

HOPEWELL

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

'A Place to Find Hope and Be Well'

*20220 Hopewell Road
Mount Vernon, OH 43050*

*Our mission is to make and mature disciples of Jesus Christ
and minister to the needs of others in His name.*

April - May, 2016

Pastor's Ponderings – *Pastor Lee Cubie*

Resurrection Faith

What is resurrection faith? I believe that it is a joyous faith, a loving faith; a resurrection faith looks forward past our daily circumstances in hope of being perfected into the image of Jesus who is the very image of God his Father. This is spoken of in Hebrews where we read, "He reflects the glory of God and bears the very stamp of his nature..." And later, "Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside every weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God.

Recently a South Vernon UMC member, who is much loved in that community of faith, put down on paper his resurrection experience. What follows is personal and written at great cost and does a far better job than I could ever do in explaining a resurrection faith. I apologize for the length of it, but I believe it is a powerful testimony of God's love for his people. Out of respect for his privacy his name will not be mentioned.

[Ed. note: This article has been edited for length. The Vietnam veteran/author's full, moving testimony may be read at mvhopewellumc.org/]

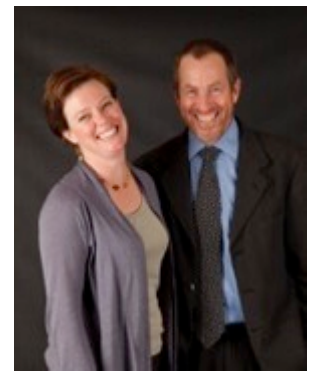
"I find myself very envious and amazed at those people, who at the drop of a hat, are able to stand in front of a group of people and tell of their love for Jesus Christ. Maybe, just maybe, I can write out my answer.

"Fifty years ago, on the first week of May 1965, the 173rd Airborne Brigade (my unit) and half of the 1st Marine Division arrived in Vietnam from Okinawa. This was the beginning of major combat troop deployment into Vietnam. The Marines went north to the Da Nang area, and the 173rd went south to Bien Hoa. Our base camp was to be a buffer zone for the Bien Hoa Air base.

"Our home away from Okinawa looked like this: A perfectly ugly Army tent for our roof. What walls we had, were chest high sand bags. The floor was laid out in a haphazard arrangement of broken down ammo, mortar, and artillery boxes. Our furniture was very quaint: An Army cot with matching mosquito net, and a 105mm artillery shell casing for a combination ash tray/garbage collector.

"A little over a half mile down the road was the mess hall, beer tent, and outdoor movie projection, showing night, after night, after night, on the side of a tent. The morgue was about forty or fifty feet away from the mess hall. The only place electricity was available.

"Across the road from our tent, was a large mine field. There was no map to show the location of any



of the mines, because the mines might have been laid by anyone—the Japanese during WW II, the French during the Indo-China War, the Vietnamese, the Vietcong, who knows. An exploded mine could, and did, very easily send red-hot shrapnel into the top of our tent.

“To the north of us was the very large Bien Hoa Air Base. The only thing that separated us from the air base, was five rows of razor wire—three on the ground, two on top. You would think it impossible to infiltrate through the wire. Two Viet Cong sappers made it past two rows of the wire before they were discovered.

“People wonder why those of us who served in Vietnam are so paranoid. In my case the answer is very easy. I was afraid, scared, or whatever you want to call it. We knew that one of three things was going to happen to you in Vietnam: 1) You were going to get killed, 2) You were going to get messed up (Loss of a limb, eye, mind, etc.), or 3) You were going to go home. And when you got home, you found that no one [cared] about you, or what you saw, did, or felt in Vietnam.

“Sleep in Vietnam is needed, desired, and an essential part of being alert. In base camp your best sleep is in the wee hours just before dawn. It has finally cooled down some, and your deepest sleep is occurring.

“Our Air Force did its utmost to keep us from that desired sleep. Almost every morning, just before dawn, two jet fighter planes would come to the flight line, fire up the jets, then rev up, to an almost unbearable sound, then scream down the runway. Lack of sleep makes people grumpy, short fused, on edge, and downright evil.

“One fine day—it’s always a fine day when you are in base camp [rather than on patrol]—a pair of Skyraiders returned. One of the planes sounded like a car running out of gas. This plane was heading right for me, just above the razor wire. One look and I knew I was dead! Not only I, but everyone that was in the effective killing range of a 500-pound bomb.

“The plane was on fire with all of its explosive ordinance, and if he still had all its bombs, the plane was full of fuel. The plane was about 300 to 400 feet out and about 50 to 60 feet above the wire dropping fast. The herky-jerky death bomb was going to kill us all. I froze. I couldn’t move. I’m not even sure I was breathing. As the pilot came even with me, he flipped up his visor on his helmet and our eyes locked. He knew he was going to die. His eyes told the story. He had no fear, no regrets, only true love.

“His eyes projected such a powerful, positive energy. Pure love! His love surrounded and engulfed me. Remember, the first time you fell in love? You’re floating, singing, happy, and invincible. You knew your love could change the world. The love from the pilot was a thousand times stronger and a thousand times more powerful. I could feel this love growing and spreading. From the top of my head to the bottom of my feet, from my chest to my back. I could see, hear, and feel the aroma of this love, the love was everywhere. I was floating without a care or a worry. It was such a joy and a warm reassuring feeling. I knew, my heart, head, and body was just going to explode. I knew the more love I gave away; the greater love would return to me. In my mind, this was GOD coming back to earth in another human form. I know this is what heaven is going to be like!

“As the Skyraider cleared our area, we all ran to one of our guard bunkers to watch. The pilot kept the plane aloft past the ammo bunkers, past the outpost guard area, and finally into the jungle beyond. We could not see the plane go in, but the horrible violent explosion could be heard for miles. This was Vietnam. Life was cheap, and everyday death was there. Don’t dwell on it, or think about it. Be glad it’s not you. When your time is up in Vietnam, you are expected to go home and try to forget it.

“Life goes on. I, like millions of other vets, I took the path of least resistance—trying to drown all the memories, rage, hatred, insecurities, fears, pains, depression, and demons in alcohol or drugs. My choice was alcohol. At the same time, I built a perfect dam in my mind to hide and control all of my problems and demons. Nothing would ever get out.

“Time passed, I was now married and had two beautiful daughters. I had pretty much stopped drinking.

“Emotionally, between Thanksgiving and Easter has always been very hard for me. The spring when

my oldest daughter was a junior in high school, my big, strong, and high dam was beginning to spring leaks. It started with uncontrollable crying and cluster headaches—the type of headache where you must go into a totally dark bedroom, lie down, cover your head with a pillow and try to be totally immobile. Also depression, not wanting to be around people, shame, and unable to function in a reliable manner, were a constant problem. After numerous trips to all kinds of doctors, the diagnosis was stress, ‘It is all in your head, you’re not really sick, you just want attention, you are depressed, etc.’ The cure: ‘Take these drugs and come back in a month and see the doctor.’

“One bright, beautiful May morning, when my oldest daughter was a senior and all excited about her fast-approaching high school graduation, I was at the kitchen table eating breakfast. With pure venomous hate, my first wife said, ‘I have something to tell you. I DON’T LOVE YOU! I HAVE NEVER LOVED YOU! AND I’M TALKING/SEEING SOMEONE ELSE!’

“My dam exploded, and I was totally destroyed. All the dreams, hate, anger, fears, demons, and secrets were there for all to see. All I could do was bawl like a baby and ask the same questions over and over: What had I done wrong? What didn’t I do? What could I do to make things right? No answers. She walked away.

“Maybe it was time to join the ‘Vietnam Veterans Retirement Program’: One veteran, one car equals one fatal car accident. There are three simple reasons why I didn’t do this: 1) To me, suicide is an unpardonable sin! 2) In my mind, I felt this is exactly what my wife wanted me to do! and 3) I was not about to saddle my daughters with the everlasting stain of suicide. The marriage was over, and I got in touch with my old close friend, alcohol, and started a great pity- and poor-me party, which lasted for years.

“One day a very good friend pulled me aside and said, ‘DON’T YOU THINK IT’S TIME TO GET YOUR CRANIUM OUT OF YOUR RECTUM?’ (Not his exact words.) GROW UP! The only one you can trust and loves you—with all your warts and demons, day in and day out—is GOD. He’s heard it all! He’s seen it all! And GOD knew you before you were born! Even with the love of Jesus in your heart and all the promises that GOD has made and kept, life is not always going to be peaches and cream only! Your commitment to Christ will allow you to enter into Heaven with your wife, Laura, children and Christian friends.’

“The 2014 Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons were extremely difficult for me. The feelings of despair, fear, and panic were very strong. I was hoping and praying that if I could make it to warm weather, life would improve.

“As spring approached, things were going the wrong way. I found myself to be more withdrawn and in constant agitation and anger. Many little things were building up to major problems. The double and the tripling of my anti-depression pills had very little effect. I was afraid my doctor was going to commit me. I got it in my head that the only way I was going to get rid of the demons was to go to the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C. I made up my mind that I would go the first week in May 2015.

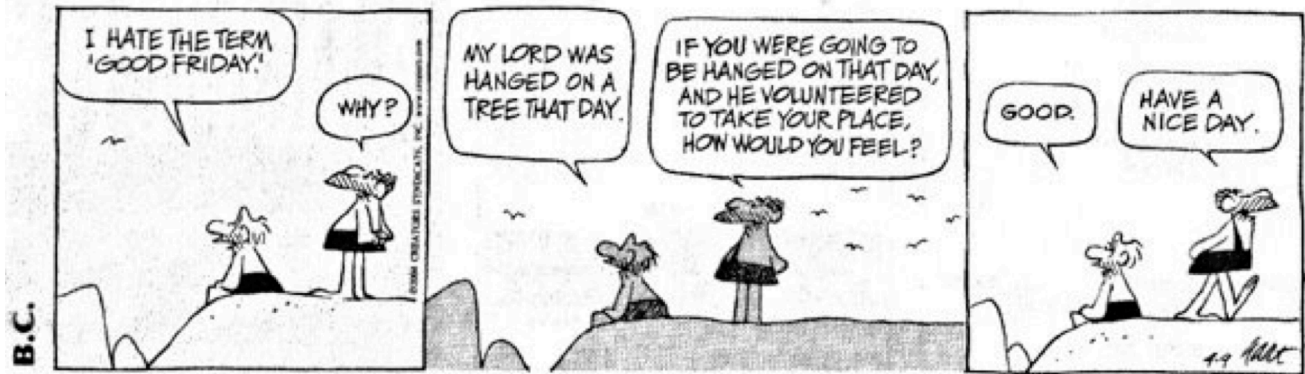
“As I approached the Wall, all the emotions started to boil and fester. I stood in front of the wall and just bawled. Uncontrolled crying that seized my body and mind. Several people came to me and gave me a hug. They said things like, ‘God Love You! Thank You For Your Service! You Are In My Prayers! I Was There, And I Understand!’, and many more words of encouragement. I spent over four hours going and looking for names and then coming back trying to find their names on the Wall. Names I knew, of guys who had died.

A young man, from a different country approached me and asked if I had been in Vietnam? I said yes. He said he was from Vietnam, and asked me some questions. Where was I stationed? When were you there? What branch of the service, etc.? The next question he asked stopped me cold. He asked if I would talk to his dad? My dad, was your enemy, he was in the North Vietnamese Army. My answer was a strong YES! His son said, his dad spoke no English and asked if it would be ok that he served as our interpreter? As his father stepped forward and our eyes met. IT WAS THE PILOT’S EYES! GOD in another human form.

“The same feeling of the earth-shattering, down-to-the-bone, overpowering peace and love had come upon me—the same as fifty years before. I was in heaven. I was experiencing and feeling, tasting, seeing, hearing, smelling. I was experiencing such a mind-blowing love. I was floating in love. Sometimes it was thunder-booming loud love. And other times it was whisper quiet, tranquil love. The type of love that can only come from GOD! As before, I have no idea how long this energizing feeling lasted—minutes, hours, or days. I only remember that the North Vietnamese soldier and I were locked in a bear hug of love. Our tears of love were flowing and mixing, and how great a feeling it was. I was to learn this man had been having the same demons as I. Now his demons, like mine, were gone. God’s love can and will conquer all the demons in you. And bring peace to the world. Open your heart, unlock your mind, and allow your soul to breathe GOD’S TOTAL LOVE.

“When you know GOD, it doesn’t matter what you look like, what clothes you wear, or words you can or can’t pronounce. IT’S FEELING GOD’S LOVE THAT SETS YOU FREE! GOD’S coming to me—in different forms—impacted my life. GOD can and will change your life in an everlasting way. Share GOD’S LOVE, and you will have PEACE, FOREVER!”

Psalms 118:24 This is the day that the LORD has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.



Some Favorite Quotes – submitted by Eleanor Doup

No one has ever become poor by giving. – Anne Frank

Life’s most persistent and urgent question is “What are you doing for others?” – Martin Luther King, Jr.

Most folks are as happy as they make up their mind to be. – Abraham Lincoln

God, please now my future see;
Make it clear where I should be.
Open windows, close the doors.

Not my will, my God, but yours. – Karen Kingsbury

“I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord.
“Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.” – Jeremiah 29:11

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www.mvhopewellumc.org

...on Facebook:

www.facebook.com/HopewellUMCMtVernon

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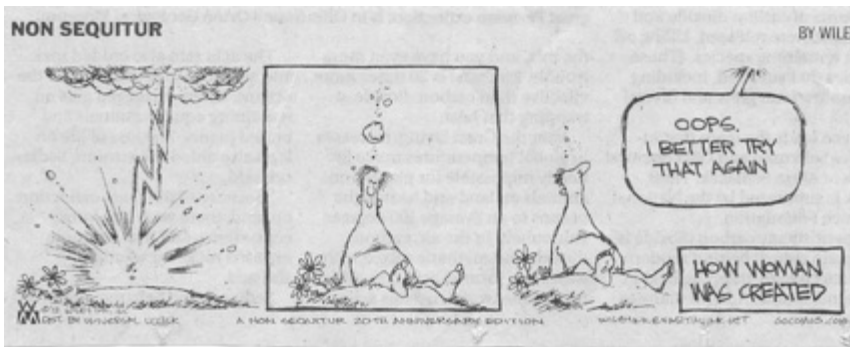
<http://3riversumc.org>

UMW Report - Marsha Clayborne, Secretary

The UMW met at the home of Barb Butler for a luncheon on March 9. Barb prepared the meal and offered the blessing. Eight members and one guest were present. Everyone welcomed Julie Britton to the meeting. Barb read devotions from Luke 23:55-56. She also read a poem called "Easter Joy." Marsha Clayborne gave the secretary and treasurer's report. Barb began the meeting by asking for suggestions for the color of T-shirts that will be worn at the credit union dinner and the centennial festivities. The UMW agreed to make cookies for the HUMC open house on April 30. The ladies suggested having the food catered for the meal on May 1, the dedication centennial.

Each month a UMW member will host the meeting, plan the program, and read devotions. Bev will host on Wednesday, April 13, 1PM, at Pizza Hut.

Ellen Kaiser moved and Jean Riley seconded to adjourn the meeting. The meeting was adjourned.



You cannot do a kindness too soon because you never know how soon it will be too late. – *God's Little Devotional Book for Women*

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun, a bit o' work and a bit o' fun. – *Sign in an old inn, Lancaster, England*



The world's first book club.



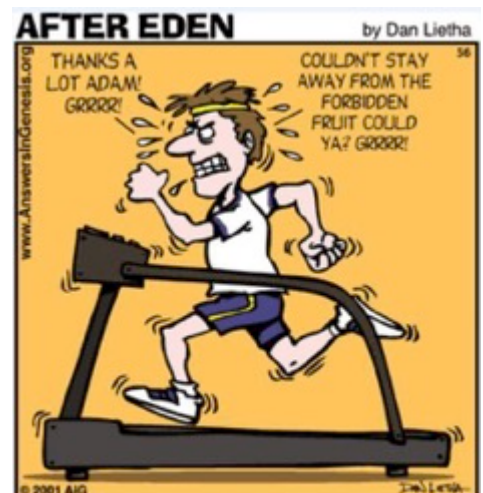
Birthdays

April

- 2 Adam Lawhon
- 3 Kyler Beauchamp

May

- 7 Bitsi Gourley
- 12 Phyllis Gourley
- 19 John Wolfe



Isn't it ironic that our health problems started when our ancestor Adam ate a piece of fruit?

Hopewell UMC Centennial

Centennial Celebration Update

The congregation of Hopewell United Methodist Church continues to celebrate the centennial year of the current church building. The cornerstone was laid on August 1, 1915, and the building was dedicated, debt-free, on April 30, 1916.

To commemorate the centennial and re-dedicate the church to God's service, we are planning special activities for the weekend of April 30-May 1:

Saturday, April 30 – The church will hold an **open house from 12-4 PM** with tours and light refreshments. Stop in for a few minutes and see this historic building, learn (and share) facts about early Knox county and the role of Hopewell church in the community, and enjoy some cookies and punch, provided by the UMW. Invite your friends and neighbors to attend!

Sunday, May 1 – Please feel welcome to attend any or all activities of the day

8:30 AM Sunday school

9:30 AM Worship service – Pastor Lee Cubie

12:30 PM Lunch (catered; no charge, but **RSVP** to Bob Joseph at 614-565-1102 or rjoseph4@columbus.rr.com); special cake by Erika Kanukel-Wolfe

1:30 PM Centennial celebration program – a time of sharing memories and honoring the faithfulness of our forebears.

2:30 PM Re-dedication service – **a commitment to the next 100 years of celebrating God's love and grace, including ringing the church bell, which is being restored to the belfry.**



Would you mark your calendar and plan to join us in the festivities? If you are not able to attend, you are invited to share thoughts and memories about Hopewell UMC and the community in a note to the congregation, c/o Bob Joseph, 241 Valleybrook Circle, Howard, OH 43028.

This congregation has been a vital part of the community since 1832...and continues to “make and mature disciples of Jesus Christ, and minister to the needs of others in his name.” If you would like to see what's happening at Hopewell UMC lately, please visit the Web site at <http://mvhopewellumc.org>.

Nursing Outreach Ministry – Elaine Farie, R.N.

To share in the Centennial Celebration, the Nursing Outreach Ministry plans to offer a “glimpse” into medical care, nursing, and other aspects of health care in our community during that era of history. We all know a “lot has changed” – so come and see just “how much” has changed.

Enjoy the Spring and Stay Well!!!

Financial Report (as of March 21, 2016)

– Barb Butler, Treasurer

General Fund Balance \$43,497.79

Building Maintenance Fund \$17,085.08

Centennial Campaign Fund \$25,172.42

On August 2, 2015, Hopewell UMC kicked off its Centennial Capital Campaign. Presently our pledged total has reached \$34,540.

Since December 1, 2013, the Kroger Community Rewards program has sent \$1,025.76 to HUMC.

Since August 4, 2013, the Helping Hands Fund has collected \$931.60 and paid out \$665.50.

Capital Campaign/Centennial Progress Report

The joint Trustee and Centennial Committee* is pleased to report the following progress and plans:

1. **Parking area** – Cary Purcell and Bill Lawhon have made significant progress toward securing land across the road for more parking spaces and perhaps a shelter house. More details will be shared when arrangements are complete.
2. **Church bell** – The bell is being painted and made ready for installation in the belfry, in time for the centennial celebration. After the oldest and the youngest Hopewell members have rung the bell, all will have the opportunity to do so.
3. **Time capsule** – Joe and Katie Beran have purchased an aluminum case for use as a time capsule. Until May 1, you may suggest items for storage in the capsule, which will be marked “Open in 2066.” You are invited to write a letter, on special paper to be provided, to future generations, telling about yourself, your faith, hopes, and dreams.
4. **Cookbook** – Nearly 150 recipes have been submitted, typed and proofed. Marsha Clayborne and Linda Joseph intend to have the book printed and made available for purchase by the centennial weekend. The price hasn’t been set yet.
5. **Quilt** – Joanne Purcell is making two centennial quilts: One will be displayed in the sanctuary, and one will be auctioned or raffled.
6. **Historic building registration** – Cary has applied to enter the church on the National Register of Historic Places.
7. **Centennial plaque** – We’ve identified options for a plaque to memorialize the event.
8. **Church directory** – A photographer has been contacted, and dates will be set for individual or family group photos.
9. **Spring clean-up day** – April 16 (10 AM to 2 PM) is the all-hands clean-up day, two weeks before the centennial celebration. Trustees will prepare a list of tasks.
10. **Centennial celebration** – Invitations are sent or ready to go to former pastors and members, friends and neighbors. UMW will prepare refreshments for the Saturday, Apr 30, Open House. Lunch will be catered, and Erika Kanukel-Wolfe is preparing a special cake for the Sunday program.

* Committee members: Cary Purcell (Chair), Bill Lawhon, Barb Butler, Jean Riley, Mickey Gourley, John Wolfe, and Linda and Bob Joseph.



What Is a Church?

A church is not a **building**—although a building can be used by a church.

A church is not a **denomination**—although a set of beliefs should be important to a church.

A church is not about **Sunday**—although a church should not forsake meeting together.

A church is not about **one person or personality**—although every church should be pastored.

A church is not about **size or growth**—although every church is called to make disciples.

So don't think of church as an **address or location**. Think of church as **mobile and on the move**.

Don't think of church as something **built or planted**,

but rather think of church as something **deployed**.

Don't think of church as **where** you are for **an hour each week**,

but as **what** you are **every day** of the week,

Because the church is the **hands and feet of Jesus Christ**.

Feet shouldn't sit still.

Hands shouldn't be idle.

Feet go. Hands move.

Church isn't what we're sitting through.

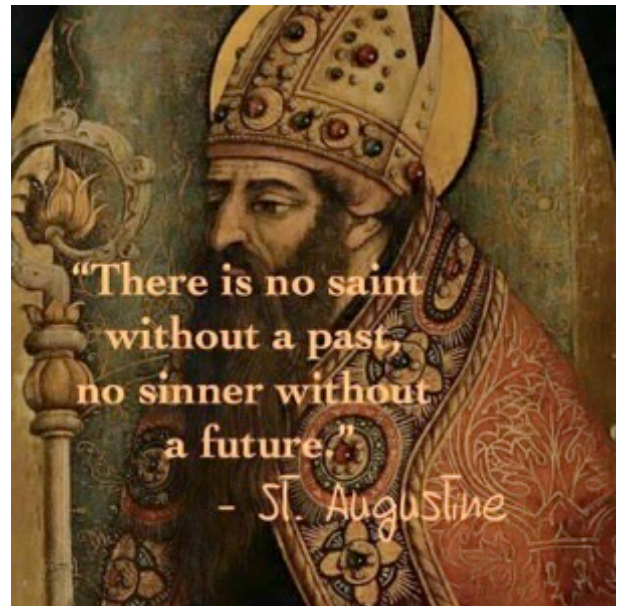
Because **YOU** are the church.

Now GO...and BE the church!

<https://www.ignitermedia.com/products/2202-this-is-church>



Pastor Lee Youth shares the Youth Yak with an attentive audience. (Photo by Joanne Purcell)



If there were cellphones at the Red Sea