

BETWEEN SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

**Senior Adults Newsletter
Christ Covenant Church
July 2020**



GRACE TO YOU

by
Pastor Bruce Creswell

THE PORCH: A BLESSED LUXURY!



While our country has “stayed at home” these two and a half months, there has been a resurgence of people walking and people sitting on their porch. In our neighborhood, people of all ages are walking and strolling; some by themselves, some with their spouses and children, and some with their dogs! While growing up, walking was a vital mode of transportation, it was normal to see people of all ages walking throughout the day, every day. Also, there has been more and more people enjoying their porch. During these days, our admin, Jenny, mentioned that they have made more use of their porch and have seen others sitting on their porches. If it is in the front of the house, it is “the porch,” and, if it is in the back of your house, we called it the “back porch,” but now it is referred to as a “deck” or a “patio.”

It is a satisfying pleasure to sit on the back porch with my cup of coffee in the early morning to hear the birds singing praises to their Creator. They are scattered on the trees and many out of sight, but they all chirp together with joy. Then in the cool of the evening, to sit on the back porch and unwind, taking in the beautiful shape, size, color of the oak, maple, evergreen, and pecan trees accented with butterfly, hydrangea, and rose bushes along that landscape our backyard.

The porch has always been a part of my life and I have valued its many benefits. Growing up I saw the porch in a more ‘utilitarian’ way. It ran the length of our house. Originally, it was a wraparound porch before part of it was enclosed to make an additional room. It transitioned into a half-way house during summers in Baltimore. The only reprieve from the heat and humidity was sitting on the front porch till about 2 o’clock in the morning. It was also our vacation “dig” during summertime, where we read our library books or talked away the hours, sometimes we brought out our portable record players to make it special. We had a good view to watch the fireworks (the ones that went way up) on the Fourth of July. For Christmas we would outline it with little Christmas lights (which were becoming fashionable) and a wreath on the front door.

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After dinner, my great-grandmother and grandmother would “retire” to the porch before they turned in for the evening. Great Grandmother, “Ma Lydie,” was always meticulously dressed, and Grandmother Creswell was more casually dressed, both reflecting their generation! When we showed up on the porch, it was like holding royal court, mindful of our manners and of their status and our place!

Our back porch, especially, continued to be used throughout my adulthood. It has served as a place to grill burgers, to entertain, to display lawn furniture, and to set up feeding terminals for the hummingbirds. But though it has always been in use, it has been a place to get away.

My discovery of it as a sanctuary of contentment and solitude takes me back to a conversation I had with Great-Great Aunt Ada (or is it Great Grand Aunt?). Upon graduation from college, I went by to visit Aunt Ada, a little bird-like lady who lived in a second-floor apartment. Her door opened onto an enclosed porch with windows on two-sides. She welcomed me in and congratulated me on my graduation from college. We proceeded to the kitchen. She opened her refrigerator and handed me a “Coca-Cola” (not Coke) in a glass bottle! We went back on the porch and sat in her folding chairs enjoying our “Coca-Colas.” Looking out you could see parts of Hampden, a blue-collar sector of Baltimore. She said something to the effect of “What a view; I enjoy sitting here looking out and seeing this view, with a cold “Coca-Cola!” I thought to myself (as only a know-it-all college graduate can), wow, it doesn’t take much to satisfy Aunt Ada!

Finally, forty-three years later, I think I understand where Aunt Ada was coming from. Sitting out on the back porch listening to the birds singing with my cup of coffee, I too, can say, “I just enjoy sitting here looking out and listening!”

Thank you, Lord, for this “blessed luxury!”

HYMN HISTORY

Submitted by Peggy Dear

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

At twenty-two, Ray Palmer was having a tough year. He wanted to go into the ministry but was stuck teaching at a girls' school in New York City. He was lonely, depressed, and sick. One night at his boardinghouse, he wrote a poem in a little morocco-bound notebook to bolster his own courage. Later he recalled, "There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all writing a hymn for Christian worship."

But two years later, while visiting in Boston, he ran across his friend Lowell Mason. Mason, a major figure in American music in the early 1800s, was preparing a new hymnal. He asked Palmer if he'd like to contribute anything. Palmer bashfully showed Mason these verses. Mason hurried into a nearby store, got a piece of paper, and copied the poem. When he handed the notebook back to Palmer, he said, "You may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My Faith Looks Up To Thee.' That night Lowell Mason went home and wrote the music for the words that Ray Palmer had held in his pocket for two years.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine!
Now hear me when I pray, Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be, a living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray from Thee aside.

When ends life's passing dream
When death's cold threatening stream
Shall o'er me roll
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O lift me safe above, A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER (1808-1887)



BOOK REVIEW

Submitted by Hugh Wise

Thank You Lord For...

by Dwight Bowling, Sr.,
one of Hugh's Metanoia inmates.

What does one do when you have been in prison 10 years and you are now 65 years old with 12 more years to be incarcerated? Do you yield to temptation and hold a pity party? No, Dwight Bowling, Sr., ex-high school football coach and ex-pillar of the community, authors numerous books to honor and glorify God.

Thank You Lord For.. contains 366 daily devotions which will touch your heart and draw you closer to the Lord. Mr. Bowling digs deeply into his heart and covers a wide range of God's Blessings and Mercy (January 1), Restoration (December 31). Victory, Your Plan For Me, Pruning Me, and Renewing My Mind, etc.

Like many non-believers and even believers, Bowling for too long took most of God's countless blessings for granted, but during his prison time, the Holy Spirit opened the door to his heart and what follows are 366 inspiring devotionals with golden nuggets for your inspiration.

Each devotional is scripture based and the focus is on Bowlings' inspired understanding and application of the word which equips him to be a better servant of the Lord.

This devotional book far exceeded my expectations and will enhance your walk with Jesus.

This book and others (**Test Your Bible Knowledge, Seed For God's Garden, Elijah the Examiner, as well as Bible puzzle books for children**) are available through his son, Russ Bowling, 662-315-3768, or by searching Amazon.com for author's name.

SENIORS MONTHLY FELLOWSHIP ACTIVITIES

For the month of July, there will be:

- NO First Friday Luncheon
- NO Ladies Luncheon
- NO Men's Luncheon
- NO Joy Singers

We pray that we will soon be able to join each other in fellowship and activities and that this virus that is keeping us all at home will disappear and not cause any more sickness.



SAVE THE DATE for the Senior Retreat!

September 22-25th

Bonclarken Conference Center

Flat Rock, NC

Guest Speaker: Paul Engle

*Pricing and additional details
coming soon.*



NEWSLETTER ARTICLE DEADLINE

Articles for the July newsletter are due to Jane Yancey no later than July 20th. Please send them to her at jane@yancey.com



JULY BIRTHDAYS

1	Patsy Rider
7	Rosemary Adams
9	Barney Megargee
12	Sara Ann Keaton
15	David McArthur
16	Patrick Hogan
17	Grace Barlaan
18	Dan O'Neil
20	Maxine Pangle
24	Hugh Wise
27	Nancy O'Neil
28	Mark Barlaan
29	Dottie Grinnell



JULY ANNIVERSARIES

4	Colin & Virginia Gardiner
15	David & Angela Pacey
20	Steve & Patsy Rider
20	Dan & Nancy O'Neil
22	Mo & Janie Up De Graff
23	Myron & Mary Guthrie
25	Wallace & Barbara Church
26	Tom & Anne Hopkins

Coram Deo Sunday School Class:
Sundays: 9:00 AM, WC 201 (Choir Room)

Pastor on Call: (704) 708-6101

Pastor of Senior Adults and Visitation:
N. Bruce Creswell
bcreswell@christcovenant.org
Study: (704) 708-6106

Newsletter Editor:
Jane Yancey
jane@yancey.com

Jenny Blackmon, Assistant to Pastor Bruce:
jblackmon@christcovenant.org
(704) 708-6104

Christ Covenant Church
800 Fullwood Lane
Matthews, NC 28105

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

By Anita Onyett

Our fathers of old built this land
On the leading of God's Holy Hand.
Each great statesman lived his own life,
Proudly putting his God first in that life.
This country, so beautiful, full of pride ~
Shows it in the colors of her flag as it flies.
We see the lovely blue, that for us, does show,
The great expanse of God's heaven above.
Both flag and sky carry the shining stars;
Each star showing the beauty of God's love.
The red, so bright, in the stripes gives ~
The color of the blood first given by Jesus,
and then lost in the many wars of man;
So each American could have so many freedoms.
The white shows first the purity of our God's love;
That we see in each heart that looks to Him above.
In all of America, the greatest earthly spirit is seen,
In the emblem of the strong and soaring eagle.
He shows that each heart that loves God lives free.
We are free to learn from all our history;
When we learn of our many great statesmen,
Who were men of true Christian conviction.
They knew their God-given duty ~
Was to live by their Christian values.
Does each one elected, today, know that he or she
Was elected to carry those convictions for all
America?

HAPPY 4th of JULY

