



Banks Teller

**MAY/JUNE
2020**

**Banks
Community
United Methodist
Church**

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Yearly reading of the Scriptures has brought me to the reign of King David today. David spent a lot of time singing songs of praise to God out in the pastures with his father's flocks. He also became a fugitive from mad King Saul back in the day, spending some years with a bounty on his head. He hid out in caves and in forests and in the wilderness. Always, David praised God and composed psalms of complaint and thanksgiving. David's devotion pleased the Lord. And our praise pleases God too.

**Give thanks to the Lord because he is good,
because his faithful love endures forever.**

Say: "Save us, God, our savior!

**Gather us! Deliver us from among the nations
so we can give thanks to your holy name
and rejoice in your praise."**

**Bless the Lord, Israel's God,
from forever in the past to forever always.**

And let all the people say, "Amen!"

Praise the Lord!

(1 Chronicles 16:34-36 CEB)



The song of praise above comes from a longer song sung at the time that David moved from Hebron to Jerusalem and brought the Ark of the Covenant into

the city. At that time, King David established the cohorts of priests and skilled musicians and poets to plan and present worship worthy of the God of Israel. David said, "Then let us bring back the ark of our God, for we did not inquire of Him in Saul's days." (1 Chron

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13:3) You and I can never “start over,” rather we continue with fresh resolve to give our very best to the Lord. Your praise is the finest gift you can offer the Ruler of the universe. The writer of Hebrews encourages us in this: “Through Him (Jesus) then, let us continually offer up a sacrifice of praise to God, that is, the fruit of lips give thanks to His name.” (Heb 13:15 NASB)



“Now, I’ve heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don’t really care for music, do you?

It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor fall, the major lift
The baffled king composing Hallelujah”
(Leonard Cohen’s “Hallelujah”)

If you have some time, you might compose a psalm of complaint and praise to God in these days of covid 19. Complaint is welcome as you share the issues of your heart with the Lord. He knows your pain and anger and frustration, as well as your joy and gratitude. It’s good to release it all to Him. You may wish to thank God for the blessings that endure through quarantine, scarcity of things we need, and loneliness: perhaps a phone or facetime conversations with family and friends, provision of the job you still have, or compensation for loss of income, the beauty of Spring all around us, projects you have time to

complete in these days of rest from the usual busy-ness...make the list as complete as you can.

Gracious and Holy Lord, You have brought us to this time. Your love and provision endure. Help us, Lord to keep the main thing alive and active. Increase our faith in these days of darkness and death for so many. Bless all the helping professionals who keep returning to their work, day after day, to save lives. Send mercy and strength to Your people for continual prayer and praise to You. Thank-You for our dear Savior Jesus Christ. He knew all the pain and discouragement of a human life. Yet, He went all the way to the sacrifice of His life to secure our deliverance. Help us in His name and for His sake to continue praising and honoring You. Amen.



CALENDAR FOR MAY/JUNE:

For Now - all group activities are on hold. We'll let you know when we can gather again. So stay well and visit with each other via phone, facetime, or zoom.

MAY 10TH ~ MOTHER'S DAY

MAY 25TH ~ MEMORIAL DAY

JUNE 21ST ~ FATHER'S DAY

May

05/08 Arne Harrang

05/14 Jimmy Boswell

05/17 James Fonua



June

06/08 Anika Peters

06/17 Ellen Sadler

And while many things are canceled,...

...Sunrises - not canceled.

...Reading - not canceled.

...Family - not canceled.

...Love - not canceled.

...Music - not canceled.

...Singing - not canceled.

...Laughing - not canceled.

...Hope - not canceled.

...Sunsets - not canceled.

FOOD OF THE MONTH

The Food of the Month program seems to be an easy way to collect foods and has added greatly to our supply of items that go into our Christmas food boxes and we thank you. We hope you enjoy bringing in the listed foods each month to help build up our supply. For the rest of this year the items and months of collection are as follows:

March – canned fruit

April – jello

May – pork and beans

June – tun

July – refried beans

August – diced tomatoes

September – hearty soups

October – stove top stuffing – chicken

November – chicken broth

December – cranberry sauce



As you shop for your own food you can be collecting items from the list above to donate when we can get together again. The need will be greater than ever.



“Non-essential??”

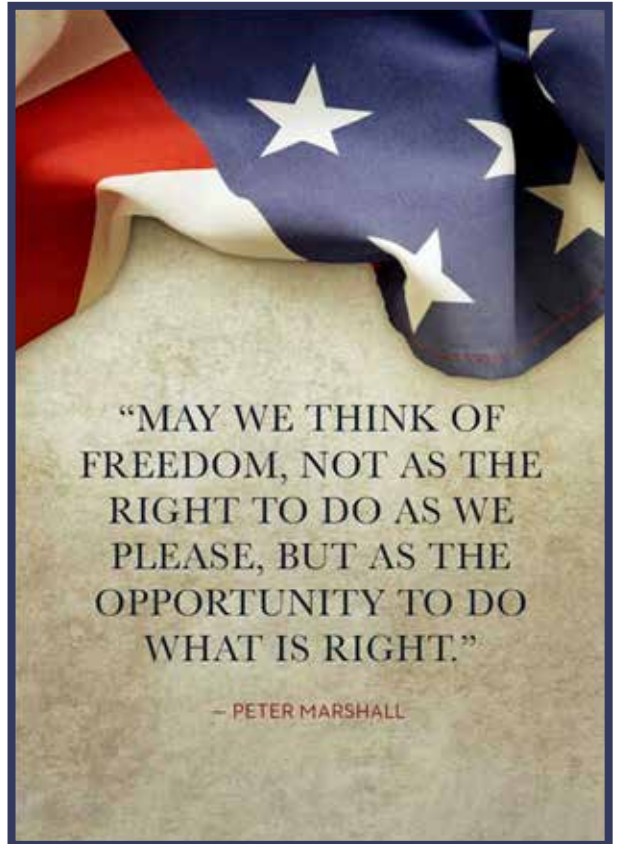
Rev. Dexter Danielson (Ret.)

In the third week of March the Tuality Hospital Administration informed me along with other volunteer Chaplains at the hospital we were among those deemed “non-essential” volunteer positions and until further notice, when the Covid 19 virus threat subsides, we were not to enter the hospital for shifts to visit with patients.

I understand the reasoning behind this decision, but I would hardly think of what the Chaplains do in the Hospital as “non-essential”. An example of this was on my last shift; I was requested to visit with a family who were in the ICU with a patient on life support. The family was waiting for a brother to arrive from out of state before removing the life support at which time the patient was expected to die shortly afterwards.

It was late evening before I visited, and I found the only family member there at the time was a sister. She had been sitting in the darkened room praying for her unresponsive sibling. Hearing this, I asked if I could just sit with her for a time and pray with her, she was pleased for me to do this and I spent several minutes praying, mostly in silence. As I left the room, I realized that I had not really done much or said much but I felt I had done all I could and for that patient and sister was all that could be done. I had done the “essential”, the same as I had done for many others in far less critical circumstances.

I do not know how long the patient lived afterwards nor can I find out with patient confidentiality regulations, and volunteer restrictions, but I don't feel any less essential in what I did. Neither is the act of prayer in the times we are in, with an invisible threat we seem helpless to change the course of, prayer is “essential”.



Pastoring in Plague-Times



By Chappell Temple

You might say that he showed up at just the wrong time. For it was just after coming back to his home town at the age of 31 to serve as a leader in his church – having been turned down for the job seven years earlier – that a devastating war broke out in the region, one that not only lasted for three decades but that claimed more than eight million casualties, or some 20 percent of the German population at the time. Ostensibly it was a difference between Catholics and Protestants – still sorting out the after-effects of the Reformation – that set it off, but like so many other such conflicts, it soon morphed into something far greater with the religious differences of the dispute lost in the greater geopolitics of the time.

Still, the young pastor faithfully did his work the best he could, even while the armies of the great nations all around his province of Saxony ravaged the land, leaving farms and shops depleted and destroyed. What's more, the pastor found himself not only forced to deal with soldiers who were quartered in his

house, quickly diminishing his own supplies, but with hordes of refugees who poured into his walled city for protection until Eilenburg – which Martin Luther had once called a “blessed lard pit” – too was overflowing with human needs.

And then it struck – a disaster so severe that even the invasion of the Swedes paled beside it. For the combination of overcrowding, ruined crops, and a crippled infrastructure produced a famine so extreme that it is said that thirty or forty people fought in the streets to claim not toilet paper but a dead cat or crow. And the plague that followed in 1637 quickly spread throughout the town, claiming more than eight thousand persons in a single year there.

To make matters worse, however, the church superintendent went away for a change of air and never came back. And of the remaining five clergy in town, four quickly died from the plague, leaving only the young archdeacon to carry on. He often read the funeral service to some 40 to 50 persons a day, in fact, and in all, he buried some 4,480 individuals that year, including his first wife.

Still, Martin Rinkart labored on with an almost inexplicable trust in God and a readiness to give thanks. For even though worn out and prematurely aged by the time that a long looked-for peace ended the Thirty Years War in 1648 (some fourteen months before his own death), the poet turned preacher left behind an incredible testimony to that faith in a hymn we have far

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too often relegated only to the Thanksgiving season. Written just as the plague began to hit his hometown, *Nun Danket Alle Gott*, became the theme of Martin Rinkart's life, in fact.

Now thank we all our God, with hearts and hands and voices; who wondrous things hath done, in whom His world rejoices; who from our mother's arms hath blessed us on our way, with countless gifts of love and still is ours today.

Then just in case it was not plain, the second verse spelled it out further:

O may this bounteous God through all our life be near us; with ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us; and keep us in His grace and guide us when perplexed, and free us from all ills in this world and the next.

And in an age of anxiety-fueled by yet another plague – this one a virus that is sweeping the globe – perhaps those words of Martin Rinkart are worth remembering today as well. For like that young cleric, the task of the church is not to run away from those who are ill, but to minister to all whatever it may take. To quote the former prime minister of England, Margaret Thatcher, this is indeed “no time to go wobbly.”

As all things do, the corona virus too will eventually pass and the good news is that it is not going to take thirty years to do so. In the meantime, may those of us in the church demonstrate not only the compassion of Martin Rinkart, but his courage as well.

After all, how did that former cantor turned caregiver end his hymn?

“For thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.”

The Rev. Dr. Chappell Temple is the lead pastor at Christ United Methodist in Sugar Land, Texas. He has also served as an adjunct faculty member for Perkins School of Theology. To read other essays by Temple visit his website [chappelltemple](http://chappelltemple.com).

LET YOURSELF REST

If you're exhausted, rest.

If you don't feel like starting a new project, don't.

If you don't feel the urge to make something new, just rest in the beauty of the old, the familiar, the known.

If you don't feel like talking, stay silent.

If you're fed up with the news, turn it off.

If you want to postpone something until tomorrow, do it.

If you want to do nothing, let yourself do nothing today.

Feel the fullness of the emptiness, the vastness of the silence, the sheer life in your unproductive moments.

Time does not always need to be filled.

You are enough, simply in your being.

Jeff Foster





"The Easter Gift"

Rev. Dexter Danielson (Ret.)

I watched a news story just before Easter Sunday about a celebrity who was paying the bill for shoppers during the seniors only hour at a local New Orleans grocery store (I missed the intro and don't know who the celebrity is). What stood out was a picture of a senior shopper holding up her cash register receipt, that had been paid for, with a great wonderful grin on her face.

What came to my mind was the season we were in; with Lent and Holy Week we were approaching the celebration about to take place in just a couple of days.

This was going to be a rather subdued celebration as compared to most years, but in reflection it was less subdued than the morning of the first Easter. When the early followers of Jesus gathered in fear and silence and confusion over what had taken place and then to discover that the body of Jesus was missing! The rest of the story is of course revealed over several days and resulted in a revelation that has taken place over centuries.

This years' time of celebration was certainly more subdued than previous but the picture of the women holding up her paid for cash register receipt makes me mindful of the billed paid for us by Jesus on the cross. So much more than a grocery receipt we are celebrating a debt paid for in full that each of us has "rung up". This Easter gift is what we celebrate, it cannot be paid back by any amount of

festivity, but only accepted for what it is, a full atonement for our sins.

The coming years will certainly have greater celebration observances, but none will mean more than the original gift given to each of us.

When You Thought I Wasn't Looking

When you thought I wasn't looking
You hung my first painting on the refrigerator
And I wanted to paint another.

When you thought I wasn't looking
You fed a stray cat
And I thought it was good to be kind to animals.

When you thought I wasn't looking
You baked a birthday cake just for me
And I knew that little things were special things.

When you thought I wasn't looking
You said a prayer
And I believed there was a God that I could always talk to.

When you thought I wasn't looking
You kissed me good-night
And I felt loved.

When you thought I wasn't looking
I saw tears come from your eyes
And I learned that sometimes things hurt
But that it's alright to cry.

When you thought I wasn't looking...
I looked at you and wanted to say,
"Thanks for all the things I saw when you
thought I wasn't looking."



LIFE DURING THE PANDEMIC

Separation, “social distancing”, worship via facebook, this pandemic has changed our lives so much. I know we all miss catching up with each other during fellowship. So....., I asked folks to tell us how they are dealing with these unusual times and some of you sent in your stories. The stories follow:

From Lauren:

On December 19, 2018, my life changed radically, when what I held most dear on earth was taken from me.

Many of my friends have been supportive as I have continued on as a zombie. I went through the motions of attending weaving school, Wednesday Bible Study, and church.

I seldom went out to dinner, or ate healthy meals as it was too much to do for only one person. Now, once a week, I rotate where I am going to buy take out to support our local restaurants. Most holidays, I was by myself. Like this Easter, but this Easter many others were celebrating differently too.

Last year I attempted to reach out to others and have done a few things, but still felt dead. While reaching out a few friends had told me I should watch Downton Abbey and Outlander.

Just before the Corona virus came to the US I went to see the movie Downton Abby with a friend. I saw the ending, before ever seeing the show. Since I enjoyed the movie, my friend gave me the first 3 seasons on disc. About the same time a neighbor gave me

the first 4 seasons of Outlander. I am now watching season 4 of Downton Abbey and season 3 of Outlander.

Thank goodness for electronics. I have become used to watching Netflix and movies through my computer.

In 2019 I spent time on facebook, but others were still busy. Now life has slowed for many. More people are using Facebook. A classmate from High school taught me to copy and paste on Facebook. Before, I could copy, but never could paste. I hope I remember how to do it. I have learned to watch our church service on Facebook. First on video, but now I can watch live! In 2019, I joined my High school for Coffee with Classmates. We last met in March, just as the US was starting to have Covid 19 cases. In April, we decided since we are “old” even if we are not aware of it, we should have Coffee with Zoom. I had never used Zoom. Another learning experience. It took me awhile, but I managed to meet for coffee on Zoom before the meeting was over. With Zoom a classmate from PA was able to attend. We may continue to do this from time to time so we can connect to others that are not local. One boring day, I decide to learn how to have two apps open with a split screen on my cell phone. My laptop can have 4 open apps using a split screen. Need to figure out the four way split before we are released from our homes. In 2019 while I was just existing, I started working again on genealogy. Something I had not had time to do for years. Now that others are sitting at home, genealogists I have not spoken with in years are making contact and we are sharing

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what families lines we are researching.

Of course I am reading as usual. Will need some new books soon.

It is spring and I am to plant another 100 trees and shrubs. The virus has made it difficult to find native plants. Seems like there are a few places in Portland that may have some of the natives I am to plant. So far 24 are planted.

Of course I have the animals, who seem to be a constant in my life and pull me through



rough times. Being living creatures, they bring joy and sorrow. During the social distancing, I have had some sorrow, but was given a new life. One is joyful!

I have found that though I still feel that I am going through the motions of living, this social distancing has not interrupted my life as much as others. My life had already changed so drastically the virus did not change it much more. Lately, I find people my age and younger having problems with stress brought on from the virus. One person this last week called me at 8 PM and talked until 3:30 AM. Two days later another called shortly after 8 PM and

talked until 1:30 AM, ending the conversation because she, a health care provider, had to go to work the next day. I am glad they reached out to talk. They have called before, but I was doing the majority of the talking. Many have listened to me this past year. I am glad I am in a position to listen to others.

Keep Social Distance and stay Healthy.
Laurelen Jabbour

ISOLATION CORONA-STYLE

From Dianne:

Mainly doing a lot of reading. Maybe you've seen this blurb on FB: "I read books: I know things". Two books I've read recently are on the 12 worst plagues in recorded history beginning with Athens, 430 BC. Most were bubonic but not all---some measles, smallpox, flu. Our Wed. Study Group had spent some time with the Plague of Justinian, 541 AD and its huge spread as we studied the Eastern Roman Empire. I had assumed our Group would have looked at the Black Death in the 1300s Europe by now, had we still been meeting. The difference for us in this time of history is that we do have Science to help us understand somewhat---and we also have the Internet to keep us connected and informed. In my stay-at-home reading I have discovered a Swedish best-selling author and have completed four of his very well written novels this last month. Don't usually read much fiction, but this was a good departure for a while. So, I'm fine.

Who isn't fine, is my son Daniel in Maui. He

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apparently contracted the ‘virus’ at the airport where he works, and has been quarantined at home and very ill for 5 weeks now. It is difficult being so far away and listening to his many symptoms when he calls, but, again, thankful for a telephone that works from across the ocean! He hasn’t had to be hospitalized fortunately, and is slowly recovering but not able to go back to work yet. So, other than reading during this time, I’ve just been concerned (worried) and waiting for phone calls with some better news. If it weren’t that this is personal, it has been interesting to hear news reports of how other victims have fared---fever, cough, whole body, death, or no symptoms at all. It may take years before we get a scientific analysis and understanding of it. I am now adding this Covid 19, pandemic as the 13th worst plague in world history. Stay home – stay well. Blessings, D

From Nancy D.:

After over a month of “sheltering in place” we are settling into somewhat of a routine. Most days begin with the three of us enjoying our coffee in the living room as we watch the morning news and talk about our great plans for the day.

Other than the basic cooking, cleaning & laundry, the highlights of our days are: reading (Mom and I read Jesus Calling & Upper Room every morning and just finished At Home In Mitford by Jan Karon. I read various cozy mysteries in addition to Dianne’s lessons), gardening (veggie and flower - mainly Dex), Googling interesting

stuff (Nancy), going on drives, picking up grocery orders at Fred Meyers, carving (Dex’s totems) watching TV (Moms favorites are Blue Bloods & the Andy Griffith Show and Dex & I like old movies in the evening). Also our one wonderful visitor each week - Moms Hospice nurse!

Dex, Sam and I enjoy neighborhood walks and we just received a transport chair for Mom so now she can join us! We have had several ZOOM gatherings - my favorite were grandson Aidin’s Graduation Party and my Birthday Party! (Of course)

I’ve been keeping contact during this social distancing time with phone calls, email, Facebook, ZOOM and sending note cards. We have so enjoyed being able to worship with you all every Sunday through Facebook!! Connection with our community is vital! We miss you ♥
Dexter, Nancy and Marcelle

From Leola:

Besides going stir-crazy have done a lot of embroidery work on my big pillow for the tea. Have seen some gorgeous sunsets and today enjoyed the little bit of rain. I am fortunate to have a nice big window and enjoy the activities of the neighbors cattle.

Looking forward to the day we can all say HI in person. Leola

From Leslee:

Blessings!
During this stay at home in my life I have

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enjoyed cooking. Real cooking from scratch and not being rushed. Looking through my cookbook collection, finding recipe's from family and friends, and some I have always wanted to try. I made a cake for my daughter's birthday (we delivered it to her leaving it on her front porch and talking through the window.) Melynda is a vegan so I have been making this depression era cake for her for the past several years. It has become a family favorite and is always requested when we get together for a family get together. I have chocolate lovers in this family. 😊 I thought I would share this recipe' with you in case you run out of milk and eggs and don't want to go to the store. This cake is also quick and easy.

Depression Chocolate Cake

1 1/2 cups all purpose flour
1/3 cup vegetable oil
1 cup white sugar.
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup cocoa powder.
1 teaspoon white vinegar
1 teaspoon baking soda.
1 cup water
1/2 teaspoon salt

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Lightly grease one round cake pan, loaf pan, or use cupcake liners for cupcakes. Mix all ingredients together with a fork until smooth. Pour into prepared pan and bake for 45 minutes, cupcakes 18 minutes. Remove from oven to cool.

I use a butter cream frosting using regular or vegan butter. I have also used Pillsbury Chocolate Frosting. Enjoy!

I was talking to Mardean King, a former church member, who shared this salad recipe'. I made it and it really is so good, so I thought I would share it with you.

Mardean's Favorite Salad

2/3 cup pecan halves.
2T maple syrup
3T. Basaltic vinegar divided.
1 t. Whole grain mustard
1T water.
1/8 t. salt
1T sugar.
1 pkg mixed greens
1 cup sliced beets (drained)
1 cup crumbled goat cheese

In a heavy skillet cook 1T. Balsamic Vinegar, water and pecans over medium heat 4 minutes. Sprinkle with sugar cook & 2 more minutes.

Spread on foil until cool.

Dressing

Combine oil, maple syrup, mustard, salt and remaining Balsamic Vinegar. Refrigerate.

Dress mixed greens with dressing. Add beets and goat cheese (I have used Feta). Sprinkle with pecans.

Hope you enjoy these recipe's and enjoy the extra time we have been blessed with. 😊❤️🍷



*Paranoia has reached absurd stages...
I sneezed in front of my laptop and the
anti-virus started a scan on its own.*

Walk a little slower Daddy

"Walk a little slower. Daddy!"
said a little child so small.
"I'm following in your footsteps
and I don't want to fall.

Sometimes your steps are very fast,
Sometimes they're hard to see;
So walk a little slower Daddy,
for you are leading me.

Someday when I'm all grown up,
you're what I want to be.
Then I will have a little child
who'll want to follow me.

And I would want to lead just right,
and know that I was true;
So, walk a little slower, Daddy,
for I must follow you!"

Author: unknown

PASTOR MARGOT'S OFFICE HOURS

Banks Community UMC

Tuesday - 10:00 a.m. - noon
1:30 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.
Thursday - 10:00 a.m. - noon
1:30 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.

(At all hours, and any day Sunday through Thursday, please use her cell phone number.)
She is also available for urgent or emergency matters at all times via cell.

BANKS TELLER

All submissions to the *Banks Teller* are **DUE BY THE 15TH OF THE MONTH** preceding the month you wish it to run. The *Banks Teller* is published every two months.