

FAMILY TIMES

May 2008

Newsletter of The First Reformed Church of Cary
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Mother's Day



Since May is the month that Mother's Day is celebrated I would like to join in the celebration of all mothers everywhere. Being a mother is one of the most amazing, demanding, sometimes frustrating, and life-long commitments that a woman can make. You can read all the books, get advice from friends, but nothing prepares you more than the lessons you learned from your mother. The books and friends can prepare you for feeding a child, bathing a child, changing a diaper, and making sure your child is safe, however, lifelong lessons like good behavior, good manners, getting good grades, respecting your elders, getting a good basic religious foundation, just to name a few, are the things that mothers have been teaching their children and passing down from one generation to another. Thus mothers, have affected not only their generation but the past generation as well as the future generation. Therefore it is only right that one day during the year is set apart for the celebration of these special women. So this month you will find several items about mothers in this issue. And if your mom is still with you, don't forget to send her a card for Mother's Day on May 11th, and if she has gone to her heavenly home send a prayer her way and she will smile because she has raised a wonderful child.

Clair Coddington, Editor

Put this date on your calendar – on June 7 we will be having an open house and celebration at the Cary Alliance Church. We will give you more information as the time draws closer.



Pastor's Paragraphs

May is going to be a momentous month for the Wiessner family – I'm finally getting glasses, Ben is graduating, and we are going to experience the Outer Banks.

First, the glasses. The eye doctor has said for a few years that I need them, but as long as I wanted to struggle without them I wasn't doing myself any harm. It really hasn't been too bad. But then at my most recent eye exam, as they were adjusting the various lenses, all of the sudden I could see the letters clearly. It was a joy to read those letters, instead of a challenge. It was then I decided that it was time. Many people are like that spiritually. Their lives are somewhat out of focus. Not too bad, just a little fuzzy and unclear. What they need is the forgiveness and love of God. All of a sudden, instead of the daily struggle of life, life becomes a joy and the direction of life is much clearer.

Many of you remember Ben as a beginning 9th grader when we arrived in NC. But we will have been here for 8 years as of August, which does mean it is time for him to graduate. It has been a wonderful experience for Colleen and I to see Ben get excited and enthused about learning; actually doing extra reading on his own. We are looking forward to a fun family celebration in the middle of May. During this last semester, as Ben has been looking forward to all the things that will be happening in the coming years, Colleen has been emphasizing to focus on this semester and to finish well what he has started. Those words of professorial advice might be good for us as a congregation. We are excitedly looking ahead to the new possibilities of our new church home. But we need to remember in the next few months that even now we remain God's people and should be doing God's work. We need to finish well the work we have begun.

This winter there was an ad in the back of the Church Herald for a cottage in Buxton, NC. We called and talked about the place and decided to spend a week there this summer. (We found out the end of May is much cheaper than the beginning of June.) We have enjoyed Wrightsville, and Carolina Beach. Atlantic Beach is one of our favorites. Now we look forward to exploring a new area of our State. There is no big spiritual lesson to derive from this, other than that we all need a time of recreation and re-creation. Hopefully, all of us will be able to enjoy such time this summer.

Pastor Wiessner

I'm Invisible

It all began to make sense, the blank stares, the lack of response, the way one of the kids will walk into the room while I'm on the phone and ask to be taken to the store. Inside I'm thinking, 'Can't you see I'm on the phone?' Obviously not; no one can see if I'm on the phone, or cooking, or sweeping the floor, or even standing on my head in the corner, because no one can see me at all. I'm invisible, the invisible mom. Some days I am only a pair of hands, nothing more: Can you fix this? Can you tie this? Can you open this? Some days I'm not a pair of hands; I'm not even a human being. I'm a clock to ask, 'What time is it?' I'm a satellite guide to answer, 'What number is the Disney Channel?' I'm a car to order, 'Right around 5:30, please.'

I was certain that these were the hands that once held books and the eyes that studied history and the mind that graduated cum laude - but now they had disappeared into the peanut butter, never to be seen again. She's going, she's going, she's gone!

One night, a group of us were having dinner, celebrating the return of a friend from England. Janice had just gotten back from a fabulous trip, and she was going on and on about the hotel she stayed in. I was sitting there, looking around at the others all put together so well. It was hard not to compare and feel sorry for myself as I looked down at my out-of-style dress; it was the only thing I could find that was clean. My unwashed hair was pulled up in a hair clip and I was afraid I could actually smell peanut butter in it. I was feeling pretty pathetic, when Janice turned to me with a beautifully wrapped package, and said, 'I brought you this.' It was a book on the great cathedrals of Europe. I wasn't exactly sure why she'd given it to me until I read her inscription: 'To Charlotte, with admiration for the greatness of what you are building when no one sees.' In the days ahead I would read - no, devour - the book. And I would discover what would become for me, four life-changing truths, after which I could pattern my work: No one can say who built the great cathedrals - we have no record of their names. These builders gave their whole lives for a work they would never see finished. They made great sacrifices and expected no credit. The passion of their building was fueled by their faith that the eyes of God saw everything. A legendary story in the book told of a rich man who came to visit the cathedral while it was being built, and he saw a workman carving a tiny bird on the inside of a beam. He was puzzled and asked the man, 'Why are you spending so much time carving that bird into a beam that will be covered by the roof? No one will ever see it.' And the workman replied, 'Because God sees.' I closed the book, feeling the missing piece fall into place. It was almost as if I heard God whispering to me, 'I see you, Charlotte. I see the sacrifices you make every day, even when no one around you does. No act of kindness you've done, no sequin you've sewn on, no cupcake you've baked, is too small for me to notice and smile over. You are building a great cathedral, but you can't see right now what it will become.' At times, my invisibility feels like an affliction. But it is not a disease that is erasing my life. It is the cure for the disease of my own self-centeredness. It is the antidote to my strong, stubborn pride. I keep the right perspective when I see myself as a great builder. As one of the people who show up at a job that they will never see finished, to work on something that their name will never be on. The writer of the book went so far as to say that no cathedrals could ever be built in our lifetime, because there are so few people willing to sacrifice to that degree. When I really think about it, I don't want my son to tell the friend he's bringing home from college for Thanksgiving, 'My mom gets up at 4 in the morning and bakes homemade pies, and then she hand bastes a turkey for three hours and presses all the linens for the table.' That would mean I'd built a shrine or a monument to myself. I just want him to want to come home. And then, if there is anything more to say to his friend, to add, 'You're gonna love it here.' As mothers, we are building great cathedrals. We cannot see if we're doing it right. And one day, it is very possible that the world will marvel, not only at what we have built, but at the beauty that has been added to the world by the sacrifices of invisible women.

GREAT JOB, MOM!



RED MARBLES

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 appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes, but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. 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?' 'H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good.' 'They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?'

'Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time.' 'Good. Anything I can help you with?' 'No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas.' 'Would you like take some home?' asked Mr. Miller. 'No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with.' 'Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?' 'All I got's my prize marble here.' 'Is that right? Let me see it' said Miller. 'Here 'tis. She's a dandy.' 'I can see that. HmMMMM, 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. 'Not zackley but almost.' 'Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble', Mr. Miller told the boy. 'Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller.' Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile said, 'There are two other boys like him in our

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. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his 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 whatever words of comfort we could. 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 by 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 his eyes. Our turn came to meet 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 the wealth of 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.

By the time the Lord made woman,

He was into his sixth day of working overtime when an angel appeared and said,
 'Why are you spending so much time on this one?'
 And the Lord answered, 'Have you seen my spec sheet on her?'
 She has to be completely washable, but not plastic,
Have over 200 movable parts, all replaceable And able to run on diet coke and leftovers,
 Have a lap that can hold four children at one time,
Have a kiss that can cure anything from a scraped knee to a broken heart
 and she will do everything With only two hands.'

The angel was astounded at the requirements. 'Only two hands! No way!'
 And that is just on the standard model?
 That is too much work for one day. Wait until tomorrow to finish.'
The angel then noticed something, And reaching out, touched the woman's cheek.
 'Oops, it looks like you have a leak in this model.
 I told you that you were trying to put too much into this one.'
 But I won't,' the Lord protested.
'I am so close to finishing this creation that is so close to my own heart.
 She already heals herself when she is sick
 And can work 18 hour days.'

The angel moved closer and touched the woman.
 'But you have made her so soft, Lord.'
She is soft,' the Lord agreed, 'but I have also made her tough.
 You have no idea what she can endure or accomplish.'
 'Will she be able to think?', asked the angel.
 The Lord replied,
 'Not only will she be able to think,
 She will be able to reason and negotiate.'

'Oh, that's not a leak,' The Lord corrected,
 'that's a tear!' 'What's the tear for?' the angel asked.
The Lord said, 'The tear is her way of expressing her joy,
 Her sorrow, her pain, her disappointment, her love,
 Her loneliness, her grief and her pride.'
 The angel was impressed.
 'You are a genius, Lord.
 You thought of everything!
 Woman is truly amazing.'

UPDATES ON THE YOUNG WOMEN OF OUR CHURCH, ONE WHO IS IN AFRICA FOR THE PEACE CORPS AND THE OTHER IN SEMINARY.

I received several photos from Kate Slager who is in Mauritania Africa for the Peace Corps and she showed several photos of many of the people from the area taking Karate lessons from a teacher who lives next door. She said that they were exchanging disciplines...she was teaching him English and he was teaching her karate. I have enclosed one of the photos she sent and you can see Kate looks great...this young woman is something else and we can all be so very proud of her....Go Kate!!!



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I have also received an update on Jennifer Legg Matthews...she is going to spend the summer working at a church in the 1000 Islands. She did well in seminary this year and she is very excited about her summer position at this church. We are all so proud of her as well and hope that her summer is a great experience for her.

THE DEADLINE FOR PLACING ITEMS IN THE FAMILY TIMES FOR THE JUNE ISSUE WILL BE MAY 20TH.

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT SEPT 11TH

A man from Norfolk, VA called a local radio station to share this on September 11th, 2003. His Name was Robert Matthews. These are his words.

"A few weeks before September 11th, my wife and I found out we were going to have our first child. She planned a trip out to California to visit her sister. On our way to the airport, we prayed that God would grant my wife a safe trip and be with her. Shortly after I said 'Amen', we both heard a loud pop and the car shook violently. We had blown out a tire. I replaced the tire as quickly as I could, but we still missed her flight. Both very upset, we drove home I received a call from my father who was retired NYFD. He asked what my wife's flight number was, but I explained that we missed the flight. My father informed me that her flight was the one that crashed into the southern tower. I was too shocked to speak. My father also had more news for me. He was going to help. He said, "This is not something I can't just sit by for. I have to do something." I was concerned for his safety, of course, but more because he had never given his life to Christ. After a brief debate, I knew his mind was made up. Before he got off of the phone, he said, "Take good care of my grandchild." Those were the last words I ever heard my father say. He died while helping in the rescue effort. My joy that my prayer of safety for my wife had been answered quickly became anger. I was angry at God, at my father, and at myself. I had gone for nearly two years blaming God for taking my father away. My son would never know his grandfather, my father had never accepted Christ, and I never got to say goodbye.

Then something happened. About two months ago, I was sitting at home with my wife and my son, when there was a knock on the door. I looked at my wife, but I could tell she wasn't expecting anyone. I opened the door to a couple with a small child. The man looked at me and asked if my father's name was Jake Matthews. I told him it was. He quickly grabbed my hand and said, "I never got the chance to meet your father, but it is an honor to meet his son." He explained to me that his wife had worked in the World Trade Center and had been caught inside after the attack. She was pregnant and had been caught under debris. He then explained that my father had been the one to find his wife and free her. My eyes welled up with tears as I thought of my father giving his life for people like this. He then said, "There is something else you need to know." His wife then told me that as my father worked to free her, she talked to him and led him to Christ. I began sobbing at the news. Now I know that when I get to Heaven, my father will be standing beside Jesus to welcome me, and that this family would be able to thank him themselves.

When their baby boy was born, they named him Jacob Matthew in honor of the man who gave his life so that mother and baby could live. This story should help us to realize two things. First that God is always in control. We may not see the reason behind things, and we may never know this side of Heaven, but God is always in control. And second is that though it has been several years since the attacks, we should never let it become just a mere tragic memory.

Do you know the legend of the Cherokee Indian youth's rite of passage? His father takes him into the forest, blindfolds him and leaves him alone.

He is required to sit on a stump the whole night and not remove the blindfold until the rays of the morning sun shine through it. He cannot cry out for help to anyone.

Once he survives the night, he is a MAN.

He cannot tell the other boys of this experience because each lad must come into manhood on his own.

The boy is naturally terrified. He can hear all kinds of noises. Wild beasts must surely be all around him. Maybe even some human might do him harm. The wind blew the grass and earth, and shook his stump, but he sat stoically, never removing the blindfold. It would be the only way he could become a man!

Finally, after a horrific night, the sun appeared and he removed his blindfold. It was then that he discovered his father sitting on the stump next to him.

He had been at watch the entire night, protecting his son from harm.

We, too, are never alone. Even when we don't know it, our Heavenly Father is watching over us, sitting on the stump beside us.

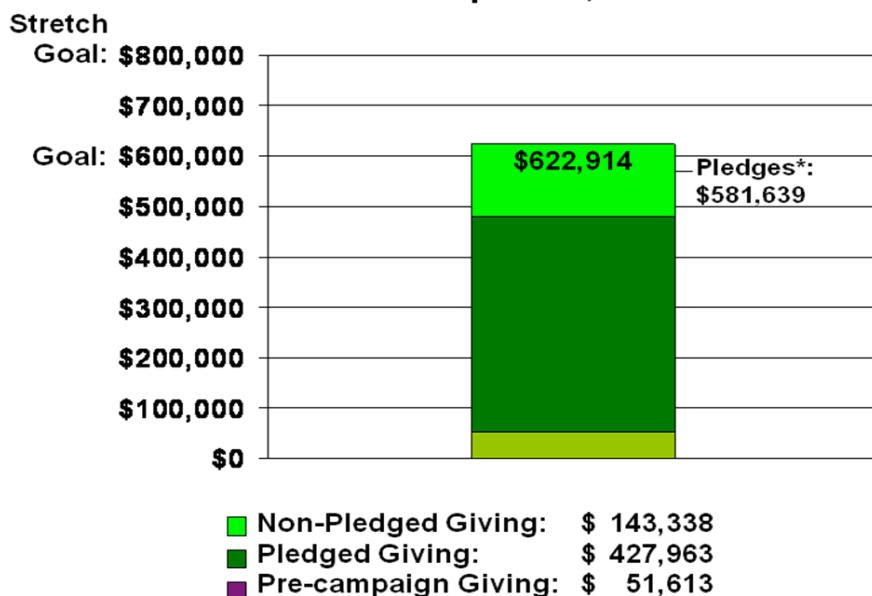
When trouble comes, all we have to do is reach out to Him.

If you liked this story, pass it on. If not, perhaps you took off your blindfold before dawn.

Moral of the Story: Just because you can't see God doesn't mean He is not there. "For we walk by faith, not by sight."

~ 2 Corinthians 5:7

**First Reformed Church of Cary
Capital Campaign
April 20, 2008**



Listed below are the various ongoing needs for our Worship Services on Sunday mornings, please consider offering your help with any of the following areas by talking with the person listed.

OFFERING COUNTERS: DAVID FRANCIS

FELLOWSHIP: COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN: BOB OLSON

WE ALWAYS NEED VOLUNTEERS TO SUPPLY GOODIES FOR OUR FELLOWSHIP TIME AFTER WORSHIP. IF YOU HAVEN'T SIGNED UP RECENTLY, THEN SIGN UP ON THE LIST POSTED BY THE KITCHEN WINDOWS.

GREETERS: DOT KURZAWA

- May 4 - Barbara Araromi
- May 11- Sharon & Mary Voerman
- May 18-Warren & Audrey Schmidt
- May 25-Bob & Dot Kurzawa

USHERS: NANCY DEY

- May 4 - Zandt Johnson, Pete & Barbara Nickel, Harry Van Wagenen
- May 11 - Youth Sunday (they will usher)
- May 18 - Grace Bouche, Dave & Ward Francis, Heidi Wilson
- May 25 - Brian & Sarah Kalsbeek, Bob & Dot Kurzawa

NURSERY: MELISSA MATSON

- May 4 -Zandt & Brenda Johnson
- May 11 - Bob & Linda Olson
- May 18 - Nancy Dey & Barbara Nickel
- May 25 - Bill & Julie Anne Thompson

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

The Empty Nester's Group meets on the first Tuesday of the month at area restaurants. **This month they will be meeting May 6th at the Lucky 32 Restaurant on Tryon Road, Cary at 6:30PM.**
Meals on Wheels is the 4th Friday of every month 11AM at Resurrection Lutheran.
Consistory Meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month at 7:30PM at the Church.
The Women's Group meets the first Monday of each month at the White house! If you need directions give Liz White a call.
Music Together Classes at FRCC with Suzanne McDonald for children from Birth – 5 Years if interested call Suzanne at 606-3224

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SUNDAY WORSHIP SERVICES

- Sunday May 4** Worship Service @ 11:00AM
Sunday School @ 9:15AM
Sermon: **"The Importance of Love I Corinthians 13**
Nursery available during worship
Children in Worship Program
Fellowship Time follows worship
- Sunday May 11** Worship Service 11:00 AM
Sunday School @ 9:15AM
Sermon: **"Youth Service and Pentecost Celebration" Acts 2**
Nursery available during worship
Children in Worship Program
Fellowship Time follows worship
- Sunday May 18** Worship Service @ 11:00AM
Sunday School @ 9:15AM
Sermon: **"TBA" – Pastor Wiessner is on vacation**
Nursery available during worship
Children in Worship Program
Monthly Luncheon follows worship
- Sunday May 25** Worship Service @ 11:00AM
Sunday School @ 9:15AM
Sermon: **"True Freedom" John's Gospel**
Nursery available during worship
Children in Worship Program
Fellowship Time follows worship