



FIRST  
PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH

BOZEMAN



# PresbEnews

June 21, 2017

A mid-week newsletter of First Presbyterian Church - Jody McDevitt & Dan Krebill, co-pastors  
Willson at Babcock, PO Box 1150, Bozeman, MT 59771  
(406) 586-9194 - [www.fpcbozeman.org](http://www.fpcbozeman.org) - Editor - [presbenews@fpcbozeman.org](mailto:presbenews@fpcbozeman.org)  
To *unsubscribe*, email [presbenews@fpcbozeman.org](mailto:presbenews@fpcbozeman.org) and type "Unsubscribe" in the subject line.

## New Elders and Deacons

New Ruling Elders and Deacons will be installed and ordained this Sunday June 25 at the 10:30 service. Please come and participate in this important part of our church.

Each year our newly elected deacons and ruling elders begin service which means there are those who are completing their terms of service. Deacons completing their terms are Jay and Bruce Pontius-Backman and Teri Nightingale. Ruling elder completing his term is Lloyd Mandeville.

Thank you for your commitment to Christ's church and for faithfully leading its ministry.



## Rockhaven Summer Potluck and Vespers

All are invited to join the celebration at Rockhaven. The potluck will begin at 5:30 pm. Please bring a main dish, a side dish, salad or dessert. Come early to enjoy the peace and beauty of Rockhaven in June—when the river really runs through it! Sunday evening vespers services begin at 7 pm. Camp director Scott Thrasher and the Rockhaven Summer Staff will lead the service with this summer's theme, "The Water of Life." Rockhaven is a blessing for the church family, and for friends, too. Invite your friends to experience God's presence at the "thin place" we call Rockhaven.

Rockhaven is located at milepost 67 on Highway 191, on the way to Big Sky. Please come and enjoy the fun and fellowship.

## Enhancing Our Conversation With God

*"Wait for the Lord; be strong,  
and let your heart take courage;  
wait for the Lord!"*

*Psalms 27:14*

## Birthdays this week

6/21 Dolly Smith  
Gayle Hickert  
6/22 Sarah Thrasher  
6/26 Jonas Overton  
6/27 Mitchell Larsson  
Nathan Milburn  
Brenna Babcock  
6/29 Dale Bergland  
Todd Johnson

## Holland-days...

by Dan Holland

I once again nearly let graduation season slip by without posting an ode to the next caretakers of our world. The following will appear in a couple of installments.

### **The Least of These (Part One)**

The contrast within Judith's view-frame was startling. In the foreground was a pothole strewn highway, but in the background was a magnificent, federally-funded museum memorializing a long-forgotten battle between the US Cavalry and an overmatched band of Plains Indians. The borders of her frame of reference were the edges of the classroom window through which she was currently glancing. Her cracked classroom window, she wistfully thought – a crack she watched slowly expand during her first year teaching here on the rez. The custodian told her when she first noticed it back in September that there weren't enough funds to replace it just yet. So she watched as the crack grew throughout the brutal prairie winter. Now in May, with the school year nearly complete, the diagonal line almost reached the opposite corners of the window.

As Judith contemplated how to incorporate the two near triangles into her afternoon geometry lesson, Necia Old Hand interrupted. "Hey, Teach, I finished my quiz," she said in a low tone. Necia was off-the-charts smart for a fourth grader, but had enough sass in her to make Judith's days both rewarding and challenging.

"Then why don't you start working quietly on tomorrow's assignment," Judith whispered.

"Okay," Necia replied in an exaggerated, elaborate whisper, hoping to elicit a response from her teacher. A head-shake was all she received.

Little mind games like this, or even larger scale struggles for authority didn't bother Judith. In fact the classroom was her sanctuary. It was the stuff outside of school that wore her down. Like extended absences. Or rampant alcoholism. Even the way that time just moved differently in native culture.

Judith had been warned repeatedly about the shock to her system the rez would provide. Intellectually she had accepted that as fact, but in a deeper, emotional sense it had been disquieting. Witnessing the constant and desperate poverty eroded her spiritually, and it didn't take long. She said as much to her mother during the many long telephone conversations they had in the first month after Judith moved to the rez. Her mother knew that Judith was most at peace when she listened to old hymns at church, so she suggested her daughter try to find a church to build her spirit back up.

She found a quaint little mainline denomination church and began to attend regularly. The congregation, a fifty-fifty mix of Anglo and Native, persuaded her to teach Sunday School. Two of the children from church also were in her day-time classroom and they provided an element of familiarity that helped her transition into this new community within a community. Teaching Sunday School began to arouse her spirit in unexpected ways and provided the impetus to develop innovative techniques in both her day-time and weekend classrooms. And, Judith gladly admitted, her mother had been right, the hymns she sang during worship soothed her soul like a creek running through a mountain meadow.

After her first month of teaching on Sundays the Elders of the church approached Judith with an idea hatched at their latest retreat: there would always be people worse off than themselves, so why not go help them. The Reservation in general and the church in particular had been the recipient of numerous mission efforts in the past, but no one could recall the church ever returning the favor. The idea had its genesis in a text their pastor had preached from recently – when Jesus said, "Just as you have done this for the least of these my brethren, so, too, you have done it for me," as reported in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. ...*continued*