a stare? Are we willing to be called crazy by the world’s standards? Are we willing to touch those who are considered untouchable, love the unlovable, visit the abandoned? Are we willing to dare to even try to make a difference in the world?

*In your company I’ll go where your love and footsteps show.*

And what does Jesus offer in support if we answer this call. What is our reward? The support, the reward, is Jesus himself. He will accompany us every step of the way. He will live within us and we in him. This was enough for the original apostles. Think of the difference they made. Truly, through the power of the Holy Spirit, they changed the world. Jesus promises to do no less through us. Do you hear his call? *Will you come and follow me?*

*God Bless,  
Pastor Coe*

## President’s Message: “Thank You!”

Many of us at one time or another have faced a medical ordeal requiring highly skilled medical care. We are far more fortunate than those who preceded us on this earth in that there have been so many technological advances made. Today, miracles are performed in hospitals and doctor’s offices all over the world. Tomorrow, thanks to God, there will be even more. Technical progress is inevitable. And, hand in hand with that progress is prayer.

Prayer, your prayers, are what helped me get through a personal health issue that I have been enduring for the past several months. It involved three different surgeries and two hospitalizations. I spent the past six months walking around with a literal hole in my head, (exposing my cranium) caused by cancer and infection. Last week it was repaired by a skilled plastic surgeon. Not for a minute was I left alone to worry about or fear more than I could handle. God was by my side, thanks to you. Your prayers meant a great deal to me – from those each Sunday to those of you who put me on your prayer list, and to those who asked for the time of my surgery so they could pray for me during that period. I know those prayers worked. They helped me, they helped my doctors and they helped my family. Now I will be entering into another phase of treatment that is being determined. Whether it is radiation or chemicals, I know that I will not be alone. For that, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. God Bless You!



*[Handwritten signature]*

# A Baseball Promise

## A lesson in Talking to God About Anything

by Steve Kelly

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I would have given anything to take them back.

I looked at that youngster beside me in the car, pixie face eager beneath her baseball cap. Knowing just how much ten-year-old Erin missed her dad, and wanting to do something special for her, I'd invited her to go with me that afternoon to watch the San Francisco Giants play the Chicago Cubs at Candlestick Park. I'd never seen a kid so excited. We'd been driving across the Bay Bridge when she suddenly piped up, "Maybe we'll catch a foul ball!"

And like an idiot I'd said, "Well, honey, now that your dad's in heaven, maybe he'll mention that to God for you."

Just a throwaway remark, but I saw that she took it seriously, and I wanted to bite my tongue off. A child's faith is tested enough when a parent dies without some dolt planting pipe dreams.

"You mean," Erin asked in an awestruck voice, "You can talk to God even about baseball?"

I switched subjects fast, talked about some of the great times our two families had had together. We were like one family, really, next-door neighbors for eleven years, each couple with three kids the same ages, and Craig and I as close as brothers in spite of being so different.

It was our differences, in fact, that made the relationship so great. Craig could repair anything – electrical circuits, clogged plumbing. When my kids had a bike wheel come off, they wouldn't waste time with me; they'd go straight to him.

As for me, sports were my thing, especially baseball. I'd gone to college on a baseball scholarship, been drafted by the California Angels to a minor-league contract right out of school. After four years I was aspiring to a spot in the major leagues when I damaged my rotator cuff. That ended my professional career, but not my love of the game. We made a deal, Craig and I: Things that needed fixing, he'd do; coaching the kids was my job.

All six of them were great little athletes, but Erin was something else. Lots of speed, a pitcher's concentration and a throwing arm every guy in her Little League division envied. (She played on a boys' team.) It made a special bond between the two of us, all the more important in the six months since her dad's death from Hodgkin's lymphoma.

I'd never forget his final words to me in the hospital room

a few hours before the end. "Keep a watch over my kids, Steve." As if he had to ask!

As we pulled into the parking lot at Candlestick, Erin chattered away, my thoughtless remark forgotten, I hoped. Soon we were settled into our seats halfway between home plate and third base, Cracker Jack boxes in hand. The pitcher warmed up, and we prepared for our private contest. When I first started taking kids to ball games, I'd invented a way to pass the slow moments between pitches. Each of us would call out a guess as to what would happen. "High pop-up to right field!" or "Line drive to center!"

Ninety-nine percent of the guesses were wrong, of course, but when someone did predict correctly, he or she got a point toward an extra hot dog or a souvenir program. Erin was calling, "Swing and a miss on a curve ball!" unfazed by a score of zero.

It was a wonderful afternoon, a close game with some spectacular plays. Like the baseball fanatics we

were, we'd both brought our mitts, though Erin – to my vast relief – hadn't spoken again about a foul ball coming our way, the notion apparently forgotten as quickly as it came.

It was in the bottom of the ninth, game nearly over with two outs and the batter up, that she stood up and sang out, "high foul ball right to us!"

I laughed at the certainty with which she could still make these pronouncements. There was a crack as the batter connected with the ball, sending it high over the third base line. A second later the laughter died in my throat as I watched the trajectory of that ball, saw it spin, curve to the left, and begin a slow downward arc right toward us.

All around us people were on their feet, arms raised, grabbing for it. I'm a tall guy, six-foot-five. I leaned forward and stretched my hand up. The ball slapped into the fingertips of my mitt.

Erin was jumping, laughing, crying, brushing away tears with her own mitt. I started crying too, the two of us shouting, hugging each other, staring at that miraculous ball. That is, Erin looked at the ball. I was seeing something more wondrous still. I was watching a child's first encounter with the God we can talk to – even about baseball.

*This story comes from the magazine, "Guideposts." You can read more real life stories of people encountering God, or you may subscribe to the monthly magazine at [www.guideposts.org](http://www.guideposts.org).*



## Ravi Speaks

"In the 1950s kids lost their innocence.

They were liberated from their parents by well-paying jobs, cars, and lyrics in music that gave rise to a new term – the generation gap.

In the 1960s, kids lost their authority.

It was a decade of protest – church, state, and parents were all called into question and found wanting. Their authority was rejected, yet nothing ever replaced it.

In the 1970s, kids lost their love. It was the decade of me-ism dominated by hyphenated words beginning with self.

Self-image, Self-esteem, Self-assertion....It made for a lonely world. Kids learned everything there was to know about sex and forgot everything there was to know about love, and no one had the nerve to tell them there was a difference.

In the 1980s, kids lost their hope.

Stripped of innocence, authority and love and plagued by the horror of a nuclear nightmare, large and growing numbers of this generation stopped believing in the future.

In the 1990s kids lost their power to reason. Less and less were they taught the very basics of language, truth, and logic, and they grew up with the irrationality of a postmodern world.

In the new millennium, kids woke up and found out that somewhere in the midst of all this change, they had lost their imagination. Violence and perversion entertained them till none could talk of killing innocents, since none was innocent anymore."

— Ravi Zacharias, Recapture the Wonder

**Today I see the low dense fog through my window. It hides what is in my foremost view, but as I move my eyes upward it gently fades out, and I can see the tall tree tops merging with the sunrise. Above that gentle change I see the beautiful blue sky. If I look all the way up - There is God. Life can be like that at times. We can't see clearly where our life is at times, but be assured above the fog, God is.**

*submitted by Roberta Bymers*



# Duane Zeits:

## A Personal Story

*recorded by Jim Hladecek*

The last thing Duane Zeits would want is to be called a hero. Yet to me, he is. Duane sits in the pew each Sunday and has a warm smile on his face and a welcome for all who come his way. Unless you knew his story, you would never know that Duane Zeits was an Army Air Force veteran and prisoner of war during WWII.

Duane was born in Port Townsend and attended our local schools, graduating from Port Townsend High. Duane said that he loves Port Townsend. It was a nice peaceful and quiet town when he was growing up. "Today," he said, "it is still a nice town but a bit bigger and noisier." As a teenager, Duane saw the tension building between Germany and the Allies in Europe. The need to defend the U.S. and European Allies created a movement in our nation to build up our armed forces and prepare for war. At eighteen, Duane Zeits voluntarily enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Force. Following basic training in Wichita Falls, TX, he proceeded through a series of assignments that took him first to Arizona to attend Aerial Gunnery School; then, Buckley Field, CO, for training in plane armaments; and finally to Salt Lake City where the Army was forming a new Air Force. It was here that Duane joined his new flight crew. At this time, Duane was a trained waist gunner and

armory man. As armory man, he was responsible for climbing into the bomb bay of the bomber (when on a bombing run) and for arming the bombs. Following this basic training, the crew was sent to New Mexico where they were outfitted with Air Force uniforms consisting of flight suits and cold weather gear. "The planes were not equipped with heaters and air-conditioning as they are today." The last leg of the crew's initial training was to proceed to Savannah, GA, where they met their pilot and were issued a brand new airplane, a B-24 Liberator.

Due to his assignment, Duane was awarded the rank of Sergeant. "The Army determined that air crews needed the rank of sergeant or higher in case they were captured behind the enemy lines," Duane explained. The theory was that they would receive better treatment if the enemy recognized their advanced rank.

It was at this point that Duane's crew in their new B-24 heavy bomber proceeded from Savannah to Tunisia, Africa, for formation flying training and, then, to their final destination for combat duty in Spinazzola, Italy. Duane described Spinazzola as, "Just a small farm town." He continued, "our airfield was a farm consisting of a field with a barn. We lived in tents. The barn was used to show movies and provide shelter for a kitchen. We would take our mess kits to the barn/kitchen then take our food back to the tents where we would eat."

Duane explained that the hazards for bomber crews was high. "We were supposed to fly a total of 50 missions; but, I heard that the loss rate was pretty high. We [his crew] flew a total of 15."

On the 15th mission, the 761st Squadron – 460th Bomber Group, was ordered to take out the large oil refinery in Ploesti, Romania. "This was the biggest target we had to this point," Duane said. "Intelligence indicated that, although the oil refinery belonged to the U.S. and the Allies, the Germans were on the ground and in control of it. The oil was being used to support the Germans and had to be destroyed."

"Bombers could not deviate from their bombing path. To hit the target, bombers had to fly straight to the target at a specific altitude and speed. That meant that the Germans knew where we would be every second," Duane explained. "They would fire anti-aircraft guns that would explode and send shrapnel in all directions in front and all around us."

Duane's plane was hit by flack. "One of our four engines was out and another on fire. I could see the fire. It was sweeping past my post in the mid section of the aircraft." Duane explained that at that point, the plane was unable to continue to the target. "We had to dump our bombs and try to get to Yugoslavia where there was the possibility of finding friendlies. But we couldn't make it. We had to bail out in Romania about 100 miles from the target." The remaining bombers continued on to the refinery to fulfill the mission.

Duane continued, "Bailing out in those conditions is difficult, and our crew was scattered. I landed in a farmer's field. I saw a couple of Romanian police and soldiers coming my way.







Bombers from Duane's squadron conduct their mission over the Ploesti oil refinery.

I was put in a donkey cart and taken to jail. People would come with guns, clubs and pitchforks. They were very angry." He added, "One by one our entire crew of 10 arrived at the jail. We were there for two days. They gave us cheese and water to eat and drink. Then we were taken by truck to the railroad and were put on a train heading to Bucharest. At each town, we were sort of on display. Townspeople wanted to get at us, some holding nooses. Our guards just smiled, they knew how scared we were."

"We reached a prison camp, which was a boy's school. We were there for two months, then, transferred to an abandoned hospital. The camp had wire fencing around it and very little food," Duane explained. "We were fed two meals a day. Breakfast was tea and a piece of bread. Lunch was a watery cabbage or barley soup. I learned how to hold back a piece of my morning bread for the lunch soup. The main subject of conversation was about food," he recalled. Duane arrived at the camp weighing around 155 lbs, and, when freed five months later, he weighed 125.

"Boredom was part of every day," he said. "There was nothing to do. You would walk around inside, then, go walk around outside. There was no mail, no care packages of any kind, no way to wash your clothes, no hot water, no soap, no toothbrushes or anything we would consider a personal hygiene necessity. It was a wonder there was no epidemic or something."

Duane went on, "One day, we woke up and discovered

there were no guards. We learned that Romania had surrendered to the Russians. We were free."

Duane described how the Americans showed up in planes and began a system of evacuating the prisoners. It took three days to evacuate everyone from that prison camp. Duane was flown to Naples where he boarded a ship and began the journey back to the U.S. During this period, Duane learned that his family had received the missing-in-action telegram. He was given immediate leave to visit his family and, then, was processed back to an Army hospital for rehabilitation.

Duane and his crew were very fortunate to return from that war safely. His story is yet another example of how the men and women of our country had sacrificed so much to provide us the comforts we now enjoy. I am personally indebted to Duane and for that reason, Duane Zeits is my hero.

Eventually Duane, an American Air Force sergeant, was transferred to Boeing Field. He was glad for this assignment, since he would be near his sister. Although Duane knew Martha in 1939 when she was fourteen, he was reacquainted with her upon his return after the war, since she was a baby sitter for his sister's children. A romance blossomed and they were married in Seattle in 1945. Duane always had been a Port Townsend boy, so, he and Martha moved to Port Townsend where Duane went to work at Crown Zellerbach, and he and Martha raised a family; they helped build our church and eventually retired. **GLC**

## Pastor Appreciation

“I remember Christian teachers telling me long ago that I must hate a bad man's actions but not hate the bad man: or, as they would say, hate the sin but not the sinner. ...I used to think this a silly, straw-splitting distinction: How could you hate what a man did and not hate the man? But years later it occurred to me that there was one man to whom I had been doing this all my life — namely myself. However much I might dislike my own cowardice or conceit or greed, I went on loving myself. There had never been the slightest difficulty about it. In fact the very reason why I hated the things was that I loved the man. Just because I loved myself, I was sorry to find that I was the sort of man who did those things.”

— C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*



### Church Mice

Copyright Karl A. Zorowski



There are times when pastors have earned special privileges. In the photo above, Pastor Coe Hutchison had just completed a detailed and well received presentation. In appreciation, Betty Nelson provided a shoulder massage. Betty had to bring the massage to an end when several other members got in line for their turns!

#### 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 Erickson

#### Church Staff

**Pastor:** Rev. Coe Hutchison  
pastorcoeh@gmail.com  
cell 206-369-0606  
parsonage 360-385-2281  
**Secretary:** Crissy Dunlap  
gracelutheranpt@gmail.com  
**Organist/Pianist:** Lisa Lanza  
**Choir Director:** Colleen Johnson  
**Sunday School Superintendent:** Linda Wolff  
**Editor, Voice of Grace and church Web site:**  
Jim Hladecek, james@hladecek.com