



WANDERINGS



HOME

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.
It don't make any differunce how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, an' men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer heart:
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumbmarks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t' dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

REFLECTIONS ON HOME

During the past week, various people have asked me, “How does it feel to come home?” The feelings of “coming home” mirror the story below written by one person who was coming home after being away on a business trip:

After five days, four hotel beds, eleven restaurants and twenty-two cups of coffee, I’m almost home.

After eight airplane seats, five airports, two delays, one book and 513 packages of peanuts, I’m almost home.

The plane resonates under me. A baby cries behind me. Cool air blows from a hole above me. But all that matters is what is before me – home. Home. It was my first thought when I awoke this morning.

There is no door like the one to your own house. There’s no coffee like coffee out of your own mug.

There’s no meal like the one at your own table. There’s no embrace like the one from your own family.

Home. The longest part of going home is the last part – the plane’s taxing to the terminal from the runway. I’m the fellow the flight attendants always have to tell to sit down. I’m the guy with one hand on my briefcase and the other on my seat belt. I have learned that there is a critical split second in which I can bolt down the aisle into the first-class section before the people begin emptying into the main aisle. I don’t do that on every flight. Only when I am going home.

There is a leap in my heart as I exit the plane. I almost get nervous as I walk up the ramp. I step past people. I grip my briefcase. My stomach tightens. My palms sweat.

I walk into the lobby like an actor walking onto a stage.

Most of the people see that I’m not the one they want and look past me.



But from the side I hear the familiar shriek of two little girls. ‘Daddy!’ – I turn and see them – faces scrubbed, standing on chairs, bouncing up and down with joy. My daughters stop bouncing just long enough to clap. They applaud – they applaud for me. I don’t know who told them to do that, but you can bet I’m not going to tell them to stop.

And then I see another face – my wife’s face. Somehow she has found time to comb her hair, to put on that extra sparkle.

Somehow, though wrung out and done in, she will make me feel that my week is the only week worth talking about.

Aaaahhh...the faces of home (Max Lucado).

Yes, the faces of home! How good it feels to be among you, my brothers and sisters at RUCC. On July 12th, tears streamed down my face, as I led worship for my candidating weekend. I was overwhelmed thinking about how my home church, which nurtured my faith during my formative years, was now calling me to lead this amazing congregation! Our wonderful choir sang, “You Raise Me Up” by Josh Groban. The lyrics declare,

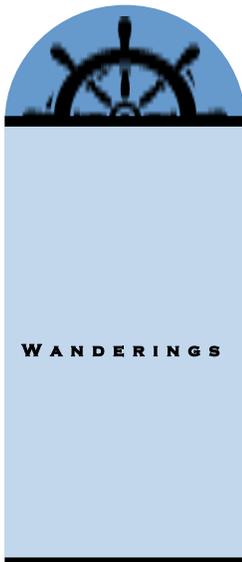
You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;

You raise me up to walk on stormy seas;

I am strong when I am on your shoulders;

You raise me up to more than I can be.

It was such a powerful moment for me in the



REFLECTIONS ON HOME *(Continued...)*

service as I thought, “Yes, God, you raise me up to more than I can be.”

Inspired by the beauty of the sanctuary, I reflected, “How blessed I am to get to preach in this stunning house of worship!” I looked out on the familiar faces of those who were here 20 years ago and precious memories flooded my mind.

(Continued on the next page...)

As I preached on the theme, “Coming Home”, I re-lived my meaningful teenage years in this place. I shared,

Every time I walked onto the church property, I overflowed with thanksgiving. I wanted to give everything I could to the God who had called me to this place. It is here in this place where I experienced my soul tingle with excitement, my heart thunder with anticipation, my mind fill with elation, and every nerve stand on tiptoe. It is here in this place where I experienced an abundance of ‘Glory, glory hallelujah’ moments. Heaven on earth moments. Wow moments where I was so aware of the sanctity and sacredness of life that it took my breath away. Here in this house of worship.

God is very good!



Following the service, Karen, Daniella and I left the sanctuary with Charlie Wheeler, another familiar and

dear face to me, for the congregational vote. We, then, were invited back into the sanctuary. The congregational vote was affirmative!

As I joyfully accepted the call to

serve as your Senior Minister, the congregation rose to their feet, and applauded! I felt like Lucado when he writes, “They applaud – they applaud for me. I don’t know who told them to do that, but you can bet I’m not going to tell them to stop.” You extravagantly welcomed me / us into your fold. Immersed in your radiant, glorious love, it is a weekend I will forever remember!

The days between July 12th and August 1st seemed to drag for me. I waited with eager anticipation! I counted down the days until we were reunited. I was ready to begin my ministry with you! Once again, I can relate to Lucado when he writes about his experience of coming home, “There is a leap in my heart... I almost get nervous... My stomach tightens. My palms sweat. I walk into the (sanctuary) like an actor walking onto a stage.” Your love was palpable. I hope that you, too, could feel my tremendous love flowing from my heart to yours.

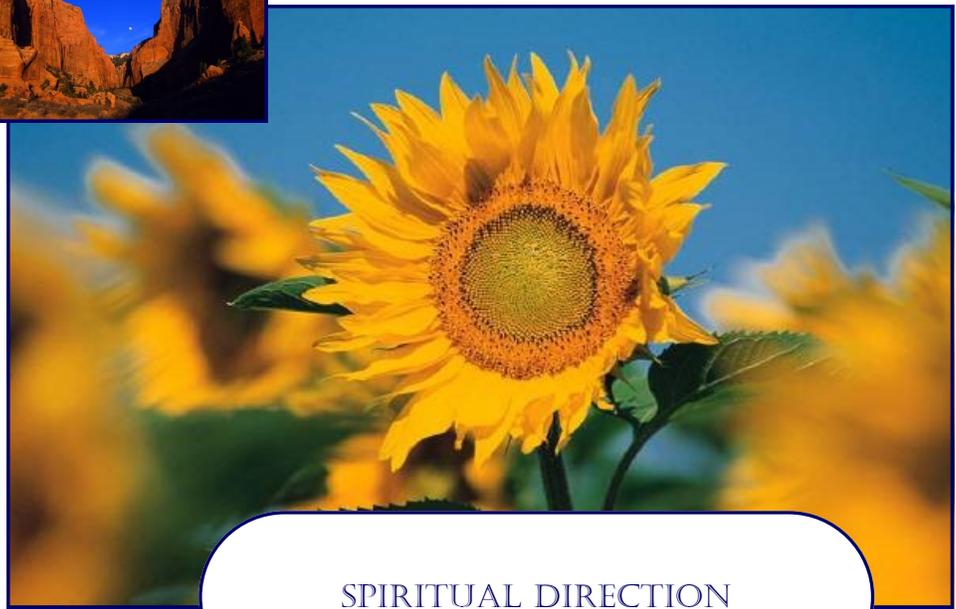
The August 2nd sermon was entitled, “Crossing the Jordan”. Based on the concept of RUCC crossing the Jordan River into the Promise Land (during this 40th anniversary year), we created a stone monument to mark this day like the Israelites did thousands of years ago. I invited each person to write a word on a rock to place on the stone monument. A word to carry with you as we cross the Jordan together. My word was “revival”. Some of your words included peace, joy, light, hope, healing, trust, patience, grace, vision, diversity, growth, courage, fun! I hold those words close to my heart and I honor the sacred call to serve as your Senior Minister as together we enter the Promise Land!

You ask, “How does it feel to come home?” Simply put, there is no where I would rather be!

~Rev. Dr. Jill Kirchner-Rose



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SPIRITUAL DIRECTION

Are you interested in exploring your personal spirituality and deepening your relationship with the Divine?

If so, a Stillpoint Intern is offering Spiritual Direction.

To learn more, call [909-748-8765](tel:909-748-8765) or email KCSpiritualDirection@gmail.com.

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

I was asked to write a paragraph about the challenges and blessings of caring for my husband, Bill.

The main blessing is the knowledge of love and support through prayers from so many people. Many days, that is the only thing that keeps me going. Blessings of having a doctor who comes to our home because Bill is not able to get out to appointments because he cannot get up into our vehicle. Blessings of having medication and medical care. Blessings of a comfortable home. Blessings of my being physically and mentally able to

do some of the care. Blessings of working outside the home and having some help for a few hours a day.

Challenges.... watching someone you love who has been very mentally sharp and articulate decline in ability. Challenge of being patient with the changes in his thought processing, ability to be independent and his diminished, and my, frustration tolerance. The challenge of wondering what the future holds and knowing not to wonder.

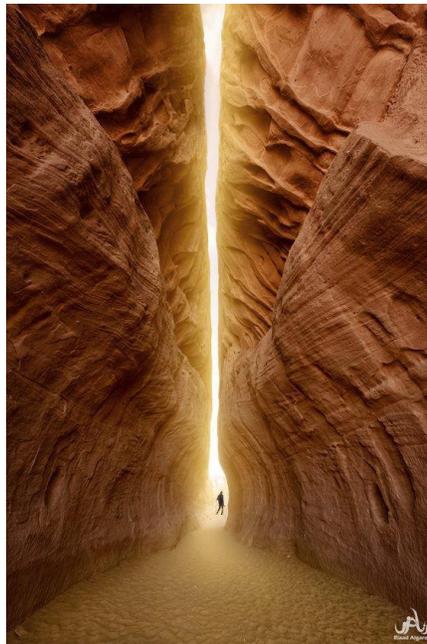
Thank you for ongoing prayers.

~ Colleen Kintner (Bill too)

THE HERO PATH

We have not even to risk the adventure alone for the heroes of all time have gone before us. The labyrinth is thoroughly known ... we have only to follow the thread of the hero path. And where we had thought to find an abomination we shall find a God. And where we had thought to slay another we shall slay ourselves. Where we had thought to travel outwards we shall come to the center of our own existence. And where we had thought to be alone we shall be with all the world."

~ Joseph Campbell



*And where we
had thought to
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HAPPENINGS AT RUCC



CELEBRATION

On June 28th, RUCC celebrated its 40th Anniversary with party extravaganza! Many came and shared the joy of walking the journey together.

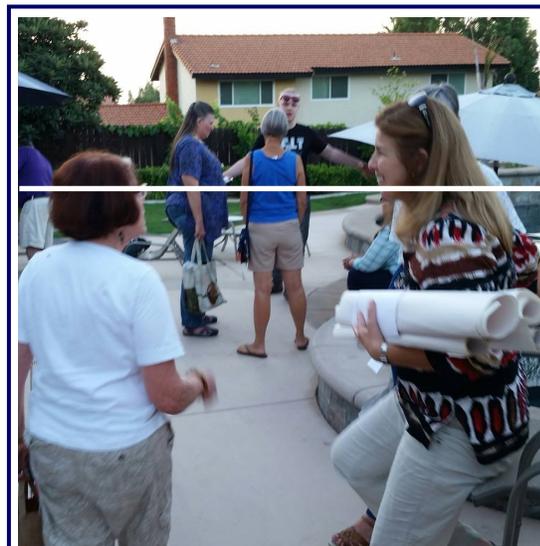


A SPECIAL SERVICE

A special service and communion gathered the congregation with the new senior minister Rev. Dr. Jill Kirchner-Rose on August 2nd, 2015.



WANDERINGS



SUMMER SERIES

Come One, Come All!

One more Sunday at the Abushanabs. Wonderful gathering, exciting conversations and good food.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION OF MARY

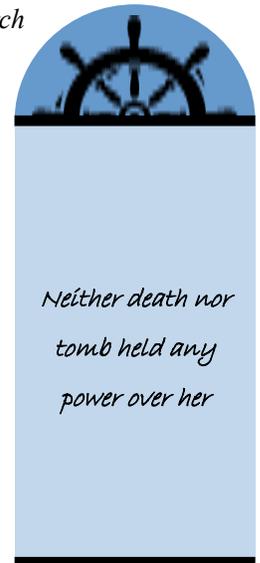
AUGUST 15TH



She is our vigilant intercessor, the Theotokos, our sure hope and protection.

Neither death nor tomb held any power over her, for as the mother of Life, she was taken into life by that very one who deigned to dwell in her ever virgin womb.

*Kontakion for the dormition of the Theotokos
From the liturgy of the Greek Orthodox Church*



*Neither death nor
tomb held any
power over her*

FROM THE EDITOR'S IPAD

Going back home seems to be a refrain sung by many nowadays, the physical or the eternal. The song of longing to be part of a place, a community of people, a just and loving society is a never ending quest. It keeps on repeating its melodies in the inner ear of the hearts and souls of every person, young and old. What a blessing to be present between those who share the same stories, inside stories, language, struggles and pains, which were given by osmosis from just being born in a given place, at a certain time. Many have lost that blessing and look for some replacement, knowing deep down the difficulties that lay ahead. Yet

they try persistently to overcome prejudices and preconceptions, to understand what it takes to be part of a new community, to be home.

To those coming in from different parts of the world or walks of life, we extend a hand of welcome. We know that we are all united in God. The diversity of our backgrounds make our gathering richer and open, because ideas and experiences are exchanged, perspectives shifted and truth is revealed from its many different angles. To find home among people demands of us to find it first in our own heart. No matter where we go or where we live, we dwell in God. This is our consolation and strength. No matter where we are, we are always home.

~Katia Hage

