

# HIGHLIGHTS

## From the Pastor

Pastor James C. Taylor

Grace to You and Peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen

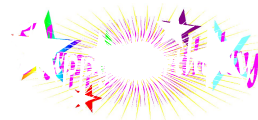
The following article is the 2<sup>nd</sup> article of Luther's Explanation of the 10 Commandments.

### Fear and Love: What the Commandments Are For

In between the words *fear* and *love* in Luther's explanations lies a life-changing—nay, life-giving—space where the Holy Spirit creates and sustains faith. That space holds all of eternity because that's where God's gospel promise in the Word, that is, in Jesus, takes up its claim on you. Luther says we are to fear and love God, because God's Word is operative here. And it has two parts: commands and promises, God speaks in these two modes in order to deal with both you. "Fear and love" parallels the outer and inner person in you. God's commands produce fear in the old sinner, and the gospel promise spoken in the midst of that fear creates the new person of faith.

The fulfillment of a command always depends on the action of the person being commanded. But because we're so captive to our own will (we call that condition Sin—capital S—rather than sins, which are all the bad things we do as a result of Sin, we stand judged by God and subject to God's wrath and condemnation. In today's church, we often say that sinners will go to heaven. While it is commendable and comes from our desire to be good and kind to others and emphasize God's mercy, it is not very biblical. Luther had a ready supply of vivid words to talk about us sinners. On more than one occasion he called himself a stinking pile of *Mist*—a mild translation of it would be "manure," but you can come up with a better translation. Unless you live in farming or ranching country, you may not have experienced a walk through the barnyard or past the pig sty. The scent of cow pies and hog flop isn't something to be distilled and delicately dabbed on your wrists. For Luther, the stench of Sin is too awful, and God won't have it stinking up the divine throne room.

God Bless you,



Mary Mudd -- August 5th - 84 years

### CHICKEN BARBECUE

The Men in Mission are hosting their Chicken Barbecue, Wednesday, August 16<sup>th</sup>, 6:30 p.m., in the fellowship hall. Donation tickets will be available beginning Sunday, August 6<sup>th</sup>, after worship for \$ 5.00. Please come and enjoy the fellowship. No food to go please.



### FALL FESTIVAL APPROACHING

Have you marked the date on your calendar? The Fall Festival is Sunday, September 17<sup>th</sup>. Mark the Date! **Worship at 10:30 a.m.**, following by the Chili Cook-off Contest and lunch at 12 Noon. Tickets will be \$ 5.00. Hamburgers, hot dogs and all the trimmings will be served. You won't want to miss it.

If you would like to donate any **new item** for a bingo prize or give a monetary gift for us to purchase a bingo prize, it would be appreciated (please contact the church office, 210-533-9484).

Remember the day is "Casual Dress" Day.  
No food to go please.

We need four or five entries for the Chili Cook-Off Contest. **Please consider contributing your special Chili.** Please call the church office if you would like to enter. Last year's "Chili Champ," Dan Rich, won a \$ 25.00 gift certificate to Jim's Restaurant.



**NO CHRISTIAN SOCIAL CLUB  
IN AUGUST**



We express **sympathies** to Leroy and Gail Kluth and their family at the death of Leroy's father, Leroy Kluth, Sr., July 13<sup>th</sup>.

### REMEMBER OUR SHUT-INS

Bertha Bailey	Elma Belz
Marguerite Hoermann	Ivy Kenneally
Doris Kordes	Shirley Ruedrich
Malcolm Vogt	Wilbert Volkman



### STATISTICS

Amount Needed for Monthly Budget	\$ 13,090.59
Checking Account Balance 5/31/17	6,489.68
Total Income for May	9,853.43
Total Expenses for May	\$ 11,107.90

**The Church Office Will be Closed August 28<sup>th</sup> thru September 1<sup>st</sup>. Gail will be on vacation.**

### HIGHLIGHTS FROM JUNE COUNCIL MEETING

Meeting called to order. Minutes and Treasurer's reports given.



#### MINISTRY REPORTS

**Property** Bob reported all toilets have been checked and repaired. A sprinkler system company will be called to check our sprinkler system.

**Worship** reported all acolyte and communion assistant robes were being cleaned.

#### UNFINISHED BUSINESS

- 1) Leroy reported roofer was ready to start, waiting on weather.
- 2) By-law revisions will be presented at Congregational Meeting, July 30<sup>th</sup>.

#### NEW BUSINESS

- 1) Moved, seconded and passed to have Turkey Dinner October 25<sup>th</sup>.
- 2) Moved, seconded and passed to have a Reformation Service, October 29<sup>th</sup>, with lunch following.



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### IT'S WHAT YOU SCATTER

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily apprising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me. "Hello Barry, how are you today?" "Hello Mr. Miller. Fine, thank you. Just admiring them peas. They sure look good". Mr. Miller replied, "They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?" The boy replied, "Fine, Gittin 'stronger all the time." "Good, anything I can help you with?", replied Mr. Miller. "No, Sir. Just admiring them peas" said the boy. "Would you like to take some home? Asked Mr. Miller. "No Sir. Got nothing to pay for them with", replied the boy. "Well, what have

you to trade me for some of those peas?" replied Mr. Miller. The boy said, "All I got's my prize marble here." "Is that right? Let me see it", said Miller. "here is. She's a dandy", said the boy. "I can see that, hmmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?" the store owner asked. The boy replied, "not exactly, but almost." "Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and the next trip this way let me look at that red marble", Mr Miller told the boy. "Sure will. Thanks, Mr. Miller", said the boy. Mrs Miller who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, "There are two other boys like him in the community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store. I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles. Several years went by each more rapid than the previous one. Recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there I learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer our words of comfort. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling at her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one; each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping their eyes. Our turn came to greet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening she took my hand and led me to the casket. "those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size...they came to pay their debt." "We've never had a great deal of wealth in this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho..." With loving gentleness, she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

**The Moral:** We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds.

**NEXT NEWSLETTER DEADLINE  
AUGUST 17TH**