



PresbEnews

March 8, 2017

A mid-week newsletter of First Presbyterian Church - Jody McDevitt & Dan Krebill, co-pastors

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Don't forget to set your clocks ahead on Sunday morning!

Presby Cats Take Off for Mission Trip to Chicago

This Saturday, March 11, the group of 7 Presby Cats collegiate along with John Patterson, who has graciously offered to go in place of Dan Krebill will start their week-long mission trip. Thank you to John Patterson from all of us. They will board the train in Havre and be in Chicago on Sunday where they will be working with DOOR Ministries which coordinates the work of mission trip groups wishing to minister in the inner city. During the week the group will be working in community gardening, serving at soup kitchens, helping at a senior daycare center, as well as other opportunities to serve.



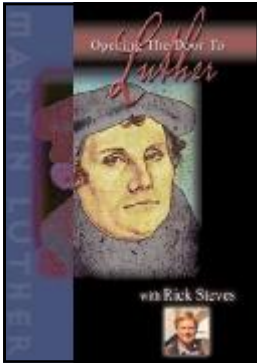
As it has in previous mission trips, our Presby Cats will be blogging about their experience at <https://presbycats.wordpress.com/> Check it out, along with the Presby Cats Facebook page. The group will be sharing their experience in worship on Sunday, April 2.

Enhancing Our Conversation With God

"...but let the Holy Spirit fill you: speak to one another in psalms, hymns, and songs; sing and make music in your hearts to the Lord; and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ give thanks every day for everything to our God and Father."

Ephesians 5:19-20

Adult Sunday School on March 12 and 19



Adult Sunday School on March 12 and 19, in recognition of the 500th anniversary of the beginning of the Protestant Reformation, we will learn from popular TV host Rick Steves by watching and discussing his public television special, "Luther and the Reformation." Steves is a Lutheran, and he planned this program to explain the historic, economic, and social context of the Reformation, and how this tumultuous age helped Europe leave the Middle Ages and enter our Modern Age. Unlike many versions of Luther's life which have been told, this version strives NOT to be "anti-Catholic Church," but does lift up the theological themes of the Reformation.

Adult Sunday school meets in the church library from 9:30 - 10:15 am each Sunday. All are welcome.

Birthdays this week

3/9 Logan Cunningham

3/11 William Carlson

3/14 Ellie Lehrkind

Love INC Personal Care Pantry Needs

Diaper Rash Ointment

Conditioner

Deodorant (Men's and Women's)

Laundry Detergent (no homemade)

Interfaith Forum today, March 8

What happens when we marry outside our faith? will be the discussion at this month's Interfaith on Wednesday, March 8 at noon at Temple Beth Shalom. In a world growing smaller, in a nation growing more and more multi-religious, in a community becoming more diverse, the Interfaith Forum is an opportunity to understand our neighbors and build peace. The panel includes Rabbi Ed Stafman, Dr. Ruhul Amin, The Rev. Leo Proxell and other invited guests.

The Interfaith panel is also on the radio the second Tuesdays of the month from 8:00-8:30 am. Tune in to KMMS, 1450 AM, to hear more interfaith dialogue.

Giving to First Presbyterian Church

In addition to traditional methods, First Presbyterian Church offers the option of making financial contributions to the church electronically via the web or by texting. Contributions via the web can be made from the online giving link on the church's website, www.fpcbozeman.org or by scanning this QR code with your Smartphone. To give by text, simply text the amount of your gift and any designation to 406-278-6267. *Thank you!*



Jean McDevitt March 29, 1930—March 5, 2017

Editor's note: Jody wanted to share her mother's life with us all. Our thoughts and prayers go out to all the family.



Elizabeth Jean McDevitt died on March 5, 2017 at Rydal Park in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania. Jean was born in Philadelphia on March 29, 1930, the only child of Frank R. and Elizabeth K. Purnell. She grew up in Mt. Airy and graduated from Germantown High School in 1948.

Jean graduated from Southern Methodist University in 1952 with a Bachelor of Business Administration. She married E. Ralph McDevitt, Jr., in December 1952.

After Ralph served for two years as a U.S. Navy dentist, they returned to the Philadelphia area and settled in Roslyn. With their five children, they moved to Jericho Road in Abington in 1963. Jean and Ralph moved to Rydal Park in 2004.

Jean was known for her love of people and her extraordinary commitment to service. At Germantown Hospital, she was a weekly volunteer in the emergency room for more than forty years. As a member of the hospital's Women's Board, she provided seventeen years of organizational leadership to the American Gold Cup, an Olympic-caliber horse jumping event, and raised more than \$1.4 million for the hospital. She also served on the hospital's Board of Managers.

At Abington Presbyterian Church, she began serving in 1958 as a "choir mother," and soon became the behind-the-scenes organizer of all the church choirs. This role gave her the opportunity to befriend and mentor generations of children and their parents as well as choir directors and ministers. Her many other jobs within the church expressed her strong Christian faith and her heartfelt love of people. Her last gift of service to the church was on Christmas Eve 2016. She received great joy and meaning through service and through the countless relationships she cultivated in every arena of her very active life. Jean was everyone's friend, and every friend was special to her.

Jean is survived by four children and their families: Jody (Dan Krebill) of Bozeman, Montana, Robin (Tim) Morgenthaler of Rochester, Minnesota, Chris (Paula) of West Caln, Pennsylvania, and Ralph (Tink) of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania; fourteen grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. She was predeceased by her parents, her husband in 2010 and by her son Doug.

A memorial service will be held at 10:30 am on Saturday, March 11, 2017 at Abington Presbyterian Church, followed by a reception at the church.

In lieu of flowers, memorial gifts may be made to Abington Presbyterian Church Chapel Choir Mission Trip Fund, 1082 Old York Rd., Abington, PA 19001.

Holland-days...

by Dan Holland

Hope Comes Calling (continued)

“Are we there yet?” Courtney asked from the back seat in a sardonic voice as yet another Nebraska stubble field flashed by the car.

“Almost, honey,” replied Hope in her maternal voice, “only another ten or twelve hours.”

Courtney’s sigh was audible. “Explain to me again why we’re driving from Bismarck to Dallas?”

“We’ve been over this a million times, Cort.” It was Augusta replying in her big sister tone. “Mama Bear here has some sort of nefarious contact deep within the bowels of Energy Transfer Partners and she’s hoping to use that influence to bring a twenty billion dollar company to its knees.” Augusta glanced at her mother searching for a sign of approval.

Hope only rolled her eyes imperceptibly. “Meredith and I went to law school together. We protested at Chaco Canyon way back when, but then she figured if you can’t beat them, join them. So she’s been working for big oil. She’s good people; we can trust her.”

“Yeah, but why couldn’t you just talk to her on the phone?” Courtney asked, annoyance dripping from her words.

“Sometimes you just have to meet face to face, you know pow-wow. Besides, this way we get to see the USA in our Chevrolet.”

“It’s a Toyota,” both girls chimed in unison.

“Whatever.” Hope’s phone began to buzz. “Get that for me, Gus,” she asked.

“Hi Gramma,” Hope overheard Augusta greet her mother. Then it was just muffled whispering. Augusta put down the phone and turned to her mother. “Kaku’s dying.” Hope’s shoulders slumped, her head sunk into her chest. “Mom, watch the road!” Augusta almost screamed.

Hope turned on her blinker. “There’s an exit up ahead. We have to turn around and go back home.”

Eighteen hours later they pulled into the assisted living facility in Pocatello where Hope’s grandmother had spent the past year in declining health. Kaku — the Shoshoni word for grandmother — was what everyone in the Portneuf Valley called her, whether they were related to her or not. Nearing ninety, Kaku had been the last Shoshone to attend Indian Boarding School. It was where she had adopted the faith she passed to her daughter and then on to Hope. Hope had planned to spend the upcoming spring at Kaku’s side, but it was evident Kaku had plans of her own. Perhaps she didn’t want to endure another winter. In any event it was time to go, and Kaku was headed for glory.

Hope greeted her mother in the hallway outside Kaku’s room. She, too, looked noticeably older than when she last saw her three months ago. “You can barely hear her, but I think she’s asking for you,” Hope’s mother said kindly.

Hope sat down in the chair next to Kaku’s bed. “Hello, Kaku.” Kaku’s eyes opened and a faint smile drifted across her lips and below the oxygen tube. Hope gently took Kaku’s hands in hers. The same hands that had once deftly taught her to weave and bake were now opaque and brittle. Her once red skin was now translucent. The moment seemed so utterly sacred. Hope traced the blue veins lining Kaku’s hand and whispered, “I love you.” Then she was gone. ...continued next week