



# "THE STARTER"

April 2022

Rev. Brian Beck

Our email: [1stcongregperu@sbcglobal.net](mailto:1stcongregperu@sbcglobal.net)

Web page: [firstcongregationalperu.net](http://firstcongregationalperu.net)

Phone 815-223-0722



## Welcome New Members

We welcome into our church membership February 27, 2022. Pastor Brian Beck, Barbara Beck and Rob Dickson. Welcome everyone.

Happy Moments, Praise God  
 Difficult Moments, Seek God  
 Quiet Moments, Worship God  
 Painful Moments, Trust God  
 Every Moment, Thank God

A

Nice thing about spring  
 is

That it always says it with flowers!

When you reach the end of your rope,  
 you will find the hem of HIS garment!

## Church Prayer Leaders Network

[www.Prayerleader.com](http://www.Prayerleader.com)

### Praying for Your Church

Pastor – Lord, I lift up my pastor to You. Thank You for his servant's heart. Keep him from losing heart when ministry gets tough. Help him prove faithful with the things you have entrusted to him. Teach him Your ways so that he knows You and finds favor with You as He leads us. Keep him open and honest before You and help him to represent the truth plainly.

2 Cor. 4:1, 1 Cor.4: 1-3, Ex.33:13

## Paint Party With Lucy

April 9 from 10-12

COME JOIN THE FUN

Reservation and payment in advance

Cost. \$30.00 to cover supplies with

\$1.00 going to the

Illinois Vally Food Pantry

Checks payable to Lucy Schmidt.

Contact Dianna Dornbusch with any

Questions.

## Sunday School Schedule

Adult Sunday School 9:00am Sunday

JR/SR High class 9:00am Sunday

Elementary grades during worship services after the children's message

PreK/K Class during worship services after the children's message



# HOLY WEEK

## SCHEDULE

Sunday, April 10

*Palm Sunday – fellowship hour*

Thursday, April 14

*Maundy Thursday Candlelight Communion  
Service in Morgan Hall at 7:00p.m.*

Friday, April 15

*Short Good Friday worship service at noon.*

Saturday, April 16

*Assembling of the Living Cross. Bring fresh or  
silk flowers to the church at 9:00 a.m. This  
beautiful cross adorns our sanctuary on Easter  
morning.*

Resurrection Sunday, April 17

*Continental Breakfast at 9:00 a.m.*

*Children’s craft 9:30 a.m.*

*(No Sunday School Classes today)*

*Worship Service at 10:30 a.m.*

*(No fellowship hour today)*



### The Conquering Christ

*They nailed Him to an ugly cross that bleak and  
dreadful day;*

*And thought forever from their midst they’d  
driven Him away.*

*But three days passed and He arose, triumphant  
o’er the grave.*

*With hell’s keys in His mighty hands and  
wondrous power to save.*

*He ascended to His throne, the Spirit to send  
forth,*

*That men no more alone would be and every life  
have worth.*

*He’s coming back some golden day and victory  
shall He bring*

*For He’ll be Conqueror when He comes, Our  
Lord, our coming King!*



### Palm Sunday

*My husband, Scott, has a big birthday coming up.  
I’m party planning, putting the pieces into place so  
that we can really celebrate. My birthday is the day  
after. When he asked me what I wanted for my  
birthday I said “I want to recover from your  
birthday! He laughed. Party-throwing is tiring.  
You come down off the sugar and regroup with  
clean-up and restorative naps. Then you focus on  
life.*

*I wonder how Jesus felt the Monday after Palm  
Sunday. Biggest! Party! EVER!! For the first time,  
He’s recognized for Who He is: the Son of the Most  
High God. All of Jerusalem turned out to sing His  
praises. Blessed is He Who comes in the name of  
the Lord! Hosanna! Hosanna! Then Monday. The  
after party blues. Jesus had to recalibrate and  
refocus. There’s no recovery from Palm Sunday.  
There was just the momentous toil of wrestling  
with His own will so that He can accomplish the  
heart-wrenching work His Father had asked Him  
to do – to save the world. To take on every sin for  
all mankind for all eternity.*

*How could He fathom it? How could He breathe  
another breath or take another step? It must have  
been all too much. Costly. Cruel. Devasting.  
Unless...He began to plan another party. He put  
all the pieces into place – forgiveness, mercy,  
sacrifice, His life for ours – so that we could attend  
the never-ending party of basking in the love and  
the hope of the One Who loves us the most of all.*

*Susanna Foth Aughtmon*



## Triumphal Return

You are in your car driving home. Thoughts wander to supper and the game you want to see, when suddenly a sound unlike any you've ever heard fills the air. A trumpet? A choir? A choir of trumpets? You don't know, but you want to know, so you pull over, get out of the car and look up. As you do, you see you aren't the only curious one. The roadside has become a parking lot. Car doors are open and people are staring at the sky. Shoppers are racing out of the grocery store. A little league baseball game across the street has come to a halt. Players and parents are searching the clouds.

What they see and what you see has never been seen before. As if the sky were a curtain, the drapes of the atmosphere part. A brilliant light spills onto the earth. There are no shadows. NONE! From every hue ever seen and a million more never seen, riding on the flow is an endless fleet of angels. They pass through the curtains one myriad at a time, until they occupy every square inch of the sky. North...south...east...west. Thousands of silvery wings rise and fall in unison and over the sound of the trumpets, you can hear the cherubim and seraphim chanting. "Holy, Holy, Holy". The final flank of angels is followed by 24 silver bearded elders and a multitude of souls who join the angels in worship.

Suddenly the heavens quiet. All is quiet. The angels turn, you turn, the entire world turns and there He is, Jesus! Through waves of light you see the silhouetted figure of Christ the King. He is atop a great stallion and the stallion is atop a billowing cloud. He opens his mouth and you are surrounded by his declaration: "I am the Alpha and the Omega." The angels bow their heads, the elders remove their crown. And before you is a Figure so consuming that you know, instantly you know: Nothing else matters! Forget stock markets and school reports; sales meetings and football games. Nothing is newsworthy. All that mattered, matters no more.

**For Christ Has Come!**



## Why did Jesus Fold the Napkin

Why did Jesus fold the linen burial cloth after His resurrection? I never noticed this...

The Gospel of John (20:7) tells us that the napkin, which was placed over the face of Jesus, was not thrown aside like the grave clothes.

The Bible takes an entire verse to tell us that the napkin was neatly folded, and was placed separate from the grave clothes.

Early Sunday morning, while it was still dark, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb and found that the stone had been rolled away from the entrance.

She ran and found Simon Peter and the other disciple, the one whom Jesus loved. She said, 'They have taken the Lord's body out of the tomb, and I don't know where they have put him!' Peter and the other disciple ran to the tomb to see. The other disciple outran Peter and got there first. He stooped and looked in and saw the linen cloth lying there, but he didn't go in. Then Simon Peter arrived and went inside. He also noticed the linen wrappings lying there, while the cloth that covered Jesus' head was folded up and lying to the side.

Was that important? ABSOLUTELY!

Is it really significant? YES!

In order to understand the significance of the folded napkin, you have to understand a little bit about Hebrew tradition of that day. The folded napkin had to do with the Master and Servant, and every Jewish boy knew this tradition.

When the servant set the dinner table for the master, he made sure that it was exactly the way the master wanted it..

The table was furnished perfectly, and then the servant would wait, just out of sight, until the master had finished eating, and the servant would not dare touch that table, until the master was finished.

Now if the master were done eating, he would rise from the table, wipe his fingers, his mouth, and clean his beard, and would wad up that napkin and toss it onto the table.

The servant would then know to clear the table. For in those days, the wadded napkin meant, 'I'm done'.



*first job of exterior work he does when the weather breaks. We have been in contact with Mayou roofing to address more leaking around the steeple. Once that is repaired, we will begin the Sanctuary painting. We are also looking into some colorful perennial landscaping for spots around the grounds. Our current cleaning person planned on cutting back, so we have hired Hannah Farling who will begin the week of March 21. There are still some plumbing issues to be addressed and we will continue to monitor any basement leaking with the spring rains. Adopt landscape project will begin in the next month. Signup sheets for areas will be in the Narthex around April 1. We will also be scheduling a yard clean up day as there are a lot of limbs down from the high winds. We appreciate everyone's input and participating in keeping our church, parsonage and grounds in great shape.*



There was a moment when Moses had the nerve to ask God what his name is. God was gracious enough to answer, and the name he gave is recorded in the original Hebrew as YHWH. Over time we've arbitrarily added an "a" and an "e" in there to get YaHWeH, presumably because we have a preference for vowels. But scholars and Rabi's have noted that the letters YHWH represent breathing sounds, or aspirated consonants. When pronounced without intervening vowels, it actually sounds like breathing.

YH (inhale): WH (exhale).

So a baby's first cry, his first breath, speaks the name of God.

A deep sigh calls His name – or a groan or gasp that is too heavy for mere words.

Even an atheist would speak His name, unaware that their very breathe is giving constant acknowledgment to God.

Likewise, a person leaves this earth with their last breath, when God's name is no longer filing their lungs.

So when I can't utter anything else, is my cry calling out His name?

Being alive means I speak His name constantly.

So, is it heard the loudest when I'm the quietest?

In sadness, we breathe heavy sighs.

In joy, our lungs feel almost like they will burst. In fear we hold our breath and have to be told to breathe slowly to help us calm down. When we're about to do something hard, we take a deep breath to find our courage. When I think about it, breathing is giving him praise. Even in the hardest moments! This is so beautiful and fills me with emotion every time I grasp the thought. God chose to give himself a name that we can't help but speak every moment we're alive. All of us, always, everywhere. Waking, sleeping, breathing, with the name of God on our lips.



written by - Sandra Thurman Caporale from the Memorial Church of Christ in Houston.  
Graphic artist unknown.



*Pray for the health of Jane McClintock, Char & Pete Belski, Marilyn Cobb, Rita Tieman, Dawn's parents & Dawn Tieman, Rick and Deb Taylor.*

*\*\*Please pray for daily grace for our shut-ins:*

<i>Myrle Sapienza</i>	<i>Carol Edgcomb</i>
<i>Don Walker</i>	<i>Jane McClintock</i>
<i>Lillian Mini</i>	<i>Daryl &amp; Lin Stuhr</i>

*\*\* Pray for Pastor Roy Jacob & Peace Mission in India caring for children and widows*

*\*\* Pray for Jews for Jesus*

*\*\* Pray for the Surbers and Supply & Multiply*

*\*\* Pray for Abigail Women's Clinic*

*\*\* Pray for Cup of Cold Water Ministries*

*\*\* Pray for Transport for Christ*

*\*\* Pray for PADS providing shelter to the Homeless*



*The power of a fully lived life or a truly learned mind is not a power to be sought or contrived. It comes as we let go of what we possess and find ourselves possessed by a truth greater than our own.*

*Parker Palmer*



*As you go on your way,  
May Christ go with you.  
May He go before you to show you the  
way.  
May He go behind you to encourage  
you,  
Beside you to befriend you,  
Above you to watch over you,  
Within you to give you peace.*

